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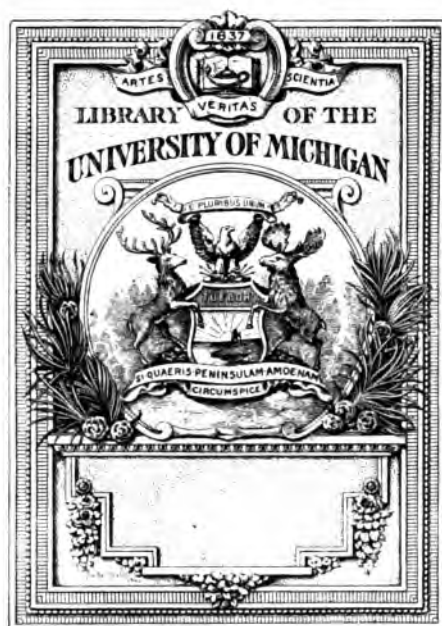
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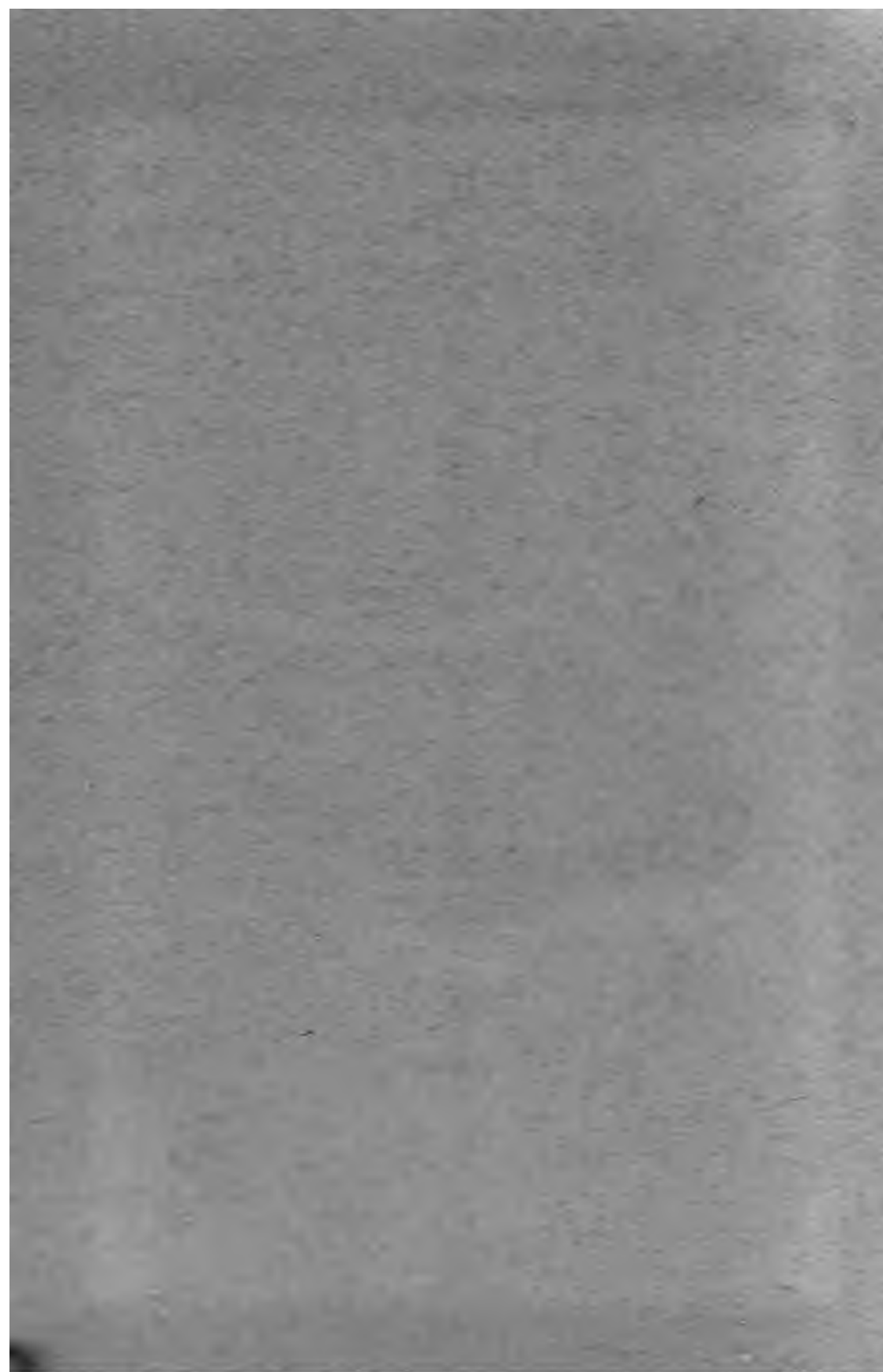




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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.





A LITERARY PARTY AT SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S.

Engraved for the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

THE  
ELECTIC MAGAZINE  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE  
*AND ART.*



NEW YORK.  
W. H. BLDWELL, 120, NASSAU ST.

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the historians. They are people who study the past and try to understand what happened and why it happened. They use a variety of sources, including books, documents, and artifacts, to reconstruct the past.

2. The second group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the archaeologists. They are people who study the past by excavating and analyzing the remains of ancient civilizations. They use a variety of techniques, including digging, sifting, and testing, to uncover the secrets of the past.

3. The third group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the anthropologists. They are people who study the past by examining the remains of ancient civilizations and the behavior of modern societies. They use a variety of techniques, including digging, sifting, and testing, to uncover the secrets of the past.

4.

5. The fourth group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the geographers. They are people who study the past by examining the physical features of the earth and the way they have changed over time. They use a variety of techniques, including digging, sifting, and testing, to uncover the secrets of the past.

6. The fifth group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the linguists. They are people who study the past by examining the languages of ancient civilizations and the way they have changed over time. They use a variety of techniques, including digging, sifting, and testing, to uncover the secrets of the past.

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THE

<sup>7799</sup>  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1848, TO APRIL, 1849.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED AT 120 NASSAU STREET.

1849.

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PRINTED BY EDWARD O. JENKINS,  
114 Nassau street, New York.

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# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1849.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## LITERARY CHARACTER OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

- 1.—*Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings.* Nom de guerre,—Joseph Skillet. Pp. 248. May 24th, 1820.
- 2.—*The Life of Lord William Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived.* Third edition. 2 vols. 1820.
- 3.—*Essays on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present time.* 8vo. 1821.
- 4.—*Don Carlos—or Persecution.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. Fourth edition. 1822.
- 5.—*Memoirs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht ; with Introduction.* 2 vols., 4to. 1824. Fourth edition. 1826.
- 6.—*The Establishment of the Turks in Europe.* An Historical Essay ; with Preface. London : John Murray. Pp. 128. 12mo. 1828.
- 7.—*The Causes of the French Revolution.* Pp. 274. 8vo. 1832.
- 8.—*Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford ; with Introduction.* 3 vols. 1842, 1843, 1846.

RECENT events in Europe would appear to confirm the observation of the Swedish Chancellor, Von Oxenstiern, to his son : " Nescis mi fili quantilla prudentia homines regantur." An observation in which Doctor Johnson seems to have concurred, when he said to Boswell, " It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life."

The signal incompetency of so many statesmen enjoying, in the several countries they but lately governed, the most brilliant repu-

tation for sagacity, experience, and diplomatic skill, to grapple with the difficulties of a revolutionary crisis, cannot but lead us to the conclusion that their high reputation was undeserved. "*Omnium consensu capaces Imperii nisi imperassent.*" In this country, although we have not been altogether unaffected by the revolutionary action in continental states, the prime minister, whom the events of February found in office, is still at his post ; still guides the vessel of state amidst the shoals of Chartism and the breakers of



Repeal. But whether the stability of British rule be owing to the solid common-sense character of the people, to the excellence of the constitution, or to the superior address and wisdom of our statesmen, or to the combined effect of all three elements, admits of considerable question. It will not be however denied, that the statesmen of Great Britain have, with rare exceptions, in all ages, been men of high moral character, politically, as well as in private life; rarely deficient in classical attainments; frequently brilliant and ripe scholars, and often well versed in constitutional and international law, as indeed might be expected from the studies usually pursued by young men of our Universities, aiming at legislative honor and advancement. Yet we are not aware that any instance can be found of a "*Literary Premier*"—of a prime minister of Great Britain who can lay claim to that title—unless the character be conceded to the authors of smart epigrams, political pamphlets, and "*vers de société*"—the "*nugæ canoræ*" of an idle hour. It is not to be expected, that *in office*, while occupying that exalted and responsible station, the pursuits of literature could be largely if at all indulged, nor is it probable that *out of office* they would be seriously resumed, while the taste and capacity for public life remained. It would argue but an imperfect acquaintance with human nature to look for the abandonment of the fascinations of political activity, the agitation of stirring interests of state, the charms of the senate, for the more peaceful and less exciting exercises of the intellect in the paths of literature and science. And though a Grenville and a Wellesley may, in their retirement, have indulged in the amenities of scholastic lore, their tuneful labors may be appropriately likened to the fabled lays of the dying swan—the last emanations of minds severed for ever from the abstractions of the political arena; and as filling up the brief void between time and eternity by the harmless indulgence of an elegant taste, rather than as the serious productions of a literary life. That there have been British *statesmen*, whose grasp of soul partook of universality; that there still is one, of whom it must be admitted, even by his enemies, that his versatility of genius defies all limit; the names of "Bacon" and of "Brougham" attest. But though both statesmen, they were not *prime ministers*. Their rise to political eminence was through a channel widely distinct in its nature, and wholly different in its termination. The bar and the church have ever been, doubtless,

the chief avenues to distinction; and the acquirements of the lawyer and the divine tempt both to production in the graver walks of literature; and though to the lawyer the essay be fraught with peril, and endanger his professional reputation, it is sometimes ventured with success, and the hardy venturer not unfrequently achieves the coveted woolsack. The mitre, too, "in the good old times," was not unfrequently the reward of classic taste and literary merit, while now it seems to fall on studied dullness and obscurity, or crowns the flippant and iconoclastic zeal of professorial rashness. It may be questioned whether the "*belles lettres*" have not, upon the whole, impeded rather than accelerated the progress of the lawyer to the woolsack, and the divine to lawn sleeves; but it is quite certain that literary attainments in this country, so far from being even *ceteris paribus*, an advantage, are prejudicial to the candidate for political power. Instead of paving the way, they render the path more rugged, if not *ipso facto* inaccessible. They place their possessor under a species of "taboo"—an anomaly difficult to explain.

In other countries, even in these times,—times fraught with stirring incidents, big with events remarkable for change, demanding men of especial aptitude to guide the national councils from knowledge based on the soundest foundation of practical experience, and not upon closet learning and theoretic wisdom,—men like Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, have been raised to the highest political eminence. But for his literary fame, Guizot might have drudged his life away, a "*chef de bureau*." Nor would Thiers have worked his way to the first place in the councils of his sovereign, and for a time have swayed the destinies of France, but for the literary abilities which distinguished his career as an historian and political essayist, or rather *journalist*, a branch of literature more successfully though not more ably cultivated in France than in this country. It would be leading us out of our way to comment upon the remarkable contrast between the two countries in this respect. We cannot help, however, contrasting the career of a popular "*Rédacteur*" in France, and the favorite editor of an English journal. The one is *fêted* and caressed in all societies, reaches to the pinnacle of political greatness, even to be *Prime Minister*, or *President of a Republic*,—while the other remains to the end of the chapter pulling the strings and moving the wires which direct, control, and fire the passions of the whole nation, which pull down

and set up ministers, make and unmake cabinets,—an unseen and often unknown private individual.

Again, if we direct our eyes to *Germany*, where the prejudices of rank and aristocracy are, or perhaps we should say *till lately were*, pre-eminently strong, we can cite a numerous list of names illustrative of the triumph of literary and scientific learning. In Saxony a Lindenau, in Prussia a Humboldt, both prime ministers of their respective sovereigns, raised by literary and scientific reputation; to say nothing of the Savignys, the Bunsens, the Niebuhrs, who have held portfolios, or been invested with the highest diplomatic functions. While the despotic states of Russia and Austria confine the rewards of literary and scientific excellence to a professorship, a bit of ribbon at the button-hole, or a diamond snuff-box, France, Prussia, and Saxony make ministers of their poets and historians, ambassadors and envoys of their scholars and their "savans."

In *England* we may search in vain for such examples. Successful commanders, naval and military, recruit the peerage, it is true, and a red ribbon and a baronetcy now and then is doled out to a Banks, a Herschel, or a Bulwer; but where is *the solitary instance* of a man who, since ministerial responsibility was more than nominal, since premiers were something more than the mere blind instruments of the sovereign will, and tools of faction, has grasped the helm and piloted the vessel of state, whose intellectual claims alone, irrespective of birth, fortune, or aristocratical connections, have raised him to that position?

Of *thirty premiers* since the Hanoverian dynasty, *three* at most have leaped the bar of aristocratic prejudice; and they not on a literary Pegasus, not from their achievements in literature or in science, but by the force of party zeal, the intrigue and warmth of political hostility. How feelingly does Canning allude to this rigid system of political exclusiveness!

"I know (he says) there is a political creed which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign, and to influence the people; and this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is, singularly enough, most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown. To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly upon the people as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence—if that is to be an *adventurer*, I plead guilty to the charge; and I

would not exchange that situation for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of an hundred generations."

Canning, though not a *literary man*, certainly distinguished himself by his poetic taste. His Oxford prize poem, the "*Iter ad Mecam*," was reckoned one of the most elegant specimens of classic taste. No one can forget his "Needy Knife-Grinder," his "Friend to Humanity,"—the most exquisite morsels of literary trifling; nor his powers of satire, so frequently exercised on behalf of his friend and patron, Pitt, in the "New Morality."

To what taunts again was Addington exposed on account of his low birth! Who forgets the sneers of Sheridan, in his paraphrase of Martial, "*I do not love thee, Dr. Fell*," in allusion to the lucky accident which first brought him, the *Doctor's Son*, into notice! And who can doubt that Peel's double first, at Oxford, would have been as little cared for as a senior wranglership at Cambridge, which leads to the high reward of an obscure college living, but for the forty thousand a year which backed the honorable baronet's claims to ministerial rank!

We are not going to make a disquisition on the peculiar fitness of literary and scientific men for high office, or to urge academic fame as the test of superior aptitude for statesmen. But we could not help noticing the fact, that while in France, Prussia, Saxony, and other Continental States, literary and scientific men have been purposely selected to fill the highest offices in the State, in England high birth has ever been and still is considered the first criterion of ministerial fitness;—*the indispensable and often sole quality of a Premier*.

Whether Lord John Russell be entitled to the character of a "*literary man*" or not, can have but little influenced his chances of official success. Third son of a Duke of Bedford, the *prestige* of high family, which in his case none can gainsay, joined to an assiduous attendance upon parliamentary duties, would alone in time, with moderate capacity and ordinary acquirements, lead to the highest official station. Nevertheless it is not without interest to ascertain Lord John's rank in the Republic of Letters, to measure his excellence as a *literary man*,—a title he may or may not be worthy of, but one which, if we may judge from the quantity he has written, he no doubt speculated on obtaining. For though some of his productions were evidently designed as a vehicle for conveying to the public the noble lord's po-

litical creed, and, at the same time, to give indications of having sounded, if not quite fathomed, some of the depths of political and constitutional economy, yet this cannot be said of all his works; for it is to no one branch of literature that the noble writer has confined himself,—tragedy, history, biography, essays,—from the ephemeral pamphlet to the ponderous quarto, swell the varied catalogue.

It is difficult to say upon which of his works Lord John Russell would feel disposed to stake his literary reputation; and we do not know how far we are justified in taking notice of some, which, though published anonymously, are attributed to his pen, and, indeed, whose authorship is now no longer a secret. Such gross mistakes have occurred to the keenest critics in the filiation of literary performances, that were the works in question less currently recognized, or were they the least favorable to his pretensions, we might hesitate to include them in our survey; for we agree with Dr. Johnson, "That when a man of rank appears in a literary character, he deserves to have his merit *handsomely allowed*." And in this spirit we are disposed to deal with the claims of the noble *littérateur* of the House of Bedford.

The noble writer once upon a time perhaps thought with Junius, "That a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature." However that may be, the first book of Lord John's is a collection of *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a gentleman who has left his lodgings*; published under the euphonious pseudonym of Joseph Skillet, and bearing date May 24, 1820, when his lordship had just attained his 28th year.

These essays, consisting of 248 octavo pages, are ushered into public notice by a *rather* humorous preface, as to how the MS. came into the hands of Joseph Skillet, and the why and the wherefore he determined to put them into print; a style of introduction much in vogue at that time, and which the author of *Waverley* seems to have made fashionable. The subjects treated of are various in their kind; not in themselves destitute of interest, but briefly handled, and though with evidence of some reading, not with the ability to justify the aphoristic and dictatorial style affected by the author. There prevails throughout a dogmatic tone, which disposes the reader to rebel against the rather bold opinions advanced, and extravagant criticism. We have selected those portions which we think may be most interesting to the reader,

and which are at the same time a fair sample of the whole.

*Essays of a Gentleman, &c.* } "Vanity, which every one blames, is the most universal of all motives of action '*et qui de contemnenda gloria librum scripsit nomen affixit.*' There are many characters so slightly built as to be capable of no higher or more noble incitement: were they without vanity, they would be indolent in affairs, uncivil and rude in society, selfish in their actions and behavior. It is to a desire to conciliate public opinion that we owe all the virtues of weak characters, and even many great men have been sustained in their career by the same useful passion.

[*Vanity and Love of Fame.*] "There is no motive which ends in self more noble than the love of fame. This is one of the passions which has, in an extraordinary degree, a good and bad side. There is nothing more silly and contemptible than the '*besoin de faire parler de soi*,' which animates so large a proportion of the candidates for fame. The wearing a particular dress, or driving an uncommon carriage; *writing quarto books about nothing*, or making a speech to every mob that can be collected; are generally proofs of a desire to obtain distinction without the qualities which deserve it. But there is a love of fame that is the most powerful instrument of which nature makes use to produce discovery in science and eminence in art. A man of genius feels himself alternately impelled to perform great actions, and deterred by the difficulty and labor of the enterprise. In this struggle the desire of exertion would gradually become less violent, and would generally, in the end, be stifled by pleasure and indolence, did not the love of fame furnish an auxiliary incitement to action. Pushed on by such an impulse, the man of genius overcomes every obstacle; he investigates, weighs, and provides against the most minute blot in his plans; he passes the night without repose, and the day without recreation; he forgets the wear of continual thought, the labor which perfection requires, or the dangers which an untried enterprise may offer; till at length he bursts forth in splendor, like the sun through a mid-day fog, the poet, the philosopher, or the hero of his age. But his glory is not complete. In centuries still to come his verse shall fire the bosom, or awake the tear; his discovery shall exalt the mind of the student or guide the rudder of navigation; his example shall animate the breast of patriots, and keep alive the love of immortality. Having mentioned this subject, I cannot but notice the cold objections of some metaphysicians. It has been argued that posthumous fame is an unreasonable object of desire; as no man can obtain it till he is incapable of enjoying it. To this I shall answer, that himself living in the future, he foresees the homage that will attend upon his name. It would be easy to show that almost every great poet and philosopher has foreseen his own immortality. If it be objected that this foretaste of fame, being unaccompanied by any homage, must be an airy and unsubstantial pleasure, I shall briefly reply that it is of the same nature with many others

which have always been appreciated. If it is a pleasure to contribute to the happiness, though without receiving the thanks, of an unknown beggar—if it is a pleasure to be read and admired by distant nations, though they transmit no testimony of their admiration—if it is a pleasure to be loved by persons in England even when on a voyage across the Atlantic—it may also be a pleasure, and one of the highest degree, to be conscious that we shall obtain the admiration, the blessing, the love, of future generations."

[*Men of Letters.*] "There is no class of persons, it may be observed, whose failings are more open to remark than men of letters. In the first place, they are raised on an eminence, where everything they do is carefully observed by those who have not been able to get so high. In the next place, their occupation, especially if they are poets, being either the expression of superabundant feeling or the pursuit of praise, they are naturally more sensitive and quick in their emotions than any other class of men: hence a thousand little quarrels and passing irritabilities. In the next place, they have the power of wounding deeply those of whom they are envious. A man who shoots envies another who shoots better. A shoemaker even envies another who makes more popular shoes; but the sportsman and the shoemaker can only say they do not like their rival; the author cuts his brother author to the bone with the sharp edge of an epigram or *bon mot*."

[*On Plays.*] "The dramatic art, when carried to perfection, may be defined to be that of exhibiting human nature in a point of view, either affecting or amusing. If we adopt this definition it will not appear wonderful that the English should have succeeded best in tragedy and the French in comedy. The English, fond of deep emotion, and reflecting long upon their own sensations, have portrayed, with a truth which seemed scarcely attainable, the character and conduct of individuals whom fortune placed in the highest rank and exposed to the most stormy trials. But in proportion to their success in this branch of art, has been their failure in the department of comedy. As they are little accustomed to display their feelings in society, authors have been obliged to supply, by extravagant plots and eccentric characters, the want of accurate portraits, and to borrow from fancy the interest which observation could not afford."

"The other fault which I mentioned, that of mixing comedy and tragedy, has been often defended. It is, in fact, the merit of relieving the mind oppressed by too long a succession of sad scenes, and makes a tragedy palatable to ordinary minds. It is like the gas in mineral waters, which makes steel supportable to weak stomachs. But does it not also interrupt the interest? and does it not prevent the existence of any strong emotion? Shakspeare has best answered these questions by diminishing the number of such scenes in Othello, Lear, and Macbeth."

[*Political Economy.*] "Political economy is an awful thing; it is appalling to think that the legislature is often called upon to decide ques-

tions which involve the immediate happiness, perhaps the very existence of millions of the people by rules of science which change from day to day. *It is not a matter of very urgent or pressing necessity to know whether oxygen gets the letter of phlogiston, or chlorine is a better founded name than oxy-muriatic acid*; but it is of another kind of importance to know whether a silver currency, of a certain standard, will prove a considerable benefit or a certain ruin; whether an overflowing abundance of foreign corn is a blessing or a curse to the nation which imports it. Yet these questions are to be decided by reference to the authority of men, who, with all their talents, do not, I must confess, inspire me with perfect confidence."

"It is very true that England would sell more cotton if her manufacturers got cheap corn from Poland. But a statesman is bound to think, whether it would be better to have a million more people in the manufacturing towns at the certainty of losing half a million of farmers and laborers. And he must place before his eyes the picture of such half million starved out of existence; dragging along with them, for a time, the people employed in every branch of industry which depends upon their demand, clamorous for a pittance which the inflexible spirit of science denies; shaking, perhaps, the pillars of the state, and menacing the whole order of society, before they suffer themselves to be extirpated by famine."

The Life of Lord William Russell: with some account of the Times in which he lived. 2 vols. 1820.

The noble essayist, casting aside the phœbeian mantle of Joseph Skillet, makes his *début, in propria persona*, as a biographer, animated by the wish to rescue the memory of a distinguished ancestor from the reproaches of preceding writers. In a preface modest but naïve, and passing a high tribute of praise to the abilities of Hume, the giving forth to the world this Life of Lord William Russell is justified on the ground of Hume's partiality to the House of Stuart, which prejudiced his narrative, and further, by the new light thrown upon the transactions of that period by the despatches of the French minister by Sir John Dalrymple, which were not published when Hume wrote. That the political bias of Hume may have betrayed him into a culpable partiality, and that it did so, to a certain extent, is readily conceded. Few are the composers of personal history who come to their task with that independent spirit of impartiality, that inflexible regard for the distribution of equal justice, without which the very end and aim of this species of writing must fail of being accomplished. Pre-eminent as is the rank of Johnson, incontrovertible as are his merits in this department of literature, and high as his moral character

undoubtedly stood, yet the moment his religious or national prejudices found an opponent in the character under examination, then his candor and his judgment utterly forsook him. But we must naturally be prepared to encounter the same defects in the present work, and in a degree, we fear, more than sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of fresh sources of information. The tenderness of reputation of an ancestor, though remote—the feelings of family pride—are motives for *sparing* which is a great impediment to true biography. This, however, concerns the fidelity of the life, and bears little on the question of its merits, *in a literary point of view*, with which alone we are interested.

For though the treatment of the subject may be partial, it cannot fail to disclose the presence or the want of the qualities of the biographer. Copious materials and the strictest impartiality would be of little avail if the method of composition be wanting in perspicuity. A collection of unconnected particulars, the most sedulous accumulation of "*acta, dicta, consilia, scripta*," of all that could be gathered together, does not constitute biography; a task requiring no small pains in the preparation, and no little effort in the performance. To avoid a tedious prolixity on the one hand, and vague generality on the other, to escape being a mere dry narrator of facts, and yet not to err by over lavish deduction, demands a mind of the first order of intellectual power. The Life of Lord William Russell is certainly one well calculated to display the *biographic spirit*. The conduct of a man laboring under misfortune, struggling with persecution, wounded by ingratitude, must ever afford the material for interesting delineation.

How far then has Lord John succeeded in the important and responsible office of delineator and expounder of his ancestor's personal history? Our expectations of any singular excellence were not raised very high by the noble lord's notion of the *nature of biographical interest*—"What most contributes to render biography amusing, is a certain singularity and some degree of forwardness and presumption in the hero." The noble writer's own life will, upon this theory, be amusing in the highest degree; but his ancestor having been a plain, sober, unaffected person, who never originated any measure of importance, the reader is prepared for a tolerably large dose of dullness. We find some difficulty in making an extract, for there is scarcely an entire page of the author's own composition. It is, in fact, no life at all, but a string-

ing together of those opinions on government and freedom, which the noble author loses no opportunity of parading, interlarded with quotations, some not very interesting letters, and a few sayings and anecdotes, without any relief from polished style or the smallest display of feeling. A more cold, uninteresting, and fragmentary performance could hardly be written by a dull schoolmaster, paid by the sheet.

"The political opinions of Lord Russell were those of a Whig. His religious creed was that of a *mild and talented Christian*. If, as it must be admitted, he showed a *violent animosity* to the Roman Catholics to an extent which cannot be justified, it must be recollected that his hostility was almost entirely political. The attack which was made upon our Constitution appeared in the colors and with the ensign of Popery, and it was only by resisting the Romish Church that civil liberty could be secured. He wished our own institutions to be more favorable to dissenters; or, in other words, for a larger comprehension of sects. Had his wish been gratified, the Protestant Church of England would have been strengthened, both against the see of Rome and against future schism, with the loss only of some *slavish doctrines* and a few unimportant ceremonies which our early reformers never adopted. It must be owned that the *violence of Lord Russell against the Roman Catholics betrayed him into credulity*. It was the fault of honest men in that age; and it is singular, that absurd as the story of the popish plot avowedly is, we have more respect for those who fell into the delusion than for those who escaped it. But whatever blame may attach to Lord Russell for an *excess of political and religious zeal*, it cannot be denied that his firmness and perseverance were eminently useful to his country in a most critical period of her fortunes, and that his example contributed to the establishment of those liberties which he died to vindicate."

The simplicity of this contradictory summing up of Lord William Russell's political character requires no comment; to define his creed as that of a *mild and tolerant Christian*, and to paint him a credulous and excessive political and religious zealot, unjustifiably violent when opposed to the Roman Catholics, is a blunder Lord John only could commit.

Pursuing our inquiry in the order of time, we must next pass in review, '*An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present time*,' [viz. 1821.]

This also bears upon the title-page the noble writer's name, who, in some prefatory remarks, announces his object to have been the illustration of "*two very plain but somewhat neglected truths*," viz. :—

"First, that the continental monarchies of Europe require complete regeneration before their subjects can become virtuous and happy. Second, that the Government of England is not to be included in this class; for that it is calculated to produce liberty, worth, and content amongst the people, while its abuses easily admit of reforms consistent with its spirit, capable of being effected without injury or danger, and mainly contributing to its preservation."

It is, however, with the latter of the neglected truths in question that the present volume deals. *The first not being finished*, we have therefore the *second volume first*, a kind of "ὑστέρων πρότερον" process which we should have thought fatal to the argument except in the hands of an Irish chronicler. The reason why this latter portion is thus prematurely published "*without sufficient concoction*" or correction, is to be attributed to the vanity of imagining it may at this period be of some service. It may at least *provoke the wits and excite the thoughts* of other men to a more happy attention, in which every member of this free community has an interest of the deepest importance."

It is not our design to combat the doctrine of *monarchical regeneration*, which the noble lord insists upon, in foreign lands, before the population can become a happy and virtuous one, since a quarter of a century has not only changed much abroad, but much at home; and amongst other things which have undergone mutation, Lord John's *opinions* are not the least remarkable. For our own part, with all his freedom, we fear that John Bull is not much more *virtuous* than the Austrian or the Dutchman, and rather incline to the opinion that he is *less happy*. Whether this "pellet" from Lord John's literary pop-gun "*provoked the wit*" or "*excited the thoughts*" of Prince Metternich, and other *quondam* important personages, or whether it failed to do so from want of the "*concoction*" so herbalistically lamented, must remain an unsolved problem until the late Arch-Chancellor of Austria's memoirs are given to the world. If it failed in awakening foreign governments to the importance of completely regenerating their systems, perhaps "*it did not fail in being of some service*," that is, to the noble author himself; for though he was too modest to say so, he alone can supply the information as to who was the object of such service. That the essay, or rather collection of essays, was intended as an advertisement of the noble lord's political creed, no one can doubt, who reads the ninety-one chapters into which the said volume, of 305 pages, is divided.

Besides dissertations upon the lives and governments of the successive sovereigns, from Henry VII. to George III., we have "Poor Laws," "National Debt," "Liberty of the Press," "Parliamentary Reform," "Public Schools," "Criminal Law," "Influence of the Crown," and a sufficiently piquant and diversified "bill of fare." *At the head* of each chapter is placed a quotation from some celebrated writer, as a kind of text upon which the noble lord spins his discourse. And *at the tail* we find some *aphoristic deduction*, enunciating the author's political notions. We shall pass by the introductory chapter on the first principles of the English government and constitution, for it is neither more nor less than Blackstone mystified, and shown up in masquerade. The pith or climax, which, as in a lady's letter, is to be found in the postscript, though not remarkable for elegance of expression, explains the old tinkering propensities of Lord John to mend the constitutional kettle; but would provoke a severe comment upon his more recent doctrine of finality, and the stationary policy of his administration at the present crisis.

"There was a practical wisdom in our ancestors, which induced them to *alter and vary the form of our institutions as they went on*; to suit them to the circumstances of the time, and reform them according to the dictates of experience. They never ceased to work upon our frame of government, as a sculptor fashions the model of a favorite statue. *It is an act now seldom used*, and the disease has been attended with evils of the most alarming magnitude."

Our present object, however, is not a discussion of the political character of Lord John Russell; we confine ourselves to his position as *un homme de lettres*.

[*Liberty of the Press.*] "Before I proceed to give a short view of the advantages of the Press, let us again recall to our minds that it is nonsense to talk of liberty without its licentiousness. Every attempt to curb its licentiousness otherwise than by the application of the law after an offence committed, must likewise restrain its liberty. To do the one without the other, were as difficult as to provide that the sun should bring our flowers and fruits to perfection, but never scorch our faces. Many have a mistaken notion of what the Press is: they suppose it to be a regular independent power, like the Crown, or the House of Commons. The Press does nothing more than afford a means of expressing, in good and able language, the opinions of large classes of society. For if these opinions, however well sustained, are paradoxes confined to the individual who utters them, they fall as harmless, in the middle of

sixteen millions of people, as they would do in a private party of three or four. Nor is it the sentiment of A, the editor of one newspaper, or of B, the editor of another, which controls the course of Government. These men are little, if it all, known; with one or two exceptions, their names are never mentioned. It is their skill in embodying in a daily journal the feelings and reasonings which come home to the business and the bosoms of large portions of their countrymen, that obtains for their writings fame and general acceptance. But it would be vain for these persons to endeavor to make the people discontented with laws which they loved and a minister whom they revered. They would not be dreaded nor even read. Equally vain would it be for a vicious, oppressive, and odious government to suppress the liberty of printing. It was not the Press which overturned Charles I., nor could the Inquisition preserve to Ferdinand VIII. his despotic power—the dark cabal, the secret conspirator, the sudden tumult, the solitary assassin, may all be found where the liberty of printing has never existed. And were a government to suppress it where it does exist, without taking away the matter of sedition, more crime and less security would probably be the result of their foolish panic and powerless precaution.

No one has yet seen the newspaper or pamphlet, which openly defends the venality of judges or the infliction of torture, any more than the tragedy which holds up cowardice to admiration, or endeavors to make envy amiable in our eyes; even the worst men love virtue in their studies. In ordinary times it is evident the exercise of this censorship must be beneficial to the country; no statesman can hope that his corrupt practices, his jobs, his obliquities, his tergiversations, can escape from a vigilance that never slumbers, and an industry that never wearies. Nor is it an important obstacle to truth, that the daily newspapers are the advocates of party, rather than searchers after truth. The nation, after hearing both sides, may decide between them."

[*The National Debt.*] "There can be little doubt that, for a certain time, a national debt is beneficial in its effects. It promotes a rapid circulation of money; it brings new capitalists into the market with more enterprise and more invention than the old proprietors of land. It obliges the laborer to work harder, and, at the same time, produces new demands for labor. But when the national taxes have increased to a certain amount, these effects are nearly reversed. Prices are so prodigiously increased to the consumer, that all prudent men retrench both their consumption and their employment of labor. The greater proportion of the general income of the country, is transferred from the hands of men who have the means of laying it out in agriculture or manufactures, into the hands of great merchants, whose capital overflows the market, and returns in the shape of mortgages. There is, at the same time, a great want of and great abundance of money. Such are the effects of a great national debt upon individuals. But there is another view in which

this debt is an unmixed evil; I mean, as it impairs and exhausts the resources of the State. The expense of former wars renders it at last difficult for a nation to raise taxes for its defence. So much of the rent of the landholder is taken from him, that the minister dares not ask for more, as it would be equivalent to the confiscation of the land itself."

The premier here digresses into a retrospect of various epochs of distress; commends the corn laws, as preventing the abandonment of agriculture in England; reviews the monetary crisis of 1813, and takes occasion to eulogize a nostrum of Lord Lauderdale, that guineas should be coined of the value of the twenty-one shillings paper currency, a proceeding his lordship seems to think very highly of. "Perhaps the fundholder would have had reason to bless the day on which such a measure was adopted, for it would have retarded the period which, some time or other, will in all probability arrive, when the payment of the full dividend, and the safety of the State, shall be found incompatible."

In a second edition, enlarged, we find a rather long dissertation on the sources of patronage in the crown. The bar and the church both get roughly handled.

[*The Bar.*] "It is the tendency of this profession to give men a rooted attachment to the institutions by whose rules all their decisions are made. But their attachment, it must be confessed, is seldom of a very discriminating nature. And if, on the one hand, they kindle with indignation when the ancient rights of the people are trampled upon, on the other, they fire with almost equal zeal if an attempt is made to moderate the cruel spirit of ancient legislation. Generally speaking, however, the first disposition of a lawyer, it must be confessed, is to inquire boldly and argue sharply upon public abuses. They are not apt to indulge any bigoted reverence for the depositaries of power; and, on the other hand, they value liberty as the guardian of free speech. But the close of a lawyer's life is not always conformable to his outset. [Is a premier's?] Many who commence by too warm an admiration for popular privileges, end by too frigid a contempt for all enthusiasm. They are accustomed to let their tongues for the hour, and by a natural transition they sell them for a term of years, or for life. Commencing with the vanity of popular harangues, they end by the meanest calculations of avarice."

The bar must feel flattered by Lord John Russell's exposition of a barrister's career. The noble premier has, however, painted a portrait of the divine in not much more pleasing colors.

[*The Church.*] "The church has not to reproach itself with the same tergiversation in its

members, [ministers ?] Connected with power and office by their very profession, all members (ministers) of the church have an *original* tendency, not easily overcome, to take the side of Government, and those who desire to rise to distinction in the hierarchy generally make a display of servility, as the surest means of elevation. Or if raised by SOME RARE ACCIDENT from real merit, super-add a varnish of adulation to their other acquirements. Yet it must be said that a cringing churchman has not that scoffing contempt of virtue and affected disbelief of all public principle which distinguish the apostate lawyer."

Though these essays will not tend much, if at all, to establish the noble author's reputation as a literary man, it had been better had he confined his efforts to this species of composition exclusively: for though it demands many high qualifications, not the least of which is the faculty of compression, "to give the virtue of a draught in a few drops," the task is far easier than the one which belongs to the elevated flights of the dramatic aspirant.

Don Carlos, a } Success is the mother of  
Tragedy. } rashness, and though often a diminutive parent, the infant is commonly remarkable for its size. The success of the noble lord as an essayist, whether as Joseph Skillet, or in his own proper person, if we can form any opinion, must have been of the most limited kind; but the rashness engendered was as colossal as the success was microscopic, and bears out the epigrammatic character of the premier so felicitously hit off by a defunct canon of St. Paul's, for wit renowned. Dr. Johnson declares, "that a man who writes a book thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them;" but a man who writes a play must have a still higher estimate of his powers, if we receive the opinion of his Grace of Buckingham:

"That to write plays, why, 'tis a bold pretence  
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence;  
Nay more, for they must look within to find  
The secret turn of nature in the mind."

The hardihood of the venture in the present instance is not a little heightened by the circumstance that the story of Don Carlos had already exercised the skill of the most celebrated dramatic writers, not forgetting Schiller and Alfieri. And this in defiance of the highest critical authorities, who condemn the selection of the unhallowed perversions of one particular passion for the source of dra-

matic interest as unworthy of genius, and resorted to only by men of puny and sterile imagination, though by genius alone can such exhibitions be made sufferable.

How far Lord John's treatment of the story redeems the play from the strictures of this canon we shall inquire.

Schiller more modestly styled his work a dramatic poem, and declared that his hopes of its success on any stage were not high. Here it is ushered in with all the pride and pomp of circumstance, "*A Tragedy in Five Acts*," entitled "*Don Carlos, or Persecution*."

The alternative, or explanatory title, must, we are convinced, have been inserted at the recommendation of some waggish friend of the author, alluding to the reader, or intended audience of Covent Garden.

It is dedicated to Lord Holland, in the usual strain of mixed adulation and depreciation, rather at variance with the preface, which savors strongly of the puff preparatory, and in which there is an affectation of research, and a careful apology for slight historical deviations on the score of poetical license.

We shall in a few lines explain the nature of the plot; since, though "*Don Carlos*" may be familiar to those acquainted with the works of Schiller and Alfieri, it has not been made so through Lord John Russell to the English reader: for with all the *prestige* of noble authorship, and all the knavish adjuncts of the stage, ("*Fourberia della Scena*,") the play was acted *once*, and once only. Not that its failure as an acting drama would be conclusive against its merit altogether, for Johnson's "*Irene*" met with the same fate, as indeed have a hundred others. Whether Lord John felt, as Johnson expressed himself to have done after *his* defeat, "*like the monument*," or whether he derived consolation from the reflections of Mr. Wire Wove Hot Press, "that there may be calamitous eclipses of the most effulgent minds," must remain mysteries buried in the womb of time.

The plot turns upon the intrigues of the Inquisition, whose chief, Valdez, the grand Inquisitor, works upon the suspicious mind of Philip king of Spain to destroy his son, Don Carlos, suspected of favoring the Protestant cause; and the *modus operandi* is by insinuating to the King an incestuous intercourse of Don Carlos with the Queen.

In the opening scene of Act I., Valdez, the grand Inquisitor, and one of his adherents, Lucero, discuss the King's character and the chances of their success. Valdez



tries to remove some scruples of his fellow conspirator.

"*Valdez*. Fear not ;  
The King *has got a demon* : 'tis suspicion  
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears  
Are *stung to madness by a cricket's chirp* :  
Whose jaundiced eyes in every sheep perceive  
A *covert wolf* ; and mark you well, Lucero,  
He who reposes not in confidence  
That men are somewhat better than they are,  
Conceives them worse ! Philip, besides, is crazed  
With love of fame ; he does not love his Queen,  
He does not love his country ; but he loves  
To *swell his name* with their bright attributes ;  
And when he sees his consort and his throne  
Both menaced, will he not resist ?"

Here, at the very outset, some of the peculiar defects are visible which pervade the whole of the play, and, we might say, the whole of the noble lord's writings. It is evident that the address of Valdez is *intended* to be dignified, and if tumid metaphor and false aphorism could atone for positive breaches of all rules, both of grammar and composition, *it might be* ; but it is in fact *grand nonsense*, which, of all things, is the most insupportable.

Scene II. discloses the King soliloquizing upon his Queen's dishonor ; he requires the attendance of one of her women, Leonora, when the following dignified dialogue takes place. [*Enter Donna Leonora.*]

"*King*. Madam, good day, I have desired your presence  
On urgent matters ; answer me, and quick.  
What is the general temper of the Queen  
When with her women ? gay, or sad, or staid ?  
What her diversions ? Does the prince's presence  
Make any change in her deportment ?

*Leonora*. Sir !

*The King*. I ask you how the Queen receives our son ?

*Leonora*. I know not well to answer.

*The King*. Yet my words are plain and simple.

*Leonora*. Sir ! Indeed—

*The King*. Reply ; I must have truth.

*Leonora*. Then, sire, behold the truth :  
Her usual air appears as if she mocked  
The state she wears ; all the royal pomp  
Makes her not proud, but sad : the dignity  
That doth befit Castile she casts aside,  
As if it soiled her purity of heart.  
But if Don Carlos in her presence stands,  
Then, like a statue starting into life,  
Her cheeks blush deep with rosy streams, her eyes  
Glow with unusual fires ; her arm, her hand  
No longer move with languor : all her frame  
In animated gesture speaks the soul ;  
Though still her timid modesty of mind  
Tempers with grace the beauty of her mien.

*The King*. She welcomes him ?

*Leonora*. Yes, sire : such welcome gives  
As when upon the dark blank world the sun  
Pours forth his beams ; when undistinguished  
space  
Grows rich with meaning ; hill, and lake, and  
plain  
Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day :—  
Such is the Queen, when to our quiet hours  
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

*The King*. It is well ;  
She should rejoice to see our royal son.  
Say, does he ever speak to her alone ?

*Leonora*. Nay, gracious sire, that were to my reproach.

My office here is to attend the Queen,  
Never to leave her presence ; and to break  
That rule, so long as I can hold my station,  
Were to betray my duty, soil my race.  
None ever yet, of countrymen or friends,  
Or childish playmates of her infancy,  
Or near relations of your royal blood,  
Have ever spoken to the Queen alone :  
Nor have I missed a gesture or a word,  
Or failed, when reason was, to bear the tale  
Unto your majesty.

*The King*. 'Tis well, 'tis well :  
Say now, I would know more ; I fain would  
know—

Not that these things which you have told to me  
Excite a thought unworthy of the Queen,  
Or can the least unhinge my steadfast love,  
And anchored trust in her fidelity ;  
Far from us all suspicion—but 'tis well  
That I, the king, should know the slightest sign,  
The breath of air, or creaking of a door,  
That passes in my court ; inform me, then,  
Has it been known to you the prince, our son,  
Used more familiar gesture to the Queen  
Than does befit his duty ? touched her hand,  
Or—

*Leonora*. Never, gracious sire, have I beheld  
Aught but of reverence from our royal prince,  
With due and subject duty—

*The King*. Tell me, then,  
Have you observed the Queen at any time  
Bestow a trinket on the prince ? or seen  
The prince make homage of a gift to her ?  
A chain—a riband—any bauble ?

*Leonora*. Sir,  
Last month, upon her birthday, I remarked  
Don Carlos gave a necklace to the Queen  
In worship of the day.

*The King*. Madam, it is well :  
Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,  
That add civility to kindred ties :  
[*Aside.*] Yet like I not such tokens always worn ;  
Love, oftentimes, that dares not lead his march  
Direct from heart to heart, by such bye-paths  
Conducts his enterprise ; and warm desires  
That would shrink back from looking on the life,  
Are yet excited by the fond caress  
Bestowed on senseless matter."

We cannot pursue this contemptible trashy dialogue further. The "stilted talk" of the duenna Leonora is only surpassed in non-

sense by the royal catechist. It is positively beneath all criticism as to versification. It is a mere collocation of words and syllables, marshalled into array by the printer to make a kind of *poetry to the eye*. It is a species of bad prose in ambush, a jumble of forced metaphor and low phraseology, destructive of both sense and propriety—passing by the *moral* of the whole, which is flagrant.

Can anything be so utterly silly as the exclamation of the King—

"That I, the king, should know the slightest sign,  
The breath of air, or creaking of a door!"

Or more unintelligible and nonsensical than "*Love leading his march*:" and "*Warm desires looking on the life*:" "*Gifts, bonds of courtesy that add civility to kindred ties*."

The constant recurrence of the same words and the same phrases is enough to nauseate the most indefatigable and indulgent reader. The word "*Tale*" occurs no less than *ten times*;\* though it will hardly be said "*decies repetita placebit*."

But when we turn to the other characters of the play, we find no better entertainment.

ACT II. SCENE I. [*Apartment of Don Carlos.*]

Don Carlos, like his royal father, is given to soliloquizing, and makes his *débüt* to the audience in a metaphorical Jeremiad, bewailing his hard lot in having been born a prince instead of a bird-catcher or rustic. His friend Cordoba enters, to inquire by *what plan* he intends to *defeat* his unforeseen arrest—a rather curious use of the word *defeat*, applied to a "*fait accompli*," the said Don Carlos being safely lodged in durance vile. The prince, very *surveyor-like*, replies, "*I have no plan*." Cordoba seems to think such an answer more suited to an architect, and rejoins—"Such a *reply but ill becomes a Prince*." Don Carlos is piqued at this, and determines to make up for his brevity of response by a grandiloquent confession of his un-princely faculties.

\* "Or failed, when reason was, to bear the tale unto your majesty."

"Sire—The tale is of that kind the bearer fears to let escape too rudely."

"The tale was dreadful, but your royal countenance," &c.

"My king, I will proceed, though harsh and crude the tale."

"I come not with the tale of some base wretch."

"To wed the queen! a false informer's tale."

"The tale is long to tell," &c.

"And came herself unconsciously to tell the *mad-dening tale* to me."

"'Tis death to tell or to convey a tale," &c.

"These letters may unfold a tale."

"Don Carlos. My faculties but ill become a prince.

Our mother Nature, with a strange caprice,  
*Fits us for other parts than those we play;*

&c. &c. &c.

I, even I, was framed  
To wander idly all the day in woods—  
To gather flowers—to feed on the wild grape—  
To drink the natural spring—to list to birds—  
And find my joy in breathing balmy air.  
I was not made for courts or camps."

We fear Mother Nature has played off some of her tricks on Lord John. We have sad misgivings, however, that he, like the prince, was more calculated to "wander idly in the woods," "to feed on the wild grape," and "drink the natural spring," than for court or camp. Poor Cordoba's dull matter-of-fact brain finds some difficulty in comprehending these pastoral longings, not exactly, perhaps, appreciating the distinguished propensities of his royal master for drinking *natural* springs and feeding on wild grapes.

"Cordoba. Yet still

You think of public weal; and even now

You were embarking in a public cause:

&c. &c. &c.

Don Carlos. See you, Don Luis, no distinction, then,

Between a choice of lot, and bearing ill  
What is already chosen? I stand here  
Prince of Asturias, the heir of Spain:  
To leave the mighty interests of mankind  
To follow nightingales, would be in me  
Consummate baseness, treason to my state,  
Cruel injustice to collected millions—  
The people of two hemispheres, who own  
The Spanish rule, and on some future day,  
Which Heaven long avert, will take their hue  
Of joy or sorrow from my smile or frown.  
Overwhelming thought! would it were otherwise."

Poor Cordoba is no doubt puzzled how a man *can choose his lot*, and appears to be equally *overwhelmed* as his master. Whether he fancies his master might better secure the happiness of the collected millions if he did follow his bird-catching propensities, especially if the hue of joy or sorrow of the people of two hemispheres is to vary with his smile or frown, we can hardly ascertain; but in the deprecatory tone of a repentant Mr. Caudle, he ventures to remonstrate.

"Cordoba. Nay, say not so!

Don Carlos. [Like Mrs. Caudle, with a vigorous rejoinder,]

I mean it."

&c. &c. &c. &c.

Can there be anything more trashy than this.

Even in the interview between the king and his son, which might have given scope to something like passionate feeling, we have the same miserable monotony of yes and no dialogue, interspersed with the same frothy declamation and vexed metaphor.

ACT II.—SCENE I. *continued.* [Enter King Philip.] *Cordoba retires.*

"Philip. Don Carlos, 'tis with heavy grief  
The safety of the State has forced me thus  
To place a guard upon your sacred person :  
Your highness has been charged with crimes—

Carlos. Who dares  
Impeach my honor? Who—

Philip. Softly, my son.

I came not to accuse, &c.

Carlos. By Heaven, not so.

Philip. Nay, interrupt me not. If it be thus,  
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait  
Upon a king," &c. &c.

This threat of spectral forms, and the *Ill do you know*, must of course freeze up the boiling indignation of the Prince, and he simply puts in his disclaimer to all unfilial hankerings after his father's crown.

"Carlos. Oh! far from me is lust of that sad  
power :  
I hate it all.

Philip. If truly, 'tis with reason.

&c. &c.

Carlos. I know not what means your Majesty.

Philip. Listen, Don Carlos!  
Your honored grandsire, when a manly beard  
Scarce plumed his cheeks, &c.

While to his empty treasury a new world  
Across the ocean wafted tides of gold,  
&c. &c. &c.  
Aspired to private life and humble rest."

*Beards pluming,—new worlds wafting,—  
aspiring to privacy*—Mrs. Malaprop, "thy  
occupation's gone!"

Carlos reiterates his disinclination to wield  
a sceptre.

"Philip. You do not wish to take it from me,  
then?"

Now we think this is more like a little urchin asking Betty if she did not wish to take his hoop or peg-top away. And we have ten pages of this puerility, with the continued ebullitions in the nursery style, "Hold your peace;" "Peace, Prince;" "I'll hear no more;" "Prince, beware."

It is really impossible to single out a page, or even a passage that rises to mediocrity, though we have not paraded the most ridiculous portions. Mark the Noodle and Doodle style of Act. IV.—Scene II. :—

"Osorio. 'Tis strange!—Don Luis—

Carlos. Don Luis was invited to assist  
In this unnatural treachery, where the father  
Plotted his son's destruction, but he shrunk  
From horrors so Satanic.

Osorio. Did he, indeed?

Carlos. He did indeed: what means that  
doubting tone?

Osorio. Nay, prince, I know not.

Carlos. He does more; he risks  
His liberty and life to wipe away  
The stain he has contracted; and to-night  
He comes with friends in arms to save my life.

Osorio. Indeed.

Carlos. Indeed! Indeed! Had you been there,  
Osorio, all your hatred would have melted."

&c.

&c.

&c.

This may be certainly selected as an apt illustration of the art of sinking, in poetry. The malicious reader would perhaps be gratified by more extracts, especially from the concluding act, but we abstain from the cruelty of further selections. Lord John, like Fielding, and many others, evidently curses the fellow "who invented fifth acts." Poison and the dagger, the old-fashioned aids, come to the rescue and do the business; but, contrary to Aristotelian law, they do it before the audience, and Don Carlos and Don Luis die in most appropriate confusion.

Unfit as the tragedy clearly is for the stage, we can find no merits that fit it for the closet. There is not a vestige of poetical feeling, not a single passage that rises above common-place, not a *character* or *creation* in the whole *dramatis personæ*. They are mere *automata*; a more undignified, pitiful puppet than Philip, could not be walked through five acts of any play; nor a more puling, characterless personage than Don Carlos, whose mawkish sentimentality would overpower even a boarding-school Miss of the last generation. The Queen is a mere piece of pageantry, a walking gentlewoman, whose "yes" and "no" are often in the wrong place; while Valdez, the arch intriguer and supposed mover of the pieces, who is to conduct the check-mate, is a mere cut-and-dried specimen of the old hacknied rogue of a hundred penny stories. There is throughout a palpable attempt at dignity and elevation of style, by a lavish use of metaphor, of which the noble lord seems to have a kind of *hortus siccus*; but which he so mixes and involves

that they make a perfect jumble of images, and the radical idea is completely lost sight of, in the tangled heap of metaphorical excrescences. The noble *littérateur* has decidedly made a "fiasco;" he has, with all his incubation, produced a wind-egg. We are sensible of the greatness of the effort, we see the straining of the wires, and hear the creaking of the pulleys, and have a strong sense of smelling tallow and rosin—but no illusion. Plenty of rant and fustian, but "no storming of the breast, or holding enthralled the sense;" "there is all the contortion of the Sybil without the inspiration, all the nodosity of the oak without the firmness;" and we only come to the conclusion, that the *owlets* who fancied themselves *eagles*, are a breed by no means extinct.

The last three lines of this "doleful mystery" must, we think, have been added by the same satirical wag who had a hand in fixing on the title; and who probably knowing the sensibility of the noble author's feelings on literary matters, slyly depicts the anguish the noble lord would feel (no doubt has felt) at rushing into print, and neglecting the wise Horatian maxim, "*nonum pre-matur in annum*."

"May this sad story [play ?] rest forever secret;  
Vain hope! in one short day I have destroyed  
My peace of conscience, and my hope of fame."

Memoirs of Europe  
from the Peace  
of Utrecht.

The work upon which Lord John Russell has clearly bestowed the most pains, and which appears in the imposing form of a quarto, notwithstanding the misgiving of the noble author's *alter ego*, Joseph Skillet, as to the expediency of such a form, and hints of the vulgarity of the vice of writing quarto works about nothing, is "*The Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*," 2 vols. 4to. 1824. Fourth edition. 1826.

There is some craft, however, in being *voluminous*, for voluminous authors have a warrant for occasional dullness, and the most severe readers make allowance for many rests and nodding places in quarto volumes, which would be fatal to the author in *octavo*. This principle, however, must be sparingly used, for, though history, it is true, "*quoque modo scripta delectat*," the interest springing out of the subject itself will only secure that author from oblivion whose mediocrity is shielded by a monopoly of being the only chronicler of his time. This monopoly the noble lord does not enjoy, and he must have been prepared to encounter the difficulty of "lend-

ing fresh interest to an oft-told tale." Unless he succeeded in doing this, his work, as he knew, would be regarded as a pure literary superfetation. Not that we can point to any eminently successful productions of this class among our countrymen. *Memoir writing* does not appear to be so well suited to the genius of the English as of the French character; and when lacking the *esprit fringant*, "the shaping spirit of imagination," which our neighbors contrive to throw into their most trivial works, it drops down into a mere dry compilation of fragmentary documents, seasoned, perhaps, with obsolete stories and resuscitated anecdotes, a species of annotated chapter of the historical accidents of a period—a kind of dropsy of history.

The fourth edition would seem to imply success, and the *fame* of the noble premier secured; but as nearly all of the noble lord's works have been invested with the same honor, we must decline this as any very searching test of excellence. If the end of fame, however, "is but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper," then the noble author's exertions have been crowned with success.

In the Introduction, (for the noble writer loves Introductions,) there is no inconsiderable parade of crudite research and *quasi* philosophical deduction; but it is the parade of a very school-boy in both cases, and in the most slovenly method. A very few extracts will suffice to illustrate our meaning.

[Page 1, *Introduction*.] "The communities of modern Europe are distinguished from those of ancient times by many broad and conspicuous marks; among these there is none more remarkable, or which more forcibly arrests the attention of the historian, than the *difference of the mode* in which the characters of ancient and modern nations have been formed. Ancient cities falling at once into political society, and requiring forms of government to hold them together, were obliged to appoint some one person or body of persons, to frame regulations for the conduct of general affairs, and the maintenance of order. These early legislators, finding themselves thus called upon to prescribe the institutions of an infant state, extended their directions to everything which might influence the well-being of the commonwealth; manners, dress, food, amusements, became an object of public care for punishment or reward. The members of these communities thus became attached to the peculiar customs of their city; and, when attacked by a foreign enemy, they defended themselves with the more vigor and perseverance, as conquest implied the loss, not only of liberty, but of all the habits of their lives, endeared to them by long prescription and by legislative sanction."

[Page 42 *Introduction.*] In a disquisition on the kingly character, under a limited monarchy, the noble writer tells us:—

"In the society of men who are utterly insignificant on the score of rank and fortune, the sovereign imagines he may unbend securely; no familiarity on his part can raise them to substantive importance, and no liberties which they assume in moments of ease, can prevent his reducing them by a nod to their original nothingness. Hence an Emperor of the world loves the society of the kitchen, and willingly endures vulgarity with which a proud noble would disdain to mingle. Hence, likewise, his mind is continually perverted by the interested representations of low courtiers, who naturally instil into him a jealousy of those whose industry and prudence have raised them to the situation of his ministers, and whose knowledge gives them an advantage over him in every discussion of state affairs. If he is allowed to have his own way, he removes from his councils every one whose eminence mortifies his pride. He confides his kingdom to the guidance of minions, whose rule is disguised in the shape of flattery; and while he is indulging their avarice and ambition, he thinks his own maudlin majesty the object of the veneration of the whole world."

[Page 27. *The Reformation.*] "There is a period in the history of Europe when every commotion on its surface was occasioned by one cause, deeply seated like the internal fire that is supposed to have produced the earthquake at Lisbon; and, like it, breaking out with violence in one place, and making itself felt in every part of the globe. This cause was the Reformation. From 1520 to 1649 the Reformation was the great lever of Europe. From that time the violence of the convulsion abated, but its influence continued to be perceptible till the accession of the House of Hanover in England, and the alliance of George I. and the regent Duke of Orleans. The Reformation and the French Revolution may be regarded as the great stations from which future historians will date the events of modern history. At first sight, perhaps, it may appear that either of these two general changes might have happened before the other. It may seem that a philosopher who was speculating with views beyond those of his time in the middle of the fifteenth century, on the consequences of the discovery of printing, might as well predict that a great struggle would take place between kings and their people for the cause of arbitrary or limited monarchy, as that great innovations would be made in religion. Indeed, in some respects, the former might seem much the more likely of the two. The authority of the temporal sovereign had been more frequently disputed than that of the Pope, and in the laws and customs of all nations were to be found the principles of a representative government. The reasons why the spiritual despotism was the first shaken off are, however, many and mighty."

The reader will require a long pause over the involved phrasology of the preceding

paragraph to collect the ideas intended to be conveyed, and appreciate their metaphorical and logical consistency. He is to understand of a certain period in the past, that it both *is* and *was*. That the Reformation was a subterranean fire, converted into a "great lever." That this lever produced violent convulsions in Europe, and prepared the way for the French Revolution. That the lever of the Reformation and the French Revolution then became two *stations*, or points of observation in the landscape of history; and that these "stations" (space and time being confounded) are chronological epochs, of which the one could not well, for certain weighty reasons, have come before the other.

These memoirs present a kind of Mosaic of the noble author's defects, metaphor and moralizing predominating; and if we speak out we are bound to pronounce them hasty yet heavy, presumptuous though shallow. At one time, with seven-league boots, striding over centuries, and despatching the whole rise and progress of European society, from the savage state to the polished times of romance, "*ab ovo usque ad malum*" in one page; at other times creeping along through half a volume in the discussion of pure trivialities. If ever Sterne's comparison of book-making were borne out, viz., "a pouring out of one vessel into another," here is the instance: but the noble author contrives at the same time to shake up the sediment of each in his operation, and instead of filtering or purifying, muddies the whole mixture.

The internal evidence of unconscious contradictions is so strong as to remind one of Lord Shaftesbury's satire upon "spouters," "that it would be a belying of the age to put so much good sense together in any *one* speech as to make it hold out steadily and with plain coherence for a quarter of an hour."

There seems a positive incapacity to follow out a single paragraph with logical consistency, and in proportion as the idea itself is indefinite and ill conceived the language is vague and unmeaning.

"For if the mind with clear conceptions glow,  
The willing words in just expression flow."

Unfortunately the conceptions of Lord John Russell are anything but clear; and we must allow the truth, while we are ashamed of the ingratitude, of Professor Von Reaumer's criticism of his patron, who must feel, with tenfold force, the unkind return of his *protégé*, as we believe he is the only foreigner who ever noticed Lord John's literary produc-

tions, that he wrote as if previous to the discovery of all logic, "*vor die erfingung aller rhetorik.*"

*The Establishment of the Turks in Europe; an Historical Essay, with Preface.* Murray. Pp. 128. 12mo. 1828.

In 1828 Lord John appears again upon the stage as an essayist; we say Lord John, for though this literary bantling came into the world without paternal acknowledgment, it has been since duly acknowledged. Indeed the impress of the paternal lineaments was so strong that little difficulty arose in the process of affiliation. Professedly, it treats of "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe;" but the connection of the title with the work actually before us is even less discoverable than in other of the noble author's productions. It exhibits but a very shallow acquaintance with the institutions of Turkey and the East, either religious or political. There are many gross blunders, mixed up with gossiping stories. The premier views with a rather favorable eye the doctrines of Mahomet; indeed, appears to look with some degree of relish upon the Mussulman's Paradise. It has one merit, viz., brevity: it is in 12mo.; and the same plea urged by the unfortunate mother of a very diminutive and fatherless baby in extenuation of her fault, *that it was a very little one*, may here be offered in abatement of critical severity. A short extract or two must suffice.

"The meanest Turk might treat the highest Christian with contempt and insult. A Mussulman seeing a Greek seated in his shop might call him forth and make him load his baggage horse or perform any other menial service: the oldest and most venerable Greeks might openly be struck and buffeted by the youngest and lowest Mahometans, all with impunity. The practice of carrying arms leads to the prompt indulgence of every passion. And it may well be imagined *what was the condition* of men in the constant presence of masters *who have* pistols at their belts and swords by their sides. The limbs and even the lives of the Greeks were at the mercy of every gust of passion, and *they were maimed* or murdered *with less forethought* [compunction?] than the mildest rebuke *is given* by an English magistrate. *These are the things*, which, borne quietly by dastard souls, sink deep in the minds of a people who begin to have a sense of shame or honor. *These are the injuries*, which, long suffered and long unresented, are yet entered in the *great book of a nation*, and are at length repaid with a vengeance not less full or less cruel than the wrongs *they have endured.*"

"The chief of the police at Constantinople and other great towns goes round in the day time and

*at night*, and executes immediately the sentence he gives. If a baker is found selling his bread by a light weight, he is hanged before his door. If any one is apprehended on the spot where a disturbance takes place, he is instantly despatched, no matter if the apprentice who knew nothing of the fraud is hanged instead of the actual rioter. The purpose is *to create terror to the guilty* even by shedding the blood of the innocent, and the crime is punished when the criminal escapes."

These are samples of the slip-slop flippancy style, the *crambe recoccta* from old travellers' tales, which Lord John dignifies with the title of an historical discourse, and offers as an account of the government of Turkey for more than 300 years.

The Causes of the } The year 1832 afforded  
French Revolution. } another proof of the noble Proteus's literary industry, in a book on "*The Causes of the French Revolution*;" a more flagrant instance of the "*lucus a non lucendo*," no title ever furnished. It might as well be styled causes of the Chinese war. The introductory chapter, from which we have made our extract, promises much; a wide field of inquiry: but it is in fact a mere gossiping book about Voltaire, Rousseau, and the court of Louis, with some anecdotes of the principal skeptics of the age, their writings and coteries. It abounds in the same prurient style of metaphor, in which it is as natural for Lord John to write as for fish to swim.

C. i. "The word 'Revolution,' which was associated in the days of our ancestors with events so fortunate, and has inspired so much terror in our own, is applied to changes totally dissimilar in character. When Brutus expelled the Tarquins from Rome, a family was banished, and the office of king was abolished; but the senate retained its authority, and the breach in the constitution was filled by the election of two consuls, who held for a year the greater part of the authority which had before been exercised for life by a royal head. In modern times, when the Dutch rose against their Spanish masters, kingly supremacy was done away: but the chief persons of the country were called, without confusion, to the government of the state. So when the English revolted in 1688, and the Americans nearly a century afterwards, the powers which had been abused were taken away from one person, but were transferred, with new engagements and restrictions, to others, who naturally and easily succeeded to the confidence their predecessors had forfeited. But the French Revolution is a revolution of another kind. It led rapidly to that which we often speak of, but scarcely ever see, namely, anarchy. All that had previously formed a title to respect became an object of proscription; neither wealth, nor station, nor character, was

law, nor even the revolutionary governments themselves, had any permanent influence with the people. The state was left to the guidance of men who would for ever have remained obscure, had they not become eminent in crime. The ruling assembly was converted into an arena, where each gladiator trod in the blood of his comrades; and when his turn came his fall was applauded with as much savage delight as that of his antagonist had been but a few moments before.

"It is our purpose, however, not to describe the French Revolution, but to inquire into its causes. The singular spectacle of deeds so cruel, in the midst of a nation so polished, must excite the mind to observe and reflect. The duty of the historian requires more than a lamentation over the horrors of this terrible period; nor will it be enough to show that reforms quietly accomplished would have been better than a violent convulsion.

"In making these inquiries, it is no part of our business to justify those who overthrew the monarchy. No one accustomed to calm reasoning can allow that the popular voice is an infallible rule for the guidance of measures of state; but although the people are conducted by leaders to the choice of wise or pernicious remedies, it is not to be denied that they are seldom mistaken as to the existence of grievances. *Let us observe, then, the conduct of the king, the nobility, and clergy, let us inquire in what manner the government acted upon the condition of the nation. When we have thus ascertained the nature of the evil, it will be instructive to visit the sources of public opinion; to weigh the merits of the political and moral philosophers who foretold a change, and who pointed out the road to arrive at it.* Never was a nation more prepared for revolution by previous discussion; never did a nation in revolution wander so much without chart or compass, through stormy seas, in darkness and in danger."

"*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*" From 1832 to 1842, the noble *littérateur* relaxed his literary bow, and gave himself to rumination, probably refreshing himself for a more vigorous assault on the temple of fame. "*On ne recule que pour mieux sauter.*" The production of 1842, is, however, a very humble flight. "Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford," selected from Originals at Woburn Abbey, 3 vols.; each volume ushered in by a prosy Introduction. The dull duty of an editor admits of little scope for talent; but we cannot avoid recognizing a certain fitness in the noble lord to fill the place of gentleman-usher to an author's club.

The nature of the Introduction may be judged by one specimen, an anecdote of the duke.

"Besides building, the Duke of Bedford took a warm interest in planting. The evergreen drive, at Woburn, was planted by him with various

kinds of pine and fir, selected with the assistance of Philip Miller, and thinned by his own care. Indeed, on this last point an anecdote has been related by my father characteristic of his disposition. In the year 1743, the duke planted the large plantation in Woburn Park, known by the name of the 'Evergreens,' to commemorate the birth of his daughter, afterwards Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough. The space was something more than 100 acres, and was before that time a rabbit-warren producing nothing but a few blades of grass, with the heath or ling indigenous to the soil, and without a single tree upon it.

"In the course of a few years, the duke, perceiving that the plantation required thinning, in order to admit a freer circulation of air, and give health and vigor to the young trees, he accordingly gave instructions to his gardener, and directed him as to the mode and extent of the thinning required. The gardener paused and hesitated, and at length said, 'Your Grace must pardon me if I humbly remonstrate against your orders, but I cannot possibly do what you desire: it would at once destroy the young plantation, and, moreover, it would be seriously injurious to my reputation as a planter.' The duke replied, 'Do as I desire you, and I will take care of your reputation.' The plantation was consequently thinned according to his instructions, and the duke caused a board to be fixed in the plantation facing the road, on which was inscribed, 'This plantation has been thinned by John, Duke of Bedford, contrary to the advice and opinion of his gardener.'"

Lord John takes care to add, that the said plantation, which the noble duke so gallantly thinned, has been pronounced by Mr. Forbes, in his "*Pinetum Woburnense*," as "unequaled by any other plantation in the kingdom, which may be chiefly attributed to the judicious thinning applied to that plantation when young." "*De minimis non curat lex.*" Not so Lord John; no matter is too petty to occupy his notice; even trimming up a plantation, to record the triumph of a Duke of Bedford over his gardener. Swift says, "No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." How fares it with LORD JOHN RUSSELL? Has he achieved the "*γνώθι σεαυτόν*," or has he mistaken his vocation in attempting to add a literary reputation to his hereditary honors? The list of his works denotes sufficient activity. We have—

"Essays and Sketches of Life and Character," &c. 1 vol. 1820.

"The Life of Lord William Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived." 2 vols. 1820.

"Essays on the History of the English Government and Constitution," &c. 1 vol. 1821.

"Don Carlos, or Persecution." A Tragedy in Five Acts. 1 vol. 1822.

"Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht;" with Introduction. 2 vols., 4to. 1824.

"The Establishment of the Turks in Europe." vol. 1828.

"The Causes of the French Revolution." 1 vol. 1832.

"Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford;" with Introduction. 2 vols. 1842.

"Multa," perhaps, rather than "multum." There is certainly no want of variety in the subjects treated of. In future editions of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, the noble *littérateur* of the House of Bedford will figure under the several heads of History, the Drama, Biography, Essays, &c. But how? Can any *one* of all his numerous productions be said to range with the standard literature of the age? The noble writer has been a quarter of a century before the public as an author: does he take rank with the eminent authors of the day? Is he known as a writer? Is he read? For a man can scarcely be called an author whose works are neither known nor read, however voluminous and prolific. "*Non scribit cujus carmina nemo legit*," says Martial. We believe few persons read the noble lord's works; that few, indeed, are aware of their existence. We do not say this ill-naturedly; for we are indisposed to attack a man who has tried so perseveringly.

"Attaquer Chapelain! Ah, c'est un si bon homme.

Il est vrai s'il m'eût crû qu'il n'eût point fait des vers;

Il se tue à rimer, que n'écrit-il en prose?

Voilà ce que je l'ai dit, et que dis-je autre chose?"

And though, as a general rule, while an author is yet living, it is customary to estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, to rate them by his best, we would indulgently grant Lord John the privilege of a defunct author, and not offer him up a martyr to his indiscreet ramble into the "poet's pleasure." That the noble author of Don Carlos looked boldly forward to a niche in the literary Pantheon we readily believe. We can imagine that in an idle hour he may have emerged from the lobby of the House into Poet's Corner, and thought within himself, "*forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur iatis*."

But men's aspirations are often strangely at variance with their powers; and if we may quote Steele as an authority, it would appear that the least imaginative portion of the com-

munity are the most prone to dedicate their leisure to poetical composition.

"Dull fellows (says Steele) prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business, to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but if he happen to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of these two amusements for all fools of eminence—politics or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but *when dullness is lodged in a person of quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry*."

Now, without applying this rule to Lord John Russell, of whose "animal life," whether quick or slow, we know nothing, and who, in spite of his devotion to politics and poetry, may be anything but a dull fellow in the circle of his friends, we should not think, at the same time, that he can be looked upon as one of "Imagination's chartered libertines."

The noble lord's style (and style will, so long as the world endures, ever be regarded as much as matter) is vicious in the extreme. As an author he seems to labor under a continued indigestion of metaphor, which, throughout his works, are "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," in utter violation of grammar, and frequently of the sense.

Had his lordship followed the advice of a worthy old college tutor to his pupils, "Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is *particularly* fine, strike it out," the quality of the works would have been certainly benefited, though the quantity would have been reduced in a much higher proportion.

But the premier had, no doubt, Aristotle's recipe in his eye: "The greatest thing of all is to be *powerful in metaphor*, for this alone cannot be acquired from another, but is a mark of original genius; for to metaphorize *well*, is to discern in different objects that which is similar."

The noble premier is *powerful* enough in metaphor,—strong as Samson, to his own undoing. He has fallen into the error of adopting a canon for his own guidance which is addressed to "original genius." Nor are there any counterbalancing qualities to weigh



down this besetting sin. There is no originality of thought, no vigorous reasoning, no evidence even of industrious research. We have neither new facts and materials, nor happy illustrations of old ones. The noble writer's works are "objectless;" we rise from their perusal with no fresh information of any kind, and are at a loss to understand why the premier should have rushed into print.

We have expressed our opinions on the several works in the order in which they were published. It is unnecessary, therefore, to add to our criticism on their several

merits. We regret that we cannot, upon the whole, sum up in Lord John Russell's favor; that we cannot favor his pretensions to literary rank, even in the smallest degree. The noble lord *may* call, it is true, eleven witnesses, 4to., 8vo., and 12mo., to support his pretensions; but, if well advised, he will rather trust to the merciful consideration of the court than rely upon their testimony: for the said witnesses, though decent enough in their exterior clothing, when made to disclose their evidence, will infallibly damage the noble defendant's cause, and for ever strip him of all LITERARY CHARACTER.

## A LITERARY PARTY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE accompanying Plate presents a group of the most remarkable men of the last century, whose names are inseparably identified with the history of English literature, and the influence of whose genius and writings has not yet ceased to be felt. Though their names are familiar as household words to the intelligent lover of literature, it may not be inappropriate to characterize in a few words, the several eminent personages portrayed so strikingly by the engraver's skill. At the extreme left of the picture is JAMES BOSWELL, the well known friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson. He was a native of Scotland, and became acquainted with Johnson after having travelled in Europe, and acquired an eager love of literature and of the literary character. His attachment to Johnson was sincere and enthusiastic; and as his intimacy with Johnson was founded upon the basis of reciprocal esteem, it is a happy circumstance that he began early to collect and digest the materials for the life of this extraordinary man, and therefore the publication of the work in 1790, was received with that avidity from the public which is the best tribute to the memory of an illustrious character, as well as to the judicious execution of the biographer. Besides Dr. Johnson's life, he published an account of his tour to the Hebrides with the great moralist—two well-known letters to the people of Scotland, and essence of the Douglas cause, when it so much engaged the public attention. Boswell had a strong predilection for the literary enjoyments of London, and he not only visited the capital frequently, but at last settled there in

1785, and was called regularly to the English bar. He died 19th June, 1795, aged 55.

Next to Boswell is seated the great Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Colossus of English literature. He was born in Litchfield, Sept. 7, 1709, and was the son of a bookseller. His great talents were early displayed, and soon after his marriage in 1735, he went to London, as a literary man. His first adventures were exceedingly unpropitious. His fortunes began to mend with his acquaintance with Mr. Cave, the printer of the Gentleman's Magazine; and his first performance in that work was a Latin Alcaic Ode, inserted in March, 1738. From 1740 to 1743 he was laboriously employed in the service of this periodical work, and during that period, wrote the parliamentary debates, valuable not as the effusions of orators, but as the bold composition of a man of genius on such subjects as were supposed to engage the legislators of the age. In 1738 he published his London, a poem, in imitation of Juvenal's third satire, which was well received, and honored with the commendation of Pope, and passed to a second edition in one week. Besides his valuable contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine, he in 1744 published the life of Savage, a work of great merit, which, in the elegant language of pathetic narration, exhibited the sufferings and the poverty of a friend, whose calamities he himself had shared and bewailed. He began in 1747 his edition of Shakspeare, and published the plan of his English dictionary. This gigantic work was undertaken under the patronage of the

booksellers; and the lexicographer engaged a house in Gough-square, where, with the assistance of six amanuenses, he proceeded rapidly in the execution of his plan. This great work, so honorable to the talents of the author, appeared, May, 1755, in 2 vols. without a patron. Lord Chesterfield, who had at first favored the undertaking, but had afterwards neglected the author, endeavored, by a flattering recommendation of the work in "the World," to reconcile himself to his good opinion; but Johnson, with noble indignation, spurned at the mean artifice of his courtly patron; and his celebrated letter reflected, with independent spirit and in severe language, against his selfish and ambitious views. In 1749 the *Irene* had been brought forward on the stage, by the friendship of Garrick, but with no success. The *Rambler* was undertaken 20th of March, 1750, and till the 17th March, 1752, when it ceased, a paper had regularly appeared every Tuesday and Saturday; and it is remarkable that during the whole of that time, only five numbers were contributed by other authors. But these publications, popular as they were, still left Johnson in distressed circumstances; and in 1756, the year after the publishing of his dictionary, he was arrested for a debt of five guineas, from which the kindness of Richardson relieved him. In 1758 he began the *Idler*, and continued it for two years with little assistance; and on the death of his mother in 1759, that he might pay some decent respect to her funeral, and discharge her debts, he wrote his *Rasselas*, and obtained for it, from the booksellers, the sum of £100. Happily, however, these high services to literature were not to pass unrewarded: in 1762 he was honorably presented by the king, on the representation of Mr. Wedderburne, with a pension of £300 per annum without a stipulation of future exertions, but merely, as the grant expressed it, for the moral tendency of his writings, a character to which his *Rambler* was most fully entitled. In 1777, he began his *Lives of the Poets*, which he finished in 1781, a work of great merit, and which exhibits, in the most pleasing manner, the soundness of the critic, the information of the biographer, and the benevolent views of the man. In a few years of gigantic labors, he found his health gradually declining, from the united attacks of the dropsy and of an asthma. It is remarkable, that Johnson, whose pen was ever employed in recommending piety, and all the offices of the purest morality; and whose conduct and example in life exhibit-

ed the most perfect pattern of the Christian virtues; should, in the close of life, betray dreadful apprehensions of death. By degrees, indeed, the terrors which his imagination had painted to itself, disappeared. Johnson expired on the 13th Dec., 1784, full of resignation, strong in faith, and joyful in hope of a happy resurrection. His works are very numerous, and all respectable.

Opposite Johnson, sits Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, eminent as an artist, and man of cultivated taste and literary zeal. He was born in 1723, at Plympton, where his father, a clergyman, was master of the grammar school. He had very early a strong partiality for painting; but being intended for the church, he was sent to Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts. Nothing, however, seemed so congenial to his taste as painting, and his father indulged him, and placed him in London under the care of Hudson, after which, about 1749, he travelled into Italy. His first production which attracted notice, was a portrait of his friend Keppel, and other pieces equally correct, and equally finished, continued to command the public attention, and to rank him among the greatest artists of the age. But not only as a painter the name of Reynolds must stand respectable, but also as a literary character, and as the active promoter of the literary club, which was established in 1764, and which had among its illustrious members the names of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Douglas, Goldsmith, the Whartons, Windham, &c. In the academic lectures which he delivered, Sir Joshua displayed not only great taste and a perfect acquaintance with his profession, but strong powers of language, sound judgment, an elegant style and luminous order.

Next is EDMUND BURKE, the splendid orator, and comprehensive statesman. He was born in Ireland, in 1730. His first acknowledged work, which was of course published anonymously, was his *Vindication of Natural Society*; an admirable imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and manner of reasoning, which deceived even some of the best judges. This was followed in 1757, by his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*. His career as an orator, one of the most brilliant in modern history, commenced with his introduction into Parliament. His speeches were numerous and always great. He died on the 8th of July, 1797. His compositions have been collected in sixteen volumes octavo. In private life Burke was

amiable and benevolent; in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of meanness and injustice. It was this latter quality which made him a persevering advocate of the Irish Catholics. As an orator he ranks among the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendor of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be acknowledged that there are few who equal, and none who transcend him.

DAVID GARRICK, the illustrious actor, was born in 1716. He was educated at Litchfield school, but was more attached to theatrical pursuits than to learning, so that he acted with his fellow pupils the play of "the Recruiting Officer," and supported himself the character of Sergeant Kite. He went afterwards to reside with his uncle, a wine merchant at Lisbon, but soon returned to Litchfield school, and after being six months the pupil and companion of Dr. Johnson, he accompanied him to London, in 1735. The powers with which nature had endowed him were fostered and improved by the conversation and company of the most popular actors, but Garrick, still diffident, flew from a London audience to Ipswich, where in 1741, he performed the part of Aboan in Oroonoko, under the assumed name of Lyddal. His efforts were received with repeated and increasing applause, and thus flushed with provincial approbation, he came to Goodman's Fields, and acted Richard III., October 19th, 1741. So superior were his abilities, and so powerful their display, that the other theatres were now left empty, and the house in Goodman's Fields was daily crowded with all the beauty, the fashion, and the taste of the town. Besides the display of his astonishing powers on the stage, Garrick merited the public approbation as a writer. The *Biographia Dramatica* mentions not less than 38 of his plays, some of which were original, and some translations, besides a great number of prologues, epilogues, songs, and elegies.

GEN. PAOLI was born in the Island of Corsica, in 1726. In his twenty-ninth year he was chosen generalissimo of Corsica, where he exerted himself in promoting such objects as were best calculated to secure the independence of the republic. The Genoese, however, having made a transfer of the island to France, that power sent such an overwhelming force into it as compelled Paoli to seek an asylum in England, where he ob-

tained a pension. On the breaking out of the French revolution, he returned to Corsica, and prevailed upon his countrymen to submit to the English government, after which he returned to London, and died in 1807.

CHARLES BURNET, a doctor of music, and literary character, was born at Shrewsbury, in 1726, and studied music under Dr. Arne. He died in 1814, at Chelsea Hospital, of which he was organist. Besides many musical compositions, he produced several works, one of the chief of which is, a *Life of Metastasio*, in three volumes.

The Marquis of WHARTON was one of the members of the circle of which Burke, Garrick and Johnson were the chief lights. He was an enthusiastic lover of literature, though not distinguished for talents or labors. He was a zealous politician, and a steadfast friend.

GOLDSMITH, the celebrated poet and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a clergyman; was born, in 1731, in Ireland; and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, with a view to his adopting the medical profession. Leyden, however, he quitted abruptly, with no money and a single shirt in his pocket, and wandered over a considerable part of Europe. During his peregrinations he was sometimes indebted to his German flute for procuring him a meal or a lodging from the peasants. In 1759 appeared his first work, an *Essay on the Present State of Polite Literature*. His subsequent labors were multifarious; for he soon gained an honorable popularity, and seems never to have been unemployed, but his want of economy kept him always embarrassed. Among his friends he numbered Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and many other eminent characters. As an author he stands high. His poetry, natural, melodious, affecting, and beautifully descriptive, finds an echo in every bosom; and his prose, often enlivened with humor, and always adorned with the graces of a pure style, is among the best in our language. The Traveller abounds with elegant and animated description, and as Dr. Johnson observed, no poem of greater excellence has appeared since the days of Pope. The *Deserted Village* exhibits beauties peculiarly its own, and while the simple tale of indigent nature and suffering humanity can interest and captivate the heart, so long will the lines of this correct poem continue to be read and admired.

From the English Review.

## THE HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

*The Protestant Reformation in France ; or, The History of the Hugonots, by the Author of "Father Darcy," "Emilia Wyndham," "Old Men's Tales," &c.* 2 vols. Bentley. 1847.

*The History of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German, by WALTER KEATING KELLY, Esq., B. A., of Trinity College, Dublin.* 1 vol. Whittaker & Co.

THE sixteenth century may be considered as the opening of modern improvement in religion, government and civilization ; three hundred years ago, the great states of the world presented a very different picture from what we see at present ; but the seed sown by the invention of printing, and the diffusion of knowledge, was even then beginning to show itself as a vigorous plant, from which future centuries were to reap the maturer fruits. Our object in considering the works before us, is to examine the state of religion in France at the period, and, from a short view of the prominent characters, to inquire into the reasons why France rejected those truths, which England and other nations eagerly received.

During the middle and end of the sixteenth century, the two greatest countries of the world were governed by women,—England by Queen Elizabeth, and France by Catherine de Medicis ; their reigns commenced about the same period, if we date Catherine's accession from the death of her husband Henry II. in 1559, and consider her as the real ruler of the kingdom during the lives of her unfortunate sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. The history before us includes only the reigns of the two former of these princes, from 1559 to 1574, a period when events were crowded into a space almost incredibly small ; a violent persecution, three civil wars, several sieges, murders of the chiefs on both sides, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, succeeded each other with frightful rapidity. France became the arena on which the world's great contending parties tried their strength ; liberty of conscience struggled for existence against papal tyranny and the superstition of ages, and the Hugo-

nots, after severe trials and several victories, were at last driven from the field.

In examining the characters presented to our view, the first which deserves our attention is Catherine herself : with as much ambition as Elizabeth, and with the same desire of personal authority, she fell far short of her great contemporary in the art of acquiring and retaining power. Elizabeth had a certain object ; she was determined to advance the Reformation, and to improve England, and by both these means to increase her own power ; she chose her instruments judiciously, and as long as her ministers served her purpose, she never betrayed them or consulted their opponents. Catherine, however, was exactly the reverse ; she had no fixed principle, and no definite object ; "divide and govern" was her motto ; she was like the man in the Gospel, out of whom the evil spirit was departed, "empty, swept, and garnished," and so ever ready for the occupancy of any power of evil, who should seize upon the first possession. Her love of pleasure was unbounded ; she invented side-saddles, to enable her to accompany her husband in hunting ; she delighted in tournaments, processions, masquerades, and all the gaieties of a dissipated court. Her young ladies, about two hundred in number, called "the queen's daughters," added much to the splendor of her train, and were a special object of her care : she attended to their education, chastised them if they displeased her, and was extremely strict in repressing scandalous conversation or writings. She considered herself a warrior as well as a queen ; she attended several sieges, and loved to see a battle : when the English reinforcements were allowed to enter Rouen, she got into a violent passion, and swore at

the French officers, saying, that had she been in command it should not have happened; and that she had the courage, if not the strength of a man. Though a good French woman (says Brantôme) she discouraged duelling. (Brantôme has written largely on duels, and is one of the best authorities on the subject). "For," he adds, "when one of my cousins challenged an officer, she sent him to the Bastile; and suspecting that I was engaged as his second, she sent for me and reprimanded me severely, saying, that whatever excuse might be made for the folly of a young man, there was none for me, as being older I ought to have been wiser." But with all her physical courage, she was evidently deficient in moral courage; and for her cruelty she had not even the pretext of religious enthusiasm: after the battle of Dreux, when the Hugonots were supposed to have gained a victory, her only remark was, "Then for the future we must say our prayers in French."

The predominant party was of course Roman Catholic; these, represented by the Constable de Montmorency, the Duke of Guise, and the Maréchal de St. André, who are known as the triumvirate, held possession of Paris and the king's person. As Catherine disliked all authority except her own, she feared and hated these nobles; to check their power she encouraged the Hugonots, at the head of whom were Anthony, king of Navarre, the father of Henry IV., his brother the Prince of Condé, and the Admiral Coligny. These generally seemed Catherine's favorites, except when they were in arms against the king, yet this was the party afterwards massacred by her orders. In order therefore to gain a true view of the times, we must consider Catherine as vacillating in her intentions, the creature of those around her, always wishing to advance her own power, but never hesitating to take the advice of the most depraved religionist who should promise her her object, even by the most unworthy means. Let us recollect that the Roman Catholic Church had not been idle in its opposition to Luther; a vast and irresponsible power had now been created, ready to espouse the cause of Rome, and bound to advance the spiritual empire of the Church by every art, whether lawful or unlawful. Ignatius Loyola had received the sanction of the Pope for the incorporation of the Jesuits in 1543. Now the secret influence of their crafty policy, in which the end sanctifies the means, and all things expedient are considered lawful, had already begun to exert its influence upon the

councils of nations. The Cardinal of Lorraine, brother to the Duke of Guise, had returned from the Council of Trent with a full determination to uphold Catholicism; the duke was the first warrior of his day, and though so ignorant that he swore a New Testament could be worth nothing because it was only a year printed, and our Lord died 1500 years ago, yet, as he said himself, he understood the trade of chopping off heads, and that was enough to give him the greatest influence in a barbarous age.

With these men, the near relations of Francis II. and his beautiful bride, (the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots,) nothing was more easy than to obtain the ascendant over a weak-minded and delicate boy of thirteen. Francis had attained his legal majority at that age when some children are almost too young for a public school. The duke's habits of business were such, that he seldom commanded his officers to do what could be done by himself; he was in the habit of examining the enemy's fortifications with his own eyes, attending to the most minute details, and then sitting up during the whole night to write his own despatches: one of his officers inquiring for him at the siege of Thionville, was told that he was writing; he replied by cursing his writings, and added, "What a pity he was not brought up to be a clerk!" "Well, Montluc," said the duke, overhearing him, "do you think I am the right stuff to make a clerk?" and then, coming out of his tent, he gave his orders with his customary decision and authority. He was killed by Poltrot, an assassin, at the siege of Orleans, in 1563. While the Duke of Guise was the pope's temporal agent, his brother the cardinal was no less useful in spiritual matters; like his brother, he had great talent for business, and was besides an excellent courtier and fluent speaker. He spared no expense to have the earliest intelligence from all parts of Christendom; and thus, by his paid agents, he enacted the part which Eugene Sue attributes to the superior of the Jesuits; he organized a sort of spiritual police, who could inform him of the secret intentions, as well as the actions of men; and of course, as a cardinal, he was bound to wield this power in the service of the pope. Though learned, eloquent and polite, the cardinal was essentially vicious; he was a persecuting bigot without the excuse of religious zeal. A Roman Catholic writer tells us, that he used his religion chiefly as a means to build up his greatness; he often spoke highly of the confession of Augsburg, and at times al-

most preached it to please the Germans : his own party accused him of extreme haughtiness in prosperity ; and when he once spoke more graciously than usual to some of the young ladies of the court, one of them replied, flippantly enough, but with some truth, " Pray, Monsieur le Cardinal, what reverse of fortune has befallen you that you condescend to speak to us ?

The cardinal, though outwardly a strict member of the Church of Rome, was equally anxious for the independence of the French Church. At the Council of Trent (says Ranke\*) he demanded the cup for the laity, the administration of the Sacraments in the vulgar tongue, the accompaniment of the mass with instruction and preaching, and permission to sing psalms in French in full congregation ; besides, in conjunction with the other French bishops, he maintained the authority of a council as above the pope. In these matters, however, he was overruled ; the Spaniards did not concur in his demands, and the Italian bishops gave the pope an overwhelming preponderance. Lorraine seems to have considered himself bound by the decision of the council, and was all his life a most unrelenting persecutor. Two years before, he had revived a confession of faith which had been used in the reign of Francis I. ; he induced the king to issue an order that any person who should refuse to sign it should be deprived of all offices, and burnt alive without further trial. He also added a declaration, that all persons who should sign the confession should solemnly engage to pursue all recusants as public criminals, without regard to their nearest relations. The chancellor was bound to require the signature of the officers of state ; the bishops were to present it to the inferior clergy ; the curés were obliged to carry it from house to house ; and the Queens were enjoined to require the signatures of their respective households. This scheme the cardinal called his rat-trap. Supported by his rank, his connections, his brother's authority, and his own secret intelligence, we can easily imagine how dangerous an opponent the cardinal must have been to the Hugonots, and how powerful a rivalry he must have presented to the views and ambition of Catherine de Medicis.

The colleagues of the Duke of Guise in the triumvirate were Montmorenci, generally known as the Constable, and the Maréchal St. André. The former, like the duke, was

a warrior, with little idea of religion. He was scrupulously exact in saying his prayers ; but, like those of William of Deloraine, they seem to have partaken of the nature of a border foray. His soldiers used to say, " The Lord deliver us from the pater-nosters of Monsieur le Connétable !" He would turn about between his beads, and say, " Hang such a one for disobedience !" " Burn three villages on yonder hill !" " Let another be run through with pikes !" He was inferior to the Duke of Guise in talent ; but by a gravity of manner, and a certain degree of reserve, he could often, like Solomon's fool, pass for a wise man by holding his tongue. He was killed at the age of seventy-nine, at the battle of St. Denys, where he commanded the king's army ; after several successful charges, his squadron of cavalry was routed by the Prince de Condé, and having received several wounds, he was retiring from the field, when a Scottish adventurer, Robert Stewart, levelled his piece, and Montmorenci exclaimed, " I am the constable !" " Therefore," said Stewart, " I present you with this." Though severely wounded, the courageous old man dashed the broken hilt of his sword into the face of his adversary with so much force that he broke several of his teeth, and felled him to the ground. The constable's wound proved mortal ; a priest was sent for, but the old man told him not to molest him, as it would be a vile and unworthy thing if he had lived for nearly eighty years without learning to die for half an hour. This anecdote proves that zeal for a cause, loyalty to a king, and the desire of military glory, were his ruling principles, rather than any preference of his own religion above Protestantism, or any mistaken zeal in thinking that he was doing God service by the extirpation of heresy.

The constable and the Duke of Guise had long been jealous of each other ; each thought himself entitled to be prime minister, and each looked upon the other as a dangerous rival. After the death of Francis II., the Maréchal de St. André undertook to reconcile these differences, and seems to have been admitted to the triumvirate as a sort of mediator between the two contending parties. At Easter, 1561, the constable and the duke, by St. André's advice, partook together of the sacrament, and dined at the same table. St. André did not long survive his union with these great men, as he was killed the next year at the battle of Dreux : he seems to have had a presentiment of his approaching end ; on the morning of the battle, he came to the tent of the Duke of Guise much de-

jected, and seeing the duke's confessor going out, he said, "that the duke was much happier than himself in having heard mass that day, as a preparation for what might occur." He hated Catherine de Medicis, and said on one occasion, that the best thing he could do for France would be to throw her into the sea in a sack; and he might probably have fulfilled his purpose, had it not been for the opposition of the Duke of Guise.

The Chancellor de L'Hôpital was the man of the highest principle and most liberal views among the Roman Catholic party. Brantôme calls him the Cato of his age, and compares him with Sir Thomas More. He upheld the divine right of kings in its strongest sense, yet made more advances towards toleration and liberty of conscience than any of his fellow ministers; but the sentiments of a single individual, however noble and enlightened, were easily overborne by a host of persecuting courtiers; and the pope offered Charles 100,000 crowns of church property, if he would "confine the chancellor within four walls." De L'Hôpital was suspected of being a Hugonot at heart, though he never showed any tendency to their doctrines; and some of the Romanists were heard to say, "The Lord deliver us from the chancellor's mass!"

At the head of all these various powers, Charles IX. found himself the nominal King of France, at the age of eleven years, with the expectation of obtaining his legal majority at thirteen. Few princes received a worse education in childhood; and few kings have ever been called upon to rule a more corrupt court even in the prime of manhood. His early education was intrusted to Du Peron, from whom, among other accomplishments, he learnt to swear outrageously; "not like a gentleman," says Brantôme, who occasionally lets fall an oath, "but like a catchpole, when he seizes his victim." To this habit of profane swearing we may attribute the disregard of solemn engagements, and the tendency to break his faith which characterized the life of Charles. He was less dissipated and more inclined to manly amusements than might have been expected from his circumstances; but his temper was violent, and he was easily led by his mother and her associates: he ought to be considered rather as the instrument of a party, than their leader; and as he only lived to the age of twenty-five, we cannot suppose that his authority was much felt, or that he is the person really responsible for the atrocities committed in his name.

While the destinies of France seemed to fluctuate between the two contending parties, a foreigner appeared upon the scene, who was the real mover of the greatest enormities, and the evil genius of Catherine; we mean the Duke of Alva. Till long after the death of Francis II., the queen seemed undecided between two opinions; she appeared to balance Condé against Guise, and Beza against Lorraine; but circumstances, in an evil hour for France, brought her under the influence of the dark, designing, treacherous, and bloodthirsty Spaniard, who seemed, like some brilliant but poisonous serpent, to fascinate his victim to the destruction of her principles and the perversion of her conscience. Elizabeth, the daughter of Catherine, had been engaged to Don Carlos of Spain, but had afterwards married his father Philip II. The court of France, with Catherine at its head, visited the court of Spain at Bayonne, in the month of June, 1565. Here was a grand opportunity for the display of all the pomp and splendor in which Catherine so much delighted. The queen travelled from town to town, accompanied by forty or fifty of her young ladies, mounted on beautiful haquenées with splendid trappings. "To imagine these scenes," says Brantôme, "one must have seen this lovely troop, one more richly and bravely attired than another, shining in those magnificent assemblies, like stars in the clear azure of heaven; for the queen expected them to appear in full dress, though she herself was attired as a widow, and in silk of the gravest colors; still she was elegant and enchanting, ever appearing the queen of all; she rode with extreme grace, the ladies following with plumes floating in the air, so that Virgil when he describes Queen Dido going to the chase has never imagined anything comparable to Queen Catherine and her attendants." This graphic writer minutely describes the beauties of the court, but gives the highest praise to Margaret of Valois, the future queen of Henry IV. The brilliant cavalcade arrived at Bayonne, and was entertained by Elizabeth and the Duke of Alva. The King of Spain was absent, but Alva attended, ostensibly for the purpose of presenting the order of the Golden Fleece to Charles IX., but really with the intention of establishing a secret influence over the mind of Catherine, and with the determination to induce her to renew in France the persecutions of the late reign, and to imitate the cruelty which Philip had countenanced in England, and which he himself afterwards devised and executed in

his sanguinary persecution of the Protestants of Holland. The connection of Philip with England has already too well fixed his history in our minds; his object was to exterminate heresy by fire and sword, and to extinguish political and religious liberty in his own dominions, and in the rest of the world. Alva was an agent singularly well qualified to carry out the designs of his master; he was barbarously cruel, but cold and dispassionate, not the less dangerous because alike incapable of tenderness or rage; he seized his victim like some vast machine, and crushed him to pieces with the certainty and coldness of a complicated series of wheels and pulleys, breaking his limbs with remorseless power, and insensible to his cries and indifferent to his resistance. Living in an age of dissimulation, the Duke of Alva was certainly not a hypocrite; he openly avowed his belief that no toleration ought to be extended to those who should dissent from the religion of the king; he stated his determination to spare neither age nor sex, and, like some political economists, coolly argued on his right to exterminate as if he were demonstrating an abstract proposition, quite distinct from human rights, or the sufferings of mankind. In the midst of feasts, tournaments, processions, dancing parties, and illuminations, the wily Spaniard managed to spend a certain portion of every night in the apartments of the Queen of Spain. Thither Catherine used to repair to meet him, through a private gallery; and while the rest of the gay party of courtiers were sleeping after the fatigues of a day of pleasure, the queen and the duke were consulting upon the best method of governing France. The wily Spaniard laid it down as a principle that two religions cannot co-exist in the same state; that no prince could do a more pernicious thing as regarded himself than to permit his people to live according to their consciences; that there are as many religions in the world as there are caprices in the human mind, and that to give them free license is only to open a door to confusion and treason; that religious controversy is only another name for popular insurrection; and that all indulgence only increases the disorder. The queen, it appears, was averse to sanguinary measures; she was desirous of restoring her subjects to the bosom of the Church, but wished to do it by fair means. She spoke of the strength of the principles of the Hugonots, admitted the inconvenience of conflicting opinions, but declared her intention of reaching her object by a circuitous route; she said the port was

distant and the sea difficult of navigation, she must therefore be satisfied not to steer a straight course; that it is safer to weaken the opposing power by degrees, than to attempt to stifle a flame too suddenly, as it may then burst out into a violent conflagration. These sentiments it was Alva's business to combat. He had received absolution for making war upon the pope, and was of course anxious to give a compensation for his late sins. The pope had recommended a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers, and while the queen was cautious, Alva pressed her to proceed boldly and make away with the chiefs; he said in the hearing of Henry IV., (then a child of eleven years old,) that "one salmon was well worth a hundred frogs." It seems, then, from the best contemporary authority, which is quoted at large by our author, that the plan of a general massacre was now considered advisable if opportunity should offer; that Alva persuaded the queen, contrary to her better judgment, that destruction of heretics was both lawful and politic; and that while she herself might have been contented with indirect persecution, double taxation, legal restraint, and the occasional execution of a troublesome leader on feigned pretexts, nothing less than final extirpation was sufficient to satisfy the agent of the pope.

The young king was not exempt from the temptations of the Duke of Alva; he seems at this meeting to have been familiarized with notions from which in his better moments he must have shrunk with horror. The Queen of Navarre, the most zealous Hugonot of her day, perceived the change in Charles during the return of the expedition. It is hard to ascertain that any definite plan was arranged for the destruction of the Hugonots: the massacre of St. Bartholomew must have arisen out of circumstances; but this much seems clear, that the Duke of Alva prepared the minds of Catherine and Charles to betray and murder the most innocent portion of their subjects, as soon as a convenient opportunity should offer; and having thus broken down the barrier of conscience in the rulers of France, he himself repaired to Holland, where his fierce persecution of the Protestants has handed down his name to us as one of the most cruel and unrelenting agents of the Church of Rome.

Let us now consider the party opposed to the court, the Hugonots and their leaders. Here we may easily trace one of the great causes of the failure of the cause of Protestantism in France. The whole history presents



us with a narrative of a political scheme rather than a religious movement. We believe true religion was never yet propagated by the sword. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," though they are mighty. God has appointed a way in which his cause is to be advanced, and that way he will bless and no other. The Hugonots certainly fought for liberty; they only drew the sword when they were attacked; but there seems a sad want of religious zeal even among those in whom we ought most to expect it. The Reformation in England was strictly religious; Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hall, Davenant, and a host of writers and preachers, laid hold first on the intellects and then on the feelings of the nation. John Knox, like Luther, was a zealot of the most ardent class, sometimes intemperate, but always sincere. We look in vain for such men among the French Hugonots. Religion—by the word we mean a conscientious desire of serving God according to his will—has always been the prime moving cause of every great change in England. Oliver Cromwell was a zealot; if he was not, his party thought him so, and followed his orders because they felt anxiety in the same cause. James II. lost his crown because he interfered with the religion of England, represented by the seven bishops. Radicals, Chartist, and various disturbers, have in all periods endeavored to overturn our institutions; but the strength of the people has always been attached to Protestantism and the established Church, because they consider them the proper means of serving God. Nothing therefore has ever shaken the throne of England but a religious movement, and to be religious a movement must depend upon its leaders: we may fairly form a conjecture as to the character of any class of men from the persons whom they obey, and whom they put forward as their spokesmen when liberty and life are at stake. Here, as in the present day, France presents a strong contrast with England; there seems a strange want of all religion among the people, the power of God seems to be forgotten, his name is never mentioned, and last Easter Sunday was fixed for a general election. We regret that even among the martyrs of the sixteenth century there is a great deficiency in evangelical principles and virtue. Let us consider the character of some of the leading Hugonots.

The first, in point of rank, as first prince of the blood, is Anthony of Navarre. His wife, Jeanne D'Albret, was well fitted, as far as a woman can be, to take the lead in a religious war. Her letters all express zeal for God,

and devotion to the cause of Protestantism; and to her early care may be traced the formation of the character of her celebrated son Henry IV. As long, however, as her husband lived, her powers seem to have been shackled, and her influence lost.

"Anthony (says our author) is a striking instance of the evils which arise, when second-rate ability, combined with weakness of moral principle and instability of temper, is elevated to influential situations. The vacillations of his selfish fears and calculations, aided by jealousy, that demon of weak minds, did more to ruin France than all the loftier errors of the rest united; so true is it, that states and families may perish as surely, through the timidity, meanness, and want of spirit in their leaders, as through the greatest excesses of ill-directed energy."—Vol. i. p. 81.

After lending his name to the Hugonot party, and supporting them by his right to approach and advise the king as first prince of the blood, he allowed himself to be drawn into a league with their enemies; and, in 1562, he is found united with the cardinal and the Duke of Guise, the most powerful and the most insidious of the enemies of his party. His wife remonstrated, but he only answered her by sending her home to Navarre, and placing his son under the care of a Roman Catholic. Shortly after new troubles broke out, and we find the King of Navarre on the side of the Duke of Guise. At the siege of Rouen, in the same year, he was mortally wounded, but though he suffered great pain, he was not at first considered in a dangerous state. His amusements at this time were dances, which he gave in his bed-chamber to the young people of the camp; and his mistress, La Belle Rouet, was seated by his side. He continued to boast of all he was to do, and talked much of the riches and beauty of Sardinia. When the town was taken, he insisted on being carried through it in a litter, which inflamed his wound, and caused serious apprehensions of danger. The terrors of conscience now succeeded to the levity of his former occupations, but he does not seem to have known whether he were a Protestant or a Roman Catholic. He began to examine his past life, and, like Cardinal Wolsey, regretted, when too late, that he had sacrificed his religion to the aggrandizement of his kingdom. When his brother, the Prince de Condé, sent to inquire for him, he returned an answer, that, if his life were spared, he should make the establishment of reform his great object. His last hours were spent in the miserable remorse of a troubled conscience: he was attended by two physi-

cians of opposite persuasions; and a contemporary writer describes him as receiving extreme unction from a priest, and listening to portions of the Book of Job, to which his attention was drawn by a Protestant minister. He seems altogether to have been one of the most contemptible of men; in private his propensity for thieving was so great, that his attendants were obliged to empty his pockets after he was asleep, and restore the plunder of the day to its lawful owners.

We turn with pleasure from the contemplation of a character like the King of Navarre, to that of his younger brother, Louis Bourbon, Prince of Condé. In him were united several of the noble traits which constitute the hero of the world's admiration:—a skilful warrior, a generous adversary, the admiration of the ladies of the court, the most scientific knight in the tournament, and the champion of the cause of civil and religious liberty. Who is there that does not admire the character of the valiant, the liberal, and the accomplished prince? But here, unfortunately, we must stop; we look in vain for the high principle of sound religion, which shines in private as well as in public, and is ready to sacrifice all personal gratification in the service of God. Condé fought in the cause of the Gospel, but he did so rather as a crusader than as a Christian: he valued his life little, for he was a truly brave soldier; but his own pleasures were the rock on which he split; the temptations of a dissipated court were more dangerous weapons than the swords of his opponents; and he who could conquer in the field, or take a hostile city, was yet unable to rule his own spirit, and was foiled in the conflict with his own ill-regulated passions. Catherine, ever watchful of her advantage, was too wise to overlook the weak point of the prince, and soon set snares for him, which he was unable to escape. Among the daughters of the queen, were two young ladies of the name of Limeuil: to the elder of these, who was distinguished for her fine figure, her taste in dress, her beauty, and her wit, the queen confided the task of gaining the affections of the prince. The business was but too easy, for the victim was willing, and, like Samson, only too ready to betray his dearest secrets to his treacherous charmer. Catherine obtained her object, and learned the intentions of the Hugonots; but La Belle Limeuil discovered too late that she had ventured on dangerous ground; that she had been tampering not only with the affections of Condé, but with her own; what she had considered

as a gay frolic, ended in a melancholy reality; she had fallen deeply in love with the knight she had intended to betray, and she now found herself deserted in her turn, like some unfaithful damsel of romance. The widow of the Maréchal de St. André had also set her affections upon the Prince de Condé; she bestowed upon him the most valuable gifts; among others, the splendid palace of St. Valery, which her husband had built; but Condé, equally unfaithful to his religion and his knighthood, received the gifts, but deserted the giver. The tragedy, however, does not end here; the beginning of sin is like the letting out of water: his excellent wife, who had long shut her eyes to his irregularities, died shortly after, the victim of abused affections; and the Demoiselle de Limeuil found herself pointed at by a censorious court, not because she had been guilty of any irregularity, but because she had been fool enough to be caught in her own snare. Her health began to sink, and she retired from the eyes of the world; she was passionately fond of music, and, on one occasion, she desired her page to play her a melancholy air, where "tout est perdu" is the burden of the song. When this had been once or twice repeated, she called on him to play it over again, with increased emphasis, until she should desire him to leave off; he did so for some minutes, and she seemed to join in the chorus, but suddenly her voice ceased, and, on looking round, the page perceived that his mistress had breathed her last.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?"

"The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To bring repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

A man influenced by true religion may fall once and again, but had the character of Condé been such as the leader of a religious movement ought to possess, no woman of Catherine's discernment would have conceived such a scheme, and the first advances in executing it would have been repelled with scorn.

Again we meet with Condé under circumstances where religious principle is tried to the uttermost—the near prospect of death. By the treachery of Francis II., he and his brother Anthony were seized, and, after a mock trial, were left under sentence of death.

on a vague charge of treason. The Cardinal of Lorraine was most anxious to have Condé executed at once, but his connection with the royal family was pleaded in his behalf, and the vacillating spirit of Catherine was anxious to be free from his influence, but afraid of the power of his rivals: under such uncertainty we might expect some traits of religious feeling: but the contemporary accounts give us little on the subject. The death of Francis changed the whole face of affairs, and one of Condé's attendants, who went to communicate the intelligence to him, found him *quietly playing at cards* with the officer who guarded him; and being afraid to tell him directly, made signs that he had something to communicate. The prince let fall a card, and stooping to pick it up, his attendant whispered in his ear, "Our friend is done up." The prince finished his game without altering a feature. Much, however, as we must regret the want of religious feeling in the prince, we must remember the difference between those times and the present, and make every allowance for the differences of education and the darkness of the age. Condé was sincere in his attachment to Protestantism, and never wavered in its cause. Sometimes at the head of a victorious army; sometimes a prisoner in the tent of his rival, and meeting him with the courtesy of an old and valued friend; sometimes flying from a superior force, unable to pay his mercenaries, and with equal reason to fear his own troops and the royal army, he displays a degree of heroism which we seldom meet with, except in romance. The Alcibiades of modern history, fond of pleasure, but faithful to his cause, anxious on the subject of religion, but sometimes inclined to superstition, erring in many instances, but beloved by all around him, his character and adventures give an opening for the historian which modern events seldom afford, and we can assure our readers that our author has not neglected the opportunity. We extract a passage from his history:—

"Condé, who regarded a battle as inevitable, wished to halt and prepare to meet the enemy: but the admiral, judging from the excessive reserve that had already been shown, that this movement was intended as a demonstration only, was for proceeding without delay. His advice prevailed, and the dawn of the 19th found the Hugonot army still upon their march. 'I will relate,' says Beza, 'two things that occurred, which seemed as if sent from God as presages of what was approaching; and that I can attest for true, having seen the one with my own eyes, and heard the other with my own ears. The first is that the prince, crossing a little river at Mainte-

non, (he passed Maintenon on the 17th,) where some of the lower orders had assembled to see him go by—an aged woman flung herself into the river, which was deep, (the rivulet having been trampled in by the passing of the cavalry,) and stopping him short, laid hold of his boot, and said, 'Go on, prince, you will suffer much, but God will be with you.' To which he added, 'Mother, pray for me,' and went on. The other was, that in the evening, the prince being in bed, and talking with some who had remained in his chamber, held the following discourse to a minister who had been there, and was reading prayers, (probably Beza himself,) 'We shall have a battle to-morrow,' said he, 'or I am much deceived, in spite of what the admiral says. I know one ought not to attend to dreams, and yet I will tell you what I dreamed last night. It was that it seemed to me that I had given battle three times, one after the other; finally obtaining the victory—and that I saw our three enemies dead; but that I also had received my death-wound. So, having ordered their bodies to be laid one upon the other, and I upon the top of all, I there rendered up my soul to God.' The minister answered, as usually a sensible man would answer in such cases, that such visions were not to be regarded. Yet strange to say, (adds Beza,) the dream seemed confirmed by the result. The next day the Maréchal de St. André was killed, then the Duke of Guise, then the constable, and finally, after the third engagement, the prince himself.'"—*Reformation*, vol. i. p. 400.

Again, in 1568, when Lorraine and Alva had first persuaded the Hugonots to lay down their arms, and then proclaimed the decrees of the Council of Trent, Condé had retired to his country seat. In the mean time, strange reports had been spread that no Protestant would be alive against the vintage; that Charles must either exterminate them, or retire to a monastery; that to keep faith with heretics is a weakness, and to murder them a service acceptable to God. Several of the adherents of Condé had been slain, some as if by the king's order, some by popular violence. The clubs of Paris had begun to show their power, and had declared for the pope; and the first movement was made for the formation of the celebrated *ligue*. Condé naturally began to fear for his personal safety, and while consulting with Coligny on the proper course to be adopted, Coligny's son-in-law arrived, bearing friendly letters from the king, but advising his relations not to trust the royal promises. The same evening a mysterious note was intercepted, containing these ominous words, "The stag is in the toils! the hunt is ready!" and at the dead of night an unknown cavalier galloped by the castle, sounding his hunting-horn, and crying, "The great stag has bro-

ken cover at Noyers." Condé acted on these warnings, and escaped with his brother's family and his own, closely pursued by the king's troops. He crossed the Loire at a ford not commonly known, the prince holding his infant in his arms. Though the river was generally too deep for crossing, yet on this occasion there was no difficulty in passing the ford, until Condé and his troop of about 150 persons had landed in safety. Immediately, however, as if by a special interposition of Providence, the stream rose above its usual height, foaming and rushing with a sudden torrent, so that the pursuers, who crowded rapidly upon the further bank, saw that they were too late, and that their expected prey had escaped from their hands. Condé was killed at the battle of Jarnac, after he had surrendered as a prisoner of war; he is supposed to have owed his death to the treachery of the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III.

The man of the highest sense of religion, in our acceptation of the word, was the Admiral of France, Gaspard de Coligny. To his influence may be attributed the strictness and sobriety which usually characterized the Protestant army. Games of chance were strictly forbidden; swearing and plundering were severely punished; and the forms of religion steadily observed. "I fear," said Coligny to one who complimented him on these subjects, "that it will not last long—a young hermit is an old devil." "the French infantry will soon become tired of their virtue, and put the cross into the fire." His predictions were only too true, as the event proved. Coligny himself combined the characters of a soldier and a reformer more than any of his contemporaries. Brantôme compares him with the Duke of Guise. He says they were diamonds of the first water, on the superior excellence of which it would be impossible to decide. They had been intimate friends in youth, wearing the same dresses, taking the same side in the tournaments, joining in the same mischievous pranks, and encouraging each other in extravagant follies. Coligny, however, soon grew tired of youthful excesses; he seems to have understood the principle,—

"Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum,"—

for as a man we never find him drawn into the excesses of the court, or imitating his friend Condé in the pursuit of pleasure. His rules for the conduct of his soldiers were adopted even by his enemies; and he was

the first who raised the character of a French army, and placed it above the level of a horde of barbarous invaders, whose chief object was plunder, without respect even to their own allies. He attempted to procure for France a just system of representative government; and he is said, by his influence during the civil wars, to have preserved the lives and properties of more than a million of persons. His wife, Charlotte de Laval, was devoted to the Protestant cause. She established in his family a system of propriety seldom witnessed in the households of the great. We have a minute description of Coligny's household, the regularity of his hours, his family prayers, and his instruction of his dependants; but he seems to have stood almost alone: few in that age could appreciate his virtues; and though his influence over the Prince de Condé was exerted for good, yet he was but one among a multitude, and his salutary influence was often overborne by the evils incident to a civil war. This great man survived the other leaders of his party, and was the first victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Another reason why intelligence and Protestantism made little progress was the ignorance of the times. We do not speak so much of the great body of the people, as of those who may be supposed to have received the best education. When the Duke of Guise was wounded by an assassin, during the siege of Orleans, the surgeons at first augured favorably of his recovery, but they evidently killed him by their unskilful treatment: first, they widened and cauterized with a hot silver instrument, to destroy the effects of the poison which they imagined to be in the powder and bullets. They were astonished to find that the bullet had made a larger hole at its exit than at its entrance, and therefore agreed to open the wound again in order to look for it, though the age of the moon pointed out the day as unfavorable. They then with their fingers examined both sides of the wound, and found all safe and sound: not satisfied with the progress which nature was making, they made another opening across the wound, and passed a piece of linen through it, by way of a seton, to keep it open; and though this was on the fourth day of the moon, the duke was better, though his fever increased. Some of his friends wanted him to try the effect of enchantments—we confess we should have preferred them to the treatment of his surgeons—but the duke refused them as unlawful means, and declared that he should prefer death to the prospect of life

by remedies forbidden by God. When we consider the ignorance of one learned profession, and recollect that it had become a proverb to say, "as ignorant as a priest," we cannot much wonder at the darkness of the people; and we cannot feel much surprised that they should be led into excesses by the advice of a cruel nobility and an ambitious priesthood.

Great allowance must be made for the differences of the age from ours; and we must remember that until the works of John Locke, toleration, in our sense of the word, was never understood. Uniformity of opinion was the grand object; the Council of Trent met for the purpose of settling what men ought to believe, with the full expectation of being able to persuade them that it was their duty to do so, and a full determination to exterminate all recusants. Some of the more moderate party did not expect to be able to bind the opinions of others; these only said that outward conformity to established usage should be sufficient; and that no inquiry should be made as to religious sentiments, provided only the people should attend mass and confession. The Hugonots themselves never expected equal privileges with the dominant party: all they asked was, leave to have their own churches, and administer the sacraments; and they even proposed that they should pay double taxes as a test of their sincerity. These reasonable demands were frequently promised, but the promises were broken as soon as the Hugonots had laid down their arms.

Persecution, burning heretics by legal warrant, were as common as in England during the reign of Bloody Mary; but France went a step further than England, and often murdered the recusants without the shadow or pretence of law. We can scarcely imagine, even from the worst portions of the history of England, that a nobleman of high rank, like the Duke of Guise, should set out on a progress to his country seat, and suddenly massacre a whole congregation of men, women, and children while on his journey. Yet this took place at Vassy, on Sunday morning, the first of March, 1562. The duke declared that it was done against his will, and in consequence of an insult offered by the Hugonots to some of his followers; but whatever be the cause, the melancholy effects were undeniable. The massacre of Vassy was the signal for similar excesses throughout the kingdom; priests were seen pointing out their victims to the soldiers, lest any should escape; and though the duke

asked pardon on his death-bed for being the cause of so much bloodshed, yet Brantôme tells us, that while he solemnly denied having done it intentionally, he at the same time made light of the matter. It was asserted by the Hugonots, in their petition to the king, that 3000 lives had been lost at Vassy, and by the excesses which followed.

The Duke of Guise was not the only royalist who made light of human life: Montluc, one of the king's generals, coolly tells us, that "there is no such thing as a prisoner in a civil war: I therefore hung up the carrions as soon as I took them: everybody knew where I passed, as the trees were everywhere hung with my colors. At Monsegur, I took eighty or a hundred soldiers, and went round the walls and made them leap down; they were dead before they came to the bottom. At Pamiers, forty women were killed at once, which made me very angry, as soldiers ought not to kill women; but several bad boys came in my way, who served to fill up the wells in the castle." A letter is still extant from Pope Pius IV. to this noble and well-beloved son of the Church, congratulating him on the gifts of Heaven, commending him for his virtuous and honorable deeds, and assuring him of the eternal favor of God, whose cause he had so triumphantly defended.

Reprisals are the natural consequence of oppression; and the Hugonots, though slow to take up arms, were well skilled in their use; and in one single instance were equally cruel with their opponents. The Baron D'Adrets was the only Protestant who imitated the barbarity of his enemies: after plundering several convents, and laying waste the country around, he took the tower of Maugiron; and, by way of amusement after dinner, he compelled the garrison to leap from the battlements. One of his victims ran forward three times to the fatal leap, but paused upon the brink. The baron reproached him with cowardice; but the man replied, "My lord, brave as you are, I will give you ten trials." For this answer the baron spared his life.

With these characters and facts before us, we are led to the painful conclusion, that there was little religion on either side; but we cannot forget that we have no "acts and monuments" of the martyrs of France. The historians seem to have thought little of the feelings which prompted men to sacrifice their lives for conscience' sake: and we certainly miss honest John Fox and his writings: perhaps, had such a man been found to record the sentiments and virtues of the Hugonot

martyrs, they might have been considered equal to some of his English heroes :—

“*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*”

Kings were supposed to be absolute, but “woe to the land where the king is a child and the princes eat in the morning ;” he who could secure the person of the king and get his signature to his warrants, had the power of life and death in his hands ; the court was bent on pleasure ; excitement was the grand object, and Catherine’s motto was, “keep the ball rolling.” The Parliament was a mere court for the registry of royal edicts ; and the only influence they ever exerted was to reject some of the proclamations in favor of toleration, which Charles IX. had been induced to grant.

The interest of the reigns of Francis and Charles is fully sustained up to the final catastrophe of 1572. It is only fair to the author to allow the history to speak for itself, and we wish we had room to extract the whole chapter ; our limits, however, will only admit of a short portion.

“Queen Margaret (the bride of Henry IV.) will supply a picture of what was passing in the queen’s private circle, during this terrible evening. ‘I knew nothing of all this,’ says she ; ‘I saw every one in agitation. The Hugonots in despair at the wound, (Coligny had been wounded some days before ;) the Guises, having been threatened that justice would be had for it, whispering in each other’s ears. I was suspected by the Hugonots of being a Catholic, by the Catholics as being married to the King of Navarre ; so that no one told me anything until the evening, when, being at the toilet of the queen my mother, and sitting near my sister of Lorraine, who I saw was very sorrowful, the queen my mother saw me, and told me to go to bed. As I made my courtesy, my sister took me by the arm, and stopping me began to weep, saying, Sister, do not go. This frightened me excessively, which the queen perceived, and calling very angrily to my sister, forbade her to tell me anything. My sister said it was too shocking to send me to be sacrificed in that manner ; for doubtless if anything were discovered, immediate revenge would be had upon me. The queen answered, unless it were the will of God, no harm could happen to me ; but be that as it might, I must go, lest they should suspect something. They continued to dispute, but I could not hear their words. At length she told me very roughly to go to bed, and my sister bursting into tears bade me good night, not daring to say more. As for me, I went away shivering and trembling, unable to imagine what was to be feared. As soon as I was in my closet,

I began to pray God that he would be pleased to protect and guard me, not knowing from whom or against what. The king, my husband, who was already in bed, called to me ; I came and found the bed surrounded by about thirty or forty Hugonot gentlemen, whom I scarcely knew, being so lately married. All night they did nothing but talk of the admiral’s accident ; and resolve that in the morning they would demand justice of the king on M. de Guise and failing him, do it for themselves. I, who had my sister’s tears still upon my heart, could not sleep, and so the night passed. At the point of day the king rose, saying he would go and play tennis till Charles awoke ; resolving then to demand justice. He quitted the room, his gentlemen with him ; I begged the nurse to shut the door, and fell asleep.’

“It was at midnight that Catherine, fearing the resolution of her son might still fail, came down to the king’s apartment, to watch over him till the moment for execution should arrive. She found there the Duke d’Anjou, the Duke de Nevers, De Ritz, and Birague, who were all uniting their efforts to encourage Charles and maintain him in his resolution, but their words were vain. As the moment approached, horror took possession of the king ; cold damps stood upon his brow, and a troubled fever agitated his frame. The queen endeavored to arouse him by every means in her power, endeavoring, by arts she too well understood, to irritate once more his fiercer passions, and silence the remorseful and relenting feelings of nature—striving with her usual wicked sophistry to color crime by a pretence of justice and necessity. She asked him (says D’Aubigné) whether it were not best at once to tear corrupted members from the bosom of the Church, the blessed spouse of our Lord ; and repeated, after a celebrated Italian divine, that abominable sentiment, so often and so easily perverted, ‘That in their case mercy was cruelty, and cruelty was mercy.’

“She again represented the critical nature of his affairs, and how bitterly he would repent if he suffered the present opportunity to escape him : thus striving to stifle that cry of outraged conscience which, in spite of all her efforts, would make itself heard in the bosom of her wretched son. At last she succeeded in dragging the fatal order from his lips. The moment it was obtained she was impatient to begin. It wanted an hour and a half of day-break, when the appointed signal was to be given upon the tocsin of the Hall of Justice. But the interval appeared too long for her fears ; and as the distance to the Palais de Justice was considerable, she commanded the tocsin of St. Germain de l’Auxerrois, which is close upon the Louvre, to be sounded in its place, and the dreadful alarm to be given without loss of time.

“This order being issued, a pause of perfect silence ensued—and then those three guilty creatures, the queen and her two miserable sons, crept to a small closet over the gate of the Louvre, and, opening a window, looked uneasily out into the night.

“But all was silent as the grave. Suddenly

pistol shot was heard. 'I know not from whence,' says the Duke of Anjou, (for it is his account which I am following,) 'nor if it wounded any one; but this I know, that the shot struck us all three in such a manner that it paralyzed our sense and judgment. Seized at once with terror and apprehension at the idea of those great disorders about to be committed, we sent down a gentleman in much haste to tell the Duke of Guise to proceed no further against the admiral, which would have prevented all that followed. But the order came too late. Guise was already gone. It was still dark, for the morning had not yet dawned, when through the awful stillness of that fearful night the tocsin of St. Germain was heard sounding. Through streets lighted by flambeaux, which now appeared in every window, and through crowds of people gathering on every side, the Dukes of Guise and Nevers, with the Chevalier d'Angoulême, and their suite, made their way to the hotel of the admiral, with whose murder the general slaughter was to begin.'

"Coligny, reposing in peace upon the good faith of his master, was quietly resting in his bed; and having dismissed Guerchi and Teligny, who lingered long after the rest of the Hugonot gentlemen had retired, was attended only by Cornaton and Labonne, two of his gentlemen, Yolet his squire, Mullu his religious minister, his German interpreter, and Ambrose Paré, who was still in the house. His ordinary domestic servants were, however, in waiting in the ante-chamber. Outside the street-door of his hotel, Cosseins (his enemy, and a creature of Catherine, sent ostensibly for his protection) with fifty arquebusiers, was posted, and within were five Swiss guards belonging to the King of Navarre. As soon as the Duke of Guise, followed by his company, appeared, Cosseins knocked at the outer door which opened into the hall where the Swiss were placed, and saying one was come from the king who wanted to speak to the admiral, demanded admittance. Some persons who were in waiting upon this went up to Labonne, who kept the keys, and who came down into the court, and hearing the voice of Cosseins, undid the lock immediately. But at the moment that the door opened, the unfortunate gentleman fell covered with blood, poignarded by Cosseins as he rushed in followed by his arquebusiers. The Swiss guards prepared to defend themselves; but when they saw the tumult headed by the very man who had stood guard before the door, they lost courage, and retreating behind another which led to the stairs, shut and bolted it, but the arquebusiers fired through it, and one of the Swiss guards fell. The noise below awakened Cornaton, who springing up ran down to inquire the cause of this disturbance. He found the hall filled with soldiers, with Cosseins crying out to open the inner door in the king's name. Seeing no means to escape, he resolved at least to defend the house as long as he could, and began barricading the door with boxes, benches, and anything that came to hand. This done he ran up to the admiral. He found him already risen, and in his dressing gown, standing leaning against the wall, and engaged in prayer.

Still unsuspecting of the real truth, and imagining the populace, headed by the Guises, were endeavoring to force the house, he relied upon Cosseins for protection. Merlin, who lay in the same chamber, had risen with him on the first alarm.

"Cornaton entering in the greatest terror, Coligny asked what all this noise was about? 'My lord,' said Cornaton, 'it is God who calls you—the hall is carried, we have no means of resistance.' The eyes of Coligny were suddenly opened, and he began to understand the treachery of the king; but the terrible conviction could not shake his composure; he preserved his usual calmness and said, 'I have long been prepared to die; but for you, all of you, save yourselves if it be possible: you can be of no assistance to me. I recommend my soul to the mercy of God.' Upon this, those who were in the room, all except one faithful servant, Nicholas Muss, his German interpreter, ran up to the garrets, and finding a window in the roof, endeavored to escape over the tops of the neighboring houses; but they were fired at from below, and the most part killed, Merlin and Cornaton, with two others, only surviving. In the mean time, Cosseins having broken the inner door, sent in some Swiss of the Duke of Anjou's guard, (known by their uniform, black, white and green;) these passed the Swiss upon the stairs without molesting them, but Cosseins rushing in after armed in his cuirass, and with his naked sword in his hand, followed by his arquebusiers, massacred them all, and then hurrying up stairs forced open the door of the admiral's room. Besme, a page of the Duke of Guise, a man of Picardy, named Sarlaboux, and a few others rushed in. They found Coligny seated in an arm chair, regarding them with the composed and resolute air of one who had nothing to fear. Besme rushed forward with his sword raised in his hand, crying out, 'Are you the admiral?' 'I am,' replied Coligny calmly looking at the sword. 'Young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs and infirmities—yet you cannot shorten my life.' For answer Besme drove his sword to the hilt in the admiral's bosom; then he struck him over the head and across the face—the other assassins fell upon him, and, covered with wounds, he soon lay mangled and dead at their feet. D'Aubigné adds that at the first blow Coligny cried out, 'If it had been but at the hands of a man of honor, and not from this varlet!'

"The above circumstances were related afterwards by Attin Sarlaboux, who has been mentioned as one of the murderers, but who was so struck with the intrepidity displayed by this great captain, that he could never afterwards speak of the scene but in terms of admiration, saying 'he had never seen a man meet death with such constancy and firmness.' The Duke of Guise, and the rest who had penetrated into the court, stood under the window of the admiral's chamber, Guise crying out, 'Besme, have you done?' 'It is over,' answered he from above; the Chevalier d'Angoulême called out, 'Here is Guise will not believe it, unless he sees it with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window.' Then Besme and Sarlaboux with some difficulty lifted up the gashed and bleed-

ing body, and flung it down; the face being so covered with blood that it could not be recognized. The Duke de Guise stooped down, and wiping it with his handkerchief, this man (whom Hume has not hesitated to call as magnanimous as his father) cried out, 'I know him;' and giving a kick to the poor dead body of him whom living every man in France had feared. 'Lie there,' said he, 'poisonous serpent, thou shalt shed thy venom no more.' The head was afterwards severed from the body and carried to the queen, with a large sack full of papers found in pillaging the house. The poor miserable trunk was exposed to all the insults which the terrific violence of an infuriated and fanatical mob can lavish upon the objects of its detestation. Mutilated, half-burned, dragged through the dirt and mire, kicked, beaten, and trampled on by the very children in the street, it was lastly hung by the heels upon a common gibbet at Montfaucon. Such was the fate of that honest patriot and true Christian, Gaspard de Coligny.

"The murder completed, the Duke of Guise sallied from the gate, followed by all the rest, crying out, 'Courage, soldiers! we have begun well; now for the others. For the king! It is the will of the king; the king's express command!' At that moment, the tocsin of the Palace of Justice began to sound, and then a loud and terrible cry arose, 'Down with the Hugonots! Down with the Hugonots!' and the massacre in all its horrors began.

"Dreadful was the scene that ensued. The air resounded with the most hideous noises: the loud huzzas of the assailants as they rushed to the slaughter; the cries and screams of the murdered; the crashing of breaking doors and windows; the streets streaming with blood; men, women, and children flying in all directions, pursued by the soldiers and the populace, who were encouraged to every species of cruelty by their dreadful chiefs—Guise, Nevers, Montpensier, and Tavannes, who, hurrying up and down the streets cried out, 'Kill! Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! By command of the king! Kill! Kill! Oh, Hugonot! oh, Hugonot!'

"The massacre within the Louvre had already commenced. Some scuffling had early taken place between the guards posted in the courts and neighboring streets and the Protestant gentlemen returning to their quarters, and the general slaughter of all within the palace speedily followed.

"'I had slept but an hour,' continues Margaret, 'when I was startled by the cries of one striking with hands and knees against the door, and calling loudly, Navarre, Navarre. My nurse ran to it and opened it, when a gentleman called M. Tejan rushed in, having a sword wound in his elbow, and one from a halbert in his arm, and pursued by four archers; he threw himself upon the bed from which I sprang, and he after me, catching me in his bloody arms, both of us screaming with terror. At last, by God's help, M. de Nancay came in, who, finding me in that situation, *could not help laughing*. He scolded the archers for their indiscretion, and having ordered them out of

the room, he granted me the life of the poor man, whom I hid in my cabinet till he was cured. While I was changing my night-dress, which was covered with blood, M. de Nancay told me what was going on, assuring me that the king my husband was in the king's own apartments, and that he was safe; and throwing a cloak over me, he led me to the chamber of my sister De Lorraine, where I arrived more dead than alive. As I entered the ante-chamber, the doors of which were all open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying from the archers who were pursuing him, received a blow from a halbert and fell dead at my feet. I swooned in the arms of M. de Nancay, who thought the same blow had struck both at once, and was carried into my sister's room; soon afterwards two gentlemen, M. de Moissons, and D'Armagnac, valet to my husband the king, came to entreat me to save their lives; I went and threw myself at the feet of the king and queen, and at last my petition was granted.'

"The above gentlemen were almost the only ones who escaped of the numbers that night within the palace. Flying from room to room, the murderers butchered the Calvinist nobility, gentry, and servants, without mercy or distinction; dragging them from their beds, and flinging their bodies out of the windows. Others, attempting to escape, were pushed into the courts between files of the guards, who struck them down with their halberts as they passed. The staircases and galleries were slippery with blood and defiled with the mangled bodies; and vast heaps of the dead were accumulated under the king's windows, who from time to time came to look out upon this horrid spectacle. As a proof of the barbarous insensibility of those dissolute, yet beautiful and accomplished women, who formed the chief attraction of Catherine's court, it must be related that numbers of them might be seen examining the dead bodies of their acquaintances, and amusing themselves with ridiculous remarks upon the miserable remains."—*Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 363.

"All efforts to stop the slaughter were useless. The demon of popular insurrection is easily summoned in aid of political measures; but the power which has conjured is ineffectual to lay it: that hideous population, which exists in the narrow streets and obscure quarters of Paris, and with the characteristic and still existing features of which some late French writers have made us but too well acquainted; that population groveling in obscure vice and misery till some fearful revolution summons it into action; and which has taken such a tremendous part in every one of those convulsions with which that city has been visited, was now thoroughly aroused, and had taken the matter into their own hands. In spite of every effort, which was at last in sincerity made by the citizens, soldiers, and superior classes, to restrain them, they raged through the streets and continued their barbarous slaughters.

"Seven long days was Paris one scene of pillage, outrage, and cruelty, which would have disgraced a horde of the wildest savages. Brutality was bred of brutality, cruelty grew from cruelty. Four monsters,—Tanchou, Pezon, Croiset, and



Perier,—stood for three days in turns at a gate near the river, and taking all that could be found, poignarded them and flung them into the water with every sort of outrage. Men might be seen stabbing little infants, while the innocents smiled in their faces and played with their beards. Even children might be seen slaughtering children younger than themselves. Pierre Ramus, a man of learning, is torn out of his study, thrown out of the window, and his body, all broken and mangled, is dragged along in the mire by the younger scholars, incited to it by his rival, named Charpentier. Lambin, a royal lecturer, and a bigoted Catholic, dies of horror at the sight.”—Vol ii. p. 373.

According to different historians, from 70,000 to 100,000 perished at this time; and Pope Gregory XIII. ordered thanksgivings for the victory of the faithful; and a medal was struck to commemorate the event, with the head of the pope on one side, and a representation of the massacre on the reverse.

We have thus endeavored to give a short sketch of the characters which influenced an important crisis in history; we recommend our readers, however, to judge for themselves. The book suggests many subjects for reflection, and gives many hints for the present time. There is still fierce confusion and civil war, and the foundations of the earth are out of course, and there is still the secret power of Romanism endeavoring to shape all changes to its own purpose, and employing every agent to fulfil the will of the Church, and bring all men into subjection to the spiritual power. The pope is shaken as a temporal prince, but as a spiritual power he is the same as ever. The individual pope, like an individual monarch, is often but a name, while the power resides in the body of his satellites, and is dispersed throughout the world, with every Roman Catholic priest as its sworn agent. Alva and Lorraine were only doing the work of the Church, and assisting her spiritual authority, when they led Catherine and Charles to believe that the extirpation of heresy was lawful and expedient; and we believe there are thousands at this moment in the British Islands who would use the secular arm to carry out their own ends, if the power of the state were once in their possession.

“*Ranke's Lives of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*,” is a work of great research, and gives most valuable historical information. The notes are full, and contain long quotations from contemporary authorities; but the Reformation in France will be read as a book of amusement; and while the author, by long refer-

ences to contemporary writers, increases our information, and gives us an opportunity to acquire more by consulting the authorities, the style of the narrative is animated and the characters well sustained. History is improving where it is true, but private life and individual character have an interest beyond historical detail, and our author has happily combined both. We only hope that the promise in the advertisement may be realized, and that we may soon have a continuation of the history through the reign of Henry IV. to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

**COMPRESSION IN ORATORY.**—The following remarks from the Westminster Review have reference to an evil, which is the bane of our legislative assemblies and political meetings—longwindedness of our public speakers.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in America or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasives may flow through the mind and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Catiline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines; by this that Mark Anthony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us for a moment sympathize with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space—this “inordinate appetite for printed paper,” which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory.

From the Quarterly Review.

## MUSIC.

- 1.—*Geschichte der Europäisch-Abendländischen oder unserer heutigen Musik, von dem ersten Jahrhundert des Christenthums bis auf unsre Zeit.* Von R. Kiese-  
wetter. Leipzig, 1846.
- 2.—*The Quantity and Music of the Greek Chorus.* Discovered by the Rev. W.  
W. Mosely, A.M., LL.D. Oxford, 1847.
- 3.—*Mozart's Leben.* Von A. Oulibichef, Ehrenmitglied der Philharmonischen  
Gesellschaft in St. Petersburg. Stuttgart, 1847.
- 4.—*The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence.* By Edward Holmes. 1845.

IN attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we would say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation: therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures, that music must be materialized and painting spiritualized to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison of the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favorable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts are intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is of all others that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labor—it requires nothing further at his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light

of heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and catgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence; and thus the composer and his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonor, though falsely so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his Antiphonarium, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely singers,—

Musicorum et Cantorum  
Magna est distantia :  
Isti dicunt—illi sciunt,  
Quæ componit Musica :—  
Nam qui facit quod non sapit,  
Definitur Bestia.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there;—when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there;—when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should

have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who in the fugitiveness of the form have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favor of the art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression;—how intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the God-like elements of our being, in which mere outward sense has so fleeting a share! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that, were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds? It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself *en rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air, yet even that all-sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.

"Whence art thou—from what causes dost thou spring,  
Oh Music! thou divine, mysterious thing?"

We ask the question in vain, as we must ever do when we would follow paths which lose themselves in the depths of our being. We only know and only can know of music that its science is an instinct of our nature—its subjects the emotions of our hearts—that at every step we advance in its fundamental laws we are but deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without. We know that the law which requires that after three whole notes a half note must succeed, is part of ourselves—a necessity in our being—one of the signs that distinguish man from the brute, but which we shall never account for till we are able to account for all things.

As to the hazy doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived it, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some ideas in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help what-

soever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them: his music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or on plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody sierras of Spain, or the rocky glens of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorized upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musician ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.

The connection between sound and numbers is a fact which at once invests music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower the roots of an oak of the forest. Far from being a frivolous art, meant only for the pastime of the senses in hours of idleness, it would seem to be of that importance to mankind that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear and the closest calculations of a mathematical head give the same verdict. Science proves what the ear detects—the ear ratifies what science asserts—instinct and demonstration coalesce as they do with no other art:—for though the same species of identity exists between the rules of perspective and the intuition of a correct eye, yet the science in this instance is neither so profound nor the instinct so acute. The mere fact that music and mathematics should be allied is a kind of phenomenon. One can hardly believe how Euclid and Jenny Lind should have any common bond of union; but deep in the secret caverns of the mind the materials from which both are supplied mingle in one common source, and the paths which

have conducted a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Herschel to the profoundest abstractions the human mind is capable of, have started from the sweet portals of musical sound.

But the natural history of music is full of wonders. Wherever we look into its inherent elements we are met by signs of precautionary care. It is as if the Giver of all good gifts had presided over the construction of this one with especial love, fencing it round with every possible natural security for its safe development, and planting them among those instincts we have least power to pervert. The sense of *time* is alone a marvellous guarantee—a conscience which no other art possesses in the same measure—the order which is music's first law—the pulse which regulates the health of the whole impalpable body—the first condition of musical being—an invisible framework in which the slippery particles of sound are knit together for action—a natural regularity which we can only bear to hear transgressed from the pleasurable suspense in which the mind is kept for its return; for the suspensions in the musical world, unlike those in the moral, have the blessed property of never bringing disappointment in their train. How deep the sense of time implanted in the human breast, when the mere motion of a little bit of stick, and that not governed by any piece of nicely-constructed mechanism, but by the sole will of one capricious dandy, can supply it in ample abundance to an orchestra of five hundred performers! But the true timist is time all over—his outward man is one general conductor—eye, ear, or touch are alike susceptible to the electric fluid of true musical measure—you may communicate it to him by the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet. One can hardly imagine a state of corporeal infirmity or mutilation which could render him insensible to this law. He may be blind or lame, he may be paralyzed from head to foot, or may have left half his limbs on the field of battle, it matters not—while he has sufficient body left to house his mind, the sense of time will not desert him.

The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity—laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its store-houses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the

trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required: a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favor is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than any of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatreds, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than *tunes*! These we may let lie buried for years—they never moulder in the grave—they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such a pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of a melody that has been connected with them. There is no such a sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

With all this array of natural advantages—science to endow her—instinct to regulate—memory to help her—what is it after all that Music can do? Is the result proportionate to her means? Does she enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings? Can she make us more intelligent or more prudent, or more practical or more moral? No, but she can make us more *romantic*; and that is what we want nowadays more than anything else. She can give us pleasures we cannot account for, and raise feelings we cannot reason upon: she can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play; her whole domain, in short, lies in that much abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. This she offers unreservedly to our range—with her attendant spirits, the feelings and the fancy, in every form of spiritual and earthly emotion, of fair or fantastic vision, stationed at the portals to beckon and welcome us in. But if she cannot captivate us by these means, she tries no other. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honor. She can as little point a moral, as she can paint a picture. She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. There is no Hogarth in music. Punch can give her no place on his staff. She cannot reason, and she cannot preach; but, also, she cannot wound, and

she cannot defile. She is the most innocent companion of the Loves and Graces; for real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. We can only make her a means of harm when we add speech to sound. It is only by a marriage with words that she can become a minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought. It is an anomaly in human history how any form of religion can condemn an organ; for it could not say an impious thing if it would. "Every police director," as Hoffman says in his *Phantasie Stücke*, "may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea"—unless he have smuggled it into the dedication. Music never makes men *think*, and that way lies the mischief: she is the purest Sanscrit of the feelings. The very Fall seems to have spared her department. It is as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious avocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure. No means are disproportionate to this end.

How fortunate that an art thus essentially incorrupt should reign over a greater number of hearts than any other. If poetry and painting have their thousands, music has her tens of thousands. Indeed we should hardly deem that man a responsible being whose heart had not some weak point by which the voice of the charmer could enter; for it enters his better part. Not that it is possible to form any theory of the class of minds most susceptible of her influence—facts stop and contradict us at every step. The question lies too close at the sanctuary of our being not to be overshadowed by its mystery. There are no given signs by which we can predicate that one man has music in his soul and another has not. Voltaire is commonly stated to have been a hater and despiser of the art of sweet sounds; but there is perhaps as much evidence against the assertion, as for it, in his works. Grétry says of him that he would sit with a discontented face whilst music was going on—which, con-

sidering what French music was in his time, might argue not a worse ear than his neighbors', but a better. But granting Voltaire had no musical sympathies in him, and it goes against our consciences to think he had, his friend and fellow-thinker, Frederic of Prussia, had them in a great degree; and a man as unlike both as this world could offer, the late Dr. Chalmers, had none at all—except of course that he liked a Scotch air, as all Scotchmen, by some merciful provision of nature, appear to do. Then it may seem natural to our preconceived ideas that such a mind as Horace Walpole's should have no capacity for musical pleasure; but by what possible analogy was it that Charles Lamb's should have just as little? How came it to pass that Rousseau, the worthless ancestor of all Radicals, was an enthusiastic and profound musician—while Dr. Johnson, the type of old Toryism, did not know one tune from another; or that Luther pronounced music to be one of the best gifts of Heaven, and encouraged the study of it by precept and example, while Calvin and Knox persecuted it as a snare of the Evil One, and conscientiously condemned it to perpetual degradation in their churches? All we can say is, that the majority pay her homage—that it is one of her heavenly attributes to link those natures together whom nothing else can unite. Men of the most opposite characters and lives that history can produce *fraternize* in music. If Alfred loved her, so did Nero; if Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX.; if George III. delighted in all music, especially in that of a sacred character, so did Henry VIII.; if the hero of our own times, the motto of whose life has been *duty*, is musical both by nature and inheritance, his antagonist Napoleon at least hummed opera tunes. Oliver Cromwell bade a musician ask of him what favor he pleased. John Wesley remonstrated against leaving all the good tunes to the Devil. Every private family could quote some domestic torment and some domestic treasure, alike in nothing else but in the love for music. There is no forming any system of judgment. There is no looking round in a concert-room and saying in one's heart, these people are all of one way of thinking—they are all intelligent, or all humane, or all poetical. There is no broad mark: young and old, high and low—passionate and meek—wise and foolish—babies, idiots, insane people—all, more or less, like music. At most there are some who are indifferent, or fancy themselves so, as much from want of

opportunity as of taste—some who don't care for bad music, and never hear good—if so hard a lot can be imagined—but there is only one class of men who *condemn* it, and those are fanatics; and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who *hate* it, and those are devils.

But

"If Music and sweet Poetry agree,  
As needs they must, the sister and the brother,"

it is among the poets that we shall find the most invariable appreciation of the art of numbers. And what a row of undying names rise at the mere suggestion—all bound up with melodious associations, who have done due homage to the power of sound, and been in just return linked for ever with her most exquisite productions—thus sending their immortal ideas in double channels to the heart! Shakspeare, whose world-hackneyed mottoes come over our minds with freshened power and truth, as we seek to analyze what he at once defined—nowhere with such instinctive truth as in the words he has put into Caliban's mouth—

"The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and  
*hurt not*;"—

Milton—music-descended—who, when the chord of sweet sound is struck, dwells upon it with such melting luxuriance of enjoyment, exalts it with such solemn grandeur of feeling, and clothes it with such sounding harmony of verse as makes us feel as if an earlier Handel might have been given to the world, if a previous Milton had not been needful to inspire him;—old Cowley too, who asks the same question all have asked—

"Tell me, oh Muse! for thou, or none, canst tell,  
The mystic powers that in bless'd numbers  
dwell"—

though he goes on, in the fantastic metaphor of the day, to relate how Chaos first

"To numbers and fixed rules was brought  
By the Eternal mind's poetic thought;  
Water and air He for the tenor chose,  
Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;"—

and Dryden, who overflows with love for the art, and has left in Alexander's Feast a manual of musical Mesmerism never to be surpassed. Who will not think of Collins—and his death listening to the distant choir of Chichester?

Yet from many poets music receives only that conventional homage which one art pays to another. We need hardly recall Pope's poetry—nor Swift's—nor Goethe's—to know that she had no zealous worshippers in them—all men of better heads than hearts, who understood the feelings more by a process of anatomy than by sympathy. Others again feel the contingent poetry attending particular music too much to be real enthusiasts for the music itself. Byron loved the music that came to him "o'er the waters." Burns was too much possessed with the "tuning of the heart" to have any cold judgment about that of the voice. Scott loved the hum of the bagpipe, and would have liked the beating of the tom-tom had it been Scotch—though the verse of each has been as much a fund of inspiration to the musician as if, like Moore, they themselves could have sung as well as they have written. We should question Mr. Wordsworth's musical sympathies—direct or indirect. The materials of his poetry are not akin to music. We do not long to set his deep thoughts to melody—they leave nothing unexpressed for the musician to say. No poet who has been so much read has been so little sung. Nor does music in her turn seem to inspire him with poetry:—he tells us, for example, of the *Ranz de Vaches*—

"I listen, but no faculty of mine  
Avails those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion."

A musician might have said this—a mere musician—but, we confess, we are rather puzzled with it from so true a poet.

It is curious to observe in this, as in every other art, how the two extremes combine the greatest number of admirers. Handel and Jullien hold the two ends of the great net which draws all mankind; the one catching the ear with the mere beat of time—the other subduing the heart with the sense of eternity. But it is in the wide territory between them that the surest instincts must be tried. Here, there are amateurs of every shade and grade, some learned in one instrument, others infatuated for one performer—some who listen ignorantly, others intelligently, but both gratefully, to whatever is really music—others again, conspicuous as musical wickedness in high places, who care for none but their own. Doubtless some acquaintance with the principles of the art, and practical skill of hand, greatly enhance the pleasure of

the listener; but still it is a sorrowful fact that the class of individuals who contentedly perform that species of self-serenade which goes by the ominous title of "playing a little," are the last in whom any real love for it is to be found. There is something in the small retailing of the arts, be it music, painting or poetry, which utterly annihilates all sense of their real beauty. There is a certain pitch of strumming and scraping which must be got over, or they had better never have touched a note.

Apparently the highly-gifted and cultivated amateur, on the other hand, is one of the most enviable creatures in the world. Beauty must always dazzle, and wealth buy; but no disparity in the respective powers of attraction ever strikes us so great as that which exists between the woman who has only to lift her hand, or open her mouth, to give pleasure, and her who sits by and can do neither. But we know that superiority of all kinds must have its penalties, and none more keenly felt than in the ranks of private musical excellence: and though the first-rate amateur may command all the higher enjoyments of the art, without those concomitants of labor, anxiety, and risk which devolve on the professed artist—though she may be spared all the hardships and many of the temptations which lie so thick in the path of her professional sisters, yet the draught of excitement is pernicious to all alike, and one which we instinctively shrink from seeing at the lips of those we love. Not that we would disparage such a position. It is, and always will be, an enviable one to be able to confer pleasure at will, and generally a lovely and becoming one in the person of a woman. We know, too, that there are cool heads and pure hearts who can innocuously breathe the incense of admiring crowds, and who walk humble, though unwilling, Juggernauts over every form of adulation—little as it is usually believed of them; but even such, in the universal equalization of human happiness, have their trials, and keen ones too—and, among them, that of perpetually feeling their better selves overlooked in the homage paid to an adventitious gift, is an unfailing humiliation to a delicate mind.

Upon the whole we are inclined to think that the most really enviable partaker of musical felicity, the one in whom the pleasure is most pure for himself and least selfish for others, is he who has no stake of vanity or anxiety in the matter—but who sits at overture, symphony, or chorus, with closed eyes and swimming senses—brightens at major

keys, saddens at minors—smiles at modulations, he knows not why,—and then goes forth to his work next morning with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon the irrepressible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jocund or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet thefts to be able to conceal them. Happy hummings these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is for ever a petitioner for pleasure it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with "that exquisite bit of Beethoven" as with a silken string.

We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of a taste for music. It sets heads wagging, and feet tapping—sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the Opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining-rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced when a child to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing perhaps in this the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient, and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, (it seems not Beethoven, however,)—were infant prodigies. There seems to be nothing to dread in prematureness of musical development—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord; when we see a child picking out airs on a piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts.

It is difficult to imagine how a Greek child could ever evince its natural predilection for music—those two chief elements of the art which test the highest and the lowest grade of musical inclination, time and harmony, being alike unknown to them. The whole Greek world, it would seem, and many centuries of the Christian, never advanced so far even as the knowledge of those harmonious thirds which the little Mozart instinctively enjoyed. We seek in vain for any indications of that which we feel to be the real nature of music and its purpose as regards the human heart. They either used it outwardly as

a mere sing-song enhancement of that luxurious pleasure which all Orientals take in story-telling or verse-reciting, or they sought for it inwardly as an abstract thing on which to try their powers of thought, and not their springs of emotion. They ascertained the existence of a deep science in music before they suspected a deeper instinct. They studied her grammar before they knew her speech. Instead of combining her tones in fullness of harmony, they split them into divisions incognisable to our modern ears. They loaded her with a complex theory in which no indication of a right system can be traced; and then made her over to the study of philosophers and the performance of poets, without suspecting that there was a realm yet undiscovered independent of both. To define what ancient music was, seems, by the confession of all who know anything of modern, to be as hopeless as it is a thankless task. To living ears there is more real music to be found in the first organ tune that strikes up under our windows than in all the fragments of soft Lydian measures that have been deciphered.

It would be absurd, however, to measure the void occasioned among the people of ancient Greece by the absence—even if total—of real music, by that which would ensue under the same circumstances to us. What void could there be with such a language as theirs, which held music, as it were, in too close an embrace for her to have any independent action? Had there been less melody in their speech and verse, there would have been more room for music as a separate art. Music and poetry seem in some combination or proportion to have supplied a certain measure of enjoyment to every cultivated people; but where poetry itself had such power as with the Greeks, it may justly be supposed that what ~~we~~ call music would not be missed. In the most glowing days of Italian poetic imagination there was, comparatively speaking, no music; and even the best music of modern Italy has never been able to disengage itself from the sweet melody of its language—they have flowed together in natural affinity—the word *Addio* is a song in itself. Only in that nation where the language is hardly musical enough to be spoken, has music raised her voice independently; and how exquisitely! Whether this theory be true or not, however, it is certain that “in the Isles of Greece where Sappho loved and sung,” that which we now call music was so unknown, that were old Timotheus to rise from the dead we imagine no change or

development in modern civilization could astonish him so much as that in the art of music. He would be delighted with our post-office—interested in our railroads—ashamed of our oratory—horrified at our public buildings, but dumbfounded at our musical festivals.

The most ingenious theory we have met with on the subject of Greek music is that propounded in Dr. Moseley's few pages. Taking into consideration the total disparity between the effect of the ancient specimens of melody, when transposed into our modes of notation and performance, and that so enthusiastically commented on by contemporary writers, this gentleman has sought for an explanation of the riddle in a manner of execution dependent entirely on the rules of rhythm and quantity. The choruses of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* he found, upon examination, to be divisible into lines of seven syllables each. Coupling this with the fact of there being seven notes in the Greek Diatonic Scale, and seven alternate singers of *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*, he has come to the conclusion that the music of the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably be performed on the principle of a note to each person: thus producing an effect of which, under any other circumstances, the meagre skeletons of melody that have been handed down would give no idea. The theory is curious, and might be met by an inquiry into the origin of that peculiar horn-music—belonging as it does to a country where nothing truly national goes back less than a thousand years, and where the earliest form of ritual music is preserved as strictly in the commonest church as it is in the Pope's chapel itself. Many will superficially attribute it to that simple relation of master and slave which may degrade a man to a mere note, or any other form of the cipher it pleases; but we are not disposed to look upon it in that light. Setting aside the circumstance that the idea was too ingenious to have proceeded from any Russian czar or boyar before the time of Catherine the Great, in whose reign the Russian horn-music was well known, we must own that we see no degradation in it at all. The man of one note has as much to do, to say the least, as many a brother horn in our orchestra, who patiently bides his time through intervals of fifty bars, and far more scope for his sense of time and expression—in which the proficiency of the Russian hornist is marvellous. His instrument may have but one note, but



so have others, and his note has the merit of being indispensable to the piece. If D or G be ill, all are stopped. The case, however, of the Greek chorister is not strictly parallel. According to this hypothesis he represents not only one note, but one syllable; and, in a people whose instincts for poetical accent were so acute that they compelled even that of music to bow before them, it is difficult to imagine how such a division of labor could produce the requisite effect.

At all events it may safely be accepted that to the development of that art which charms modern ears and hearts, all the labors of Greek musicians never contributed one iota; but on the contrary, greatly clogged its progress—everywhere raising up before the timid gropers after musical truth a wall of false theory which they had not the courage to pull down. We are apt, and no wonder, to look upon the Greeks as more than men in matters of art. It is as well that painted statues and enharmonic intervals remain to prove their fallibility. Mr. Kiese-wetter opens his *History* with a decided repudiation of their musical services:—

“It is a preconceived and deeply-rooted opinion that our present music has been perfected upon that of the Greeks, and that it is only a further continuation of the same. Authors, even of our own times, talk of the *revival of ancient music in the middle ages*. True, there was a period when the music of the Christian West sought counsel with that of the heathen East, and the decisions of Greek writers were looked upon as the source of all true musical inspiration; but the fact is that the later music only prospered in proportion as she disengaged herself from the earlier, and then first attained a certain degree of perfection when she had succeeded in throwing off the last fetters, real or conventional, of old Hellenic doctrine. There had been long nothing further in common between them but the mere fundamental elements of tone and sound. Even had ancient Greece continued to exist for two thousand years more, no music, in any way analogous to ours, could possibly have proceeded from her. The systems in which the art was bound, the purposes for which she was used, the very laws of the State regarding her, offered unconquerable impediments to her development. The old Greek music perished in its infancy, an interesting child, but one predestined never to arrive at maturity. For the human race her fall was no loss.”

The first few centuries of the Christian era have transmitted no sounds to posterity. We know nothing of the low chanting which echoed in the catacombs of Rome; which Constantine listened to, and which St Ambrose reformed. We have no idea on what

the beautiful musical tradition of St. Cecelia was founded. There is no proving whether the music of the day was borrowed from the chorusses of the idolatrous Greek, or the hymns of the unbelieving Jew, or whether, in the exclusiveness of early Christian feeling, it was independent of both. Not till the end of the sixth century is the silence broken with the Gregorian chants, which rise up from the vast profound of the past like solemn heralds of a dawning world of sound—pure, solemn, and expressionless—like those awful heads of angels and arch-angels we discover sometimes in rude fresco beneath the richer coloring and suppler forms of a later day. It was these chants, it may be supposed, given in the thrilling tones of young singing boys, whom the Popes had already trained in their service, that melted the great heart of Charlemagne when on a visit to Hadrian I., and caused the importation of the antiphonal books into the monasteries of middle Europe.

But the course of true music was not to run smooth. It lay too deep at the human heart not to be subjected to every human caprice. Strange theories of concord were propounded and laid down by old monks, themselves probably hard of hearing, which, if ever performed in presence of their brethren, must have made them bless the thickness of their cowls. No convent penance, Mr. Kiese-wetter remarks, could have exceeded that “sweet commixture of sounds” compounded of consecutive fourths and fifths, which good Thibaldus, who died 930, so complacently announces in his “*Organum*.” We listen to the specimens he gives with that contraction of the brow and wincing of the nerves with which we see a child place a pencil upright on a slate, and know what must ensue before we can prevent it. This ingenious discord was partly the result of a revived respect for the doctrines of Boethius—a disciple of the Greek theory of music, in the fourth century, who, unfortunately, suffered martyrdom after he had written those commentaries which have been the curse of all musicians, instead of before; and also partly from the state of the times. We might be tempted to ask how such a perversion of the common use of what is called *ear* could have occurred; but we must remember that the science we were boasting of a few pages back, has here to be taken into consideration. If music united the double importance of an art and a science too, she had to struggle with the difficulties and vicissitudes of each. As an art she had

very little chance till her science was defined, and as a science she had to run the gauntlet of the same tedious scholastic absurdities which accompanied the course of all knowledge in those days. Theories were her bane, as they have been the bane of every system of ethics and physics. Even the celebrated Guido of the eleventh century, whose name has come down to us as one of the early musical fathers, seems to our ears to have done but little towards developing the pleasing properties of the art; for though he invented the sol fa, or the art of solmisation, and is said, like another Mainzer, to have taught Pope John XX. to read music in one lesson, yet the harmonies thus admitted to the pontifical ears were such as any of Mr. Mainzer's fifteen hundred little choristers, if all accounts of them be true, would have repudiated in one grand unison of horror.

The history of music was destined in some measure to be analogous with that of poetry. While learned men, in the silence and abstraction of their closets, were perverting her from a pleasure to a problem, occasionally sending forth some discordant torso of sound, laboriously fabricated all wrong upon the profoundest theories of right, a wild growth of sweet sounds had sprung up spontaneously in the world without, which, casting off all doctrines and trusting only to a native sense of what was pleasing, spoke the native tongue intelligible to all ears. It was the Troubadours who first directed music in the way she should go, as the expression of all those feelings which belong to romance—it was they who released her from the tyranny of schools, from the uncongenial fellowship of chemistry, logic, and the black art, and the tedious homage of pedantic old monks, with cold hearts and cracked voices. It is true they knew nothing of the monochord or tetrachord, save what all musical ears know without being aware of it. They had never studied the law of vibrations—nor looked into Boethius or Thibaudus; but they followed the art with instinct of heart and ear, wooed her with skill of finger and voice, and devoted her to the service of the gentle and fair, who were satisfied with "*des mots bien trouvés et des sons bien chantés*," and never troubled their heads about any theory of sound. Meagre as is the music of the Troubadours' songs, we feel that they contain the germ of that which the Greeks never sought after, and the convent never suspected. In the specimens Burney gives of

the Chanson de Roland and the Complaint of the Chatelain de Courcy, indications both of military fire and lover-like pathos are to be traced; and in a song by Thibaut, king of minstrels and of Navarre, there is a passage upon the words "*et pleurs, et plains, et soupirs*," which, even at this day, a young lady with long curls would be requested to repeat.

The world was now fairly possessed with the sweet infection. The stream of melody flowed steadily on, to be joined in due time by those mighty tributaries of measure, harmony, invention, modulation, pathos, and grace, which have swelled it to that fullness of tide all civilized Europe now rejoices in.

The Church, meanwhile, true to her conservative system, took no note of the changes in musical feeling that were going on without her walls—till about a hundred years later, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, she discovered that a nightingale, not a cuckoo, had been surreptitiously fostered in her holy nest—to the great scandal of the venerable fathers, who are shocked at the introduction into the service of such rapid notes as the semibreve and the minim, and rather ungraciously compare the effect of an *appoggiatura* to that of a hiccup! There was nothing, however, to excite their alarm; far from indulging in any wanderings, Music had sown her wild oats, and was now ready to go to school. She had felt what she could do, and like all children of true promise was anxious to strengthen her powers on the basis of correct knowledge. The sense of harmony, or the mingling together of two or more voices, had given rise to the science of counterpoint, or the art of arranging sounds correctly, and this again developed fresh secrets in harmony, till in the stiff, timid and ingenious fugues of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we feel that the art is going through those careful exercises which alone could give her a solid foundation. Kyries, Sanctuses, and Te Deums now rise up before us like the early pictures of the Virgin and Saints, all breathing a certain purity and austere grace, and all marked with that imperfection which naturally belongs to the ecclesiastical modes or keys of the day—and yet an imperfection which gave them a kind of solemn beauty, as if they were too holy to stoop to please. The secular music partook of the same rigidity—invention was held in suspense, whilst principles were being established; any meagre traditional melody serving to arrange in harmony, as any sentence does

to decline in grammar, till the music that kings and nobles "called for," as the old dramatic phrase goes, was such as one wonders how they could possibly take any pleasure in.

Music having thus become again rather an exercise of study and patience, and this time on the right road, than a test of melodious gifts, was more cultivated as a necessary portion of a gentleman's education than it has ever been since; for though its difficulties were never drier, they were of a kind any head could overcome. There is that too in the nature of correct harmony which suffices to give pleasure to the mind independent of any exertion of invention, as any skillful combination of colors gives delight to the eye independent of all subject. Charles V. studied music, as well as Henry VIII., whose well-known motett "*Quam pulchra est*" is still occasionally performed at Westminster Abbey, and is not, as Burney says, "too masterly or clear for the production of a royal dilettante." The composers of Queen Elizabeth's time may be considered as the best examples of the use and beauty of the art of counterpoint. Their ideas move easily and naturally within its limits, and as we listen to the sober harmonies, though involved mechanism, of the anthems of that day—presented to us, however, we must remember, with full organ accompaniments and other improvements—our ears are pleased and satisfied, not so much from any real sympathy with this species of composition as from the sense of its being something perfect of its kind. We feel "*l'ingrat chef-d'œuvre d'un bon harmoniste*," as Rousseau unjustly calls the fugue, to be the *architecture* of music. We follow the streams of sound as they meet and cross in stiff regular forms, as we do the ribs of a groined roof, feeling how each gives equal strength and support while separated, and all return again into the firm tonic chord, as into a massive perpendicular shaft.

The instrumental compositions of that day are not so interesting, in some measure, because we hear them performed more strictly in their original forms; we want "the pealing organ" and "full-voiced quire below" to enhance their slender attractions. The pieces for keyed instruments to be found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book show only that habit of complication and contrivance acquired in writing for several voices, which was out of place in a different sphere of expression—overloading the old airs, which they still chose as themes rather than be at the trouble of inventing new

ones, with dry unmeaning intricacies—and cramping the fingers with such a crowd of clumsy difficulties as her maiden Majesty could have had no chance of overcoming unless she had abdicated on purpose. And not even then—according to the account of Signora Margarita, wife of Dr. Pepusch, to whom the Virginal Book belonged—for she, after her own abdication of the English stage, spent great part of her life in trying to master the first piece in the volume, and failed. Whether the disciples of Liszt and Thalberg, who climb the mountains and plunge the deeps with a hardihood and celerity which old Drs. Bull and Bird never dreamt of, even in a nightmare, would find these compositions the same *pièces de résistance*, we know not; but it is more than probable they would; for variety and scope, instead of increasing difficulties, have eased them, and there is no performer who does not know that the navigation of a few close crusty notes is a far greater test of skill than all the voyages to the North and South Poles that can be executed in the open sea of an eight-octaved modern piano.

The Reformation cannot be said in any way to have materially influenced the progress of music, which took the same course in England, for about a hundred and fifty years after it, as in Italy. The preservation of the Church in England saved us from that total degradation of the art, and questionable benefit to religion, which some Reformers placed among the chief conditions of their worship. The fashion of singing the Psalms prevailed nowhere more than in France; and at the very time that pious people were objecting to the fantastic and inappropriate style of sacred music which had obtained in our church, the Council of Trent were protesting against the same in that of Rome, and, but for the interposition of Palestrina's genius, might have cut off one of her chief sources of edifying enthralment.

In truth, the art of contrapuntal harmony had fulfilled its mission—and in those complicated efforts at effect which at this time pressed it beyond its legitimate powers, a struggling sense of invention may be traced. The only way to keep up the purity of the sacred style was to give the growing feeling for music freedom elsewhere; accordingly, counterpoint stepped out of the church into the world in the form of the madrigal, which was first transplanted from Italy, and immediately fastened itself upon the English taste. From this foreign root sprang up again a number of native varieties in the

cheerful race of round, catch, and glee, all exercising real science in their composition, and satisfying at the same time the conceit-loving humor of the times. But we must not overlook the better reason which made this species of music popular among our forefathers, and we trust will keep it so among our descendants. It agreed with the domestic habits which have ever characterized old England. It suited that best of old clubs—a large family party; it was welcome to that best of all earthly abodes—a good old country house. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, could all take a part in this domestic chorus; and on joyous occasions, when sons returned to the paternal mansion, and married daughters met again beneath the roof from which they had gone forth, the old glee-book was pulled out and spread on their knees, and long-separated voices mingled again in “hey-down a-down,” or perhaps in a solemn Latin canon. Who has not experienced the beautiful moral of this class of music, when, by the request of some revered elder in the family, the modern Italian trio or quartet—beautiful as it is—has been forsaken for some old English glee, and a voice feeble and low, but sweet and true, has chimed plaintively in; while, in the silence that followed, both age and youth have felt that there was something in such music which “linked each to each in natural piety?”

It is pleasant to turn over the leaves of such an old collection, and muse on their words of deep national significance. There is a regular declaration of English rights and principles in them, with their sound piety, broad fun, perfect liberty of speech and capital eating and drinking. One may look upon them as a stronghold of moral as well as musical principles during that gloomy interregnum when the enemy of all sweet sounds—puritanism—triumphed in the land, and when the Psalms of David were raised by a perverse generation rather as songs of revolutionary ferocity and rebellious self-conceit than as expressions of prayer and praise. The most valuable collections of “catches, rounds, and canons, for three and four voices,” were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate: and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of “profane music” were kept up together.

In this stage there would seem to have been no scope or use for the powers and beauties of a single voice. As the human

voice was the first of all instruments, so the early composers appear to have availed themselves of it only as such, performing their pieces literally upon it, without any reference to its intrinsic qualities of expression. But we need not search history to be sure that the gift of an exquisite voice could never have left its errand unfulfilled; that hearts could never have remained deaf to the beauties of a rich bass or liquid soprano, or to the still more moving speech of those two other voices, the alto and tenor, which, in their deep pathos and full sweetness, seem each to have stolen their highest charm from the other. We may be sure that Rizzio and Chatelard were both beautiful singers, and that when their voices were silenced in early and bloody graves, there were others who followed to sing their songs, if not their fates. We need only remember Milton to be sure that there were voices then, as now—

“Such as the melting soul do pierce  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;”

voices which, like that of the lady in *Comus*,

“Rose like a stream of rich distill’d perfumes,  
And stole upon the air;”

voices, according to Dryden,

“So great, so small, yet in so sweet a note,  
It seem’d the music melted in the throat.”

What they sung we know not: beautiful things, we are convinced; but which, as the irregular offspring of the art, have found no place in its great genealogical tree.

The human voice only advanced nearer and nearer to its right sphere as the gradual growth of instruments below it drove it out of the subordinate place it had occupied for them. Hitherto the range of musical instruments had been confined to such as only accompanied the voice, and that in the strictest unison, as the lute and the viol; or such as drowned it in noise, as the drum and trumpet. But now that wonderful musical factum, which was, above all others, to emulate the gift of the human voice,—to give as much delight and almost as much pain—we mean the violin—was beginning to show promise of its exquisite power of wordless expression. In imitation of Louis XIV., Charles II. had brought over a band of four-and-twenty fiddlers, at the head of which was one Balzar, a Lubecker, the *Pagani* of

the day, who played so wonderfully that sharp Anthony a Wood stooped down and looked at his feet "to see whether he had a huff on:"—though the supernatural consisted in only running a scale up the finger-board and down again, "with great alacritie and in very good time, the like of which had never been heard in England before." Altogether the Restoration was a great epoch for the advance of English music. New organs were built, old composers held up their heads, anthems and Te Deums emerged from their hiding-places, and the cathedral service was restored in all its contrapuntal severity. But in Dr. Tudway's words, "His Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, coming to the throne in the flower and vigor of his age, was, if one may so say, tired with the grave and solemn way which had been established by Tallis, Bird, and others;—ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies, &c., with instruments, to their anthems; and thereupon established a select number of his private musicians to play the symphony and ritornello which he had appointed. "The old masters," he adds, "hardly knew how to comport themselves to such new-fangled ways," and continued to work on in the old fetters; but the number of young and excellent composers who sprang up—the most distinguished of them boys in the Chapel Royal—showed how much the King's taste was in unison with that of the rising generation. The alteration in chamber music was no less important. His Majesty's banishment had made him acquainted with the first lisplings of those sounds which were subsequently to mellow into the modern Opera. He loved the music of Lulli; he had acquired a conception of a certain grace and expression in tones befitting the words they were to depict; he wanted something to which he could beat time; in short, the merry monarch loved a tune, and small blame to him, but this was the last thing the old school ever thought of. The Music of Matthew Locke's "Macbeth" is an excellent apology for his great patron, the "airy prince;" and though it scarcely exceeds the range of two octaves, nor the measure of a minim and crotchet, will still set every gray head or elderly bonnet in a hall wagging with pleasure.

But the real and substantial reasons for this step in music are, as we have hinted, not so much to be found in the schools of composers and ears of princes as in the improvement of instruments. The experiment of doubling the parts by accompanying the voices in a madrigal or glee with an equal

number of instruments, each in unison, of course, with its vocal partner, led to the discovery that the instruments expressed the music quite as well without the singers as with them. The song for four voices accordingly became the quartet for four instruments. This opened the way to all concerted music, and concerted music gradually filled the orchestra. But though the close partnership of instrument and voice in unison was thus dissolved, it was formed again immediately on more advantageous principles. Instruments began to be made use of not merely to swell the volume of sound, but to increase the beauty of the harmony. A trio, duet, or even solo, thus sustained, or, as the natural and technical word is, *accompanied*, was found to produce an effect grateful to all musical ears. The voice was thus set free to avail itself of its great human prerogative—the expression of words—and in this lay the germ of all dramatic music. Nor were the severer provinces of the art, which it had been the labor of generations to establish, at all endangered, but, on the contrary, immeasurably benefited by these changes. The improvements on the organ had, indeed, mainly contributed to them, but while, in its own unrivalled majesty of combined and sustained notes, it at once did the work of a whole choir of human voices, it provided a far statelier home, and the only natural one, for the utmost efforts of the fugue.

The first idea of the monody or single accompanied song is said to have originated in the last lingering reverence for the name of Greek music. It was at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, in Florence, where the chief literati of the day, about 1590, were accustomed to assemble, that the nature of Greek art, and the possibility of reviving its dramatic effect, were frequently discussed. These conversations made a profound impression on the mind of Vincenzo Galileo, father of the astronomer, and himself a distinguished musician; so much so, that he was induced to arrange a scene from Dante for the compass of his own voice, with an accompaniment for the lute. The experiment was received with great applause; other musicians hailed the idea; some applied it to sacred music—some to secular; and in the same year, 1600, the first oratorio, *L'Anima e il Corpo*, composed by Emilio di Cavaliere, was performed at Rome, and the first opera, *Euridice*, by Peri and Caccini, was performed at Florence. Thus after the world had been for centuries

misled by the false theory of Greek music, its true *idea*, we are assured, made due atonement by at last pointing the way to the highest intentions of the art. We confess, however, that we have our doubts about giving it all this honor. Music was just then seeking for fresh food, and could hardly have overlooked that which the emotions of every heart suggested. The revival, if any, was just as probably that of the spirit of the Troubadours, which, after having been at a careful school for four centuries or so, now returned, endued with all the resources of a sound science. Vincenzo Galileo, we fancy, would have sung a scene from Dante to the music of his lute, whether Greek dramatic art had been discussed in his presence or not, for the time was come for this order of music to arise. At all events the true electric spark was kindled it matters not from what natural or accidental heat, and that in the passion-charged atmosphere of Italy; and in Venice alone, between the years 1637 and 1700, according to Mr. Kiesewetter, no less than seven theatres were built, and 357 different operas performed.

But in accepting that magic word, *Opera*, we must separate it from most of those accessory ideas which now follow in its train, till the art itself is hardly seen for the halo which surrounds it. There was little of that vocal skill and dramatic power with which rival performers are now competing before rival courts; there was little of that varied fullness in the music in which every passion of the heart now finds some echo; on the contrary, an old opera, with its "*dialogue psalmodisé*," as the French describe it, with its airs, few and far between, accompanied solely by a meagre bass, with a so-called ritornell played by violins between the parts, and a chorus at the end, was a kind of thing which required a previous course of counterpoint to give it a relish. As to the dramatic effect, we may guess what that must have been, when so late as the last century, Italian and English performers repeated their parts in the same opera in their respective languages. Such as the opera was, however, it was as much as the heads of the day could stand. It is not the music but the enthusiasm it excited we must compare, and this was as much in Lulli's time as in Rossini's, and more still, if it be true that the audience used spontaneously to join the performers in singing the choruses.

Music had now begun to feel her own

powers. Her whole mission upon earth as an expression of the feelings and the fancy, which had hitherto been mysteriously kept in the background till the code of her actual principles had been laid down, was now clear to her comprehension. Hitherto words had been considered as the necessary interpreters of what sounds meant; now sound began to tell its own tale, as the language of the soul itself—something that all nations were to understand alike, "*car celle qui sait exprimer la nature est de toutes les nations*." Each walk of art now sent forth its musical ambassadors, commissioned to treat with every mood of the human heart. Monteverde, Carissimi, and Stradella, in Italy, opened fresh veins of treasure in dramatic art; Alessandro Scarlatti and Lotti improved on their steps; Gasparini and the patrician Marcello added softer graces to church composition; Frescobaldi exalted the organ; Corelli endowed the violin; Lulli, Rameau, and Grétry, with their ballet-like melodies, successively seized upon the national characteristics of French taste; Domenico Scarlatti and Sebastian Bach, with their stern gymnastic exercises, strengthened every joint and muscle of musical invention. The German Hasse was adopted by the Italians—the German Glück was adored by the Parisians—in England Purcell entered through the door which the Restoration had opened, and Handel's mighty tread took up where his lighter step left off—while, for the whole musical world at large, the coming of Haydn announced that of Mozart, as the song of the restart shows that the nightingale is near.

It is not our intention to pretend to follow the genealogy of musical progress any further. Its generations tread now too closely on each other. The rulers and vice-rulers of the world of sound, voices and instruments, mingle and cross in too intricate a maze of mutual circulation and imitation; families and countries marry and intermarry too nearly, till, with the same principles to guide it, the same cipher to express it, and the same instruments to interpret it, it may be truly said that the literature of music exhibits some of the subtlest and deepest distinctions between country and country.

In the nationalities of modern Music—and by modern we mean the best, for the meridian of the great masters is but just past—we are aware that our own land does not take a distinguished part. But if, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of emi-

nence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no other respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music; nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or better pay. "We have been brought up," as Mr. Rogers says, "in the religion of Handel." Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are household names among us. We have been learning to like the Italian Opera for the last 150 years at an insane cost. The English musical festivals have been the first in the world both in time and in excellence, and in them the finest achievements of Spohr and Mendelssohn have first found a hearing; while at the same time our solemn cathedral services have preserved the worship of the beautiful English anthem, and some faithful club in every provincial town kept alive the practice of our native glee and madrigal. The English, it must be remembered, do that homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany which neither does to the other. An Italian cannot appreciate the intellectual depths of a German symphony: a German cannot follow the impetuous declamation of an Italian recitative. Handel, in the mouths of most Italian singers, is clothed in a false costume; and as for a thorough-paced German female singer interpreting a solo of Rossini's, we would as soon make it over to an English oysterwoman.

We look with most pride on our national appreciation of Handel. We pensioned him as soon as he appeared, and kept him. The French starved poor Mozart, and dismissed him. Why should not the latter have become the same musical benefactor to them as Handel has been to us? Such encouragements are repaid a hundred fold into our bosoms. What adopted citizen ever deserved the gratitude of a whole people more than Handel does ours? What genius ever gave pleasure of a higher and purer kind to a larger number of our countrymen than that of the mighty master has done and is ever doing?—for here alone his music is played as he intended it to be—here alone the tradition of his teaching has never been lost sight of—here alone, therefore, his power really tells. He lived long enough among us to become acquainted with the religious depths of genuine English feeling, and gave it a rich endowment and true echo. We feel, on returning from hearing the "Messiah," as if we had

shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us. Our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven. Who is there of any sound musical taste, or fair musical opportunities, with whom one or more of Handel's solemn sentences of mixed musical and religious emphasis is not laid by among the sacred treasures of his memory, to refresh himself with when weary? Milton's verse in the "Christmas Hymn" seems a prophecy Handel was sent to fulfil—

"For if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering  
day."

George III.'s enthusiastic love for Handel seems to us the second best example he set his people—his own righteous life being the first. We almost feel as if Handel's sacred music would have reproved the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism; though perhaps the French crusade would have proved the more successful of the two, for of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to us the most perverse. It is useless arguing with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion, and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congre-

gation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.

The mistake consists in ever bringing such matters into the bondage of religious conscience, instead of leaving them to the liberty of mere feeling. At most the objection can be but relative. "To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean," not to others; therefore let him not require the same abstinence from them. But we confess that we are not inclined to be so tolerant with that objection against the private character of the performers, which, in default of all real argument against the music, is so triumphantly brought forward. We do not admit that the work is to be condemned in the workman, or the art in the artist. At the same time, if there be any line of life the members of which invariably give occasion for scandal, it is but natural and right that it should fall into disrepute. But this is not the case with music. Of course, if we employ foreigners, we must expect them to offend our canons of morality as much in the profession of music as in any other calling. But this does not apply to our sacred performances. There the parts are, with rare exceptions, filled up by our own countrymen and countrywomen, who, as far as human judgment can decide, are as blameless in their lives and conduct as those who hear them, or those who do not.

As regards the composers, we are unwilling to believe that any ever attempted to express the awful truths of sacred subjects without hearts attuned to the task they had undertaken. Handel was jealous when the bishops sent him words for anthems, as he felt it implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures. "I have read my Bible," said he—"I shall choose for myself;" and his selection was better than theirs. Haydn wrote at the commencement of all his scores, "In nomine Domini," or "Soli Deo Gloria;" and at the end of them, "Laus Deo." "When I was occupied upon the Creation," he says, "always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise Him worthily." We may perhaps damage this anecdote by adding that whenever he felt the ardor of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insuperable difficulty, he rose from the pianoforte and began to run over his rosary—but it was a method, he says, which he never found to fail. Mozart composed his Requiem with the

shadow of death upon him, feeling it to be a solemn duty which he must work while there was still life to fulfil; and who is there that can hear it without the sense of its sublimity being enhanced by the remembrance of its being the work of the dying for the dead?

It is not possible to conceive that any religious compositions should exceed those of Handel in true sublimity. There is something which tells us that a majesty of music surpassing his is not to be heard in the flesh. We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express,—as if those stupendous words, "Wonderful! Counsellor! The Prince of Peace!" could hardly be done justice to till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast Profound in his tremendous salvos of sound; and yet that, though the power of such passages might be magnified by heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted. We feel in that awful chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," that those three magical notes which announce in claps of thunder "That all flesh—shall see—it, toge—ther," might better belong to an order of ethereal beings, with wings, that they might rise spontaneous with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand upon it when they hear them.

Mozart brings no such overpowering sensations. His music man can sing and listen to, and none but man. It is the very voice of humanity—poor, prayerful, supplicating, wretched humanity with folded hands and uplifted eyes—"Dona eis requiem"—"salve nos"—the words have not more intensity of prayer than the music. His Agnus Dei's are wrung from full hearts, unable of themselves to help themselves. We feel it is music in sympathy with beings who know themselves to be fallen, and yet the heirs of immortality—that he has invented for his fellow-creatures another medium of appeal against the trials and temptations of this life—nay, that his music might be turned into an argument for purgatory itself, and tempt many to believe that it could help them beyond it. The distinction between Mozart and Handel is that given in Dryden's ode: the one raises a mortal up to heaven, the other brings an angel down.

A whole Bridgewater treatise might have been not unworthily devoted to the wonder-



ful varieties of keys alone, and their providential adaptation, as we may say without presumption, to the various moods of humanity. A composer is now helped so far forward on his road; the ground-color is ready laid which is to pervade his whole work. It is for him to choose between the daylight of a major key, or the soft twilight or murky gloom of the minor: to feel whether he wants the earnest, honest, grand matter of fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key of G, or the soft luxuriant complaint, yet loving its sorrow, of A flat. He knows whether he requires the character of triumphant praise given by two sharps, as in the Hallelujah Chorus by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's Requiem; or the wild demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the allegro of the Freischutz overture; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of *Di Piacere*; or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's Erl King and all the Erl kings that we have known. He knows what he is to choose for anxious fears, or lovers' entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead marches, or any occasion, in short, which lies within the province of music—though exceptions to these rules must occur to every amateur, in which the intense feeling of the composer seems to triumph over the natural expression of the key. That most solemn of all human compositions, the Dead March in Saul, is not only in the full common chord of the natural key, but modulates through the lively keys of G and D—a magnificent device for implying the depth of the sorrow by the triumphant strength of the consolation. The andante to the Freischutz overture, too, has a deep shade of melancholy over it, which we could hardly have supposed reconcilable with the natural key it is in.

A change of key is the most powerful engine in the hands of a musician; it is the lifting of a curtain, or the overshadowing of a cloud; it is the coolness of a deep forest after the heat of the plain; it is the sudden hurling from the throne to the dungeon; it is the hope of life after the sentence of death; every modulation is a surprise, a warning, a tantalizing to the heart. We cannot bear the monotony of one key long, even the most joyful—

"Prithee weep, May Lilian;  
Gaiety without eclipse  
Wearieth me, May Lilian."

We long for "a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse." Nor can we bear perpetual mod-

ulation; every mind instinctively feels this when, after following a restless recitative from key to key, touching many but resting in none, till the ear seems to have lost all compass and rudder, the full dominant and tonic chord comes gratefully to the rescue, and leads us slowly and majestically into safe harbor.

The varieties of time, too, as far as they go, are as magical in their influence; we look upon those mysterious ciphers standing at the entrance-door of every five-seated gallery of notes as so many constellations presiding over the tide of musical affairs—either a solid matronly figure of an antique cast, raised on a square pedestal, and dealing out the measure of common time, or a fantastic elf, with high spiral cap, nodding good humoredly to 3-4, or a mischievous urchin, with bright eyes, snapping his fingers and cracking his whip, as he hurries on the restless merriment of 2-4, or the dejected nymph with downcast looks, who drags her heavy robes along to the mournful tread of 9-12. A sudden change of one of these signs of the musical zodiac must act electrically upon all nerves; every piece of dramatic imitation abounds with them. Our own Purcell was one of the earliest to avail himself of this resource, as he did of all which gave expression to music. The frequent change of time in his song of Mad Bess describes the unconnected thoughts of a mind unbinged, and Russell has adopted the same in his Maniac.

Properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer. It depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar. We love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light tripping measure, or the sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones; but when a man expressly imitates the nightingale, we say with King Agesilaus, "we have heard the nightingale herself." The mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the "Lacrymosa" in the Requiem, the faltering tones of "qua resurget," which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the Gazza Ladra.

The broad humor of the catch and glee

family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and in Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewing of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a staccato, of course, by way of a *spit*, were favorite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contr'alti, which *baa* like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician. Haydn in his finest music did not steer clear of it: one feels that the servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—(why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of "awful thunders" is not so easily accounted for)—are so many blots on his glorious Creation. The verdure-clad fields, the purling of the "limpid brook," the mild light of the moon as she "glides through silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite *song* with which Haydn always overflows. But his "rising sun with darting rays" is an utter failure: it is a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth. There is nothing in it of that "majestic *crescendo* of Nature," as Carl Maria von Weber has so musician-like expressed himself, and which he himself has rendered in his little known music of the *Preciosa*, where we feel pile upon pile of heavy cloud to be slowly heaving and dispersing, while the majestic luminary ascends, almost laboriously, here and there tearing a rent through a veil of vapor with a thunderbolt bass note, till the whole earth is full of his glory.

All dramatic music must be full of imitation; herein lies its greatest charm and greatest snare. The notes must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it. The composer must give us his definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much or over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to that—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. What grander example in the world is there than Handel's Hailstone Cho-

rus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended above our heads, "down comes the deluge of sonorous hail," shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses "Fire! Hailstones!" only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semi-quavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever composed.

There is a sense of sublimity conveyed by storms and tempests which, however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers, must ever make them favorite subjects for audiences and composers. Even our old favorite Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strumming school-room associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies our youthful predilections. It was not the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be "just like thunder," but at which we felt inclined to stop our ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the likeness, and yet the contemptibility of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with the light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of that gay chirping ritornell, in four sharps, which tells you that all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-by, is like Thomson's Seasons set to music—is the grandest and most fearful of all storms, as M. Oulibichef says, "which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;" but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment

"'tis beauty all, and grateful song around!" The sternest conductor smiles involuntarily on his platform, and we grin to ourselves at our lonely piano. We should like every great musician to leave to the world his definition of a storm.

At the same time we own that it is not from any walk of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. It is not in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in "The floods stood upright as an heap," or the wandering of the notes in "All we like sheep have gone astray," in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the "Messiah" which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words "Comfort ye," are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of *expression*, in which the composer has to draw solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart.

Not but what much of the truth of dramatic musical expression is copied from the natural declamation of the human voice, and never was true till Glück adopted this as a model. This is why the Italian recitative, derived as it is from a people of so much violent passion, and pathos of articulation, must ever be an uncongenial thing to most ears unlearned in this land of quiet speech. Most English minds dislike violent exclamation; we object to it in our dwellings and in our pulpits; we shrink from it even in the mouths of those foreigners to whom it is native; it stuns our ears and shocks our habits; we disapprove of such an outlay of passion on small occasions; but let us hear it where the subject is commensurate with the vehemence—let us see Rachel in her Corinne or Phædre,—and we at once understand the true source of all musical expression. We feel that this is the *musica parlante* that founded the opera—that every passion in the mouth of the true interpreter has its key and its time—that many of her passages only require a note struck here and there by the orchestra to convert them into recitative. Her "*Donne moi ton cœur, barbare,*" pitched

at the highest tones of her voice, (in answer to her brother, who urges her not to forget that she is a Roman,) though it rends our hearts, does not take us by surprise, for we know it at once to be the natural music of her feelings. Her "*implacable Vénus!*" hissed out pianissimo in the lowest alto tones, (in adoration of the goddess who is persecuting her.) comes home to us so closely in the truth of its expostulating despair, that we forget even the falseness of the power to whom it is addressed. The very name of Venus cannot disturb our sympathy. Intonation like this teaches us to follow the varied passions of such music as the Scena in the Freischütz with greater intelligence of its matchless truth; we feel that the *cantabile* of all Mozart's opera airs is amenable to this standard, and their immortality of beauty, their hold over our hearts through every various fashion of music, only to be understood by it.

But in all this the art has had a stated object to fulfil, and we have sought for definite causes to account for definite effects. Let us now turn to those pure musical ideas which give no account of their meaning or origin, and need not to do it—to that delicious *German Ocean* of the symphony and the sonata—to those songs without words which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven—far more, we must say, than in those dreamy creations, beautiful as they are, expressly composed as such by Mendelssohn. These are the true independent forms of music, which adhere to no given subject, and require us to approach them in no particular frame of feeling, but rather show the essential capacities of the muse by having no object but her, and her alone. We do not want to know what a composer thought of when he conceived a symphony. It pins us down to one train of pleasure—whereas, if he is allowed the free range of our fancy without any preconceived idea which he must satisfy, he gives us a hundred. There is a great pleasure in merely watching Beethoven's art of conversation—how he wanders and strays, Coleridge like, from the path, loses himself apparently in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever find his way back to the original argument. There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim Turner-like landscape from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the

breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift towards us. There is an infinite interest in following the mere wayward mechanism of his ideas—how they dart up a flight of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher and each time flung back—how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased further and further by each instrument in turn; are jostled, entangled, separated, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But wait; one soft bassoon link holds the cable, a timid clarinet fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and in a moment the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph and received with huzzas. It is sufficiently amusing, too, to watch how he treats his instruments, how he at first gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them, till they wax impatient, and one peeps in here and another tries to get a footing there, and at first they are timid and then bold, and some grow fretful and others coquettish, and at length all deafen you with the clamor of their rival claims. There is varied pleasure in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up—but there is quite as much in sitting a passive recipient and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all.

It is very interesting to know that in that magical symphony of C minor, where those three mysterious notes compose the ever-recurring theme, Beethoven was possessed by the idea of "Fate knocking at the door," but we are not sure that we should wish to have that black figure with its skeleton-hand always filling up the foreground of our thoughts. We never enjoyed that symphony more than once under the impression that it represented a military subject, and those inquiring notes seemed the outposts reconnoitring. The mere leading idea of the composer is often utterly incommensurate with the beauty of the composition. If, like the Frenchman, we ask Beethoven's Sonata in G, "*Sonate, que veux-tu?*" it does not satisfy us to hear that it means a quarrel between husband and wife; that the plaintive, coquettish repartee of the passages is all recrimination and retort, and those naïve three notes which end the last bar, the last word! No, pure wordless music has too mysterious and unlimited a range for us to know precisely what it means. The actual idea from which it may have sprung is like the single seed at the root of a luxuriant many-headed flower, curious when found, but worthless. The

ideas of the composer, like himself, often disappoint us. Rameau declared that he could set a Dutch newspaper to music. Haydn cared not how commonplace the idea might be which was given him to compose to. It matters not whether the depths of musical inspiration be stirred by a pebble or a jewel; at most, we can but judge of the gloom or sunshine that is reflected on their surface.

There is that in Beethoven's works which might well give credibility to the report of his being the son of Frederick the Great, and probably led to it. This grand genius and crabbed eccentric man never loved or trusted. He shut himself up with his music to be out of the way of his fellow-creatures. His deafness only gave him the excuse of being more morose. We hear this to a certain degree in his music. His instruments speak, but they do not speak like men. We listen to their discourse with exquisite delight, but not with that high and complete sympathy which Mozart's wordless speech gives. High as he is above us, Mozart is still always what we want and what we expect. There is a sense and method in all he does, a system pursued, a dominion over himself, an adaptation to others, which our minds can comprehend. He is as intensely human in his instrumental as in his vocal music, and therefore always intelligible. Beethoven is perpetually taking us by surprise. We do not know that we have such sympathies till he appeals to them—he creates them first, and then satisfies them. He keeps our fancy in a perpetual flutter of wonder and ecstacy, but he rarely speaks direct to the common humanity between us. More delicious musical odes than his Longing Waltz, Hope Waltz, and Sorrow Waltz there cannot be, but they were so named for him. It may be questioned whether he ever expressly thought of these subjects. We never feel that he inspires the highest idea of all—the idea of religion. His "Mount of Olives" is exquisite; we are grateful for it as it is, but it might have been composed for an emperor's name's-day, only Beethoven would never have done such a civil thing. His grand "Missa Solennis" is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The "Kyrie Eleison" is a sweet Babel of supplications; the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" is a rapturous cry; the quartette "*Et in terra pax—hominibus bonæ voluntatis*" is meant for beings little lower than the angels; the "Credo" is the grand declamatory march of every voice in

unison, tramping in one consent like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army; the "Ante omnia secula" is an awful self-sustainment of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth. Beethoven out-Beethovens himself in a sublimity of imagery no musician ever before attempted; but as to the pure religious feeling, we neither fall on our knees as with Mozart, nor rise on wings as with Handel.

Where will the flight of musical inspiration next soar? It has been cleverly said by Reichardt that Haydn built himself a lovely villa, Mozart erected a stately palace over it, but Beethoven raised a tower on the top of that, and whoever should venture to build higher would break his neck. There is no fear of such temerity at present. Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn have each added a porch in their various styles of beauty, but otherwise there are no signs of further structure. The music of the day has a beauty and tenderness of coloring which was never surpassed, but all distinction of form seems crumbling away. It is like fair visions in dreams, or studies of shifting clouds, or one of Tennyson's rhapsodies; the strain delicate, the touches brilliant, but the subject nothing if the finish were taken away. They cannot be stripped to the level of a child's exercise and still show their beauty of form, like a chorus of Handel or an air of Mozart.

It is impossible to say what resources remain still undeveloped in the progress of music. Fresh forms of nationality may arise. The Italians may form a grand instrumental school; the father or grandfather of some sublime English composer may be now fiddling waltzes in one of our ball-rooms; the Greek church in Russia may foster some Palestrina of its own; new instruments may be invented; the possibility of this may be conceived, but the probability not hoped in, for earthly music must share the mortality of all things here, and Mozart's "Requiem" is above fifty years old.

We have not mentioned the modern opera—the subject has been too well treated but the other day in a contemporary journal\* for us to venture on the same ground. Nor does it square with our endeavor to prove the exclusive value of music as the only one of the arts exempt from the trail of the serpent. There are few recent operas that do not give

this theory somewhat the lie; not only in the pomp and vanity of their luxurious accessories, but in a suspicious fascination in the music itself, leaving impressions on the mind that we have been rather listening to the Sirens of the "isle perilous" than the Muses of snow-peaked Olympus.

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DRUDGERY OF LITERATURE.—We present our readers with a picture, from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of the life of a popular author, which is as true as it is graphic, and may serve to show that the wit, and imagination, and liveliness which sparkle upon paper, may after all be draining the life-blood from a trembling heart and weary brain. It is a sketch of Laman Blanchard. "For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place among his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.' No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggles, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in his career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked-for."

\* "A Few Words on the Opera," in *Frazer's Magazine* for October, 1847.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## ETHNOLOGY, OR THE SCIENCE OF RACES.

- 1.—*Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France, &c. &c. 3d edition. London: 1836—47. Five volumes, 8vo. pp. 2547.
- 2.—*The Natural History of Man ; comprising Inquiries into the Modifying Influence of Physical and Moral Agencies on the different Tribes of the Human Family.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. London: 1843. 8vo. pp. 556.
- 3.—*Report of the Seventeenth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Oxford, in June, 1847.* London: 1848. 8vo. pp. 523.

[The following article condenses the latest results of investigation and reasoning in this new but important science in a style so lucid and pleasing that the general reader will be wearied with neither its length nor its statistics. It is by far the briefest and ablest exposition of the science we have met with.—ED.]

AMONG the new sciences which the progress of human knowledge is calling into existence from time to time, and which find devotees no less earnest and sincere than those who continue to worship at the older shrines, Ethnology, or the Science of Races, is not the least interesting nor the least practically important. It may be difficult to assign the period when the investigations with which the ethnologist is concerned, first began to assume a really scientific form, instead of presenting their results as a mere chaos of *disjecta membra*—crude materials, waiting the hand of the architect to work them up into an edifice worthy of the object for which they were collected. As yet, we fear, we must satisfy ourselves with the design, rather than boast of its execution; and please ourselves with the anticipation of what is to be accomplished, rather than dwell with complacency on what has been already effected. When we look, indeed, at the amount of toil which ethnological investigations require for the development of even their least extended results, and the small number of laborers who are professedly devoted to their advancement, we might doubt whether Ethnology would emerge in our own time from the lowest

grade among the sciences,—the place with which its votaries must be at present content, and where indeed they may think themselves fortunate that they can secure a place at all.

But we may well take courage, when we reflect not merely upon the industry and enthusiasm of its votaries, but also upon the fact that the number of those who are *indirectly* contributing to the progress of Ethnology is far greater than that of its professed followers. For whilst the traveller who examines into the physical characters and the mental condition of the new races of men with whom he comes into contact, who studies their vocabulary and inquires into their grammar, who is a spectator of their religious observances, and pries into the dark mysteries of their traditions and superstitions, who watches their habits of life and acquaints himself with their laws and usages,—furnishes the most important quota to the accumulation of materials: scarcely less valuable are the materials collected by him, whose tastes lead him to attend rather to the physiognomy of the country than to that of its human inhabitants, to its climate and its soil, its products and its capabilities, rather than to *their* faculties and actions. For in the determination of the important problem, how far the characters of particular races are dependent upon those of the countries they inhabit, the latter set of data are as useful as the former; and no satisfac-

tory result can ever be anticipated, until both have been ascertained with equal accuracy. So, again, the philologist who is working out, in the solitude of his study, the problems involved in the history and science of language, though he may little think of connecting his conclusions with the affinities of nations, is an invaluable ally. In the same manner anatomists and physiologists, in scrutinizing the varieties which the typical form of humanity undergoes, and contrasting the extremes of configuration, of color, and of constitutional peculiarity, as observable among the inhabitants of distant climes, cannot enlarge the boundaries of their own sciences, without at the same time rendering the most essential assistance to the ethnologist.

In thus drawing within its grasp, and converting to its own purposes, the results supplied by the investigators of various and widely dissimilar branches of science, Ethnology bears a striking analogy to Geology; an analogy of which Dr. Prichard has dexterously availed himself, in vindicating the claim of Ethnology to rank as one of the departments to which the attention of the British Association should be primarily directed. They are both histories of the *past*, and depend for their successful cultivation on the unconscious co-operation of many minds, often ignorant of each other's labors.

Of all the problems of Ethnological Science, the relation in which the various races of mankind stand to each other and to ourselves, is perhaps the most attractive. The determination of this relation is, in fact, the ultimate aim to which its departments severally converge, however widely they apparently divaricate. The Anatomist examines the configuration of the body, and compares together the peculiarities of various tribes, with the view of determining how far structural differences prevail over resemblances, and of ascertaining whether these differences possess that constant and intransitive character which the naturalist requires as a justification of specific distinction. The Physiologist searches into the history of the vital functions in the several types of humanity, and seeks for information with regard to the permanence of anatomical differences, the effect of external agencies in modifying the configuration or constitution of the body, and the tendency to spontaneous variation in the forms presented by individuals, families, or tribes, known to be of the same stock. The Psychologist has a most interesting subject of investigation, in the

study of the psychical constitution of the several races; in the extraction of their respective mental and moral characters from their habits of life, their languages, and their religious observances. It is his business to inquire how far one common psychical nature is to be inferred from such diverse manifestations: that is, how far the differences which he cannot but observe in intellectual capacity, and in moral and even instinctive tendencies, are fixed and permanent, or are liable either to spontaneous variation, or to alteration from the modifying influence of education and other external conditions. The Physical Geographer lends his aid by bringing to bear upon the inquiry his knowledge of the outward circumstances under which these variations in bodily and mental constitution are most constantly found. And it is from the materials which he contributes, that the physiologist and the psychologist have to determine the degree in which these circumstances can be justly considered to be the causes of variation; more especially, whether the coincidences between particular bodily configurations or mental constitutions, and certain combinations of climatic and geological conditions, are the result of *induced* differences among the human races which are respectively subject to them, or are to be attributed to *original* dissimilarity of stock.

But in order to carry on these researches, historical information is continually needed, on the actual descent, migrations, conquests, &c., of the nations whose physical and mental characters we are comparing. The question of the *fixity* of all or any of the characters by which the races of mankind are at present distinguished from each other, requires for its solution a comparison of the present with the past. No valid proof of their permanence can be drawn from the limited experience of a few generations; and no evidence of change can be reasonably looked for, except from the long-continued agency of modifying causes. The required information is sometimes supplied by direct historical testimony; but this is frequently insufficient. And here it is that the comparative study of languages becomes so important to the ethnologist as an auxiliary to history; extending, combining, and confirming the evidence derived from sources which the historian has exhausted.

Independent of the aid which philological research affords to other departments of Ethnology, it directly bears upon the great problem of the unity or identity of mankind. Since it not merely answers a common pur-

pose with historical testimony, in establishing the genealogical relations of tribes long since dispersed from their original centres and separated at present by strongly marked physical and psychical differences; but it also furnishes a powerful argument for the *common*, or at least the *similar* origin of all races. For it shows that an articulate language, relating not merely to objects of sense, but to our spiritual nature—capable of describing the phenomena of the external world, as well as of giving utterance to the thoughts and feelings which constitute our internal existence—and susceptible, too, of decomposition into a limited number of elementary sounds, which may be expressed by written signs applicable alike to all tongues—not only now exists among all nations, but has everywhere existed from the earliest period of which we have any knowledge. From this it is reasonable to infer an original similarity in the endowments of which language is the manifestation; and the inference is confirmed by the fact that the thoughts, which are capable of being expressed in one language, may be translated into any other found in use among a people equally advanced. Any two barbarous languages, or any two that are highly cultivated, are so pervaded by a sameness of character, notwithstanding they may not have a word in common, that the identity of the internal nature, whose states of consciousness they serve to express, can scarcely be doubted by any one who attends fairly to the evidence.

To give our readers an idea of the present range of Ethnological Science, we must bring under their notice a summary of the labors of these several inquirers. The differences between different races, in form, features, and complexion, have naturally attracted most attention. Accordingly, we will begin by examining, with the Anatomist and Physiologist, the most striking variations in bodily structure;—with the view of ascertaining how far they possess that fixed and definite character, by which alone the hypothesis of a diverse origin, in the races that now exhibit them, can be sustained.

The first attempt to establish such distinctions on a scientific basis, was made by the celebrated anatomist Camper, whose name is preserved in connection with the "facial angle," so commonly appealed to as a test of the relative elevation or degradation of a race or individual. This angle—included between two lines, one of them drawn from the orifice of the ear to the base of the nose,

the other joining the most advanced points of the forehead and of the upper jaw-bone—was thought to afford a measure of the capacity of the anterior part of the skull, and of the size of the corresponding lobe of the brain. And, with the large dimensions of these parts, common consent seems to have connected the idea of intellectual power, even from remote times. Thus, whilst the facial angle in the skulls of living Europeans averages  $80^\circ$ , in the ideal heads of the Grecian gods it is increased to  $90^\circ$ . Camper, too, inferred from his measurements, which were made upon a small number of skulls, that a regular gradation is exhibited by the different races of men, connecting the highest European type with the Apes: the facial angle in the skull of a Kalmuck being  $75^\circ$ ; that of a Negro only  $70^\circ$ ; and that of different species of Apes being  $64^\circ$ ,  $63^\circ$ , and  $60^\circ$ . So that, by this test, the Negro would stand in as near a relation to the higher Apes as to a Kalmuck, and a great deal nearer than to a European. But he committed an important mistake in his estimate of the facial angle of the Apes; for his measurements were all taken from young skulls, in which the forward extension of the jaws, which takes place on the second dentition, had not yet occurred. In the adult Chimpanzee, the facial angle is no more than  $35^\circ$ , and in the great Ourang it is only  $30^\circ$ , as we learn from the measurements of Professor Owen. However, under any circumstances, this method of comparison is of very little value; for the facial angle is too much affected by the degree of prominence of the jaws, to afford any certain information concerning the elevation of the forehead or the capacity of the cranium.

It was by the venerable Blumenbach that this department of Ethnology was first cultivated in a manner worthy of its object. He collected, with immense labor, a vast mass of materials for a systematic account of the anatomical peculiarities of the different races of mankind; which he arranged into five primary groups—chiefly according to the configuration of the skull—designating them by the names either of the people comprised in each form, or of the regions of the world where each was supposed to have originated. These divisions and their designations having been adopted by Cuvier, and having passed into our ordinary forms of expression, require a brief notice; although they are no longer scientifically appropriate.

1. The *Caucasian* form, which prevails



among European nations, was so termed from Mount Caucasus, to which ancient traditions refer the origin of many celebrated nations; and in the neighborhood of which live the Georgian and Circassian tribes, commonly regarded as displaying the highest type of human beauty in shape and feature.

- There is not, however, any sufficient reason for regarding the *Caucasian* tribes as the ancestral stock of the Indo-European nations, whose cranial conformation places them under this category:—the Greek skull might be selected with as much propriety for its type. 2. The *Mongolian* form, characteristically seen among certain races inhabiting High Asia, was improperly named from a single and subordinate nation of that continent; one, too, which does not happen to possess the distinctive type in any remarkable degree. 3. The term *Ethiopian*, as applied to the great mass of African nations, is faulty for a similar reason; since the Ethiopia of the ancients is but a small part of the African continent, and the people inhabiting it are not those among whom the peculiarities of the African conformation are most strikingly displayed. 4, 5. The terms *American* and *Malayan* are much less objectionable, as collective designations of groups of nations. It has been found impossible, however, to assign to them any very definite types of cranial configuration, on account of the varieties which abound in the tribes inhabiting the several portions of the great American continent, and the remote islands of the vast Malayo-Polynesian Archipelago.

This distribution was as complete as the ethnographic knowledge of the time permitted it to be; but to hold it up as the system under which all subsequent observations were to be marshalled and arranged, would be about as absurd, as if we were to take the primary divisions of the animal kingdom, according to Linnæus, for the groundwork of our present zoological classification. Dr. Prichard has shown that there are but *three* leading types of cranial conformation; of which all others are variations or combinations. Minute anatomical descriptions of them will be found in Dr. Prichard's works. We must content ourselves with their most striking characteristics.

The *oval* or *elliptical* form of skull, corresponding with that which Blumenbach termed *Caucasian*, is distinguished by the symmetry of its form—there being no excess either of prominence or compression. The cranial cavity is large, the forehead full and

elevated, the face small in proportion; thus indicating the predominance of the intellectual powers over the instinctive propensities more directly connected with sensation. The Greeks are probably the most favorable examples of this symmetry; but other instances of it may be found in almost any of the great group of nations now termed Indo-Atlantic. These nations extend over the surface of the globe in a north-westerly direction, from India and Persia, through Syria and Asia Minor, stretching along the portion of Africa north of the Great Desert, and covering almost the whole area of Europe. Nearly all of them have acquired a certain amount of civilization, living by agriculture, and possessing settled habitations; and among them, or among the offshoots which have proceeded from them, we find all the nations which have been most distinguished by intellectual advancement.

The form described by Dr. Prichard as the *pyramidal* skull corresponds with that termed *Mongolian* by Blumenbach, but which is most characteristically seen in the Esquimaux. The striking peculiarity of these skulls is the great lateral prominence of their cheek-bones and zygomatic arches, together with an extreme flatness of the upper half of the face, whilst the forehead rapidly narrows at its highest part; so that, on a front view, the portion of the skull above the line joining the cheek-bone has an almost pyramidal form, that line serving as the base. The orbits of the eyes are large and deep; and the bones surround them in such a manner that, in most instances of this conformation, the opening of the lids has a decided obliquity, the inner angle being directed downwards. The whole face, instead of approaching the oval as in Europeans, is of a lozenge shape: and the larger proportion which it bears to the capacity of the cranium indicates in the pyramidal skull a more ample extension of the organs of sensation. The greater part of the races of this type are nomadic: some of them wandering with their flocks and herds over the vast plains of High Asia; whilst others creep along the shores of the Icy Sea, supporting themselves by fishing. It is a remarkable fact, however, that we encounter the type again in a remote part of the globe, and in a race apparently of a totally different descent—the Hottentots and Bushmen of Southern Africa. They also were formerly a nomadic people, and wandered about with herds of cattle over the extensive plains of Kafirland. The *Mongolian* character of their skull and physi-

ognomy has been noticed by all travellers familiar with both.

The third type of configuration of the skull has been very happily named by Dr. Prichard *prognathous*, to express its most distinctive character, namely, the forward prominence of the jaws. This character is best seen in some of the Negro races of the Guinea coast; but it is far from being confined to African nations, being almost as decided in some of the Polynesian and Australian races. From the usual appearance of the skull, it might be supposed to have been compressed at the two sides; consequently, instead of being flattened in front, as in the preceding case, the bones of the face project far forwards, and the occiput backwards. This projection is especially manifested in the upper and lower jawbones; and its effect is increased by the circumstance that the front teeth are not implanted vertically in their sockets, so as to meet in the same plane when their edges are brought together, but have a forward slant, so that they meet at an obtuse angle. It is this projection of the jaw, which is the chief cause of the reduction of the facial angle remarked by Camper; and it produces the effect, even where, as in some instances, the forehead rises after the European model. In the typical prognathous skull, however, there is certainly a want of elevation of the forehead; but it does not appear that there is any corresponding diminution in the capacity of the cranial cavity, the retreating form of the forehead being partly due to the backward elongation of the entire skull. As the cavity for the lodgment of the organ of sight is peculiarly spacious in the pyramidal skull, a similar enlargement of the cavity of the nose, and of the openings which lead into it both before and behind, occurs in the present instance: The apparatus for hearing, too, seems to be unusually developed. And thus we have in the prognathous skull the same increase in the proportion of the face to the cranium which we noticed in the pyramidal, though obtained by a different arrangement. This configuration is to be met with, in various degrees, among the greater part of the nations of tropical Africa, south of the Great Desert; and it especially prevails among those which have been rendered most familiar to us from their having been carried across the Atlantic into slavery. It is quite erroneous, however, to regard it, as Blumenbach did, in the light of a type common to the African nations generally; the fact being that in many of them it is scarcely to be discerned,

whilst it is frequently found elsewhere. It is always associated, in our minds, with the idea of degradation; and not unjustly so: for wherever it is well pronounced, we have squalor and destitution, ignorance and brutality. Instead of following an agricultural or pastoral life, such people are, for the most part, hunters, the savage inhabitants of forests, dependent for food upon the accidental produce of the soil or on the chase, and but little advanced in any of the arts of social life.

A more elaborate classification of skulls, taking cognizance of finer shades of difference, has lately been put forth by Dr. Retzius, the distinguished professor of anatomy at Stockholm; but it would not suit our present purpose to go more into detail.

We have now to consider whether these differences re-appear so constantly in all the branches of any particular national stocks, as to justify us in concluding that these stocks were originally distinguishable by the same characters; or whether, in the passage from one group of nations to another, we do not find them undergoing such gradual modifications as to render it impossible to draw any definite line between them: Again, we must further consider whether these characters are so invariably transmitted from one generation to another, where the purity of the race has been preserved, as to necessarily infer their permanency: or whether there is not occasionally adequate evidence of a departure from one or other of these types, and of the assumption of another. We think it better not to encumber ourselves here with the term *species*, of which so many different definitions have been given; especially since the question, whether the races of mankind are to be regarded as varieties of one species, or as distributable among several, is nothing else than the question of the unity, similarity, or diversity of the original stock, only expressed in other words.

When we examine the cranial conformation of the whole Indo-Atlantic group of nations, we perceive that, although the elliptical type prevails among them, it is in very different degrees of development. Certain races manifest a decided tendency towards the pyramidal, others towards the prognathous character; and considerable variations may be seen among individuals of the same race. If the so-called Mongolian group be surveyed in the same manner, the peculiarities of the pyramidal skull will be often found so much softened down, as to approach the elliptical form; sometimes throughout the whole of certain races—oc-

casional only in individuals. Between the proper African nations (excluding those of Arabian descent) the difference is still more remarkable. Some of them present the prognathous type in its most complete development; in other cases, the pyramidal form is nearly as evident as among many of the Northern Asiatics; others again discover a decided tendency towards the more elevated and symmetrical type of the so-called Caucasians. There is, at least, an equal dissimilarity in cranial configuration among the widely spread and isolated tribes by which Oceania is peopled. For, whilst the skulls of the Malayan portion of the population are referable to the pyramidal type rather than to any other, there are savage races in and around Australia which are nearly, if not quite, as prognathous as the African Negroes; at the same time, in many parts of the Polynesian Archipelago, we meet with tribes of higher civilization, whose skulls can scarcely be distinguished from the best European forms. So, among the American races, the Esquimaux is the exaggeration of the pyramidal type; yet, in some of the Southern nations the character of the skull inclines to become prognathous; in others elliptical. Such indeed is the extent of variation, that it would seem utterly impossible to establish any peculiar form as characteristically American. "A Peruvian," says a distinguished naturalist, M. d'Orbigny, speaking from personal observation, "is more different from a Patagonian, and a Patagonian from a Guarini, than is a Greek from an Ethiopian or a Mongolian."

Those ethnologists, therefore, who uphold the doctrine of originally distinct types, have been obliged to admit, not three or five merely, but twenty or thirty; and, as we increase our acquaintance with the physical character of tribes at present little known, we are continually adding to the number. There is this further difficulty. Although at the present time a considerable number of forms might be selected, with well-marked differences between them; nevertheless, on comparison of the whole, the types, which appear to be most remotely separated, are ascertained to be really connected by such a gradation of intermediate or transitional forms, that it is frequently impossible to say to which of the types a particular specimen should be referred. This fact of itself invalidates the supposition of the uniform transmission of physical characters from parent to offspring; on which supposition the presumption of the original diversity of races chiefly rests. For, on the

theory of distinct stocks, each race should have fixed and definite characters, common to all its subdivisions: whereas, in nature, on the contrary, we find the characters shading off in families or individuals, so as to approach a common type.

By considerations of this kind we are conducted to the second head of our inquiry; namely—whether historical evidence leads to the belief that the cranial characters of the several races are really thus transmitted, with little or no modification, from generation to generation—or whether an actual passage may be effected *in time* from one type to another? Now, of such alterations, Dr. Prichard has collected abundant evidence. One of the most striking examples, perhaps, is afforded by the cranial conformation of the Turks of Europe and Western Asia. It closely resembles that of the great bulk of the European nations; departing so widely from that of the Turks of Central Asia, that many writers have referred the former to the Caucasian rather than to the Mongolian stock. Yet historical evidence sufficiently proves, that the Western Turks originally belong to the Northern Asiatic group of nations, with which the Eastern portion of their nation still remains associated, not only in its geographical position, but in its physical characters and habits of life; and that it is in the Western branch, not in the Eastern, that the change has taken place. Some writers have supposed that this change, from the pyramidal to the elliptical form of skull, might be explained as the result of an intermixture of the Turkish race with that of the countries they have conquered, or by the introduction of Georgian or Circassian slaves into their harems. But the cause suggested is plainly inadequate to the effect. For we know that in the Christian countries subjugated by the Turks, the conquering and the conquered races have been kept separate by mutual hatred, fostered by their difference in religion and manners; while any improvement effected by the introduction of Georgian and Circassian slaves must have been confined to the higher classes, who alone could afford to purchase them. In either case the assigned cause, even if admitted to the utmost possible extent, would have merely produced a hybrid or intermediate race, instead of effecting the phenomenon for which we have to account—the entire substitution of a new type for the original one. So complete a change we can scarcely attribute to any other cause than civilization and social improvement; the constant tendency of which is to smooth down the awk-

ward prominences both of the pyramidal and the prognathous skulls, and bring them towards the symmetry of the elliptical. The Eastern Turks, retaining the nomadic habits of their ancestors, have retained also their cranial conformation.

Another instance of the same modification is to be found in the Magyar race, of which the Hungarian nobility is composed. This race, which is not inferior in physical or mental characters to any in Europe, is proved by historical and philological evidence to have been a branch of the great Northern Asiatic stock, closely allied in blood to the stupid and feeble Ostiaks and the untamable Laplanders. About ten centuries ago they were expelled by Turkish invasion from Great Hungary, the country they then inhabited, which bordered on the Uralian mountains; and they in their turn expelled the Slavonian nations from the fertile parts of Hungary, which they have occupied ever since. Having thus exchanged their abode, from the most rigorous climate of the old continent,—a wilderness where Ostiaks and Samoiedes pursue the chase during only the mildest season,—for one in the south of Europe, amid fertile plains, abounding in rich harvests, they laid aside the rude and savage habits which they are recorded to have brought with them, and adopted a settled mode of life. In the course of a thousand years, their type of cranial conformation has been changed from the pyramidal to the elliptical, and they have become a handsome people, of fine stature and regular European features. There is no reason whatever to regard this improvement as arising in any considerable degree from an intermixture of races; the Magyars being to this day distinct from the other inhabitants of Hungary. Nor would it have been produced by mere change of place, without civilization. For, among the Lapps,—who, though inhabiting Europe, retain the nomadic habits of their Mongolian ancestors,—the pyramidal form is still preserved.

The Negro type is one which is not unfrequently cited as an example of the permanence of the physical characters of races. The existing Ethiopian physiognomy is said to agree precisely with the representations transmitted to us from the remotest periods, in those marvellous pictures, whose preservation in the tombs and temples of Egypt has revealed to us so much of the inner life of one of the most ancient civilized nations of the world: and this physiognomy, it is further maintained, continues at present

identically the same from parent to child, even where the transportation of a Negro population to temperate climates and civilized associates, (as in the United States,) has entirely changed the external conditions of their existence. Now it is perfectly true that the Negro races which have made no advance in civilization, retain the prognathous character even in temperate regions; and this is precisely what we should expect. But it is not true, when they have made any progress in civilization, that they remain equally unaltered. The most elevated forms of skull among the African nations are found in those which have emerged, in a greater or less degree, from their original barbarism. This has chiefly taken place through the influence of the Mahomedan religion, which prevails extensively among the people of the central and eastern part of Africa. And although there is no historical evidence of their original similarity in cranial conformation to the truly prognathous Negroes, yet all probability is in favor of the supposition. Otherwise, we must imagine that they have always been distinguished by the same elevation of the skull as distinguishes them at present. In which case we shall be obliged either to resort to the hypothesis of a great number of original stocks for the nations of Central Africa alone, or to imagine that the most degraded Negroes have sprung from the more elevated type:—which, to be sure, would be as great an admission as we can desire of the capability of modification in an instance which is usually regarded as the most permanent of all.

In regard to the transplanted Negroes, it is obvious that the time which has elapsed since their removal is as yet too short to expect any considerable alteration of cranial configuration. Many of the Negroes now living in the West Indian islands are natives of Africa, and a large proportion of the Negro population, both there and in the United States, are removed by no more than one or two descents from their African ancestors. But according to the concurrent testimony of disinterested observers, both in the West Indies and in the United States, an approximation in the Negro physiognomy to the European model is progressively taking place, in instances in which, although there has been no intermixture of European blood, the influence of a higher civilization has been powerfully exercised for a lengthened period. The case of Negroes employed as domestic servants is particularly noticed. Dr. Hancock, of Guiana, even asserts that it is fre-

quently not at all difficult to distinguish a Negro of pure blood belonging to the Dutch portion of the colony, from another belonging to the English settlements, by the correspondence between the features and expression of each, and those which are characteristic of their respective masters. This alteration, too, is not confined to a change of form in the skull, or to the diminution of the projection of the upper jaw; but it is seen also in the general figure, and in the form of the soft parts, as the lips and nose. And Mr. Lyell was assured, during his recent tours in America, by numerous medical men residing in the slave states, that a gradual approximation was taking place, in the configuration of the head and body of the Negroes, to the European model, each successive generation exhibiting an improvement in these respects. The change was most apparent in such as are brought into closest and most habitual relation with the whites, (as by domestic servitude,) *without any actual intermixture of races*,—a fact which the difference of complexion in the offspring would at once betray.

There would thus seem to be a tendency in both the pyramidal and the prognathous types to pass into the elliptical, under the influence of those multifarious conditions which are embodied in the general term civilization. The question how far the prognathous may be changed to the pyramidal, or *vice versa*, from want of adequate historical evidence, is involved in greater obscurity. As already remarked, the Hottentot skull is decidedly pyramidal; with oblique eyes, yellowish complexion, sparse hair, and the other characters of the Northern Asiatics. Are the Hottentots descended from the common African stock?—and are their peculiarities of conformation to be accounted for by the influence of the physical peculiarities of their country, which, as Dr. Prichard has pointed out, present an extraordinary correspondence with those inhabited by the roving Mongoles and Tartars? Or are they in reality an off-set from the Tartar stock, driven into the remotest corner of the African continent, by the gradual extension and increasing power of the proper African races? It is obvious that the study of the affinities of their language must be the chief means of deciding this question; and these are very imperfectly known. We observe that the Chev. Bunsen inclines to the belief that the Hottentot language is a degraded Kafir, as the Bushman tongue is a degraded Hottentot (Report, p. 286.) It is certainly a remarkable coincidence

that a race presenting such a decided resemblance to the Mongolian stock, should be found dwelling in the only part of Africa in which the physical features of the country resemble those of Central Asia: and in the choice of difficulties we are disposed on the whole to agree with Dr. Prichard, in thinking that the Hottentots are probably a proper African race whose change of type may be attributed to the prolonged influence of these conditions.

Of the possibility of a change from the pyramidal to the prognathous type, a more satisfactory instance is afforded by the inhabitants of Oceania. Even where they are most isolated from each other, the remarkable conformity in the fundamental characters of their languages, as demonstrated by Wilhelm von Humboldt, appears (with other considerations) to have established the common origin of all the Malayan, Polynesian, and Australian races. There is good reason to believe that, together with the other inhabitants of south-eastern Asia, they must originally have presented some modification of the pyramidal form. At the present day, however, the prognathous character is highly developed in those natives of Australia and the adjacent islands, which seem to have longest remained in the most degraded state;—whilst, on the other hand, very favorable examples of the elliptical type are producible from among them.

But, we may illustrate our argument nearer home. Races which have advanced the furthest in civilization, and attained the greatest perfection of physical form, produce also examples of physical inferiority in individuals or families. Among other consequences of long-continued want and ignorance, the conformation of the cranium appears to have been affected. The Sanatory Commission would arrive at this conclusion, we believe, were it to examine the worst part of the population of our great towns; the most convincing proof, however, is unfortunately furnished by the lowest classes of the Irish population. There are certain districts in Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, (as pointed out by an intelligent writer in the Dublin University Magazine, No. 48,) chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the native Irish driven by the British from Armagh and the south of Down, about two centuries ago. These people, whose ancestors were well-grown, able-bodied and comely, are now reduced to an average stature of five feet two inches, are pot-bellied, bow-legged, and abortively featured; and are especially remarkable for "open projecting

mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums, their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bearing barbarism on their very front." In other words, within so short a period, they seem to have acquired a prognathous type of skull, like the savages of Australia;—"thus giving such an example of deterioration from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson." The hordes of wretched Irish, whom famine has driven to seek subsistence in the seaports and manufacturing towns of Great Britain, must have enabled many of our readers to make this observation for themselves:—every gradation being perceptible, from the really noble type of countenance and figure seen in some of them, to that utterly debased aspect which can be looked at only with disgust. It is marvellous, indeed, how close is the physical resemblance between the lowest classes of the Irish population and the natives of Australia, as depicted in the voyage of the "Astrolabe." The delineations of the latter, when first seen, gave us the feeling of old acquaintanceship. In both cases, the same cause—a long-continued deficiency of food and social degradation (where a sufficient elevation to resist these depressing agencies had not been previously attained)—has terminated in the same results. And, although the ancestral types of the two were in all probability very different, the changes thus induced have tended, in a most remarkable manner, to bring about a singular similarity. We shall hereafter see how short a time has been found sufficient to produce a corresponding alteration in certain branches of the Hottentot race. It is an untoward circumstance in human nature, that alterations for the worse appear to take much more quickly and much more certainly, than alterations for the better.

We need not stop to examine the other peculiarities of the bony skeleton, which have sometimes been supposed to distinguish the races of men from each other. It has been maintained, for example, that the form of the pelvis differs so much in the European and the Negro, as to constitute a valid distinction between the two races; and that different races have *their* characteristic pelvises; some light, some heavy, some with an oval opening, some with a round aperture, some approaching the quadrilateral form, and some being wedged-shaped. But the careful and extended comparisons of those eminent anat-

mists, the Professors Weber of Bonn, have shown that the real facts regarding the configuration of the pelvis are precisely analogous to those relating to the conformation of the cranium. No one form is assignable to any particular nation or group of nations, as a constant distinctive character; but specimens of each kind are found in the same races. At the same time, particular types are more common than others in particular races, a certain relation being discernible between the prevalent form of the pelvic cavity and that of the cranium. So the "cucumber shin," broad flat foot, and projecting heel, which are popularly regarded as typical characters of the Negro race, are found, upon a more extended survey, to belong chiefly to that small proportion of it with which we happen to be most familiar, and to disappear wherever the cranium is more elevated. Even among the Guinea-coast Negroes, and their immediate descendants, individuals are occasionally found whose persons might be taken as models of symmetry and vigor: witness the celebrated athlete, a cast of whose body is conspicuously displayed in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Such facts put a negative on the popular notion of the permanency of characters of this kind; on which assumption, however, the doctrine of the original diversity of the Negro and European races always has proceeded.

There is probably no evidence of original diversity of race, which is so generally and unhesitatingly relied upon, as that derived from the *color of the skin* and the *character of the hair*. That the Ethiopian should change his hue, is by many considered to be as impossible as that the sun should rise in the west. And the retention of the characteristic hue of a race in the descendants of individuals who have long since migrated into a temperate climate, is continually appealed to as a triumphant argument in favor of a position, which, it is maintained, is conformable alike to the teachings of history and to every-day observation. Nothing is easier than to give a plausible aspect to this opinion; but it will not, we think, stand the test of a searching examination, any better than the doctrine of the restriction of particular conformations of the cranium to particular races. Let us proceed, then, to discuss it in the same manner; considering, in the first place, whether characters derived from the skin and hair are at the present time so *constantly* presented by different races, as to be capable of being ex-

ployed for the purpose of scientific definition; and secondly, whether history, when carefully interrogated, really sanctions the idea that the hue of any race is permanent and unalterable—or whether there are not examples to the contrary, in which a decided change has taken place. Before we enter, however, upon this inquiry, it may be proper to submit a few general considerations upon the structure of the coloring tissue of the animal skin, and upon the value of color as a zoological character.

We are accustomed to say that color is “only skin-deep;” but in point of fact it is *not even skin-deep*; for it does not reach the true skin, being entirely confined to the epidermis or scarf-skin. It was formerly supposed that, between the true skin and scarf-skin, there lay a proper coloring layer, to which the term *rete mucosum* was given; and it was imagined that this layer was greatly developed in the dark-skinned races, but nearly wanting in those of fair complexion. This account of it, however, when submitted to the test of microscopic inquiry, has been found to be totally incorrect.

If Voltaire is to be believed, no well-informed person, formerly, passed by Leyden, without seeing a part of the black membrane (the *reticulum mucosum*) of a Negro, dissected by the celebrated *Kuysch*: the other part had been carried away to Petersburg by Peter the Great. Their error, however, is now universally admitted. The “*rete mucosum*” has been discovered to be nothing but the latest layer of epidermis, the inner surface of which is continually being renewed as the exterior is worn away, just like the bark of a tree. There is no distinct coloring layer, it appears, either in the fair or the dark-skinned races; the peculiar hue of the latter depending upon the presence of coloring matter in the cells of the epidermis itself. Now, that this coloring matter may be generated even in the fairest skins, under the influence of light and warmth, we have a familiar proof in the summer freckle, which is nothing else than a *local* production of that which in some races is *general*. Persons who have been much exposed to the direct rays of the sun, become “tanned” or “sunburnt” in like manner, owing to the formation of coloring particles in the cells of the epidermis, which are usually almost colorless. The face and hands, for instance, frequently undergo a considerable alteration in hue, while the parts of the body, which are habitually covered, retain their original

fairness. The effect of such exposure varies, besides, according to the complexion of the individual. Fair skins become of a reddish brown; and those in which there was previously any tinge of a black or swarthy hue (such as we often meet with in individuals even of the fairest races, in whose veins there is not the slightest intermixture of Negro blood,) become much more swarthy. While the influence of light is perceived to be greatly modified by the complexion of the individual, the complexion itself is sensibly liable to variation within the limits of families—much more, therefore, of races. This is a matter of familiar observation; two children of the same parents being frequently the one a *blonde*, the other a *brunette*. Further, it is not uncommon to find, in individuals of the fair races, large patches of the surface almost as deeply colored as the skin of the Negro. On the other hand, *albinism*, that is, the total absence of color in the skin, is occasionally seen in dark races as well as fair. A curious case lately fell under our cognizance in which both these aberrations were combined—the hue of the skin, naturally rather swarthy, had been becoming darker for some years; but there were light patches on the face and body, in which there was a total absence of pigment; whilst, as if to compensate for these, peculiarly dark patches came out elsewhere. As the existence of colorless patches on the face produced a disagreeable disfigurement, an attempt was made to re-excite the chromatogenous function by stimulating applications. The attempt, however, was unfortunately rather *too* successful; for although the parts thus treated at first assumed the hue of the general surface, they did not remain in that state, but became in the end of the color of the spots which were previously the most deeply tinged.

These facts will suffice to prove that any distinctions drawn from a character so superficial, and so little liable to modification from external circumstances, as the hue of the skin, must be received with great caution. This is well known to the naturalist, who entirely discards it in every case in which the least tendency to spontaneous variation is shown. It is quite true that there are instances in which he considers it a sufficient indication of permanent diversity of race, that is, of distinctness of species; for example, there are many butterflies and moths which can scarcely be distinguished from each other by any other character than

the form, situation, and color of certain spots upon their wings. But these spots are found to be *constantly* present—to have precisely the same form, situation, and color—and not to show the least disposition to variation of type. They become, therefore, from their permanence, as positive indications of original diversity of race, as other criteria are allowed to be. But look at any of our domesticated animals, in which the color of the skin or its appendages is disposed to variation—the horse, for instance. We there see diversities much greater than those which are relied on as distinctive characters among moths and butterflies; but these differences are so far from being constant, that they spring up among individuals which are known to be descendants of the same parentage; they are, therefore, utterly valueless as evidences of breeds. In fact, any approach to permanence which they may possess, is entirely due to the agency of man in matching like with like; for all the races of wild horses with which we are acquainted, whether known to be descendants of domesticated ancestors or not, present one uniform brown hue.

To which of these two cases then has that of the human races the most resemblance? Are there definite hues or markings, which are characteristic of all the individuals of particular races, and which are regularly transmitted from parent to offspring? Or do we find such a variation in this respect, among tribes or families known or presumed to have had a common parentage, as prevents any such line of demarcation from being drawn? To this question we shall endeavor, with Dr. Prichard's assistance, to give a satisfactory reply.

The problem may be thus stated. Given, a fair and ruddy specimen of the so-called Caucasian race, a jet-black Negro, a swarthy Malay, an olive Mongolian, and a copper-colored American Indian; let it be determined—whether their hues are typical of their respective races; or whether such varieties of color may not be communicated to all, as to destroy the value of the distinctive character founded upon complexion.

The nations, whose agreement in cranial conformation has caused them to be associated together under the general designation Caucasian, are very naturally arranged under two groups, differing from one another, but agreeing among themselves, in the fundamental peculiarities of their language. They are sometimes designated as the Semitic and Japetic nations; but Dr. Prichard much

more appropriately, in our apprehension, terms them the Syro-Arabian and the Indo-European—names which at once indicate the nature of the subdivision. The former of these groups seems to have had its original seat in South-western Asia; but is now much more widely extended. For it seems to have diffused itself at a very remote period over Northern Africa, which has been again colonized from the parent stock at various subsequent times; and one of its offsets, the Jewish nation, has spread itself over a large portion of the habitable world. The Atlantic region of Northern Africa comprises the elevated country, mountainous in some parts, stretching from the Great Desert to the shores of the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the subsequent admixture of foreign elements, the remains of the language of its earlier inhabitants are sufficiently distinct to have enabled Prof. Newman to class it among the primitive branches of the Syro-Arabian or Semitic group, coëval with the ancient Syrian, the Phœnician, &c. In this case, we can scarcely do otherwise than regard the people who speak dialects of this ancient Berber language—and who correspond in general bodily configuration, not only with each other, but with the other branches of the same stock—as forming part of the Syro-Arabian group. Now among the Kabyles of Algiers and Tunis, the Tuaryks of Sahara, the Shelahs or mountaineers of Southern Morocco, and other people of the same race, there are very considerable differences of complexion. In fact, there is perhaps no better example anywhere to be met with of the influence exercised by climate, and by tendency to spontaneous variation, in modifying the complexion. For the particulars to be inquired into in their case occur not only within a very limited range of country, but among races connected by the closest affinities of language, and who agree also in every other important physical character. Although the Kabyles in general have a swarthy hue and dark hair, the tribe of Mozabi is described by Mr. Hodgson as remarkably white; and the lofty table-land called Mount Aurasius is inhabited by a tribe so fair and ruddy, and with hair of so deep a yellow, that they have been supposed (though without any adequate foundation) to be a colony of Teutonic origin. On the other hand, some of the Tuaryk tribes bordering on the Great Desert, have a complexion as black as that of the darkest negro.

Similar varieties of color obtain in other



branches of the Syro-Arabian stock. All travellers who have visited the high lands of Arabia represent the inhabitants as having light complexions, their eyes being often blue and their hair red. The Arabs near Muscat are of a sickly yellow hue; those of the neighborhood of Mecca are of a yellowish brown; whilst those of the low countries bordering on the Nile are almost jet black. Mr. Buckingham noticed that the Arabs of the valley of the Jordan, a region of very constant and intense heat, had darker skins as well as flatter features and coarser hair, than he had seen elsewhere; and in the Hattaran, a district beyond the Jordan, he met with a family who had Negro features, a deep black complexion, and crisped hair, of whose pure Arab descent he was nevertheless assured.

It would be easy to multiply proofs to the same effect; but we shall satisfy ourselves with adverting to the case of the Jewish nation, which—though frequently appealed to by the advocates of the permanence of complexion and other physical characters—really tells the other way, when fully stated. This case is particularly satisfactory, on account of the evidence of general purity of descent through a long succession of generations, during which the scattered residence of the race has subjected its members to a great variety of external conditions. Now, although the descendants of Abraham are still generally recognizable by certain peculiarities of physiognomy, we find a great variety of complexion among them. In this country blue eyes and flaxen hair are not unfrequent; but a light brunette hue with black hair is most common. In Germany and Poland, the ordinary complexion is more florid, with blue eyes and red hair. On the other hand, the Jews of Portugal are very dark; while those who have been settled from very remote times in Cochin and the interior of Malabar, are so black as not to be distinguishable by their complexion from the native inhabitants. Thus it may be stated as a general proposition, that the complexion of the Jews tends to assimilate itself to that of any nation in which their residence has been sufficiently prolonged; while of this assimilation, the introduction of a small amount of extraneous blood does not by any means afford an adequate explanation. It is a curious circumstance that there is at Mattacheri, a town of Cochin, a particular colony of Jews which arrived at a comparatively late date in that country, and which are called Jerusalem or White Jews. That they

have not yet been blackened by the tropical light and heat, shows that *time* is in this case a necessary condition.

If we turn to the Indo-European branch of the Caucasian stock, we encounter a series of analogous phenomena. Passing from the mouth of the Ganges to the British Islands, not only does the same general type of cranial conformation everywhere re-appear; but a fundamental conformity in the languages of the various nations, as well as the concurrent testimony of their history and traditions, all indicate an early connection. Whatever may be thought of certain exceptional cases, no ethnologist of repute now disputes the eastern origin of the great body of the population of Europe. Here, then, we have a most striking example of variation of color among the descendants of one common stock; for the complexion of the Hindoo does not less differ from that of a Scandinavian, than does that of the Negro; indeed, there is every shade of gradation interposed between the fair hair and blue eyes of the inhabitant of Northern Europe, and the jet black of the dweller in the plains of India. Even if the common origin of the Hindoo and the Germanic and other European nations should be disputed, (which, however, cannot be attempted without overthrowing the whole fabric of modern philology,) it will be easy to show that similar variations are generated within much narrower limits. Thus among the Hindoo nation alone, we find the most marked diversities of complexion; some are as black as Negroes, some are of a copper color, others little darker than the inhabitants of Southern Europe, and others have actually fair complexions with blue eyes, and auburn or even red hair. These diversities appear to be connected with two sets of conditions, as their operating causes. The first place must be assigned to the marked differences of climate, which prevail betwixt the mountainous elevations of Kashmir or Kafiristan, and the low plains bordering the great rivers of India. But the distinction of castes is scarcely of secondary consequence; since it perpetuates the same modes of life in particular families from generation to generation, and also tends to render permanent any variety that may spontaneously spring up, and to restrain it within the limits of the caste in which it occurs. The high-caste people of the northern and more elevated parts of India are remarkable for the fairness of their complexions; while the Affghans, descended from the Median stock, and speaking a dialect derived from the an-

cient Zend, contain within their passes every variety of complexion, from that of the dark Indian to that of the fair European.

It is obvious, accordingly, that it is impossible to regard the hue of the skin as a sufficient test of the Caucasian race; since, whatever we may assume to be its typical complexion, that type is subject to every kind and degree of modification. The Arabs, the Berbers, the Jews, the Hindoos, the Affghans, and numerous other tribes that might be cited, exhibit many such modifications among themselves, not to mention those which distinguish them from each other; when the European nations are added to the list, the contrast becomes still more striking.

Let us next examine the African nations. Here, it may perhaps be said, no such variety embarrasses us: blackness, with a reddish or yellowish tinge, being the universal hue of the Ethiopian race. Such an assertion, however, would only exhibit the very limited information of the rash ethnologist who should hazard it; for no fact is better established, than that of great diversity of complexion among the different inhabitants of this great continent. Some of the Kafir tribes, among which we frequently meet with high foreheads and prominent noses, have also light brown complexions and reddish hair; yet there is no ground whatever for attributing to them an origin distinct from that of the proper Negro races, with which they are connected in different degrees of affinity. There are tribes even upon the Gold and Slave coasts, considerably lighter than ordinary Negroes. The Hottentot has a large admixture of yellow in his complexion; whilst the Fûlahs of Central Africa are of a dark copper color.

The widest departure from the ordinary Negro complexion is shown in the African nations who border on the Red Sea. Little was known of them prior to the French expedition into Egypt; much information, however, has been gained since, especially by M. d'Abbadie. They exhibit specialties on the one hand, which approximate closely to the Negro type; though in other respects, more particularly in the hue of their skin, the severance is complete:—so that they evidently constitute a series of links between the Negro and the ancient Egyptian race. This gradual transition has been attributed by writers who regard the ancient Egyptians as of Caucasian origin, to an intermixture of races from neighboring confines. But M. d'Abbadie, a most careful observer, expressly states that these intermediate tribes are

certainly *not* Mulattoes, having none of the characters of mixed races. On the contrary, they are each of them distinguished by the characteristic physical features and peculiarities of language, which mark them out as races distinct from the Negroes on the one hand, and from the white races on the other; though they possess at the same time points of resemblance to both. Here, as elsewhere, the lightest complexions and a superior physical conformation characterize the inhabitants of the highlands; whilst the dwellers on the low plains beneath the same latitudes approach nearer to the true Negroes of their neighborhood, not merely in the blackness of their skin, but in the thickness of their lips, the flatness of their noses, and the crispness of their hair.

We must not allow ourselves to be detained by the evidence collected by Dr. Prichard respecting the physical characters of the ancient Egyptians. The conclusion to which it conducts him is a conviction—that the ancient Egyptians were so closely allied to the Negro race, that the origin of both was probably the same. The complexion of the ancient Egyptians, as represented by their own artists, seems to have been of a red copper or light chocolate color, and to have resembled the present complexion of the reddest of the Fûlah and Kafir tribes. Their peculiar physiognomy has been transmitted to us still better, perhaps, in their sculptures: where it is at once recognized as much more African than Arabian: the Negro features being only an exaggeration of it. We shall hereafter see that this conclusion is strengthened by philological considerations.

Complexion, therefore, must be admitted to be no such definite distinction as can sever the Negro races from other branches of the human family. Nor will the character of their hair be found more conclusive; though it has been asserted by some to be a more lasting, and therefore more trustworthy, criterion—so much so, that the African nations have been collectively termed “woolly-haired.” Now, it is clearly proved by microscopic examination, that the hair of the Negro is not wool; and that its intimate structure differs from that of the fairer races, solely in the greater quantity of pigmentary matter contained in its interior—as is the case with jet-black hair in our own country. The crisp, twisted growth of Negro hair is the only sign by which it can be really separated from the straight and flowing hair of Europeans. But a little consideration will show the futility of attempting to separate

racess on distinctions, which do not exceed such variations as may be observed within the limits of any single race. For instance, among the African nations, some have a dark complexion, and are conformable in other respects to the Negro type, yet at the same time have long flowing hair. On the other hand, there are many Europeans, having no admixture of Negro blood, with hair so crisp and frizzled as almost to deserve the epithet of woolly. But supposing the difference to be as great and constant as is commonly represented, it would still be by no means sufficient to establish a diversity of origin. For the zoologist knows that he can place little reliance upon characters derived from the hairy covering, they are so *peculiarly* liable to variation under climatic influences. Thus the sheep of one of the valleys of the Andes, descended from those originally introduced by the Spaniards, bear wool in the first instance, and continue to do so if regularly shorn. If neglected, however, the wool forms a large tufted mass, which finally breaks off in shaggy portions; and beneath is found, not fresh wool, nor a naked and diseased skin, but a short fine hair, shining and smooth, like that of the goat in its best state; and this remains permanently, the wool never reappearing.

On instituting a similar comparison between the complexions of the various branches and offsets of the *Mongolian* race, it will appear that, although an admixture of yellow is one of its most constant characters, yet this may co-exist with many other shades, and may even disappear altogether. Thus, in the remains of the aboriginal tribes of India, still existing in the hilly regions of the north, in the Deccan, and especially in Ceylon,—all of which appear from the characters of their language, their peculiar customs, and their traditions, to be descendants of the Northern Asiatic, rather than of the Hindoo or Arian stock,—we find a variety of shades of complexion; and this even within the limits of the same nation. For example, the Cinghalese are described by Dr. Davy as varying in color from light brown to black; the prevalent hue of their hair and eyes is black, but hazel eyes and brown hair are not very uncommon; gray eyes and red hair are occasionally seen, though rarely; and sometimes the light-blue or red eye and light flaxen hair of the Albinos. Dr. Davy, in describing such a one, remarks that her complexion would scarcely be considered peculiar in England, certainly not in Norway; for her eyes were light blue,

and not particularly weak, her hair of the color that usually accompanies such eyes, and her complexion rather rosy. "It is easy to conceive," he adds, "that an accidental variety of this kind might propagate, and that the white race of mankind is sprung from such an accidental variety. The Indians are of this opinion; and there is a tradition or story among them in which this origin is assigned to us." This tendency towards a fair and even florid complexion, with light blue eyes and bushy hair, can be traced in several other nations of the same type, such as the Mantchoos in China, and also among the Chinese themselves. On the other hand, the hardy Samoiedes, Tungusians, and others living on the borders of the Icy Sea, have a dirty brown or swarthy complexion. A scantiness of hair, we may observe, is generally found in company with the Mongolian type; yet there are tribes having all the other characters conformable, and speaking languages obviously derived from the same stock, whose hair and beard are long and bushy.

If we pass on to the Oceanic races, any attempt to employ the characters of the skin and hair as a means of distinguishing them from the other supposed primary stocks, must utterly fail, so great and so numerous are the diversities. Thus the Malays of the eastern Archipelago, who resemble the Chinese in features and general conformation, are of darker color; retaining, however, somewhat of a yellow tinge in their complexion. This comes out very strongly in the natives of the Caroline Islands, whose aspect is decidedly Mongolian, and whose complexion is of a citron hue, although it becomes brown by exposure. The Tahitians and Marquesans—especially in the families of their chiefs, which are secluded from the wind and sun—exhibit a clear olive or brunette complexion, such as is common among the nations of Central and Southern Europe; and the hair, though generally black, is sometimes brown, auburn, or even red or flaxen. The Hawaii or Sandwich Islanders are somewhat darker, and their hair is frequently crisp and frizzled. The New Zealanders and Ombai islanders present remarkable varieties of complexion, as well as of general conformation; some of them being tall, well-formed, and comparatively fair, whilst others are dark or almost black, and inferior in stature and figure. Yet there is no sufficient reason for supposing in either of these cases a mixed descent; or for surmising that they have a different parentage from

each other, or from the fairer races of other islands. Of the inhabitants of Madagascar, little is known as yet with any certainty; but it appears that some of them approximate towards the Malayan type, others towards the Negro. The probability of an admixture of race is here obviously considerable.

But besides the Malayan Polynesians, whose affinity to each other and to the Mongolian stock can scarcely be doubted, there are others whose settlement in particular islands seems to have been of much older date, and whose physical characters have a much nearer resemblance to those of the Negro. These tribes are described as ferocious and sullen, of savage and menacing aspect, averse to intercourse with strangers, exceeding in ugliness the most ill-favored brood of the African forests, and rivalling them in the sooty blackness of their complexion. Some of them have the woolly hair of the Negroes of Guinea; but others have long straight locks which may be compared to those of the Esquimaux or Algonquins; while many astonish the beholder with their broad, bushed-out, and frizzly periwigs, reaching to the circumference of three feet, by which they obtained from Dampier the epithet of "mop-headed Papuas." The headquarters of these "Pelagian Negroes," as Dr. Prichard calls them, are the insulated countries which lie around Australia. In some of these they constitute the sole population; but wherever the Malayan races have established themselves, the blacker tribes have been either exterminated or driven into the mountain fastnesses of the interior. The relation of these people to the genuine Malayo-Polynesian race is difficult to determine, in consequence of our almost total ignorance of the language of the former. But there are many circumstances which lead to the belief of their common origin, and especially this:—In several of the islands peopled by the Malayo-Polynesian stock, the complexion of the mass of the people, who are continually exposed to the influence of the sun and air, grows darker, the features ugly, and the hair somewhat crisp, with a decided approach towards the Pelagian Negro type. Yet among the very same people, the superior caste, who pass their days in ease, and are carefully sheltered from the tropical sun, have a fair complexion and an almost European cast of features. All intelligent persons who have long resided in the islands of the Pacific, under circumstances favorable to accurate investigation, appear to have come to the conclusion, that these dif-

ferences can only be accounted for by the diversified agency of climate and physical influences on the different branches of a race originally the same. If color be once adopted as a test of separate origin, we must suppose that tribes speaking the same language, having the same customs and traditions, and closely related in general conformation, sprang, nevertheless, from ancestors who had no relation to each other; and we must assign a distinct pair to almost every island or group of islands, and in some instances even two or more pairs to a single island.

Lastly, in regard to the *American* nations, it is sufficient to remark that the appellation "red men" is by no means characteristic; for, not only are tribes elsewhere found, at least equally deserving of it, but it is not applicable to a large proportion of the population of the continent of America. Although some of the North American Indians are copper-colored, some are as fair as many Europeans; others are of a brown or yellow complexion, and others nearly, if not quite, as black as the Negroes of Africa. Here also, therefore, we should be forced into the supposition of a large number of primitive stocks in near vicinity to each other, were so much authority to be attributed to color as to allow it to conclusively establish the separate origins of *any* races of mankind.

We have already adverted to examples in which there existed historical proof, or at least adequate presumption, of an actual *change* in the prevalent hue of a people, within a certain tract of time; we may adduce a few more instances by way of confirmation. The Barábra or Berberines of the higher parts of the Nile appear, from the most careful researches that have been made into their history, to be the descendants of the Nobatæ, who were brought fifteen centuries ago from an oasis in the western country, by Diocletian, to inhabit the valley of the Nile. The particular district, out of which they issued, appears to have been Kordofan; the present inhabitants of which, true Negroes, still preserve and speak the Barábra language. The Berberines live on the banks of the Nile; and wherever there is any soil they plant date trees, set up wheels for irrigation, and sow dhourra and leguminous plants. At Cairo, where many of them resort, they are prized for their honesty. Now, this advance in civilization has been accompanied by a considerable change in complexion: for their present physiognomy and hue of skin are

very similar to those of the ancient Egyptians; their hair, too, is long and slightly crisp, without being woolly. This alteration cannot be set down to any intermixture with the Arabs or other inhabitants of the Nile valley, from whom the Berberines keep themselves distinct. In like manner the Funge, who made themselves masters of Sennaar about three centuries ago, although originally Negroes of the Shilúkh nation, no longer present the physiognomy or complexion of that race, but much more nearly approach the Berberines. There appears in both cases to be a special tendency towards a red complexion, and even red hair; and among the Funge the individuals thus distinguished are stated to form a separate caste, being known under the name of "El Akmar," or "the red people." In Northern India, again, there are tribes of mountaineers descended from families which migrated at remote periods from the plains of Hindostan to high tracts in the Himalaya, especially towards the sources of the sacred rivers. Many of these have so far departed from the ordinary Hindoo aspect as to have acquired a fair complexion, with blue eyes, and auburn or red hair. The most complete change, however, seems to have taken place in the Siah-Pósh. They speak a dialect of the Sanskrit, (which is no longer the spoken language of any part of India,) and are acquainted with only the simplest form of Hindoo mythology;—they may be assumed, therefore, to have separated from the main stock at a very early period. According to the information obtained by Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Sir A. Burnes, the Siah-Pósh are a people of exquisite beauty, with regular Grecian features, blue eyes, arched eye-brows, and fair complexion; they have no resemblance to the Affghan or Cashmirian people near whom they dwell.

We have thus shown, that however easy it may be to select a certain number of individuals from the various races, and to set them up as typical forms, it is utterly futile to attempt to make any general classification of races according to such forms. There is no single distinctive character common to all those tribes, whose general agreement would nevertheless require their association in any such system of classification; and there is none so permanent as to be incapable of undergoing modification in course of time, either from inherent tendency to spontaneous variation, or from the influence of external conditions.

A general view of the phenomena belong-

ing to the various complexions of the human race must compel us to admit, to a very considerable extent, the influence of climate among the causes of these varieties. Thus it is only in the intertropical regions, and in the countries bordering upon them, that we meet with the greatest depth of color in the skin; and all the nations inhabiting those regions have an inclination to complete blackness, which may, however, be kept in check by other circumstances. The two other conditions which seem to have the greatest modifying influence, next to geographical position, are elevation above the sea-level, and the degree of humidity in the atmosphere. In botanical geography, elevation is considered an equivalent to removal towards the nearest pole; and it has obviously the same effect on human complexion as on the growth of plants—the inhabitants of mountainous districts being almost always fairer than those of the plains at their base. On the influence of humidity much stress is laid by M. D'Orbigny and Sir R. Schomburg, each of whom has made the remark, as the result of personal and independent observation on the inhabitants of the New World, that people who live under the damp shade of dense and lofty forests are comparatively fair; whilst those exposed to solar heat in dry and open spaces are of a much deeper hue.

It must be admitted that the relation between climate and color is not *perfectly* uniform; but it is at least as uniform as the relation between color and race;—that is, the difference of shade among different families of nations which have been exposed sufficiently long to the same climatic influences, is not greater than that which presents itself among individuals of the same nation. It would seem that, among the greater number of dark-skinned nations, there is a greater variety of complexion than is found in those of fairer hue. We have already noticed this, when speaking of the inhabitants of New Zealand: and the following quotation from Bishop Heber's journal shows the amount of variety existing among the Hindoos. He remarks, on landing, "The great difference in color betwixt different natives struck me much. Of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were as black as Negroes, others merely copper-colored, and others little darker than the Tunisines whom I have seen in Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the Principal of the Bishop's College, who came down to meet me, and who has seen more of India

than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and everywhere striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety is visible in the fishermen, who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high-caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe; though, where so much of the body is exposed to light, it becomes more striking here than in our own country."

We have seen that the Arab, living in the country of the Negro, becomes of Negro blackness; that the Negro, dwelling on the banks of the Nile, presents the dark red tinge of the ancient Egyptian; that the Jew, transplanted into the northern regions of Europe, has the original swarthy complexion of his race replaced by a fair and even a florid hue, whilst another offset of the same stock rivals in blackness the Hindoos among whom he dwells; that the Hindoo, when he migrates to the high lands of the Himalaya range, becomes, in process of time, as fair as the Europeans who have come thither from the far North; that the nations proved by affinities of language to be descendants of the great Arian stock, which has dispersed itself through every variety of climate, admit of every variety of color; and that equal and similar varieties abound among the members of other groups of nations, (*e. g.* the American and the Polynesian) whose geographical distribution and linguistic affinities afford a strong presumption of a common origin. We cannot conceive that any candid person can weigh this mass of evidence, without coming to the conclusion that the most extreme differences of complexion are unsafe indications of an original distinctness of race; and that these differences owe their origin far more to the prolonged influence of external physical conditions, than to any other assignable causes. And we thus arrive at the same result to which we were led by a comparison of the cranial conformation of the different races.

The general propositions, then, which we feel entitled to deduce from these premises, are as follows:—First, that no such difference exists in the external aspect or internal structure of the different races of men as would justify the assertion of their distinct origin; and second, that although the comparison of the anatomical characters of races

does not furnish any positive evidence of their descent from a common stock, it proves that, even if their stocks *were* originally distinct, there could have been no *essential* difference between them,—the descendants of any one such stock, being able to assume the characters of another.

These conclusions are fully borne out by the *physiological* comparisons instituted by Dr. Prichard, of which, however, we can only notice the leading features. He lays it down, in the first instance, as a general axiom, that the great laws of the vital functions, such as those governing the periods and duration of life, the economy of the sexes, and the phenomena of parturition and reproduction, are, with slight deviations resulting from external agencies, constant and uniform in each particular species; whilst there are usually decided differences in regard to the same peculiarities among races of animals, which, though nearly resembling each other, are yet specifically distinct. This axiom will be admitted, we believe, by all who are competent to form an opinion on the subject; and it is signally confirmed by the careful study of those races of domesticated animals, which are remarkable for the greatest amount of anatomical variation.

Now, taking the average duration of life as the first point of comparison, we find that, whilst there is a marked difference in this respect between man and the highest apes—the full term of existence of the Chimpanzee being stated by M. Lesson at not more than thirty years, and that of inferior species being less—there is absolutely no difference among the several races of mankind; the extreme age of the Negro and American races being at least as great as that of the European; with the same average duration of life under the same circumstances as regards climate, mode of life, &c. This is true also of the period at which the body attains its full development; of that at which the capability of reproduction is first manifested in the female, and of that at which it ceases. The slight differences which are observable as to these particulars among the several races, are not greater than among individuals of the same race or nation under similar climatic influences. The term of gestation, which is one of the most definite of all the periodical phenomena of life, and which frequently differs widely in two species nearly allied to each other, is exactly the same in every one of the human races.

This conclusion derives additional support from the results attending the mixture of races. Dr. Prichard has drawn particular attention to this point, and has placed the question in a somewhat new aspect. He brings together a large number of facts from the domains of zoology and botany, to prove the comparative, if not the absolute, sterility of mules, or hybrids between parents of different species; and the superior vigor and fecundity of hybrids whose parents are merely varieties of one species. According to De Candolle, no hybrids between plants of undoubtedly distinct species can continue the race *by themselves* for more than three or four generations; their capability of more permanent fecundity being dependent on the occasional *crossing* of the race with one of the parent stocks, towards which it gradually returns; so that the hybrid race becomes virtually extinct. It is questioned by Dr. Prichard whether hybrids between animals of undoubtedly distinct species are ever fertile with *each other*, although it is well known that they may become so with either of the parent stocks. On the other hand, it is universally admitted that an intermixture of mere varieties, as in the crossing of the breeds of domesticated animals, tends to the improvement of the race, and is favorable to its perpetuation. He considers that it may be possible in this manner to test the specific identity or difference of two races of plants or animals; any two races that will produce a progeny of equal fertility with themselves being of the same species, whilst those whose progeny falls off in vigor and fecundity are to be regarded as of different species. If this test could be implicitly relied on, the specific identity of all the human races must be at once admitted; since there is ample evidence to show that races of men descended from a mixed parentage are at least equal in vigor and fertility to their parent stocks, and frequently exceed them. But it is fair to say that naturalists are by no means universally agreed on the adoption of this test; there being many who maintain that the limits of hybridity are much wider than Dr. Prichard supposes; and that the fertility of the progeny depends rather upon the general similarity of the parents than upon their *specific* unity. Certain eminent zoologists are even disposed to believe that our domesticated quadrupeds are for the most part hybrid races between parents of different species. On this supposition, our breeds of horses, oxen, sheep, dogs, cats, &c., are

not, as is commonly supposed, descended from single wild stocks now for the most part lost sight of, but have had several original stocks, whose traces are still discoverable. Hence we feel that it would be unwise to lay much stress upon this particular argument; though whatever weight it possesses must go into the scale of original unity.

Following the order we have indicated, we shall now pass to that department of our survey which embraces the *Psychical* characters of the different races of mankind:—in our apprehension, the most important part of the whole inquiry; but which no ethnologist till Dr. Prichard had thought worthy of a systematic investigation. The capaciousness of the skulls of the Negro and European has been measured and compared; but little account has been taken of the workings of the brains which they contained. The color of the skin, the flatness or projection of the nose, the lankness or crispness of the hair, the straightness or curvature of the limbs, have been scrutinized and contrasted; as if these alone constituted the proper description of man: though it is surely in the psychical character and its manifestations that the attributes of humanity peculiarly consist.

The tests by which we recognize the claims of the outcast and degraded of our own country to a common humanity, are surely the same by which we should estimate the true relation of the Negro, the Bushman, or the Australian savage, to the cultivated European. We must not judge of their capabilities solely by their manner of life, however wretched that may be; since this is often forced upon them by external circumstances. Nor have we any right to pronounce them incapable of entertaining any particular class of ideas, simply because we cannot find the traces of these in their existing forms of expression. It is only when such people have been attentively studied—not by a passing traveller, who, though he may pick up a little of their language, sees little of their inner life—but by a resident who has made it his business to become, as far as possible, one of themselves, and has succeeded in gaining acquaintance with habits which a jealous reserve would conceal, and ideas which the imperfections of language render most difficult of transmission—that we have any right to affirm what they *are*; and even this amount of information affords little

means of judging what they may *become*. It will be only when the effect of education, intellectual, moral, and religious, has been fairly tested, that we shall be entitled to speak of any essential and constant difference between ourselves and the most degraded being clothed in the human form. It will only be when the influence of perfect equality in civilization and in social position has been ineffectually brought to bear on them for several consecutive generations, that we shall be entitled to say, of the Negro or any other race, that it is separated by an "impassable barrier" from those which arrogate to themselves an inalienable superiority in intellectual and moral endowments. All our present knowledge on this subject tends rather to show that no such barrier exists; and that there is a real community of psychical characters among all the races of men; the differences in the degree of their positive and relative development not being greater than those which exist in the history or in the varieties of our own race. And we may add, that, in almost every instance, the more we learn concerning any particular nation or tribe reputed to present the meanest possible aspect of humanity, the more we generally have to recede from the harshness of our first impressions. This has been found especially to be the case with regard to the aborigines of Australia. They were supposed to be at the bottom of the scale, not merely as regards their physical condition, but to be deficient in their intellectual and their moral feelings, and to want even the rudiments of any religious impression. More intimate acquaintance with them, however, has fully proved the fallacy of such statements. It is remarkable, too, that they possess many singular institutions, more resembling those of the North American Indians than of any other nation known to us. One great obstruction to the improvement of their social state is said to consist (as in a certain other country nearer home) in the great complexity of their landed tenure—the perverted ingenuity of which would do credit, it is said, to the genius of an astute lawyer.

The examination of the psychical endowments of the several races of mankind is pursued by Dr. Prichard through a great variety of interesting and instructive details, into which, however, we have no longer room to enter. We must, therefore, content ourselves with laying before our readers a pretty full account of one of his most striking illustrations.

The example which we select is that of the Bushmen of South Africa; a race which many ethnologists regard as the most degraded of the human species; and which some have thought so far below the level of the real Japetic man, as not even to be worth making slaves of! Their language has been said to consist only of a few guttural tones, and to be capable of expressing but few ideas; and they themselves to be all but incapable of reasoning. Without houses or even huts, they live in caves and holes, naked and half-starved savages; and wander through forests in small companies or separate families, hardly supporting a miserable existence on wild roots, the eggs of ants, lizards, snakes, and the most loathsome insects. They are horribly filthy in their personal habits, and their only enjoyment is smoking. They are said, indeed, to make no use of fire, except for the purpose of lighting their pipes; and they eat the most unclean food without even taking the trouble to wash it. We can scarcely feel surprised, then, that those writers who search for indications of approximation between mankind and the inferior animals, should have found in these wretched Bushmen a plain link of connection.

There is ample evidence, however, that the Bushmen are a degraded caste of the Hottentot race. They agree with the Hottentots in all the peculiarities of physiognomy, cranial conformation, &c., by which the latter are characterized; and a careful comparison of the languages of the two races has shown that there is an essential affinity between them. Still more satisfactory proof of this is derived from historical testimony. The process of the conversion of Hottentots into Bushmen—the change of a mild, confiding, and unenterprising race of shepherds, wandering about in large societies with their flocks and herds, into fierce, suspicious, and vindictive savages, who issue from the fastnesses of their rocky deserts only to plunder and destroy—has been witnessed even within the present generation, as the result of the encroachments of the European colonists on the one side, and of the Kafirs on the other. Hence some persons have attributed the origin of the Bushman race entirely to the oppressions to which certain Hottentot tribes had been subjected at the hands of their more civilized neighbors; and have dated it, in fact, from the time of the first settlement of Europeans at the Cape of Good Hope. This appears, however, from the reports of Dr. Andrew Smith, who was



engaged by the colonial government, during his long residence in South Africa, to undertake a journey of investigation into the interior of Hottentot-land and Kafiristan, not to be strictly true. The numbers of the Bushmen will have been augmented from time to time by various conquered and reduced tribes of Hottentots resorting to the wandering hordes of their vicinity; yet the first separation of the two races took place at a remote period, probably long antecedent to the arrival of the first colonists at the Cape. According to Dr. Smith, almost all the South African tribes who have made any advances in civilization, are surrounded by more barbarous hordes, whose abodes are in the wilderness and in the fastnesses of mountains and forests, and who constantly recruit their numbers by such fugitives as crime and destitution may have driven from their own more honest and thriving communities. Thus the Kafirs have their Bushmen, as well as the Hottentots; although it is only the outcasts of the latter who are known to the Cape colonists.

Notwithstanding what has been just stated of the fundamental affinities between the Bushman and Hottentot languages, there is so great a difference in their vocabularies as to have given an apparent sanction to the idea of their complete dissociation. Of this difference, however, Dr. Smith has been able to give a satisfactory account. He states that many of the Bushman hordes vary their speech designedly, by affecting a singular mode of utterance, and even adopt new words in order to render their meaning unintelligible to all but the members of their own community. This modified dialect is more or less understood by the population belonging to each Bushman tribe; but not by the Hottentots, or by persons who know only the common language of the race. The clapping noise occasioned by the various motions of the tongue, which is characteristic of the Hottentot language, occurs still more frequently among the Bushmen; they, indeed, often use it so incessantly, as to seem to be giving utterance to a jargon consisting of an uninterrupted succession of claps.

It is justly remarked by Dr. Prichard that these curious facts are valuable as bearing on other ethnological questions.

"The fact of a tribe of people in a better condition, and looking upon themselves as of higher caste and dignity, having in its vicinity hordes of a lower state, a *mechas*, or 'mixed multitude,' descended probably from refugees and outcasts, and more or less mingled with foreigners and vag-

abonds from various quarters, is a thing likely to have occurred in other parts of the world besides South Africa; and the supposition of its existence may tend to explain many phenomena in history or ethnology. In India, for example, it cannot be doubted that many a tribe of obscure origin living beyond the limits, or on the outskirts of civilized communities, owes its existence, in a great part at least, to the shelter which woods and fastnesses and mountainous tracts afford, from time to time, to persons whose character and habits of life are such as to unfit them for the observation of laws, and for submission to regal and priestly ordinances." (Appendix to Natural History of Mankind, p. 598.)

There are many instances in ancient history of tribes who were probably of kindred origin with their masters, being reduced and kept in a state of vassalage for many generations, and treated with the greatest cruelty. The enslavement of the Helots by the Spartans will occur to every one. In like manner the ancient Slavonian race was long held in servile subjection to the Sarmatæ; but having been armed for the defence of their common country against the Goths, they finally turned their arms against their domestic tyrants and expelled them. Among the ancient Egyptians, as Dr. Prichard observes, there was probably a large population of mixed races, besides the pure castes of the Egyptian stock;—a supposition which will enable us to account for many varieties of statement in ancient descriptions of the Egyptians, and in the physical traits of mummies,—while the national type, as represented by paintings and sculptures, is strikingly uniform. Dr. Prichard finds another analogy in the case of the Lappes of Northern Europe, who may have originally borne the same relation to the Finns in their vicinity as the Bushmen bear to the present Hottentots. A similar or even greater difference, at least in bulk and stature, is pointed out between the small and meagre Bedouins who lead a predatory life in the African desert, and the industrious Fellahs who live by the cultivation of the soil, and who, though of the same race, are comparatively stout and athletic men.

So, again, with regard to the history of languages, the fact that a savage race is known to modify its speech for the purpose of becoming unintelligible to its neighbors, is by no means unimportant. It is impossible to say how many of the apparently original diversities of human speech have had their commencement in a similar cause, and in the voluntary adoption of a new jargon by some small separated community.

The clapping articulation of the Hottentots themselves may have originated wholly from this habit; particularly if, as hinted by Bunsen, the Hottentot language is a degraded dialect of the Kafir. We have specially noticed their case, however, for the sake of observing that the moral disparities, by which it has been sought to exclude the Bushmen from a fellowship with the higher races, constitute on the contrary an affinity between them; since such surely is the case, when Dr. Prichard, in his most recent publication on the subject, mentions a total want of forethought, and a wild desire of revenge, among their most striking characteristics.

Would we could say that recklessness or ferocity were confined to the rude dwellers in the remote deserts of South Africa! Unfortunately there is scarcely a civilized nation, in the very bosom of which there does not exist an outcast population, neither less reckless nor less prone to the fearful indulgence of their worst passions than these miserable Bushmen, and only restrained from breaking loose by external coercion. Their want of forethought is matter of daily lamentation; and as often as the arm of the law is paralyzed, the savage inhabitants of the unknown deserts of our great towns issue from their dens, and rival, in their excesses of wanton cruelty, the most terrible exhibitions of barbarian inhumanity. Now, on the one hand, if we admit the influence of want, ignorance, and neglect, in accounting for the debasement of the savages of our own great towns, and yet cherish the belief that, so far from being irreclaimable, they may at least be brought up to the standard from which they have degenerated; on the other hand, we cannot well doubt the operation of the same causes on the outcasts of the Hottentot races, or refuse to believe that even the wretched Bushmen might be brought back to the condition of the people from among whom they have been driven forth.

Of the Hottentots themselves, however, we are accustomed to entertain a very low estimate; our ideas of them have been chiefly derived from the intercourse of the Cape settlers with the tribes which have been their nearest neighbors, and which have unfortunately undergone that deterioration which is so often found to be the first result of the contact of civilized with comparatively savage nations. From the Dutch writers, however, who described the Hottentots at the time of the first settlement,

we find that they were originally a numerous people, divided into many tribes, under the patriarchal government of chiefs or elders; who wandered about with flocks and herds, associating in communes of three or four hundred persons, living in kraals, or movable villages of huts, which were constructed of poles or boughs covered with rush mats, and taken down and carried about on pack-oxen. They were bold and active in the chase, and courageous in warfare; their general disposition was distinguished by humanity and good nature; and they are particularly extolled as the most faithful servants in the world. Though excessively fond of wine, brandy, and tobacco, they might safely be intrusted with them—neither themselves taking, nor suffering others to take, any such articles when committed to their charge. Their chastity was remarkable—adultery being punished with death. Their besetting sin appears to have been indolence; which prevented them from troubling themselves much about personal cleanliness, or about the cultivation of their minds. Nevertheless, when they could be induced to apply, they made no mean progress. Kolben, a voyager and writer of that date, declares that he has known many of them who were tolerable masters of Dutch, French, and Portuguese; one particularly, who learned English and Portuguese in a very short time; and who having conquered the vicious pronunciation contracted from his native speech, was said by good judges to understand and speak his new languages with surprising readiness and propriety. They were even employed by Europeans in affairs that require judgment and capacity. A Hottentot named Cloos was intrusted by Van der Stel, one of the early governors of the Cape, with carrying on a large trade in cattle with tribes at a great distance, and generally executed his commission with great success.

And yet these are the beings whom it is the fashion with certain classes of writers to represent as little better than improved apes, and as having no sufficient claim to the brotherhood of humanity! We wish that all the members of the Caucasian race manifested an equal degree of improveability with some of these despised Hottentots.

It has been frequently said that the Hottentots differ from the higher races in their incapacity to form or to receive religious ideas. This, however, is by no means true. The authorities to which we have just referred assure us that the Hottentots of ~~these~~

time had a firm belief in supreme powers both of good and evil, and endeavored to conciliate them (especially the latter) by religious rites. They believed also in the immortality of the soul; but whether they had any distinct idea of future rewards and punishments could not be clearly ascertained. The early endeavors to introduce Christianity among them met with the same obstinate resistance as has been the case in almost every similar instance; and one writer has given as the summing up of his observations, that "the Hottentots seem born with a natural antipathy to all customs, and to every religion, but their own." But it is a memorable fact, that when the attempt was perseveringly made and rightly directed, the Hottentot nation lent a more willing ear than any other uncivilized race had done, to the preaching of Christianity; and no people has been more strikingly and speedily improved by its reception,—not only in moral character and conduct, but also in outward condition and prosperity. Gladly would we follow Dr. Prichard through the interesting account which he has given of the labors of the United Brethren, and of their settlements at Gnadenthal and other spots on which they have been located. We are sure that no unprejudiced person can peruse them, without coming to the conclusion that in aptitude for the reception of religious impressions, they are far superior to the young heathens of our own land, who, when first induced to attend a ragged school, are recorded to have mingled "Jim Crow" with the strains of adoration in which they were invited to join; and who did their best, by grimaces and gestures, to distract the attention of those who were fixing their thoughts on the solemn offering of prayer. With the following extract we must conclude our notice of this part of the subject:—

"Perhaps nothing in this account is more remarkable than the fact that so strong a sensation was produced among the whole Hottentot nation, and even among the neighboring tribes of different people, by the improved and happy condition of the Christian Hottentots, as to excite a desire for similar advantages. Whole families of Hottentots, and even of Bushmen, set out for the borders of Kafirland, and even performed journeys of many weeks, in order to settle at Gnadenthal. It is a singular fact in the history of these barbarous races of men, that the savage Bushmen, of their own accord, solicited from the colonial government, when negotiations were opened with them with the view of putting an end to a long and bloody contest, that teachers might be sent among them, such as those who had dwelt among

the tame Hottentots at Gnadenthal. 'History,' says the historian of the mission, 'probably furnishes few parallel examples of a savage people, in treaty with a Christian power, making it one of the conditions of peace, that missionaries should be sent to instruct them in Christianity.'" (Natural History of Man, p. 524.)

The records of the same devoted order of missionaries have furnished Dr. Prichard with similar materials for a psychological account of the Greenlanders and Negroes; the former being a branch of the great American family of nations, which has been represented by many writers as entirely differing in psychical character from the inhabitants of the Old World; and the latter being popularly regarded even in this country, and still more in the United States, as a race utterly incapable of elevation to our own level. We find, however, in these as in other races, unequivocal indications of the same moral and intellectual nature as that which the most civilized races of men exhibit; these indications becoming more obvious, the more complete our knowledge of their habits not merely of action but of thought. We can trace, in short, among all the tribes who are endowed with articulate speech, the same rational, human nature; superior to that of the highest brutes, not merely in the complexity of the processes which it is capable of performing, but in that capacity for generating abstract ideas, and thus arriving at general principles, which, so far as we have the means of judgment, appears to be the distinguishing attribute of Man. So again, we discover in all of them the same elements of moral feeling; the same sympathies and susceptibilities of affection; the same conscience or internal conviction of accountableness, more or less obscurely developed; the same sentiments of guilt and self-condemnation, and the same desire of expiation. These principles take very different forms of expression, even in civilized life; much more, therefore, ought we to be prepared for finding nothing more, even among the best specimens of uncivilized barbarism, than the mere rudiments of a higher understanding and of a nobler moral nature, than that which they have at present reached. But the rudiments are there; though not always in the same degree of forwardness for being moulded to the institutions of a more regular society; for the development of the intellectual powers under a rational education; and for that growth of the moral and religious sentiments, which Christianity is pre-eminently fitted to

promote in every mind that opens itself to its benign influence.

It is true that different nations manifest a different capacity for intellectual, moral, and social improvement; but this difference is not greater than that which exists between individuals of the most favored races. If the Negro, generally, is at present far behind, yet under favorable circumstances, the intellect and moral character of individual Negroes have been elevated to the European standard; while, on the other hand, we have too frequent proof that the intellect and moral character of the European are capable, not merely in individuals, but in families and groups of people, of sinking even below the average standard of the Negro. An enlarged acquaintance with the African character, has led many persons to the belief that our boasted superiority is, after all, more intellectual than moral; and that in purity and disinterestedness of the affections, in childlike simplicity and gentleness of demeanor, in fact, in all the milder graces of the Christian temper, we may even have much to learn of the despised Negro. "I should expect," said Channing, "from the African race, if civilized, less energy, less courage, less intellectual originality, than in ours; but more amiableness, tranquillity, gentleness, and content." They might not rise to an equality in outward condition, but would probably be a much happier race. We have ourselves had considerable opportunity of comparing the capacity of Negro children with that of the lower class of our youthful town population; and we have no hesitation in saying that it is in every respect equal, and that there is, if anything, a superior docility on the part of the Negro. Basil Hall gives the same testimony, on the authority of the schoolmasters even of the United States. That this mental development is generally checked at an early age, and that the Negroes too frequently remain through life in the condition of "children of a larger growth," may be freely conceded; but this need not be wondered at, as long as every encouragement to advancement is withheld, and the doctrine that the Negro *never can* be admitted within the pale of white civilization, is sedulously maintained and acted on. Wherever, on the contrary, sufficient opportunities have existed, and sufficient inducement has been offered, the result has been as satisfactory as the most enthusiastic philanthropist could expect. We may add that the same remark respecting the absence of any inferiority in the capacity of the *children* of races reputed to be inferior,

has been made in the case of the Australians, the Hottentots, and others; who nevertheless have often been condemned, in the same off-hand way, that Cæsar and his countrymen would have unquestionably disposed of the early Britons. It is evidently a work of such immense difficulty to raise man out of his animal condition, that the wonder rather is, how it has ever been done at all.

The contributions which Ethnology has received from *Philological* investigation have rapidly increased in importance, as the true principles of the latter science have been understood and applied. We almost despair of communicating to our readers, within any reasonable limits, an idea of the present aspect of this department of the inquiry. We will, however, make the attempt with the assistance of the able Report recently presented to the British Association by the Chev. Bunsen.

It is to the speculations, discoveries, and divinations of Leibnitz, that we owe the origin of that investigation into the history of languages, their analysis, comparison, and classification, which is termed by the Germans "*Sprachenkunde*;" and to represent which, our own tongue has been lately enriched by the word "*Glottology*,"—sufficiently apposite and significant, but unfortunately not very harmonious. The science has as yet been little pursued except in Germany; where the labors of the Adelungs, Vater, Klaproth, Fred. Schlegel, Bopp, Jacob Grimm, William von Humboldt, Bunsen, and others scarcely less eminent, attest that the seed has been cast into no unfruitful soil. It has been the peculiar characteristic of these philologists, that they have rejected the etymological dreams and conjectures, the loose comparisons of single words made without principle or analogy, and generally without any sufficient or critical knowledge of the idioms, in short, all that unscientific comparison of languages or rather of words caught up at random from among them, which have made the etymologies of the seventeenth century the laughing-stock of the eighteenth.

"By its very principle, the critical school admits of no claim to historical affinity between different languages, unless this affinity be shown to rest upon definite laws, upon substantial analogy established by a complete examination of the materials. But that school demands the strictest proof that those affinities are neither accidental, nor merely ideal, but essential; that they are not the work of extraneous intrusion, but indigenous, as running through the whole original texture of

the languages compared, according to a traceable general rule of analogy. The very method of this critical school excludes the possibility of accidental or mere ideal analogies being taken for proofs of a common historical descent of different tribes or nations." (Bunsen's Report, p. 255.)

By this method of study, the languages of the great bulk of the existing population of the Old Continent may be reduced to five great families or dynasties. These are:—1. The Indo-European, sometimes termed Indo-German, frequently Japetic, and by late writers Arian or Iranian languages. 2. The Syro-Arabian, often termed Semitic. 3. The languages of High Asia and of certain parts of Northern Europe, to which the name Turanian has been given, and which is termed by Dr. Prichard Ugro-Tartarian. 4. The Chinese and Indo-Chinese, or the monosyllabic and uninflected languages. 5. The African languages, spoken by the woolly-haired nations of Africa, who inhabit the countries within a few degrees to the north of the equator, and all south of that line.

We have already alluded to the vast extent of the first of these families of languages, and to the variety in the physical characters of the nations who speak them. No scientific philologist, we believe, any longer retains a doubt that all these languages have been derived from one primitive stock, deviating from their original identity by variations at first merely dialectic, but gradually increased. Of course, the natural inference is, that the nations which now speak them have diverged from a common centre. The only alternative capable of meeting the facts seems to be the hypothesis, that some single nation, to which the Indo-European language originally belonged, conquered the indigenous races of Europe, and imposed upon them all its own language. But, as Dr. Prichard justly remarks:—

"If we suppose an Asiatic tribe, for example, speaking any one idiom belonging to this dynasty of languages, to have made conquests ever so extensive in Europe and Asia, without leaving traces in history, which is almost incredible, we shall still be far from a solution of the problem. How could one nation introduce German languages among the German nations; Celtic dialects, various as they are, among the Celts; the Slavonic language among the widely spread nations of Sarmatia; Greek among the Greeks; the old Italic dialects among the nations of Italy? The supposition is absurd. Moreover, there is internal evidence in the Indo-European languages themselves sufficient to prove that they grew by gradual dialectic development out of one common matrix. Any person who considers, with competent knowledge of these

languages, the nature of their relations to each other, the fact that their original roots are for the most part common, and that in the great system of grammatical inflexion pervading these languages there is nothing else than the varied development of common principles, must be convinced that the differences between them are but the result of the gradual deviation of one common language into a multitude of diverging dialects; and the ultimate conclusion that is forced upon us is, that the Indo-European nations are the descendants of one original people, and, consequently, that the varieties of complexion, form, stature, and other physical qualities which exist among them, are the results of deviation from an original type." (Dr. Prichard's Report on Ethnology, p. 244.)

The end of all language is the construction of a sentence, of which the several parts are mutually connected and dependent one on another; so as to be capable of expressing a logical proposition, by a subject, predicate, and copula, with all their dependencies. Almost every language has a distinct form for the chief parts of the sentence, as a noun for the subject, and the verb for the predicate; and has also words used solely for the purpose of indicating the mutual relations of these component parts, which may either stand as separate particles, or may be united to the principal words as affixes; the same end being also served by inflexions of these words. In the completeness of its system of inflexions, and in the close knitting together of all the components of the sentence, so that every shade of thought may be expressed with the greatest simplicity and precision, the Indo-European languages, of which the Sanskrit may be taken as the type, stand pre-eminent; certain of these (especially the Hellenic) presenting the highest development that language has yet attained, and of which indeed it seems capable; and containing, also, the power of modification to meet the exigencies of advancing knowledge and of new habits of thought.

At the opposite extremity of the series we find the Chinese, or monosyllabic language; in which there is the least possible connection between the elements of the sentence. In fact, every word (or syllable) might almost be said to be a sentence in itself: for it may for the most part be interpreted either as a verb, a substantive, an adjective, or as a grammatical particle, an empty word, as the Chinese grammarians say; its import being partly determined by its place in the sentence, and partly, when spoken, by the tones or accents with which the word is pronounced, each word having three, and some four of these accents. Even with these

aids, no Chinese would understand the present spoken language,—still less the old one, which very seldom uses grammatical particles,—without the help of repetitions, expletives, pauses, and finally of gestures. The place of these, however, is supplied, *in writing*, by an immense number of conventional signs, derived from figurative sources, which are destined not to express sounds, but to suggest ideas, and thus to assist the reader in guessing the meaning of the word. The Chinese is thus by far the most *inflexible* of all languages; and has preserved, in a fixed or crystallized state, that earliest stage in the development of speech, in which every word corresponded to, or represented a substantial object in the outward world.

The law of progress in all languages appears to have been from the substantial isolated word, as an undeveloped expression of a whole sentence, towards such a construction as makes every single word subservient to the general idea which the sentence is to unfold; and shapes, and modifies, and combines it accordingly. The mind starts with forming sentences; and tends to break the absolute isolating character of the words first devised by it, by making them subservient to the whole of a developed sentence, and changing them into “parts of speech.” But this it can only do, in the first instance, by using the full roots it already possesses, namely, nouns and verbs. To such roots, as is now well known, all other “parts of speech,” in all languages, are to be referred; not merely adverbs and adjectives, but also conjunctions, prepositions, and other particles, whether separate or affixed. And, finally, the syllables thus added to the original roots frequently take the form of inflexions; which now appear, at first sight, as mere modifications of the sound of the word, but which have been shown in most cases to have their origin in syllables that once had a separate and substantial meaning.

“The only preparation,” says Bunsen, (Report, p. 290,) “which, after a literature of four thousand years, the Chinese presents for such a change, is the use of some of its unchangeable roots as signs of grammatical relations. A nation which came into separate existence in such a state of the language, could as easily make that great step which leads to affixes and then to inflexions, as the mummified Chinese is unable and unwilling to do it. It is the feeling of the absolute independence and isolating substantiality of each word in a sentence, which makes him contemplate such a change as a decided de-

cay and barbarism. He expresses *daylight* by two words, signifying exactly in the same order, *dáy light*; but he cannot condescend to subordinate the second to the first, by saying with one accent *day'-light*.” How remarkable do we here find the psychical character of this strange people displayed in the isolation and inflexibility of their language!

In saying, however, that the Chinese nation preserves the most ancient *form* of language now existing, it must not be supposed that we assert that that language is itself the original stock, of which all others are offsets. In fact, there is strong reason to regard it as being itself an offset from one of the great Asiatic stocks, the separation having only taken place at a very early period; and the severed branch having preserved the original character more completely than the main trunk and its other ramifications have done. This is by no means an unusual occurrence; since we actually find the original Scandinavian language much better preserved in Iceland than in Sweden.

Such is the theory of the progressive development of languages propounded by Wilhelm von Humboldt in his Letter to Abel Rémusat, “On the Nature of Grammatical Forms in general, and on the Genius of the Chinese Language in particular,” and since ably advocated by the learned Chevalier Bunsen. To our own minds it is most satisfactory; from its accordance on the one hand with the phenomena which history enables us to trace in the construction of languages, and also from that *a priori* probability of its taking such a course, which a philosophic view of the human faculties would suggest. For as ideas are formed, in the first instance, by the impressions of outward objects on the mind, and as all the higher operations of the mind consist in the development of the relations of ideas,—so does it seem natural, that in the first stage of the formation of language every word should answer to some object in the outward world, whilst every future stage of progress consists in the mere connection of these words, by a mechanism expressive of their purely mental relations.

Now between the Chinese and the Sanskrit group of languages, which have been taken as types of the two extremes of development, there is a vast number of intermediate degrees; and there are also several different courses of development,—the same end having been sought to be attained, more or less successfully, in various modes. And by a careful analysis and comparison of different languages, it appears possible to

determine, not merely the primitive stock to which each should be referred, but also the stage of advancement at which it became detached from its parent, and took an independent development. Thus when we find dialects of the same language agreeing in almost every essential particular of construction, and having also in the main the same vocabulary,—each dialect, however, being distinguished by words peculiar to itself, and still more by peculiarities in the pronunciation of the words common to all,—we are justified in assuming the close affinity of the nations which speak them; and in regarding their separation, however wide it may be geographically, as having taken place at a time subsequent to the full development of the language. If we find, on the other hand, a greater variety of words peculiar to the individual tongues, and a smaller number of words common to all, with a decided dissimilarity of the inflections, while the same general principle of construction is yet retained, the common origin of the languages may be still predicated—though the separation must be held to have taken place at a much earlier period. Proceeding in this manner, we should recognize several distinct gradations of difference, marked by an increasing dissimilarity of words and inflections; the organic structure, as it may be termed, or the mode of composition of the sentences, as well as the roots of many primitive words, still remaining essentially the same. Such is the state of those languages which are held to belong to a common dynasty or family,—to the Indo-European, for example, or to the Semitic. But can any still more remote conformity be discovered between these or other stocks, in which there is a total dissimilarity in the mechanism of the language? Even here the philologist is not altogether baffled, but looks for a resemblance in the roots of the primitive words. And the results of recent comparisons would seem to show, that some such community may thus be traced between the Indo-European and Semitic families themselves, as indicates that they too are but branches of one common stock,—their divergence having taken place at a period anterior to the epoch at which the totally different construction respectively characteristic of these families was developed.

In like manner the Chevalier Bunsen considers himself justified in concluding, from his profound study of the ancient Egyptian language, that it presents indications of a strictly historical connection with both the

Semitic and Japetic groups; and that it must have consequently been of Asiatic origin,—its divergence having taken place at a period when as yet those two groups had not become isolated from each other. The Egyptian language is much less pliable and full-grown than either the Semitic or Sanskrit; and yet it admits the principle of those inflections and radical formations, which we find carried to a higher development, sometimes in one and sometimes in the other of those great families. The necessary conclusion from this fact would seem to be, that Egypt must have been a colony from the *undivided* Asiatic stock; and that its language points to a more ancient Asiatic formation, since extinct in its native country,—just as the Icelandic points to the old Norse of Scandinavia. This stock accordingly must be regarded as the common origin of both the Semitic and Japetic dynasties of languages. Notwithstanding the strongly-marked differences which exist between them, there would appear to be a certain degree of conformity, not merely, as just stated, in their roots, but also in the direction of their development. By Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his “Universal View of Languages,” the two families are treated as one in essential character; the Semitic, however, only *tending* towards what the Japetic perfectly accomplishes. The system of inflection in the former is limited; while the latter, on the other hand, possesses an inexhaustible variety of terminations, indicating all the shades of the different modes of existence and action; and is, therefore, eminently the language of a progressive people. The Egyptian language was a form of speech only just emerging from the monosyllabic state and the absolute isolation of words; and it expressed very clumsily and incompletely, by mere agglomeration, that to which the Semitic and Japetic tongues could give much more distinct utterance by the system of inflections. The Egyptian mind, “mummified” like the Chinese, was not fitted to carry forward this development; and the original language gave way, therefore, before the intrusion of foreign elements.

The Turanian or Ugro-Tartarian family of languages, spoken by most of the nations of Asia and Northern Europe, whose geographical distribution and physical characters connect them with the Mongolian stock, entirely differ in their mode of construction from the Japetic and Semitic; the direction of their development being altogether opposite. The following are enumerated by

Dr. Prichard, as some of the principal characteristics of their grammatical structure:—

"1. Nouns are nearly or wholly incapable of inflection. They admit of no variations of case, number, or sex—which can only be expressed by appending an additional word, as a noun of multitude or of gender.

"2. All auxiliaries to composition, such as prepositions and other particles, and the possessive and even relative pronouns of other languages, are in those idioms uniformly suffixed, or placed *after* the words of which they modify the meaning.

"3. In many of these languages the principle of *vocalic harmony* prevails through the entire vocabulary, and extends to the grammatical system, such as it is. According to it, only vowels of certain sets can occur in the same words; and this extends to words compounded with particles or appended syllables." (Report, p. 245.)

Notwithstanding this apparently complete discordance, we are assured by Chevalier Bunsen that there are too many "positive and material vestiges of original connection" between the Turanian and the Iranian or Indo-European languages, to allow us for a moment to doubt the existence of an original relation between them. He even proposes to include them both under the general designation of Japetic; more particularly as the most ancient traditions of Persia and India indicate that the two branches, the Iranian and Turanian, though always in opposition to each other, are to be considered but as diverging lines from one common centre. The Iranian family of nations appears to have been agricultural from the first; whilst the Turanian has remained nomadic to the present time.

There are indications of an early and wide extension of the Turanian branch: and from it would seem to have originated the whole *American* family of nations. The similarity in the structure of the skull, (especially shown in the Esquimaux and other northern tribes,) together with obvious geographical considerations, always made such an affinity highly probable; and it is confirmed by the remarkable analogy between the peculiar grammatical structure common to the American languages and that of the Turanian tongues of Asia. "We believe," says Chevalier Bunsen, "that the curious and, at the first appearance, startling problem, of the apparent entire diversity of the lexicographic part of these American languages, by the side of that grammatical affinity, will receive a satisfactory solution

by a more profound knowledge of the roots, and by the application of the principle of secondary formation, overgrowing, sometimes, luxuriantly, the ancient stock of roots."

The Malayo-Polynesian languages, clearly shown by Wilhelm von Humboldt to be branches of the Malayan stock, are through it connected with the great Turanian family; and thus the inference deduced from the gradual modification which we may trace, through the people of Malacca, Sumatra, and Java, from the Mongolian type to the Polynesian varieties of complexion and ~~formation~~—an inference which is in obvious accordance with the geographical probability that the Malayo-Polynesian Archipelago, if peopled from Asia at all, received its first human inhabitants from the Malayan peninsula—is found to be in perfect accordance with glottological indications.

Whether the languages spoken by the Pelagian Negroes, and by other races which seem to have had the earliest possession of these islands, be a primitive type of the same stock as the Malay, which afterwards in many parts superseded it, must remain uncertain until more complete information regarding them has been supplied. It has been ascertained, however, that the language of the aborigines of Australia has many points of resemblance with the Tamulian; which seems itself to be a detached offshoot of the Turanian stock, still preserved in the Deccan.

Another very curious "outlier" of the Turanian stock seems to exist in the Basque provinces of Spain; which are inhabited by descendants of the ancient Iberi, still distinguished by their very peculiar language. Of this language, now termed the Euskarian or Euskaldune, the relationship is much closer to the Turanian group than to any branch of the Indo-European stock. Now the Iberi formerly extended along the Mediterranean coast, not only through Spain and the south of France, but also into Italy and Sicily; and it seems probable that they were a Turanian race, which had occupied the south of Europe, as the Ugrian part of that race had occupied the north, at a period anterior to the north-western extension of the Indo-European races from their Asiatic centre. Many circumstances attest that when that colonization took place, Europe was by no means uninhabited; and it seems natural that the original Iberian races, gradually giving way before the superior intelligence and power of the Iranian, should ~~at last be~~



pent up in a remote south-western corner of Europe; whilst the Ugrian were driven towards the opposite corner, henceforward to be confined to the northern and north-eastern region.

However probable it may seem, from geographical considerations, and from conformity in physical characters, that the Chinese and other people speaking monosyllabic and inflexible languages, are descended from the Turanian stock, no very decided indications of relationship have yet been traced between those languages and any others of the great dynasties which have been enumerated. But it must be remembered that Chinese philology, in a scientific point of view, is still in its infancy. The language has hitherto been too much studied with a view merely to the exigencies of commercial intercourse; and such philological investigation as it has received has been from men too exclusively imbued with the forms and categories of the grammars of the rest of the world. Little is yet known, moreover, of those languages in which traces of connection with other Asiatic forms of speech may be expected to remain imbedded; especially the Burmese and the Bhotiya of Thibet, which last would appear, from the researches of Abel Rémusat, to have much in common with the Mongolian. "It would be presumptuous," says Chevalier Bunsen, "to anticipate the issue of such well-prepared and sifted comparisons; but we have no hesitation in saying that we incline to believe it will be in favor of the existence of a primitive connection. There is a gap between that formation and all others; and that gap probably corresponds to that caused in the general development of the human race by great destructive floods, which separate the history of our race from its primordial *origines*. In this sense, the Chinese may be called the great monument of antediluvian speech. Indeed, the first emigration from the cradle of mankind is said in Genesis to have gone eastward." (Report, p. 299.)

Thus it appears that glottological considerations afford a strong presumption in favor of the origin of the nations of Asia, Europe, America, and Polynesia, from one common stock; and in this respect they go beyond those anatomical, physiological and psychological indications on which we have already dwelt; the only conclusion which could be safely drawn from the latter, being, that these nations all possess the same constant characters, and differ only in those which can be shown to vary from generation to genera-

tion.—so that they *may have* all had a common origin, or, that their original stocks, if not identical, must have still been analogous in all essential particulars. Now it is curious to observe that, where glottological evidence is the weakest, anatomical evidence is the strongest, and *vice versa*. Thus the hiatus between the Chinese and the Turanian languages is very wide; but the *physical* conformity is so strong between the Chinese and the nations of High Asia, that no ethnologist has ever thought of assigning to them a distinct origin. So also the nations speaking the Semitic and Japetic languages bear such a near physical relationship to each other, that they have been almost invariably arranged together, under the Caucasian type. On the other hand, among the Malayo-Polynesian and the American nations, whose physical characters are most diverse, the glottological bond of grammatical affinity is peculiarly close.

It only remains for us, then, to consider the connection of the proper African languages with the foregoing: and here, again, the knowledge derived from recent inquiries into the ancient Egyptian seems likely to supply a most important link in the chain of inquiry. The following is a sketch of the present state of our acquaintance with the languages peculiar to this continent. It has been chiefly obtained through the efforts of various enlightened missionaries, who, in the hope of preparing the way for the propagation of Christianity among the African nations, have labored successfully to make themselves familiar with their forms of speech. These researches have entirely destroyed all previous unfounded notions respecting the prevalence of a vast number of rude and poor tongues among the nations of Southern Africa. Excluding the Hottentots and Bushmen, for reasons already given, it appears that the nations peopling nearly all that vast region of Africa which lies south of the Equator, may be glottologically considered as forming but a single family: the Kafir tongue of the south having close relations of affinity both with the Kongo dialects, which it joins on the west; and with the Galla language, which stretches down to meet it along the eastern coast. Now these languages are stated by Chev. Bunsen to retain vestiges of primitive relationship with the great tripartite stock whence originated the Japetic, Semitic, and Chametic (or Egyptian) tongues; but they evince a much higher development than the last of these, and this development is rather in the Japetic

than in the Semitic direction. Whether these languages have passed through the form which has remained stationary in the Egyptian, or whether they were derived from that still earlier Asiatic formation in which the Egyptian itself originated, is a question on which Chev. Bunsen considers that no definite opinion can at present be formed; although the combined progress of the study of the languages of Egypt and of Central and Southern Africa will probably in a few years lead to a decided answer.

Of the languages of the woolly-haired tribes inhabiting Central Negroland, Senegambia, and Guinea, too little is yet known to justify any positive assertion of their relationship to each other and to a common stock. The comparative researches instituted by Dr. Latham, however, which form the subject of a very elaborate Report accompanying those of Dr. Prichard and Chev. Bunsen, all tend to establish the conclusion that philological isolation does not exist among the African tongues. Characters of approximation to the Semitic group are indicated by him in several instances; and indeed he goes so far as to say, that the Galla language is becoming more and more a branch of Semitic philology. There is, then, so far as our present knowledge extends, no glottological reason for separating the nations of Central from those of Southern Africa. And as we find the true Negro characters among the latter, as well as in the former, there is every probability, on physical grounds, of their common origin.

We cannot better express the general conclusions to which we are conducted by the study of the various forms of human language, than in the words of Chev. Bunsen. After stating the two possible hypotheses—first, that there has been a great number of beginnings, out of which different tribes have sprung, and with them different languages,—each doing originally the same work, and continuing and advancing it more or less according to its particular task, its natural powers, and its historical destinies; and second, that the beginning of speech was made only once, in the beginning of human time, in the dawn of the mental day, by one favored race, in a genial place of the earth, the garden of Asia,—he thus continues:—

“If the first supposition be true, the different tribes or families of languages, however analogous they may be, (as being the produce of the same human mind upon the same outward world by the same organic means,) will nevertheless offer scarcely any affinity to each

other, in the skill displayed in their formation, and in the mode of it; but their very roots, full or empty ones, and all their words, whether monosyllabic or polysyllabic, must needs be entirely different. There may be some similar expressions, in those inarticulate bursts of feeling not reacted on by the mind, which grammarians call interjections. There are besides some graphic imitations of external sounds, called onomatopoeica, words the formation of which indicates the relatively greatest passivity of the mind. There may be, besides, some casual coincidences in real words; but the law of combination applied to the elements of sound, gives a mathematical proof that, with all allowances, such a chance is less than one in a million for the same combination of sounds signifying the same precise object. What we shall have to say hereafter about the affixing of words to objects, will show that this chance is still considerably diminished, if the very strict and positive laws are considered which govern the application of a word to a given object. But the ordinary crude method suffices to prove that if there are entirely different beginnings of speech, as philosophical inquiry is allowed to assume, and as the great philosophers of antiquity have assumed, there can be none but stray coincidences between words of a different origin. Now, referring to what we have already stated as the result of the most accurate linguistic inquiries, such a coincidence does exist between three great families, spreading from the north of Europe to the tropic lands of Asia and Africa. It there exists, not only in radical words, but even in what must appear as the work of an exclusively peculiar coinage, the formative words and inflections which pervade the whole structure of certain families of languages, and are interwoven, as it were, with every sentence pronounced in every one of their branches. All the nations which, from the dawn of history to our days, have been the leaders of civilization in Asia, Europe, and Africa, must consequently have had one beginning. This is the chief lesson which the knowledge of the Egyptian language teaches us.” (Report, p. 294.)

This statement, having especial reference to the Semitic, Japetic, and Chametic languages only, is, of course, equally true of those still more widely-diffused forms of speech which are referable to the Turanian stock, that stock being itself, in Chev. Bunsen's estimation, a branch of the Japetic. And thus, in a very unexpected manner, we find that Egyptological researches have

greatly contributed to establish the doctrine of a common origin of all the languages of the globe; and to strengthen, therefore, the hypothesis of the original unity of mankind.

We shall now briefly inquire, in the last place, what are the principal difficulties in the way of this hypothesis, and what the merit of the arguments by which it is usually met.

The ground usually taken by those who uphold the doctrine of numerous original stocks, is the *fixity* of the characters by which the several races of men are at present distinguished; whence it is inferred that they must have been *always* separated by the same differences. We have already met this argument, by opposing facts; but we shall now say a word or two on the results to which it must necessarily lead, if legitimately carried out.

When it is found, for example, that in the interior of the African and the American continents, and throughout the scattered islands of Oceania, there are numerous tribes of people, differing at least as much among themselves as the Ethiopian, American, and Malayan varieties have been considered to differ from each other, it becomes obvious that we must extend our ideas of original diversity of stock to all these subordinate divisions; and that *every* race which differs from the rest by any well-marked characters, must have a distinct parentage assigned to it. But such an hypothesis would leave utterly unaccountable the similarity of language, tradition, habits of thought, and social condition, which is undoubtedly found to exist between nations separated from one another by trackless deserts or a wide expanse of ocean; and the more rigorously it is applied, the greater are the difficulties and inconsistencies which it involves. Thus, if, without regard to historical or philological considerations, we assume cranial conformation as a valid ground of specific distinction, we must assign a distinct ancestry to the Turks of Europe and to those of Central Asia, to the Magyars of Hungary, and to the Ugrians of Asiatic Russia; whilst we should bring together the Negroes of the Guinea coast and the blacks of Papua, and might even find it difficult to exclude the Tahitian or Marquesan islanders from the European division. If we take complexion, again, as our guide, we shall be led into yet greater absurdities; for we must then split up the Jewish people into half a score of diverse races: between the ruddy Saxon and the black Hindoo we must establish a dozen of

distinct grades; and when we come to the African, American, and Oceanic nations, we must assign a new Adam and Eve to almost every tribe. We may be told that we are refining too much—that original diversity should be inferred only where a well-marked distinction exists—that we should be guided, therefore, only by the prominent differences, and not perplex ourselves with the subordinate ones. But every one who has tried his hand at classification, whatever may be the objects of his attention, knows full well that a line must be drawn *somewhere*; and that, however easy may be the separation of groups when their respective characters show no tendency to mutual approximation, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, when a complete gradation exists between them. Thus it is very easy to say that the Hindoo must have had a different origin from the Saxon or Celt; but to which family shall we assign the swarthy inhabitants of Southern Europe, or the fair-skinned dwellers among the mountain ranges of Northern India? The red Egyptians and the jet black Negroes are distinct enough in the paintings left to us by the former; but without going far from the valley of the Nile, every possible shade of transition will be found. With which group are we to arrange these intermediate varieties?

Such are a few examples of the inconsistencies and difficulties which are involved in the hypothesis of numerous original stocks, marked by all the diversities of physical character which at present exist. From these (and we might multiply them almost without limit) there seems no way of escape, save in the doctrine that a certain *capacity for variation* exists in the human race, as in the races of domesticated animals. We have purposely abstained from dwelling on the analogical argument, which is put prominently forward by Dr. Prichard, because we have thought it more satisfactory to base our inquiries on the phenomena presented by the human race alone. And we must content ourselves for the present with the remark, that—whether our various breeds of domesticated animals have originated from single or similar stocks, as maintained by some, or are the result of the intermixture of several originally distinct species, as supposed by others,—there is adequate historical evidence that, when left to themselves and introduced into new conditions, they may undergo changes, even within the course of two or three centuries, at least equal in degree to the diversities by which they were previously distinguished

from each other. Ample proof to this effect is afforded by a comparison of the present characters of the races of animals introduced into South America by the Spaniards, and now spread in a wild state over the whole continent, with those of their domesticated ancestors. These present a striking contrast, not merely in the character of their integuments, but in the configuration of their skeletons, and not unfrequently, also, in their habits and instincts. Wide as are the physical differences between the cultivated European and the barbarous Negro or the Australian savage, they are not greater than those which have been certainly produced by the agency of external conditions, within a very limited time—almost, indeed, under our own observation—in the ox, sheep, hog, &c., of South America.

It may be argued, however, that although a certain modification may be allowed to have been effected in the characters of minor subdivisions of the human race by the agency of external conditions, yet the extreme or typical forms, of whose existence in the remotest periods of the history of our race we have adequate evidence, cannot with any probability be supposed to have thus originated, and must be referred to distinct parentage at the beginning. In support of this argument it may be urged that, although complexion and cranial conformation within a certain extent are altered by climatic influence and habits of life, yet that such influences tend merely to change one variety into another, or to reduce them all to a common type; and that we have no evidence that *new* varieties could spring up in our race under any such agency. This is a purely physiological argument, to be discussed upon physiological grounds; and if we cannot meet it by positive disproof, we think that we can bring a strong weight of analogical evidence to bear against it. For it is a well-known fact, that all races of animals which exhibit a capacity of modification from external agencies, present at the same time a tendency to variations for which such agencies will *not* account, and which we are obliged, in our ignorance, to term *spontaneous*. It is in this manner that new *breeds* are every now and then originated among domesticated animals. Individuals are frequently born with some peculiarity of organization which distinguishes them from their fellows: and if this peculiarity should be considered in any way advantageous, every care is taken to render it permanent, by selecting those among the offspring of this peculiar individual which present the

same peculiarity, and causing them to breed together. In this manner are new and well-marked varieties occasionally produced, even in our own day, among domesticated animals; although it would seem as if this tendency had well nigh exhausted itself. Now it cannot but be admitted that the human race possesses a strong tendency to spontaneous variation. How else are we to account for the endless diversity of form and feature exhibited by the individuals of any one community, subjected for ages to the same climatic and social influences? Moreover, we may observe it not only in the ordinary diversities which are every day offering themselves to our notice, but in extraordinary modifications of rarer occurrence, though of great significance. Thus, infants are occasionally born with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot; and this peculiarity is often found to descend through successive generations. In case those who possess it were to be exclusively matched together, there can be no reasonable doubt but that a permanent six-fingered and six-toed race of men would be produced; whilst, on the other hand, by free intermixture with the surrounding mass, the six-fingered race, however originated, tends to merge in the prevailing five-fingered type.

Now, if we turn our attention to the probable condition of the human population at an early period of its history, we shall at once see how much it would favor the perpetuation of any such spontaneous variety; for its scantiness and want of settled habits would tend to isolate different families, or very small tribes, from each other, and would occasion continual intermarriages even among very near relatives; so that the force of circumstances would do that which is now often accomplished by intentional interference, in the multiplication of breeds of animals. And if it be urged that the diversities which now occasionally present themselves are not comparable in amount with those which exist between the most widely separated types of humanity, it may be fairly replied, that we should naturally expect this tendency to spontaneous variation to have a limit; and that we might anticipate that its most remarkable manifestations should have occurred at an early period of the history of the human race, as we have every reason to believe that they did in all analogous instances—such as those of our domesticated animals and cultivated plants.

But lastly it has been argued that, admitting the possibility of all which we have urged, the lapse of time necessary to bring

about such changes as those required in any hypothesis of the single origin of the human races, is far greater than the received chronology admits; the evidence of extreme diversity of races being at least coeval with the earliest records. An objection founded upon the authenticity of the Mosaic chronology comes with an ill grace from those who refuse their assent to the Mosaic account of the origin of the human race from a single pair; and in the present state of critical inquiry, it scarcely needs a serious refutation. For there is no more reason to suppose that the book of Genesis was intended to give us an exact chronology, than that it was designed to teach us geology or astronomy. All writers who have entered upon the investigation of primæval history, have felt a difficulty in reconciling the proofs of the early existence of powerful empires and high grades of civilization, with the ordinary chronology founded upon the Mosaic records; whilst the fragmentary character of these records, depriving them of all claim to be regarded even as affording a continuous genealogy, has been increasingly felt and acknowledged by unprejudiced biblical critics. The whole tendency of modern geological inquiry, moreover, is to lengthen the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the *recent* epoch; so that without carrying the origin of man one step further back in geological time, we are quite free to assign any moderate number of thousands of years that we may think necessary, for the diffusion of the race, and for the origination of its varieties. Ethnology is in no state at present for dogmatical conclusions: and so far are we from presenting our own as such, that we should be glad if our readers would compare what we have said upon the "varieties of complexion in the human race," with the opposite views put forth in a recent number of the *Ethnological Journal*. The subject in all its branches is one not of revelation but of science: and, on this and similar subjects, our most zealous theologians need not be afraid of being found in the company of Dr. Henry Moore; who, in his "Defence of the Moral Cabbala," has cited, with approbation, the judgment of Bodinus—that "the unskilful insisting of our divines upon the literal sense of Moses has bred many hundred thousands of atheists."

It might, perhaps, be safer in the present state of the inquiry, to refrain from speculating as to the primary condition of the race, and the centre of its diffusion; and Dr. Prichard has cautiously held his peace on

this topic. It is too interesting a question, however, to pass by altogether; and we may state our own conclusion, drawn from a comparison of the geographical, physiological, and glottological considerations involved in it, that some part of High Asia was the centre from which the world was peopled; and that the race still inhabiting that region most nearly represents the original stock. All the early migrations of which we have any traditional evidence, appear to have proceeded from this region as their centre; and its connections with all other lands are such as are possessed by no other region. The Mongolian type of conformation seems to be that which is at the same time most susceptible both of improvement into the highest European form, and of degradation into the prognathous Papuan or Australian. And the more closely and extensively the affinities of language are studied, the more is it found that the *most ancient* inhabitants of every part of the globe communicate with the nations of High Asia, or with some of their acknowledged offshoots.

We must not conclude without expressing our high sense of the value of the labors of Dr. Prichard; who has unquestionably done more than any other single individual to place Ethnology on a scientific basis. We have seen how many departments of inquiry must be prosecuted, and this not superficially, but profoundly, to warrant even the simplest conclusion; and it is not too much to say that Dr. Prichard has acquitted himself in each—whether Physical Geography, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, History, or Philology—as if it alone had occupied his attention. Not that we would claim for him the highest place among the votaries of any one of these sciences; but we are sure that he may rank as *facile princeps* among those who have attempted to bring them all into mutual relation. We should be giving a very erroneous view of his labors, however, if we represented them as merely directed to the maintenance of the position he has taken up regarding the single origin of the race. In his larger work he has essayed to bring together, in a condensed form, all the most important information that can be collected from the various sources we have indicated, illustrative of the present condition and past history of the races of mankind; and whilst deducing from these materials his own conclusions, he gives his readers the most ample means of forming a judgment for themselves—the whole evidence on each point

being candidly stated without disguise or suppression. Although composed in the intervals of laborious professional occupation, this work might well be supposed to be the result of the labor of a life uninterruptedly devoted to the investigation. Originating nearly forty years since in an academical thesis, it has become the standard of ethnological science; and will remain so, we feel assured, so long as the life of its accomplished author shall be spared to engraft upon it the results of the inquiries now so extensively and vigorously prosecuted.

Of the smaller work it will be enough to say that it affords a more concise and popular view of the subject, for the use of those who might be deterred from entering upon it by the bulk and profundity of the "Physical History;" those departments, however, being dwelt upon in most detail, which most support the doctrine of the Unity of the Race. We shall be happy if, by making Dr. Prichard's writings better known among our countrymen, we contribute towards their obtaining that place in our scientific literature, which they have long held in the estimation of the learned of Germany.

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**AFFECTION FOR OFFSPRING IN BRUTES AND HUMAN BEINGS.**—One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed so intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes, the care and solicitude of providing for their young engrosses the better half of their existence; for they labor during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring, which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected under their wings. Even those animals whose general nature is characterized

by savage and unrelenting fierceness, are gentle, and tender, and affectionate to their young. The grim lion fondles with paternal softness his playful cubs; and the savage bear has been known to interpose her own body between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connections! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy, instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed by death. The child, on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute.—*British Quarterly.*

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**DICKENS IN AFRICA.**—Perhaps no author ever sprung into popularity so suddenly and universally as Dickens. That popularity may be ascribed to the sympathy and geniality of Boz's style, and the thorough nationality and genuineness of his portraitures. An anecdote will illustrate the influence of his works upon foreigners and absentees. "Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Cheney up the Euphrates, was for a time in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. 'Pickwick' happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled 'Papers' to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MARIA EDGEWORTH.

WHEN considering the imaginative literature of England during the past half century, the historian to come,—especially if there be anything of the Salique law-giver in his composition,—will possibly be surprised by the value of the contributions made to it by women. It is pleasant meanwhile for contemporary chroniclers to reflect how many among these have been allowed by “Time and Change” to live to the full enjoyment of their virtuous and bright reputation—to have seen one fashion pass and another succeed, and the illustrations of truth and beauty which they originated, as clear and as little likely to wane as at the moment of being given forth to the world, amidst all the fevers and tremors of virgin authorship. The authoress of “The Canterbury Tales” has lived to become a classic; Jane Porter, to read the long list of historical novels of which her own and her sister’s were the predecessors; Joanna Baillie, though

“Retired as noontide dew,”

delightful example among those who have been the equal and chosen friends of *men of genius*, and yet have kept, not *acted the keeping* of their womanly simplicity,—has been searched out on the Hampstead Hill, by the voices of the worthiest of the world bringing her their precious and honest tributes. And here, now that we are at the end of a period of novelists,—now that the spasmodic manufacturers of horrors have had their day,—now that the Silver Fork people have “said their say,” and can hardly find a reader in the Porter’s black chair, or in the drowsy Abigail, who sits up waiting for the return of Lady Anne from Almack’s—now that the last school, that of “The Wooden Ladle,” with its tales of jails and hospital anatomies, and garret graces, and kennel kindlinesses, begins to tire, and its sentimentality to be proved “a hollow thing,”—here do we find ourselves, return-

ing to the Good Fairy who delighted us in the young days when a “book was a book,”—being called to the pleasant duty of pronouncing an *éloge* (as they say in France) upon the authoress of “Castle Rackrent,” and the “Absentee,” and “Vivian,” and “Basil Lowe,” and “Harry and Lucy,”—the excellent and incomparable Maria Edgeworth.

Our *éloge*, however, shall not be, “after the manner of the French,” a piece of unmitigated flattery. No one has more closely and systematically addressed herself to the understanding than the delightful novelist whom we shall attempt to characterize; in the case of no one, therefore, is the keenest intellectual appreciation more of a necessity. The Della Cruscan did well to rhapsodize over one another’s Della Cruscanisms; the class-novelists must look to be propped by class-panegyric, or assailed by class-prejudice;—the romantic, to be romantically approached with compliments of the superlative degree. We will try to be “fair and honest” with one, the whole scope and tissue of whose authorship has been to defend fairness and honesty by the inculcation of truth and high principle.

By Miss Edgeworth’s own preface to the third edition of the Memoirs of her Father, we are reminded that eighty-two years have elapsed since she was born, being the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by the first of four wives, born in England, and until the age of thirteen, with little exception, brought up in this country. So far as can be gathered from the record already quoted Maria was less rigidly trained according to system than some of her brothers and sisters; one of whom was brought up according to the canons of Rousseau, and others, it may be divined, on plans which her own reference to her father’s work on “Practical Education” explicitly points out, were, in many of their details, proved to be untenable, if not fallacious. Time and space may thus have been given for an originality to de-

velop itself, which a more formal training might have discouraged. A girl has already gathered much, and felt more, ere she arrives at her teens; and though eighty-two years ago precocity was less common than it is in our time of electrically-diffused intelligence, it is not chimerical to presume that Imagination must even then have begun to stir,—nay, too, and taste to select have already awakened in one whose character throughout life has displayed a singular union of vivacity with temperance, of observation with reasoning power. Then, too, it may have been good for the authoress that Ireland, with its strange, pathetic, humorous life, came upon her as a contrast, not as a matter of course. She might otherwise hardly have so shrewdly noticed all the odd discrepancies and striking individualities of its *Sir Condy Rackrent* and its *Sir Terence O'Fays*;—she might have treated that as natural, inevitable, and not worth the painting, which proved to be a vein of rare interest and peculiar nature.

It was by her "Castle Rackrent" that Miss Edgeworth was first introduced to the public, and took at once her place in the foremost rank of female novelists. Though the eminent personages of her chronicle might very possibly not really be more individual than Miss Burney's *Broughton's*, or *Madame Duval*, or *Briggs*, or the "tonish" people (as the authoress called them) in "*Cecilia*," they arrested English attention by their strange over-sea air. It was at once felt that we of Britain have nothing so charming, so savage, so humorous, so pathetic, so endearing, and so provoking, as the society and manners depicted. Most curious, too, is it now to read the apology of the Artist for offering such a picture, on the plea that Ireland *must*, owing to the Union, presently lose its identity, and that the *Sir Kits* and *Thadys* must become, like other British subjects, dull, thriving, country gentlemen, and tame followers. Most curious!—seeing that there is no more puzzling sign of the times—their intellectual enlargement and gracious benevolence considered—than the revival, in every exasperated form, of all the obsolete prejudices and animosities of race,—than the cherishing prepense of all those jealousies, peculiarities, and barbarisms which keep asunder Saxon from Celt, Slave from German, the South from the North.

But though—in part, *because*—Miss Edgeworth's prophecy runs small chance of being fulfilled in our life-time, fifty years or more have done nothing to tarnish the brightness

of her delineations, or to give them an obsolete or washed-out air. And her Irish tales and characters are among her best:—witness "*Ennui*,"—witness "*The Absentee*,"—witness the *personæ* of her Comic Dramas,—to whom we especially call attention because we think they have been unfairly overlooked. We have Sir Walter Scott's own warrant for saying, that it was the freshness and vivacity of their nationality, and the success of their characteristic dialogue, which led him to adventure those tales in the "language of Burns," which, (in spite of its being criticised, on its first utterance, "as a dark dialect of Anglified Erse,") metamorphosed the Fiction of Europe. We have the warrant, too, of one of Mr. O'Connell's tail, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, for the assertion that the Liberator was aggrieved at the novelist, because she never directly espoused the cause of Catholic Emancipation. It is something to have shown the way to the genius of Scott, and to have been counted as a stumbling-block by the Arch—(let Orangeman or Repealer fill the blank each for himself) of Derrynane Abbey!

Once having begun and been acknowledged, Miss Edgeworth could not but proceed in her pleasure-giving labor, (for who gives so much pleasure as the Story Teller?) We by no means profess to enumerate her novels—but must mention the "*Moral Tales*," the "*Popular Tales*," the "*Tales of Fashionable Life*,"—the insulated stories, "*Leonora*," "*Belinda*," "*Patronage*," "*Harrington and Ormond*;" that inimitable sarcastic sketch "*The Modern Griselda*;" and the stories for children, which will never lose their hold. We are acquainted with wiser men than ourselves, and burdened, to boot, with graver burdens, (if that could be,) who are still glad of an excuse to read again "*The Cherry Orchard*," and "*The Purple Jar*," and "*Simple Susan*." There are few such books for children in any other language, as we English possess—and that is one reason why there are few such men and women as English men and women!

For the pleasure of children of a larger growth, it would be hard to specify in the picture-gallery of men and manners which novelists have given, scenes of greater power and emotion, characters of more vivacity and variety, finer touches of humor, than exist in the Edgeworth Library. Let us mention "*Vivian*," with its deep overmastering interest and exquisitely painful close,—"*To-morrow*," "*Out of Debt out of Danger*," as stories, the end of which is announced in the



very titles thereof, without the interest and pain being thereby in the least lessened. Let us recall the post-boy *Lanty's* letter, winding up "The Absentee" with a veritable "trot for the Avenue,"—recollecting the while that the same hand wrote *Sir Philip Buddelley's* description of the fête at Frogmore, in "Belinda." Let us instance as masterly studies of *foible* in female form, (all how distinctly marked, all how different!) *Almeria*, *Mrs. Somers* in "Emilie de Coulanges," *Mrs. Beaumont*, the *policizer* in "Manœuvring," and the Frankland girls in "The Contrast," who rejoiced over their newly acquired wealth, because now "*they* could push *Mrs. Craddock* in the street." A brightness, a truth, and clearness animate these, and one hundred similar examples which could be collected—which, of themselves, would suffice to give the author her due rank with the initiated. As an artist in detail, whose hand has embraced a range of subjects and characters, very nearly as wide as society, there are very few of either sex who have surpassed Miss Edgeworth.

Let us now consider the whole of which the above form merely parts. The taste and tendency of Miss Edgeworth's works have been too widely discussed for us also not to enter into the question a little diffusely, as the most important part of our task. While some of her panegyrists have, peradventure, exalted her too high as a moralist, another section of her critics has perversely considered her as a sort of teaching-machine, opposed to everything beautiful, fanciful, poetical,—to all, in fact, which a Goethe loves to observe, as making up "*eine Natur*." No greater amount of short-sighted and wilful misconception has been perpetrated on any argument than this. Generally speaking, indeed, it has always seemed to us that the quarrel betwixt Utilitarianism and Imagination, is one of words rather than realities. For it will be owned as abstract propositions, that Beauty without discretion is, insomuch, Beauty without sympathy, and thus far, Beauty imperfect: that Vice hath as much coldness as warmth—as much cruelty as indulgence towards others. Again, it will be agreed that the power in passion theory (to coin words in the new-fashioned manner) bore with a tyrannic and extinguishing harshness upon the feeble, the delicate, the humbly-gifted, and those to whom Nature had denied pleasant attractions. Small is the imagination required to invent a monster: great and truthful the magic which can interest us in a heart, moving within the com-

mon walks of men,—bound by our responsibilities, agitated by our cares: loving, fearing, sacrificing itself, serving others as we (should) do! But enough of aphorism,—and let us for a moment exclusively regard the light in which Miss Edgeworth was studied and analyzed by a philosophical and refined critic.

"In my first enthusiasm of admiration," says Sir James Mackintosh, (following out a defence of the use of imagination, illustrated by a comparison of Raffaele with Hogarth,) "I thought that Miss Edgeworth had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues, and the fictions which taught them were, therefore, of the highest, though not of unmixed utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence, and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude,—of benevolence? Certainly not. Where, then, is Miss Edgeworth's merit? Her merit,—her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius,—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had, therefore, been left by former writers to her."

Thus, then, it seems, according to the estimate of Mackintosh, that we are in Miss Edgeworth's case, also, dealing with a poetess working up materials which had been found by her predecessors hard to break and bend; and her title as such, therefore, unfairly questioned or misunderstood by those belonging to a different congregation. Question and misunderstanding were rendered critically and personally exclusive by the fact, that, shortly after Miss Edgeworth's success was established, arose that singular and fascinating school of writers, whose denunciation of the selfishness of Virtue (while, in reality, they were illustrating the selfishness of Vice,) so strangely for a time affected our literature. During the reign of the Poetry of Passion, it was totally forgotten—it was indignantly denied—that self-restraint *could* have any poetry,—that there was any benevolence in sparing pain to others, by providing honestly for their happiness in one's own. No—the unfaithful wife was to be pitied; the husband she wronged, the children she demoralized, were both to be forgotten, forsooth, in the bitterness of *her* sufferings! The extravagant spendthrift was pardoned, and the wreck and ruin brought by him on a thousand homely and ungracious folks utterly forgotten, because of his charming smile, and

because "he wouldn't sell *Uncle Oliver's* picture!" The grandeur, the beauty, the mystery of crime, were to be dwelt upon as objects of allurements and sympathy,—power and diseased passion combined, were to be pitied, because they could not rule the world; and "hardness," "selfishness," and other branding epithets, were flung about on those whom such a code of moral monstrosities revolted. It may be well for England that the end of this epidemic came many years ago!

The above granted, let us own that the assignment of an egotistic and mechanical spirit to Miss Edgeworth's works may be in part chargeable, not upon her peculiarities as a moralist, but upon her manner of working as an artist. This she has herself so pleasantly described in her "Memoirs of her Father," that it has naturally—necessarily—a place here:—

"—— My father wrote but little; but I may be permitted to say how much, as a critic, he did for me. Yet, indeed, this is out of my power fully to state to the public—only that small circle of our friends, who saw the manuscripts before and after they were corrected by him, can know or imagine how much they were improved by his critical taste and judgment.

"Whenever I thought of writing anything, I told him my first rough plans, and always, with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer the purpose. 'Sketch that, and show it to me.' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hope of success. It was then sketched. Sometimes, when I was fond of a particular part, I used to dilate upon it in the sketch; but to this he always objected:—'I don't want any of your painting—none of your drapery! I can imagine all that; let me see the bare skeleton.'

"It seemed to me sometimes impossible that he could understand the very slight sketches I made, when, before I was conscious that I had expressed this doubt in my countenance, he always saw it.

"Now my dear little daughter, I know, does not believe that I understand her.' Then he would, in his own words, fill up my sketch, paint the description or represent the character intended, with such life, that I was quite convinced he not only seized the ideas, but that he saw, with the prophetic eye of taste, the utmost that could be made of them. After a sketch had his approbation, he would not see the filling it up till it had been worked upon for a week or a fortnight, or till the first thirty or forty pages were written. Then they were read to him, and if he thought them going on tolerably well, the pleasure in his eyes, the approving sound of his voice, even without the praise he so warmly bestowed, were sufficient and delightful excitements to go on and finish. When he thought that there was spirit in what was written, but that it required, as it often did, great correction, he would say, 'Leave that to me; it is my business to cut and correct—yours

to write on.' His skill in cutting, his decision in criticism, were peculiarly useful to me. His ready invention and infinite resource, when I had run myself into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate me at my utmost need. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision and taste, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was much subject. He enjoined me to finish whatever I began; and such was his power over my mind, that during his life nothing I began to write was left unfinished; and in particular instances where the subject was not happily chosen, it was irksome to go on and complete the task. Nor was the labor always paid by literary success. Yet it was not labor in vain: it strengthened my power of perseverance, nor did it prevent fresh exertion. \* \* \*

"Were it worth while, I could point out many hints for invention furnished me by the incidents and characters which my father had met with in his youth."

Those who are curious whether as to character or the manner of working which distinguishes a Van Eyck from a Pietro Perugino, or a Teniers from a Wilkie, can hardly do better than compare the above passage with Miss Burney's revelations of the fevers of confidential modesty, in which she laid her "Cecilia," and a certain defunct comedy, before the Streatham Sanhedrim of wits and critics—the Thrales, the Johnsons, the Murphys, the Montagus—her more stubborn counsellor, Daddy Crisp of Chesington, and her animated, accomplished father, the historian of music and the biographer of Metastasio!

Now, it is hardly within nature and possibility that such a manner of writing as Miss Edgeworth reveals, should not produce a certain stiffness and over-anxious finish, because of which superficial or impulsive readers have been apt to rebuke the matter of her tales, and the argument of their purpose. Difficulties solved by the active ingenuity of another brain than the inventor's—incidents clipped, dove-tailed, and chiselled, by a revising hand—subjects felt to be "unhappily chosen," which were still to be wrought out for consistency's sake—these phenomena can hardly consist with ease, and flow, and the appearance of inspiration. There must be also evident under such a dispensation, a certain consciousness on the part of the writer: a complacent and careful laying-out of plots and plans, of utilizing every episodic incident and accessory figure:—and these are calculated to disturb, if not to distract, the reader, by drawing his attention from the beauty of the fabric to the art of the machinery. Those

whom analysis interests will find an example of art carried to its extremity in "Patronage," the most ambitious, but the least interesting, of Miss Edgeworth's tales. We know that

"Trifles make the sum of human things,"

but in "Patronage" every important affair turns upon some minute incident by way of a pivot. A broad-seal thoughtlessly given—the direction of a letter casually recognized by the right person at the right moment—set a Minister to rights with his Monarch. A family artfully and progressively tried by every temptation which enables them to exhibit their independence, is reinstated, rewarded, with the mathematically apportioned bounty of (as it were) steam fairies. The phrase of "poetical justice" acquires a new meaning from books like these; and not till we close them do we remind ourselves that (to quote a yet truer phrase) the best of mankind must be content with the poetry without the justice. But we repeat, *the manner* has a larger share in producing this impression, and provoking this repulsion, than *the matter* of Miss Edgeworth's tales.

We have dwelt on this distinction from not having seen it drawn in any other place; and because it is one, in every respect, important. But whether the peculiarity commented on, (or complained of as may be,) be here rightly estimated, or not: certain it is that the novel written by Miss Edgeworth alone and unassisted after her father's death, is so superior in ease, in play, in nature, and in poetry, to any of her earlier productions of similar extent, as to warrant us in fancying that filial affection overvalued the assistance of the monitor and guide, whose literary counsels she prized so highly. We allude to "Helen" as compared with "Belinda" or "Patronage." It has been impossible to return to this tale, after the pause of some years, without being surprised by its elegance, its vivacity, the skill of its invention, the shrewdness and sweetness of heart which it discloses; the knowledge of life, the sympathy with progress which it registers. Here, at least, those whom the very idea of the School-mistress scares, have not to complain of the prim presence or the ponderous pressure of the Pattern Woman. *Helen's* strength (upon which, and her sacrifice of herself for her friend, the story turns) is set in motion at the service of her weakness—her immoderate craving for love and sympathy. *Cecilia's* falsehood is not excused, but explained, by the deep and reverential affection she bears her husband, which makes her desirous of

blotting out from her own recollection the thoughts of an earlier affection, such as she fears he would have disapproved. *Lady Davenant's* high-toned and intellectual character has a redeeming weakness. She can be credulous, too, as in the case of her page; she can have been womanish, and failing in her duties as a mother, as the early struggles for ascendancy which her confessions reveal. And how admirably, as in life, are the strength and weakness of these three characters made to play into each other's hands and hearts! Then, for secondary characters, how highly finished are the persons of the scandalous *coterie*, and *Churchill* who hovers, like Mahomet's coffin, betwixt their poisonous world and "the diviner air" of better feeling! and *Lady Bearcroft*, with her liberality, and her vulgarity, and her cordiality, and her self-interest. Capitally is the interest complicated; with exquisite neatness "the tow spun off the reel," (and how few novelists, now-a-days, are competent to manage a close!) and the sprightliness, the grace, the depth, are unimpaired by the intrusion of any mechanical process which can be detected. Were we given to prophecy in these days, when the Comet is keeping away from us for the express purpose (of course) of rebuking arrogant prophecy, and when, at a moment's warning, literature may rise of form and scope as yet totally undreamed of—we should assert, with the confidence of those who know much and risk little, that the good days of "Helen's" right appreciation, and steady popularity as a classic, are only just set in, if not still to come.

We have written principally of the authoress; for to prawl about the private dwelling of a lady "pen in hand," does not altogether suit our humor. That Miss Edgeworth has taken her place with due distinction in the brightest worlds of London and Paris, cotemporary memoirs have already told. Byron looked out for her even when Byron's *Gulnarez* and *Zuleikas* were the rage in May Fair. One of the happiest months ever known at Abbotsford (as Mr. Lockhart assures us,) was the one which followed her crossing of Scott's threshold. He wrote of her as a Good Fairy, tiny in stature, lively of eye, kind and gay in speech. Nor is the vivacity dimmed even now which has made Miss Edgeworth, throughout her long life and distinguished literary career, not merely "the observed" of mere lion-hunters, and "the discussed" of philosophers and poets, but also "the beloved" of a large and happily-united domestic circle.

From the North British Review.

## CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS.

*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 2 vols. London: 1848.

It sounds paradoxical, but is not so in a bad sense, to say, that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential *non-popularity*. They are good for the very reason that they are not in conformity to the current taste. They interest because to the world they are *not* interesting. They attract by means of their repulsion. Not as though it could separately furnish a reason for loving a book, that the majority of men had found it repulsive. *Prima facie*, it must suggest some presumption *against* a book, that it has failed to engaged public attention. To have roused hostility indeed, to have kindled a feud against its own principles or its temper, may happen to be a good sign. *That* argues power. Hatred may be promising. The deepest revolutions of mind sometimes begin in hatred. But simply to have left a reader unimpressed is in itself a neutral result, from which the inference is doubtful. Yet even *that*, even simple failure to impress, may happen at times to be a result from positive powers in a writer, from special originalities, such as rarely reflect themselves in the mirror of the ordinary understanding. It seems little to be perceived how much the great scriptural\* idea of the *worldly* and the *unworldly* is found to emerge in literature as well as in life. In reality the very same combinations of moral qualities, infinitely

varied, which compose the harsh physiognomy of what we call worldliness in the living groups of life, must unavoidably present themselves in books. A library divides into sections of worldly and unworldly, even as a crowd of men divides into that same majority and minority. The world has an instinct for recognizing its own; and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same disgust or defective sympathy as would have governed it in real life. From qualities for instance of childlike simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, the world does and must turn away its face towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect;—and not otherwise in literature, nor at all less in literature, than it does in the realities of life.

Charles Lamb, if any ever *was*, is amongst the class here contemplated; he, if any ever *has*, ranks amongst writers whose works are destined to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity. The same qualities which will be found forbidding to the worldly and the thoughtless, which will be found insipid to many even amongst robust and powerful minds, are exactly those which will continue to command a select audience in every generation. The prose essays under the signature of *Elia* form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually

\* "*Scriptural*" we call it, because this element of thought, so indispensable to a profound philosophy of morals, is not simply *more* used in Scripture than elsewhere, but is so exclusively significant or intelligible amidst the correlative ideas of Scripture, as to be absolutely insusceptible of translation into classical Greek or classical Latin. It is disgraceful that more reflection has not been directed to the vast causes and consequences of so pregnant a truth.

described, whether men, or things, or usages, and, in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison, such as those on Sir Roger de Coverly, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addison's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic, even to carelessness. They are equally faithful to the truth of nature; and in this only they differ remarkably, that the sketches of *Elia* reflect the stamp and impress of the writer's own character, whereas in all those of Addison the personal peculiarities of the delineator (though known to the reader from the beginning through the account of the Club) are nearly quiescent. Now and then they are recalled into a momentary notice, but they do not act, or at all modify his pictures of Sir Roger or Will Wimble. *They* are slightly and amiably eccentric; but the Spectator himself, in describing them, takes the station of an ordinary observer.

Everywhere, indeed, in the writings of Lamb, and not merely in his *Elia*, the character of the writer co-operates in an undercurrent to the effect of the thing written. To understand in the fullest sense either the gaiety or tenderness of a particular passage, you must have some insight into the peculiar bias of the writer's mind; whether native and original, or impressed gradually by the accidents of situation; whether simply developed out of predispositions by the action of life, or violently scorched into the constitution by some fierce fever of calamity. There is in modern literature a whole class of writers, though not a large one, standing within the same category; some marked originality of character in the writer becomes a co-efficient with what he says to a common result. You must sympathize with this *personality* in the author before you can appreciate the most significant parts of his views. In most books the writer figures as a mere abstraction, without sex or age or local station, whom the reader banishes from his thoughts. What is written seems to proceed from a blank intellect, not from a man clothed with fleshy peculiarities and differences. These peculiarities and differences neither do nor (generally speaking) could intermingle

with the texture of the thoughts so as to modify their force or their direction. In such books, and they form the vast majority, there is nothing to be found or to be looked for beyond the direct objective. (*Sit venia verbo!*) But in a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker; the two forces unite for a joint product; and fully to enjoy that product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known. It is singular, and worth inquiring into, for the reason that the Greek and Roman literature had no such books. Timon of Athens, or Diogenes, one may conceive qualified for this mode of authorship, had Journalism existed to rouse them in those days; their "articles" would no doubt have been fearfully caustic. But, as *they* failed to produce anything, and Lucian in an after age is scarcely characteristic enough for the purpose, perhaps we may pronounce Rabelais and Montaigne the earliest of writers in the class described. In the century following *theirs*, came Sir Thomas Brown, and immediately after *him* La Fontaine. Then came Swift, Sterne, with others less distinguished; in Germany, Hippel, the friend of Kant, Hamann the obscure, and the greatest of the whole body, John Paul Fr. Richter. In *him*, from the strength and determinateness of his nature as well as from the great extent of his writings, the philosophy of this interaction between the author as a human agency and his theme as an intellectual reagency, might best be studied. From *him* might be derived the largest number of cases illustrating boldly this absorption of the universal into the concrete; of the pure intellect into the human nature of the author. But nowhere could illustrations be found more interesting; shy, delicate, evanescent; shy as lightning, delicate and evanescent as the colored pencillings on a frosty night from the Northern Lights, than in the better parts of Lamb.

To appreciate Lamb, therefore, it is requisite that his character and temperament should be understood in their coyest and most wayward features. A capital defect it would be if these could not be gathered silently from Lamb's works themselves. It would be a fatal mode of dependency upon an alien and separable accident if they needed an external commentary. But they do *not*. The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram; and to any attentive reader the re-gathering and restoration of the total word

from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort. Still it is always a satisfaction in knowing a result, to know also its *why* and *how*; and in so far as every character is likely to be modified by the particular experience, sad or joyous, through which the life has travelled, it is a good contribution towards the knowledge of that resulting character as a whole to have a sketch of that particular experience. What trials did it impose? What energies did it task? What temptations did it unfold? These calls upon the moral powers, which in music so stormy, many a life is doomed to hear, how were they faced? The character in a capital degree moulds oftentimes the life, but the life *always* in a subordinate degree moulds the character. And the character being in this case of Lamb so much of a key to the writings, it becomes important that the life should be traced, however briefly, as a key to the character.

That is *one* reason for detaining the reader with some slight record of Lamb's career. Such a record by preference and of right belongs to a case where the intellectual display, which is the sole ground of any public interest at all in the man, has been intensely modified by the *humanities* and moral *personalities* distinguishing the subject. We read a *Physiology*, and need no information as to the life and conversation of its author: a meditative poem becomes far better understood by the light of such information; but a work of genial and at the same time eccentric sentiment, wandering upon untrodden paths, is barely intelligible without it. There is a good reason for arresting judgment on the writer, that the court may receive evidence on the life of the man. But there is another reason, and, in any other place, a better; which reason lies in the extraordinary value of the life considered separately for itself. Logically, it is not allowable to say that *here*; and, considering the principal purpose of this paper, any possible *independent* value of the life must rank as a better reason for reporting it. Since, in a case where the original object is professedly to estimate the writings of a man, whatever promises to further that object must, merely by that tendency, have, in relation to that place, a momentary advantage which it would lose if valued upon a more abstract scale. Liberated from this casual office of throwing light upon a book, raised to its grander station of a solemn deposition to the moral capacities of a man in conflict with calamity—viewed as a return made into the chanceries of heaven, upon

an issue directed from that court to try the amount of power lodged in a poor desolate pair of human creatures for facing the very anarchy of storms—this obscure life of the two Lambs, brother and sister, (for the two lives were one life,) rises into a grandeur that is not paralleled once in a generation.

Rich, indeed, in moral instruction was the life of Charles Lamb; and perhaps in one chief result it offers to the thoughtful observer a lesson of consolation that is awful, and of hope that ought to be immortal, viz., in the record which it furnishes, that by meekness of submission, and by earnest conflict with evil, in the spirit of cheerfulness, it is possible ultimately to disarm or to blunt the very heaviest of curses—even the curse of lunacy. Had it been whispered, in hours of infancy, to Lamb, by the angel who stood by his cradle—"Thou, and the sister that walks by ten years before thee, shall be through life, each to each, the solitary fountain of comfort; and except it be from this fountain of mutual love, except it be as brother and sister, ye shall not taste the cup of peace on earth!"—here, if there was sorrow in reversion, there was also consolation.

But what funeral swamps would have instantly engulfed this consolation had some meddling fiend prolonged the revelation, and, holding up the curtain from the sad future a little longer, had said scornfully—"Peace on earth! Peace for you two, Charles and Mary Lamb! What peace is possible under the curse which even now is gathering against your heads? Is there peace on earth for the lunatic—peace for the parenticide—peace for the girl that, without warning, and without time granted for a penitential cry to heaven, sends her mother to the last audit?" And then, without treachery, speaking bare truth, this prophet of woe might have added—"Thou also, thyself, Charles Lamb, thou in thy proper person, shalt enter the skirts of this dreadful hail-storm: even thou shalt taste the secrets of lunacy, and enter as a captive its house of bondage; whilst over thy sister the accursed scorpion shall hang suspended through life, like Death hanging over the beds of hospitals, striking at times, but more often threatening to strike; or withdrawing its instant menaces only to lay bare her mind more bitterly to the persecutions of a haunted memory!" Considering the nature of the calamity, in the first place; considering, in the second place, its life-long duration; and, in the last place, considering the quality of the resistance by which it was met, and under what circumstances of humble re-

sources in money, or friends—we have come to the deliberate judgment, that the whole range of history scarcely presents a more affecting spectacle of perpetual sorrow, humiliation, or conflict, and that was supported to the end (that is, through forty years) with more resignation, or with more absolute victory.

Charles Lamb was born in February of the year 1775. His immediate descent was humble; for his father, though on one particular occasion civilly described as a “scrivener,” was in reality a domestic servant to Mr. Salt—a benchman (and therefore a barrister of some standing) in the Inner Temple. John Lamb the father belonged by birth to Lincoln; from which city, being transferred to London whilst yet a boy, he entered the service of Mr. Salt without delay; and apparently from this period throughout his life continued in this good man’s household to support the honorable relation of a Roman client to his *patronus*, much more than that of a mercenary servant to a transient and capricious master. The terms on which he seems to have lived with the family of the Lambs, argue a kindness and a liberality of nature on both sides. John Lamb recommended himself as an attendant by the versatility of his accomplishments; and Mr. Salt, being a widower without children, which means in effect an old bachelor, naturally valued that encyclopædic range of dexterity which made his house independent of external aid for every mode of service. To kill one’s own mutton is but an operose way of arriving at a dinner, and often a more costly way; whereas to combine one’s own carpenter, locksmith, hair-dresser, groom, &c., all in one man’s person—to have a Robinson Crusoe, up to all emergencies of life, always in waiting, is a luxury of the highest class for one who values his ease.

A consultation is held more freely with a man familiar to one’s eye, and more profitably with a man aware of one’s peculiar habits. And another advantage from such an arrangement is, that one gets any little alteration or repair executed on the spot. To hear is to obey, and by an inversion of Pope’s rule,—

One always *is*, and never *to be*, blest.

People of one sole accomplishment, like the *homo unius libri*, are usually within that narrow circle disagreeably perfect, and therefore apt to be arrogant. People who can do all things, usually do every one of them ill; and living in a constant effort to deny this

too palpable fact, they become irritably vain. But Mr. Lamb the elder seems to have been bent on perfection. He did all things; he did them all well; and yet was neither gloomily arrogant, nor testily vain. And being conscious apparently that all mechanic excellencies tend to illiberal results, unless counteracted by perpetual sacrifices to the Muses—he went so far as to cultivate poetry: he even printed his poems, and were we possessed of a copy, (which we are *not*, nor probably is the Vatican,) it would give us pleasure at this point to digress for a moment, and to cut them up, purely on considerations of respect to the author’s memory. It is hardly to be supposed that they did not really merit castigation; and we should best show the sincerity of our respect for Mr. Lamb, senior, in all those cases where we *could* conscientiously profess respect by an unlimited application of the knout in the cases where we could *not*.

The whole family of the Lambs seem to have won from Mr. Salt the consideration which is granted to humble friends; and from acquaintances nearer to their own standing, to have won a tenderness of esteem such as is granted to decaying gentry. Yet, naturally, the social rank of the parents, as people still living, must have operated disadvantageously for the children. It is hard, even for the practised philosopher, to distinguish aristocratic graces of manner, and capacities of delicate feeling, in people whose very hearth and dress bear witness to the servile humility of their station. Yet such distinctions, as wild gifts of nature, timidly and half-unconsciously asserted themselves in the unpretending Lambs. Already in *their* favor there existed a silent privilege analogous to the famous one of Lord Kinsale. He, by special grant from the Crown, is allowed, when standing before the King, to forget that he is not himself a king: the bearer of that Peerage, through all generations, has the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence. By a general though tacit concession of the same nature, the rising generation of the Lambs, John and Charles, the two sons, and Mary Lamb, the only daughter, were permitted to forget that their grandmother had been a housekeeper for sixty years, and that their father had worn a livery. Charles Lamb, individually, was so entirely humble, and so careless of social distinctions, that he has taken pleasure in recurring to these very facts in the family records amongst the most genial of his Elia recollections. He only continued to remember, without shame, and with

a peculiar tenderness, these badges of plebeian rank, when everybody else, amongst the few survivors that could have known of their existence, had long dismissed them from their thoughts.

Probably through Mr. Salt's interest, Charles Lamb, in the autumn of 1782, when he wanted something more than four months of completing his eighth year, received a presentation to the magnificent school of Christ's Hospital. The late Dr. Arnold, when contrasting the school of his own boyish experience, Winchester, with Rugby, the school confided to his management, found nothing so much to regret in the circumstances of the latter as its forlorn condition with respect to historical traditions. Wherever these were wanting, and supposing the school of sufficient magnitude, it occurred to Dr. Arnold that something of a compensatory effect for impressing the imagination might be obtained by connecting the school with the nation through the link of annual prizes issuing from the Exchequer. An official basis of national patronage might prove a substitute for an antiquarian or ancestral basis. Happily for the great educational foundations of London, none of them is in the naked condition of Rugby. Westminster, St. Paul's, Merchant Tailors', the Charter-House, &c., are all crowned with historical recollections; and Christ's Hospital, besides the original honors of its foundation, so fitted to a consecrated place in a youthful imagination—an asylum for boy-students, provided by a boy-king—innocent, religious, prematurely wise, and prematurely called away from earth—has also a mode of perpetual connection with the State. It enjoys, therefore, *both* of Dr. Arnold's advantages. Indeed, all the great foundation-schools of London, bearing in their very codes of organization the impress of a double function—viz., the conservation of sound learning and of pure religion—wear something of a monastic or cloisteral character in their aspect and usages which is peculiarly impressive, and even pathetic, amidst the uproars of a capital the most colossal and tumultuous upon earth.

Here Lamb remained until his fifteenth year, which year threw him on the world, and brought him alongside the golden dawn of the French Revolution. Here he learned a little elementary Greek, and of Latin more than a little; for the Latin notes to Mr. Cary, (of Dante celebrity,) though brief, are sufficient to reveal a true sense of what is graceful and idiomatic in Latinity. We say this, who have studied that subject more than

most men. It is not that Lamb would have found it an easy task to compose a long paper in Latin—nobody *can* find it easy to do what he has no motive for habitually practising; but a single sentence of Latin, wearing the secret countersign of the "sweet Roman hand," may show sufficiently that, in reading Latin classics, a man feels and comprehends their peculiar force or beauty. That is enough. It is requisite to a man's expansion of mind that he should make acquaintance with a literature so radically different from all modern literatures as is the Latin. It is *not* requisite that he should practise Latin composition. Here, therefore, Lamb obtained in sufficient perfection one priceless accomplishment, which even singly throws a graceful air of liberality over all the rest of a man's attainments: having rarely any pecuniary value, it challenges the more attention to its intellectual value. Here also Lamb commenced the friendships of his life: and, of all which he formed, he lost none. Here it was, as the consummation and crown of his advantages from the time-honored Hospital, that he came to know "Poor S. T. C."\* *τον θαυμασιώτατον*.

Until 1796, it is probable that he lost sight of Coleridge, who was then occupied with Cambridge—having been transferred thither as a "Grecian" from the house of Christ Church. That year, 1796, was a year of change and fearful calamity for Charles Lamb. On that year revolved the wheels of his after-life. During the three years succeeding to his school-days, he had held a clerkship in the South Sea House. In 1795, he was transferred to the India House. As a junior clerk he could not receive more than a slender salary; but even this was important to the support of his parents and sister. They lived together in lodgings near Holborn; and in the spring of 1796, Miss Lamb, (having previously shown signs of lunacy at intervals,) in a sudden paroxysm of her disease, seized a knife from the dinner table, and stabbed her mother, who died upon the spot. A coroner's inquest easily ascertained the nature of a case which was transparent in all its circumstances, and never for a moment indecisive as regarded the medical symptoms. The poor young lady was transferred to the establishment for lunatics at Hoxton: she soon recovered, we believe; but her relapses

\* The affecting expression by which Coleridge indicates himself in the few lines written during his last illness for an inscription upon his grave; lines ill constructed in point of diction and compression, but otherwise speaking from the depths of his heart.



were as sudden as her recoveries, and she continued through life to revisit, for periods of uncertain seclusion, this house of woe. This calamity of his fireside, followed soon after by the death of his father, who had for some time been in a state of imbecility, determined the future destiny of Lamb. Apprehending, with the perfect grief of perfect love, that his sister's fate was sealed for life—viewing her as his own greatest benefactress, which she really *had* been through her advantage by ten years in age—yielding with impassioned readiness to the depth of his fraternal affection, what at any rate he would have yielded to the sanctities of duty as interpreted by his own conscience—he resolved for ever to resign all thoughts of marriage with a young lady whom he loved, for ever to abandon all ambitious prospects that might have tempted him into uncertainties, humbly to content himself with the *certainities* of his Indian clerkship, to dedicate himself for the future to the care of his desolate and prostrate sister, and to leave the rest to God. These sacrifices he made in no hurry or tumult, but deliberately, and in religious tranquillity. These sacrifices were accepted in heaven—and even on this earth they *had* their reward. She for whom he gave up all, in turn gave up all for *him*. She devoted herself to his comfort. Many times she returned to the lunatic establishment, but many times she was restored to illuminate the household hearth for *him*; and of the happiness which for forty years more he had, no hour seemed true that was not derived from *her*. Henceforward, therefore, until he was emancipated by the noble generosity of the East India Directors, Lamb's time, for nine and twenty years, was given to the India House.

"*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,*" is applicable to more people than "*agricolæ*." Clerks of the India House are as blind to their own advantages as the blindest of ploughmen. Lamb was summoned, it is true, through the larger and more genial section of his life, to the drudgery of a copying clerk—making confidential entries into mighty folios, on the subject of calicoes and muslins. By this means, whether he would or not, he became gradually the author of a great "serial" work, in a frightful number of volumes, on as dry a department of literature as the children of the great desert could have suggested. Nobody, he must have felt, was ever likely to study this great work of his, not even Dr. Dryasdust. He had written in vain, which is not pleasant to

know. There would be no second edition called for by a discerning public in Leadenhall street: not a chance of *that*. And consequently the *opera omnia* of Lamb, drawn up in a hideous battalion, at the cost of labor so enormous, would be known only to certain families of spiders in one generation, and of rats in the next. Such a labor of Sisyphus—the rolling up a ponderous stone to the summit of a hill only that it might roll back again by the gravitation of its own dullness, seems a bad employment for a man of genius in his meridian energies. And yet, perhaps not. Perhaps the collective wisdom of Europe could not have devised for Lamb a more favorable condition of toil than this very India House clerkship. His works (his Leadenhall street works) were certainly not read; popular they *could* not be, for they were not read by anybody; but then, to balance *that*, they were not reviewed. His folios were of that order, which (in Cowper's words) "not even critics criticise." *Is that* nothing? Is it no happiness to escape the hands of scoundrel reviewers? Many of us escape being *read*; the worshipful reviewer does not find time to read a line of us; but we do not for that reason escape being criticised, "shown up," and martyred. The list of *errata* again, committed by Lamb, was probably of a magnitude to alarm any possible compositor; and yet these *errata* will never be known to mankind. They are dead and buried. They have been cut off prematurely; and for any effect upon their generation, might as well never have existed. Then the returns, in a pecuniary sense, from these folios—how important were *they*! It is not common, certainly, to write folios; but neither is it common to draw a steady income of from £300 to £400 per annum from volumes of any size. This will be admitted; but would it not have been better to draw the income without the toil? Doubtless it would always be more agreeable to have the rose without the thorn. But in the case before us, taken with all its circumstances, we deny that the toil is truly typified as a thorn;—so far from being a thorn in Lamb's daily life, on the contrary, it was a second rose engrafted upon the original rose of the income, that he had to earn it by a moderate but continued exertion. Let us consider what this exertion really amounted to. Holidays, in a national establishment so great as the India House, and in our too fervid period, naturally could not be frequent; yet all great English corporations are gracious masters, and indulgences of this nature could be obtained on a special appli-

cation. Not to count upon these accidents of favor, we find that the regular toil of those in Lamb's situation began at ten in the morning and ended as the clock struck four in the afternoon. Six hours composed the daily contribution of labor, that is precisely one-fourth part of the total day. Only that, as Sunday was exempted, the rigorous expression of the quota was one-fourth of six-sevenths, which makes six-twenty-eighths and not six twenty-fourths of the total time. Less toil than this would hardly have availed to deepen the sense of value in that large part of the time still remaining disposable. Had there been any resumption whatever of labor in the evening, though but for half an hour, that one encroachment upon the broad continuous area of the eighteen free hours would have killed the tranquillity of the whole day, by *sowing* it (so to speak) with intermitting anxieties—anxieties that, like tides, would still be rising and falling. Whereas now, at the early hour of four, when day-light is yet lingering in the air, even at the dead of winter, in the latitude of London, and when the *enjoying* section of the day is barely commencing—everything is left which a man would care to retain. A mere *dilettante* or amateur student, having no mercenary interest concerned, would, upon a refinement of luxury—would, upon choice, give up so much time to study, were it only to sharpen the value of what remained for pleasure. And thus the only difference between the scheme of the India House distributing his time for Lamb, and the scheme of a wise voluptuary distributing his time for himself, lay, not in the *amount* of time deducted from enjoyment, but in the particular mode of appropriating that deduction. An *intellectual* appropriation of the time, though casually fatiguing, must have pleasures of its own; pleasures denied to a task so mechanic and so monotonous as that of reiterating endless records of sales or consignments not *essentially* varying from each other. True, it is pleasanter to pursue an intellectual study than to make entries in a ledger. But even an intellectual toil is toil: few people can support it for more than six hours in a day. And the only question, therefore, after all, is, at what period of the day a man would prefer taking this pleasure of study. Now, upon that point, as regards the case of Lamb, there is no opening for doubt. He, amongst his *Popular Fallacies*, admirably illustrates the necessity of evening and artificial lights to the prosperity of studies. After exposing, with the perfection of fun, the savage unsociality of

those elder ancestors who lived (if life it was) before lamp-light was invented, showing that "jokes came in with candles," since "what repartees *could* have passed" when people were "grumbling at one another in the dark," and "when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure that he understood it?" he goes on to say, "this accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry," viz., because they had no candle-light. Even eating he objects to as a very imperfect thing in the dark; you are not convinced that a dish tastes as it should do by the promise of its name, if you dine in the twilight without candles. Seeing is believing. "The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally." The sight guarantees the taste. For instance, "Can you tell pork from veal in the dark, or distinguish Sherries from pure Malaga?" To all enjoyments whatsoever candles are indispensable as an adjunct: but, as to *reading*, "there is," says Lamb, "absolutely no such thing but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, but it was labor thrown away. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. The mild internal light, that reveals the fine shapings of poetry, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Milton's morning hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper." This view of evening and candle-light as involved in literature may seem no more than a pleasant extravaganza, and no doubt it is in the nature of such gaieties to travel a little into exaggeration; but substantially it is certain that Lamb's feelings pointed habitually in the direction here indicated. His literary studies, whether taking the color of tasks or diversions, courted the aid of evening, which, by means of physical weariness, produces a more luxurious state of repose than belongs to the labor-hours of day, and courted the aid of lamp-light, which, as Lord Bacon remarked, gives a gorgeousness to human pomps and pleasures, such as would be vainly sought from the homeliness of day-light. The hours, therefore, which were withdrawn from his own control by the India House, happened to be exactly that part of the day which Lamb least valued and could least have turned to account.

The account given of Lamb's friends, of those whom he endeavored to love, ~~because~~

he admired them, or to esteem intellectually because he loved them personally, is too much colored for general acquiescence by Sergeant Talfourd's own early prepossessions. It is natural that an intellectual man like the Sergeant, personally made known in youth to people whom from childhood he had regarded as powers in the ideal world, and in some instances as representing the eternities of human speculation, since their names had perhaps dawned upon his mind in concurrence with the very earliest suggestion of topics which they had treated, should overrate their intrinsic grandeur. Hazlitt accordingly is styled "the great thinker." But had he been such potentially, there was an absolute bar to his achievement of that station in act and consummation. No man *can* be a great thinker in our days upon large and elaborate questions without being also a great student. To think profoundly, it is indispensable that a man should have read down to his own starting-point, and have read as a collating student to the particular stage at which he himself takes up the subject. At this moment, for instance, how could geology be treated otherwise than childishly by one who should rely upon the encyclopædias of 1800? or comparative Physiology by the most ingenious of men unacquainted with Marshall Hall, and with the apocalyptic glimpses of secrets unfolding under the hands of Professor Owen? In such a condition of undisciplined thinking, the ablest man thinks to no purpose. He lingers upon parts of the inquiry that have lost the importance which once they had, under imperfect charts of the subject; he wastes his strength upon problems that have become obsolete; he loses his way in paths that are not in the line of direction upon which the improved speculation is moving; or he gives narrow conjectural solutions of difficulties that have long since received sure and comprehensive ones. It is as if a man should in these days attempt to colonize, and yet through inertia or through ignorance, should leave behind him all modern resources of chemistry, of chemical agriculture, or of steam-power. Hazlitt had read nothing. Unacquainted with Grecian philosophy, with Scholastic philosophy, and with the recomposition of these philosophies in the looms of Germany, during the last sixty and odd years, trusting merely to the untrained instincts of keen mother-wit,—whence should Hazlitt have had the materials for great thinking? It is through the collation of many abortive voyages to Polar regions that

a man gains his first chance of entering the Polar basin, or of running ahead on the true line of approach to it. The very reason for Hazlitt's defect in eloquence as a lecturer, is sufficient also as a reason why he could not have been a comprehensive thinker. "He was not eloquent," says the Sergeant, "in the true sense of the term." But why? Because it seems "his thoughts were too weighty to be moved along by the shallow stream of feeling which an evening's excitement can rouse;"—an explanation which leaves us in doubt whether Hazlitt forfeited his chance of eloquence by accommodating himself to this evening's excitement, or by gloomily resisting it. Our own explanation is different. Hazlitt was not eloquent, because he was discontinuous. No man can be eloquent whose thoughts are abrupt, insulated, capricious, and (to borrow an impressive word from Coleridge) non-sequacious. Eloquence resides not in separate or fractional ideas, but in the relations of manifold ideas, and in the mode of their evolution from each other. It is not indeed enough that the ideas should be many, and their relations coherent: the main condition lies in the *key* of the evolution, in the *law* of the succession. The elements are nothing without the atmosphere that moulds, and the dynamic forces that combine. Now Hazlitt's brilliancy is seen chiefly in separate splinterings of phrase or image, which throw upon the eye a vitreous scintillation for a moment, but spread no deep suffusions of color, and distribute no masses of mighty shadow. A flash, a solitary flash, and all is gone. Rhetoric, according to its quality, stands in many degrees of relation to the permanencies of truth; and all rhetoric, like all flesh, is partly unreal, and the glory of both is fleeting. Even the mighty rhetoric of Sir Thomas Brown, or Jeremy Taylor, to whom only it has been granted to open the trumpet-stop on that great organ of passion, oftentimes leaves behind it the sense of sadness which belongs to beautiful apparitions starting out of darkness upon the morbid eye only to be reclaimed by darkness in the instant of their birth, or which belongs to pageantries in the clouds. But if all rhetoric is a mode of pyrotechny, and all pyrotechnics are by necessity fugacious, yet even in these frail pomps there are many degrees of frailty. Some fire-works require an hour's duration for the expansion of their glory; others, as if formed from fulminating powder, expire in the very act of birth. Precisely on that scale of duration and of power stand the glitterings of rhet-

ric that are not worked into the texture, but washed on from the outside. Hazlitt's thoughts were of the same fractured and discontinuous order as his illustrative images—seldom or never self-diffusive; and *that* is a sufficient argument that he had never cultivated philosophic thinking.

Not however to conceal any part of the truth, we are bound to acknowledge that Lamb thought otherwise on this point, manifesting what seemed to us an extravagant admiration of Hazlitt, and perhaps even in part for that very glitter which we are denouncing—at least he did so in a conversation with ourselves. But, on the other hand, as this conversation travelled a little into the tone of a disputation, and *our* frost on this point might seem to justify some undue fervor by way of balance, it is very possible that Lamb did not speak his absolute and most dispassionate judgment. And yet again, if he *did*, may we, with all reverence for Lamb's exquisite genius, have permission to say, that his own constitution of intellect sinned by this very habit of discontinuity. It was a habit of mind not unlikely to be cherished by his habits of life. Amongst these habits was the excess of his social kindness. He scorned so much to deny his company and his redundant hospitality to any man who manifested a wish for either by calling upon him, that he almost seemed to think it a criminality in himself if, by accident, he really *was* from home on your visit, rather than by possibility a negligence in you, that had not forewarned him of your intention. All his life, from this and other causes, he must have read in the spirit of one liable to sudden interruption; like a dragoon, in fact, reading with one foot in the stirrup, when expecting momentarily a summons to mount for action. In such situations, reading by snatches, and by intervals of precarious leisure, people form the habit of seeking and unduly valuing condensations of the meaning, where in reality the truth suffers by this short-hand exhibition, or else they demand too vivid illustrations of the meaning. Lord Chesterfield himself, so brilliant a man by nature, already therefore making a morbid estimate of brilliancy, and so hurried throughout his life as a public man, read under this double coercion for craving instantaneous effects. At one period, his only time for reading was in the morning, whilst under the hands of his hair-dresser: compelled to take the hastiest of flying shots at his author, naturally he demanded a very conspicuous mark to fire at. But the author

could not, in so brief a space, be always sure to crowd any very prominent objects on the eye, unless by being audaciously oracular and peremptory as regarded the sentiment, or flashy in excess as regarded its expression. "Come now, my friend," was Lord Chesterfield's morning adjuration to his author; "come now, cut it short—don't prose—don't hum and haw." The author had doubtless no ambition to enter his name on the honorable and ancient roll of gentlemen prozers: probably he conceived himself not at all tainted with the asthmatic infirmity of humming and hawing: but, as to "cutting it short," how could he be sure of meeting his Lordship's expectations in that point, unless by dismissing the limitations that might be requisite to fit the idea for use, or the adjuncts that might be requisite to integrate its truth, or the final consequences that might involve some deep *arrière pensée*, which, coming last in the succession, might oftentimes be calculated to lie deepest on the mind? To be lawfully and usefully brilliant after this rapid fashion, a man must come forward as a refresher of old truths, where *his* suppressions are supplied by the reader's memory; not as an expounder of new truths, where oftentimes a dislocated fraction of the true is more dangerous than the false itself.

To read therefore habitually, by hurried instalments, has this bad tendency—that it is likely to found a taste for modes of composition too artificially irritating, and to disturb the equilibrium of the judgment in relation to the colorings of style. Lamb, however, whose constitution of mind was even ideally sound in reference to the natural, the simple, the genuine, might seem of all men least liable to a taint in this direction. And undoubtedly he *was* so as regarded those modes of beauty which nature had specially qualified him for apprehending. Else, and in relation to other modes of beauty, where his sense of the true, and of its distinction from the spurious, had been an acquired sense, it is impossible for us to hide from ourselves, that not through habits only, not through stress of injurious accidents only, but by original structure and temperament of mind, Lamb had a bias towards those very defects on which rested the startling characteristics of style which we have been noticing. He himself, we fear, not bribed by indulgent feelings to another, not moved by friendship, but by native tendency, shrank from the continuous, from the sustained, from the elaborate.

The elaborate, indeed, without which much truth and beauty must perish in germ, ~~was~~ by

name the object of his invectives. The instances are many in his own beautiful essays where he literally collapses, literally sinks away from openings suddenly offering themselves to flights of pathos or solemnity in direct prosecution of his own theme. On any such summons, where an ascending impulse, and an untired pinion were required, he *refuses* himself (to use military language) invariably. The least observing reader of *Elia* cannot have failed to notice that the most felicitous passages always accomplish their circuit in a few sentences. The gyration within which his sentiment wheels, no matter of what kind it may be, is always the shortest possible. It does not prolong itself, and it does not repeat itself. But in fact, other features in Lamb's mind would have argued this feature by analogy, had we by accident been left unaware of it directly. It is not by chance, or without a deep ground in his nature *common* to all his qualities, both affirmative and negative, that Lamb had an insensibility to music more absolute than can have been often shared by any human creature, or perhaps than was ever before acknowledged so candidly. The sense of music, as a pleasurable sense, or any sense at all other than of certain unmeaning and impertinent differences in respect to high and low—sharp or flat—was utterly obliterated as with a sponge by nature herself from Lamb's organization. It was a corollary from the same large *substratum* in his nature, that Lamb had no sense of the rhythmical in prose composition. Rhythmus, or pomp of cadence, or sonorous ascent of clauses, in the structure of sentences, were effects of art as much thrown away upon him as the voice of the charmer upon the deaf adder. We ourselves, occupying the very station of polar opposition to that of Lamb, being as morbidly, perhaps, in the one excess as he in the other, naturally detected this omission in Lamb's nature at an early stage of our acquaintance. Not the fabled Regulus, with his eye-lids torn away, and his uncurtained eye-balls exposed to the noon-tide glare of a Carthaginian sun, could have shrieked with more anguish of recoil from torture than we from certain sentences and periods in which Lamb perceived no fault at all. *Pomp*, in our apprehension, was an idea of two categories; the *pompous* might be spurious, but it might also be genuine. It is well to love the simple: *we* love it; nor is there any opposition at all between *that* and the very glory of pomp. But, as we once put the case to Lamb, if as a musician, as the leader of a mighty orchestra, you had this

theme offered to you—"Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords"—or this, "And on a certain day, Marcus Cicero stood up, and in a set speech rendered solemn thanks to Caius Cæsar for Quintus Ligarius pardoned, and for Marcus Marcellus restored,"—Surely no man would deny that, in such a case, simplicity, though in a passive sense not lawfully absent, must stand aside as totally insufficient for the *positive* part. Simplicity might guide, even here, but could not furnish the power; a rudder it might be, but not an oar or a sail. This, Lamb was ready to allow; as an intellectual *quiddity*, he recognized pomp in the character of a privileged thing; he was obliged to do so; for take away from great ceremonial festivals, such as the solemn rendering of thanks, the celebration of national anniversaries, the commemoration of public benefactors, &c., the element of pomp, and you take away their very meaning and life; but, whilst allowing a place for it in the rubric of the logician, it is certain that, *sensuously*, Lamb would not have sympathized with it, nor have *felt* its justification in any concrete instance. We find a difficulty in pursuing this subject, without greatly exceeding our limits. We pause, therefore, and add only this one suggestion as partly explanatory of the case. Lamb had the dramatic intellect and taste, perhaps in perfection; of the Epic, he had none at all. Here, as happens sometimes to men of genius preternaturally endowed in one direction, he might be considered as almost starved. A favorite of nature, so eminent in some directions, by what right could he complain that her bounties were not indiscriminate? From this defect in his nature it arose, that except by culture and by reflection, Lamb had no genial appreciation of Milton. The solemn planetary wheelings of the *Paradise Lost* were not to his taste. What he *did* comprehend, were the motions like those of lightning, the fierce angular coruscations of that wild agency which comes forward so vividly in the sudden *περίεργεια*, in the revolutionary catastrophe, and in the tumultuous conflicts, through persons or through situations, of the tragic drama.

There is another vice in Mr. Hazlitt's mode of composition, viz., the habit of trite quotation, too common to have challenged much notice, were it not for these reasons:—1st, that Sergeant Talfourd speaks of it in equivocal terms, as a fault perhaps, but as a "felicitous" fault, "trailing after it a line of golden associations;" 2dly, because the practice involves a dishonesty. On occasion of

No. 1, we must profess our belief that a more ample explanation from the Sergeant would have left him in substantial harmony with ourselves. We cannot conceive the author of *Ion*, and the friend of Wordsworth, seriously to countenance that paralytic "mouth-diarrhœa," (to borrow a phrase of Coleridge's)—that *fluxe de bouche* (to borrow an earlier phrase of Archbishop Huet's)—which places the reader at the mercy of a man's tritest remembrances from his most school-boy reading. To have the verbal memory infested with tags of verse and "cues" of rhyme is in itself an infirmity as vulgar and as morbid as the stableboy's habit of whistling slang airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable. The very stage has grown weary of ridiculing a folly, that having been long since expelled from decent society has taken refuge amongst the most imbecile of authors. Was Mr. Hazlitt then of that class? No; he was a man of great talents, and of capacity for greater things than he ever attempted, though without any pretensions of the philosophic kind ascribed to him by the Sergeant. Meantime the reason for resisting the example and practice of Hazlitt lies in this—that essentially it is at war with sincerity, the foundation of all good writing, to express one's own thoughts by another man's words. This dilemma arises. The thought is, or it is not, worthy of that emphasis which belongs to a metrical expression of it. If it is *not*, then we shall be guilty of a mere folly in pushing into strong relief that which confessedly cannot support it. If it *is*, then how incredible that a thought strongly conceived, and bearing about it the impress of one's own individuality, should naturally, and without dissimulation or falsehood, bend to another man's expression of it! Simply to back one's own view by a similar view derived from another may be useful; a quotation that repeats one's own sentiment, but in a varied form, has the grace which belongs to the *idem in alio*, the same radical idea expressed with a difference; similarity in dissimilarity; but to throw one's own thoughts, matter, and form, through alien organs so absolutely as to make another man one's interpreter for evil and good, is either to confess a singular laxity of thinking that can so flexibly adapt itself to any casual form of words, or else to confess that sort of carelessness about the expression which draws its real origin from a sense of indifference about the things to be expressed. Utterly at war

this distressing practice is with all simplicity and earnestness of writing; it argues a state of indolent ease inconsistent with the pressure and coercion of strong fermenting thoughts, before we can be at leisure for idle or chance quotations. But lastly, in reference to No. 2, we must add that the practice is signally dishonest. It "trails after it a line of golden associations." Yes, and the burglar, who leaves an army-tailor's after a midnight visit, trails after him perhaps a long roll of gold bullion epaulettes which may look pretty by lamp-light.

But *that*, in the present condition of moral philosophy amongst the police, is accounted robbery. And to benefit too much by quotations is little less. At this moment we have in our eye a work, at one time not without celebrity, which is one continued *cento* of splendid passages from other people. The natural effect from so much fine writing is, that the reader rises with the impression of having been engaged upon a most eloquent work. Meantime the whole is a series of mosaics; a tessellation made up from borrowed fragments; and first, when the reader's attention is expressly directed upon the fact, he becomes aware that the nominal author has contributed nothing more to the book than a few passages of transition or brief clauses of connection.

In the year 1796 the main incident occurring of any importance for English literature was the publication by Southey of an epic poem. This poem, the *Joan of Arc*, was the earliest work of much pretension amongst all that Southey wrote; and by many degrees it was the worst. In the four great narrative poems of his later years, there is a combination of two striking qualities, viz., a peculiar command over the *visually* splendid, connected with a deep-toned grandeur of moral pathos. Especially we find this union in the *Thalaba* and the *Roderick*; but in the *Joan of Arc* we miss it. What splendor there is for the fancy and the eye belongs chiefly to the Vision, contributed by Coleridge, and this was subsequently withdrawn. The fault lay in Southey's political relations at that era; his sympathy with the French Revolution in its earlier stages had been boundless; in all respects it was a noble sympathy, fading only as the gorgeous coloring faded from the emblazonries of that awful event, drooping only when the promises of that golden dawn sickened under stationary eclipse. In 1796 Southey was yet under the tyranny of his own earliest fascination: in *his* eyes the Revolution had suffered a

momentary blight from refluxes of panic; but blight of some kind is incident to every harvest on which human hopes are suspended. Bad auguries were also ascending from the unchaining of martial instincts. But that the Revolution, having ploughed its way through unparalleled storms, was preparing to face other storms, did but quicken the apprehensiveness of his love—did but quicken the duty of giving utterance to this love. Hence came the rapid composition of the poem, which cost less time in writing than in printing. Hence also came the choice of his heroine. What he needed in his central character was—a heart with a capacity for the wrath of Hebrew prophets applied to ancient abuses, and for evangelic pity applied to the sufferings of nations. This heart, with this double capacity—where should he seek it? A French heart it must be, or how should it follow with its sympathies a French movement? *There* lay Southey's reason for adopting the Maid of Orleans as the depositary of hopes and aspirations on behalf of France as fervid as his own. In choosing this heroine, so inadequately known at that time, Southey testified at least his own nobility of feeling;\* but in executing his

\* It is right to remind the reader of this, for a reason applying forcibly to the present moment. Michelet has taxed Englishmen with yielding to national animosities in the case of Joan, having no plea whatever for that insinuation but the single one drawn from Shakspeare's Henry VI. To this the answer is—first, that Shakspeare's share in that trilogy is not nicely ascertained. Secondly, that M. Michelet forgot (or, which is far worse, *not* forgetting it, he dissembled) the fact, that in undertaking a series of dramas upon the basis avowedly of national chronicles, and for the very purpose of profiting by old traditionary recollections connected with ancestral glories, it was mere lunacy to recast the circumstances at the bidding of antiquarian research, so as entirely to disturb these glories. Besides that to Shakspeare's age no such spirit of research had blossomed. Writing for the stage a man would have risked lapidation by uttering a whisper in that direction. And, even if not, what sense could there have been in openly running counter to the very motive that had originally prompted that particular class of chronicle plays? Thirdly, if one Englishman had, in a memorable situation, adopted the popular view of Joan's conduct, (*popular* as much in France as in England;) on the other hand, fifty years before M. Michelet was writing this flagrant injustice, another Englishman (*viz.* Southey) had, in an epic poem, reversed this misjudgment, and invested the shepherd girl with a glory nowhere else accorded to her, unless indeed by Schiller. Fourthly, we are not entitled to view as an *attack* upon Joanna, what, in the worst construction, is but an unexamining adoption of the contemporary historical accounts. A poet or a dramatist is not responsible for the accuracy of chronicles. But what is an attack upon Joan, being

choice, he and his friends overlooked two faults fatal to his purpose. One was this: sympathy with the French Revolution meant sympathy with the opening prospects of man—meant sympathy with the Pariah of every clime—with all that suffered social wrong, or saddened in hopeless bondage.

That was the movement at work in the French Revolution. But the movement of Joanne d'Arc took a different direction. In *her* day also, it is true, the human heart had yearned after the same vast enfranchisement for the children of labor as afterwards worked in the great vision of the French Revolution. In *her* days also, and shortly before them, the human hand had sought by bloody acts to realize this dream of the heart. And in her childhood, Joanna had not been insensible to these premature motions upon a path too bloody and too dark to be safe. But this view of human misery had been utterly absorbed to *her* by the special misery then desolating France. The lilies of France had been trampled under foot by the conquering stranger. Within fifty years, in three pitched battles that resounded to the ends of the earth, the chivalry of France had been exterminated. Her oriflamme had been dragged through the dust. The eldest son of Baptism had been prostrated. The daughter of France had been surrendered on coercion as a bride to her English conqueror. The child of that marriage, so ignominious to the land, was king of France by consent of Christendom: that child's uncle domineered as regent of France: and that child's armies were in military possession of the land. But were they undisputed masters? No; and *there* precisely lay the sorrow of the time. Under a perfect conquest there would have been repose; whereas the presence of the English armies did but furnish a plea, *masking* itself in patriotism, for gatherings everywhere of lawless marauders; of soldiers that had deserted their banners; and of robbers by profession. This was the wo of France more even than the military dishonor. That dishonor had been palliated from the first by the genealogical pretensions of the Eng-

briefly the foulest and obscenest attempt ever made to stifle the grandeur of a great human struggle, *viz.* the French burlesque poem of *La Pucelle*,—what memorable man was it that wrote *that*? Was he a Frenchman, or was he not? That M. Michelet should *pretend* to have forgotten this vilest of *pasquinades*, is more shocking to the general sense of justice than any special untruth as to Shakspeare can be to the particular nationality of an Englishman.

lish royal family to the French throne, and these pretensions were strengthened in the person of the present claimant. But the military desolation of France, this it was that woke the faith of Joanna in her own heavenly mission of deliverance. It was the attitude of her prostrate country, crying night and day for purification from blood, and not from feudal oppression, that swallowed up the thoughts of the impassioned girl. But *that* was not the cry that uttered itself afterwards in the French Revolution. In Joanna's days, the first step towards rest for France was by expulsion of the foreigner. Independence of a foreign yoke, liberation as between people and people, was the one ransom to be paid for French honor and peace. *That* debt settled, there might come a time of thinking of civil liberties. But this time was not within the prospects of the poor shepherdess. The field—the area of her sympathies never coincided with that of the revolutionary period. It followed, therefore, that Southey *could* not have raised Joanna (with her condition of feeling) by any management, into the interpreter of his own. *That* was the first error in his poem, and it was irremediable. The second was, and strangely enough this also escaped notice, that the heroine of Southey is made to close her career precisely at the point when its grandeur commences. She believed herself to have a mission for the deliverance of France; and the great instrument which she was authorized to use towards this end, was the king, Charles VII. Him she was to crown. With this coronation her triumph, in the plain historical sense, ended.—And *there* ends Southey's poem. But exactly at this point, the grander stage of her mission commences, viz., the ransom which she, a solitary girl, paid in her own person for the national deliverance. The grander half of the story was thus sacrificed, as being irrelevant to Southey's political object; and yet, after all, the half which he retained did not at all symbolize that object. It is singular, indeed, to find a long poem, on an ancient subject, adapting itself hieroglyphically to a modern purpose; 2dly, to find it failing of this purpose; and 3dly, if it had *not* failed, so planned that it could have succeeded only by a sacrifice of all that was grandest in the theme.

To these capital oversights Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb were all joint parties; the two first as concerned in the composition, the last as a frank though friendly reviewer of it in his private correspondence with Cole-

ridge. It is, however, some palliation of these oversights, and a very singular fact in itself, that neither from English authorities nor from French, though the two nations were equally brought into close connection with the career of that extraordinary girl, could any adequate view be obtained of her character and acts. The *official* records of her trial, apart from which nothing can be depended upon, were first in the course of publication from the Paris press during the currency of last year. First in 1847, about four hundred and sixteen years after her ashes had been dispersed to the winds, could it be seen distinctly, through the clouds of fierce partisanship and national prejudices, what had been the frenzy of the persecution against her, and the utter desolation of her position,—what had been the grandeur of her conscientious resistance.

Anxious that our readers should see Lamb from as many angles as possible, we have obtained from an old friend of his a memorial—slight, but such as the circumstances allowed—of an evening spent with Charles and Mary Lamb, in the winter of 1821–2. The record is of the most unambitious character; it pretends to nothing, as the reader will see—not so much as to a pun, which it really required some singularity of luck to have missed from Charles Lamb, who often continued to fire puns, as minute guns, all through the evening. But the more unpretending this record is, the more appropriate it becomes by that very fact to the memory of *him* who, amongst all authors, was the humblest and least pretending. We have often thought that the famous epitaph written for his own grave by Piron, the cynical author of *La Métromanie*, might have come from Lamb, were it not for one objection: Lamb's benign heart would have recoiled from a sarcasm, however effective, inscribed upon a grave-stone; or from a jest, however playful, that tended to a vindictive sneer amongst his own farewell words. We once translated this Piron epitaph into a kind of rambling Drayton couplet; and the only point needing explanation is, that, from the accident of scientific men, Fellows of the Royal Society being usually very solemn men, with an extra chance, therefore, for being dull men in conversation, naturally it arose that some wit amongst our great-grandfathers translated F. R. S. into a short-hand expression for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid; to which version of the three letters our English epitaph alludes. The French original of Piron is this:—



"Ci git Piron; qui ne fut rien;  
Pas même académicien."

The bitter arrow of the second line was feathered to hit the French Académie, who had declined to elect him a member. Our translation is this:

Here lies Piron; who was—nothing; or, if *that*  
could be, was less;  
How! nothing? Yes, nothing; not so much as  
F. R. S.

But now to our friend's memorandum.

"October 6, 1848.

"MY DEAR X.—You ask me for some memorial, however trivial, of any dinner party, supper party, water party—no matter what—that I can circumstantially recall to recollection, by any features whatever, puns or repartees, wisdom or wit, connecting it with Charles Lamb. I grieve to say that my meetings of *any* sort with Lamb were few, though spread through a score of years. That sounds odd for one that loved Lamb so entirely, and so much venerated his character. But the reason was, that I so seldom visited London, and Lamb so seldom quitted it. Somewhere about 1810 and 1812 I must have met Lamb repeatedly at the *Courier Office* in the Strand; that is, at Coleridge's, to whom, as an intimate friend, Mr. Stuart (a proprietor of the paper) gave up for a time the use of some rooms in the office. Thither, in the London season, (May especially and June,) resorted Lamb, Godwin, Sir H. Davy, and, once or twice, Wordsworth, who visited Sir George Beaumont's Leicestershire residence of Coleorton early in the spring, and then travelled up to Grosvenor Square with Sir George and Lady Beaumont; 'spectatum veniens, veniens spectetur ut ipse.'"

But in these miscellaneous gatherings Lamb said little, except when an opening arose for a pun. And how effectual that sort of small shot was from *him*, I need not say to anybody who remembers his infirmity of stammering, and his dexterous management of it for purposes of light and shade. He was often able to train the roll of stammers into settling upon the words immediately preceding the effective one; by which means the key-note of the jest or sarcasm, benefiting by the sudden liberation of his embargoed voice, was delivered with the force of a pistol-shot. That stammer was worth an annuity to him as an ally of his wit. Firing under cover of that advantage he did triple execution; for, in the first place, the distressing sympathy of the hearers with *his* distress of utterance won for him unavoidably the silence of deep attention; and then, whilst he had us all hoaxed into this attitude of mute suspense by an appear-

ance of distress that he perhaps did not feel, down came a plunging shot into the very thick of us with ten times the effect it would else have had. If his stammering, however, often did him true "yeoman's service," sometimes it led him into scrapes. Coleridge told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which it caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: "Hear me, men! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped." What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea or bathing-machines; for, having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of Di-di-di-di, that when at length he descended *à plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence; and both exclaiming at once, "Oh yes, sir, we're quite aware of *that*," down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation. From necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Men! is it possible to obtain your attention?"—"Oh, surely, sir, by all means."—"Then listen: once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di—"and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you."—"Oh, decidedly, sir," rejoined the men, "decidedly"—and down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation: "Grant me pa-pa-patience; is it mum-um—murder you me-me-mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain, I tell you, I'm to be di-di-di—dipped," now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man. "Oh, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understood it;" and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. "Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I *was*—to be di-di-di—dipped only *once*."

Since the rencontres with Lamb at Coleridge's I had met him once or twice at literary dinner parties. One of these occurred at the house of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, the

publishers. I myself was suffering too much from illness at the time to take any pleasure in what passed, or to notice it with any vigilance of attention. Lamb, I remember, as usual, was full of gaiety; and as usual he rose too rapidly to the zenith of his gaiety; he shot upwards like a rocket, and, as usual, people said he was "tipsy." To me Lamb never seemed intoxicated, but at most aërially elevated. He never talked nonsense, which is a great point gained; nor polemically, which is a greater; for it is a dreadful thing to find a drunken man bent upon converting oneself; nor sentimentally, which is greatest of all. You can stand a man's fraternizing with you; or if he swears an eternal friendship—only once in an hour, you do not think of calling the police; but once in every three minutes is too much. Lamb did none of these things; he was always rational, quiet, and gentlemanly in his habits. Nothing memorable, I am sure, passed upon this occasion, which was in November of 1821; and yet the dinner was memorable by means of one fact not discovered until many years later. Amongst the company, all literary men, sat a murderer, and a murderer of a freezing class; cool, calculating, wholesale in his operations, and moving all along under the advantages of unsuspecting domestic confidence and domestic opportunities. This was Mr. Wainwright, who was subsequently brought to trial, but not for any of his murders, and transported for life. The story has been told both by Sergeant Talfourd, in the second volume of these "Final Memoirs," and previously by Sir Edward B. Lytton. Both have been much blamed for the use made of this extraordinary case; but we know not why. In itself it is a most remarkable case for more reasons than one. It is remarkable for the appalling revelation which it makes of power spread through the hands of people not liable to suspicion, for purposes the most dreadful. It is remarkable also by the contrast which existed in this case between the murderer's appearance and the terrific purposes with which he was always dallying. He was a contributor to a journal in which I also had written several papers. This formed a shadowy link between us; and, ill as I was, I looked more attentively at him than at anybody else. Yet there were several men of wit and genius present, amongst whom Lamb (as I have said) and Thomas Hood, Hamilton, Reynolds and Allan Cunningham. But them I already knew, whereas Mr. W. I now saw for the first time and the last. What interested me about him was this—the papers

which had been pointed out to me as his, (signed *Janus Weathercock*, *Vinkboons*, &c.,) were written in a spirit of coxcombry that did not so much disgust as amuse. The writer could not conceal the ostentatious pleasure which he took in the luxurious fittings-up of his rooms, in the fancied splendor of his *bijouterie*, &c. Yet it was easy for a man of any experience to read two facts in all this *étalage*—one being, that his finery was but of a second-rate order; the other, that he was a *parvenu*, not at home even amongst his second-rate splendor. So far there was nothing to distinguish Mr. W——'s papers from the papers of other triflers. But in this point there *was*, viz., that in his judgments upon the great Italian masters of painting, Da Vinci, Titian, &c., there seemed a tone of sincerity and of native sensibility, as in one who spoke from himself, and was not merely a copier from books. This it was that interested me; as also his reviews of the chief Italian engravers—Morghe, Volpato, &c.; not for the manner, which overflowed with levities and impertinence, but for the substance of his judgments in those cases where I happened to have had an opportunity of judging for myself. Here arose also a claim upon Lamb's attention: for Lamb and his sister had a deep feeling for what was excellent in painting. Accordingly Lamb paid him a great deal of attention, and continued to speak of him for years with an interest that seemed disproportioned to his pretensions. This might be owing in part to an indirect compliment paid to Miss Lamb in one of W——'s papers; else his appearance would rather have repelled Lamb; it was common-place, and better suited to express the dandyism which overspread the surface of his manner than the unaffected sensibility which apparently lay in his nature. Dandy or not, however, this man on account of the schism in his papers, so much amiable puppyism on one side, so much deep feeling on the other, (feeling, applied to some of the grandest objects that earth has to show,) did really move a trifle of interest in me, on a day when I hated the face of man and woman. Yet again, if I had known this man for the murderer that even then he was, what sudden loss of interest—what sudden growth of another interest, would have changed the face of that party! Trivial creature, that didst carry thy dreadful eye kindling with perpetual treasons! Dreadful creature, that didst carry thy trivial eye, mantling with eternal levity, over the sleeping surfaces of confiding household life—oh, what a revo-

lution for man wouldst thou have accomplished had thy deep wickedness prospered! What *was* that wickedness? In a few words I will say.

At this time (October, 1848) the whole British island is appalled by a new chapter in the history of poisoning. Locusta in ancient Rome, Madame Brinvilliers in Paris, were people of original genius; not in any new artifice of toxicology, not in mere management of poisons, was the audacity of their genius displayed. No; but in profiting by domestic openings for murder, unsuspected through their very atrocity. Such an opening was made some years ago by those who saw the possibility of founding purses for parents upon the murder of their children. This was done upon a larger scale than had been suspected, and upon a plausible pretence. To bury a corpse is costly; but of a hundred children only a few, in the ordinary course of mortality, will die within a given time. Five shillings a-piece will produce £25 annually, and *that* will bury a considerable number. On this principle arose Infant Burial-societies. For a few shillings annually, a parent could secure a funeral for every child. If the child died, a few guineas fell due to the parent, and the funeral was accomplished without cost of *his*. But on this arose the suggestion—Why not execute an insurance of this nature twenty times over? One single insurance pays for the funeral—the other nineteen are so much clear gain, a *lucro ponatur*, for the parents. Yes; but on the supposition that the child died! twenty are no better than one, unless they are gathered into the garner. Now, if the child died naturally, all was right; but how, if the child did *not* die? Why, clearly this:—the child that *can* die, and won't die, may be made to die. There are many ways of doing that; and it is shocking to know, that according to recent discoveries, poison is comparatively a very merciful mode of murder. Six years ago a dreadful communication was made to the public by a medical man, viz., that three thousand children were annually burned to death under circumstances showing too clearly that they had been left by their mothers with the means and the temptations to set themselves on fire in her absence. But more shocking, because more lingering, are the deaths by artificial appliances of wet, cold, hunger, bad diet, and disturbed sleep, to the frail constitutions of children. By that machinery it is, and not by poison, that the majority qualify themselves for claiming the funeral allowances. Here, however, there oc-

cur to any man on reflection, two eventual restraints on the extension of this domestic curse:—1st, as there is no pretext for wanting more than one funeral on account of one child, any insurances beyond one are in themselves a ground of suspicion. Now, if any plan were devised for securing the *publication* of such insurances, the suspicions would travel as fast as the grounds for them. 2dly, it occurs, that eventually the evil checks itself, since a society established on the ordinary rates of mortality would be ruined when a murderous stimulation was applied to that rate too extensively. Still it is certain that, for a season, this atrocity *has* prospered in manufacturing districts for some years, and more recently, as judicial investigations have shown, in one agricultural district of Essex. Now, Mr. W——'s scheme of murder was, in its outline, the very same, but not applied to the narrow purpose of obtaining burials from a public fund. He persuaded, for instance, two beautiful young ladies, visitors in his family, to insure their lives for a short period of two years. This insurance was repeated in several different offices, until a sum of £18,000 had been secured in the event of their deaths within the two years. Mr. W—— took care that they *should* die, and very suddenly, within that period; and then, having previously secured from his victims an assignment to himself of this claim, he endeavored to make this assignment available. But the offices, which had vainly endeavored to extract from the young ladies any satisfactory account of the reasons for this limited insurance, had their suspicions at last strongly roused. One office had recently experienced a case of the same nature, in which also the young lady had been poisoned by the man in whose behalf she had effected the insurance: all the offices declined to pay; actions at law arose; in the course of the investigation which followed, Mr. W——'s character was fully exposed. Finally, in the midst of the embarrassments which ensued, he committed forgery, and was transported.

From this Mr. W——, some few days afterwards, I received an invitation to a dinner party, expressed in terms that were obligingly earnest. He mentioned the names of his principal guests, and amongst them rested most upon those of Lamb and Sir David Wilkie. From an accident I was unable to attend, and I greatly regretted it. Sir David one might rarely happen to see except at a crowded party. But as regarded Lamb, I was sure to see him or to hear of him again in some way or other within a short time. This

opportunity in fact offered itself within a month through the kindness of the Lambs themselves. They had heard of my being in solitary lodgings, and insisted on my coming to dine with them, which more than once I did in the winter of 1821-2.

The mere reception by the Lambs was so full of goodness and hospitable feeling, that it kindled animation in the most cheerless or torpid of invalids. I cannot imagine that any *memorabilia* occurred during the visit; but I will use the time that would else be lost upon the settling of that point, in putting down any triviality that occurs to my recollection. Both Lamb and myself had a furious love for nonsense; headlong nonsense. Excepting Professor Wilson, I have known nobody who had the same passion to the same extent. And things of that nature better illustrate the *realities* of Lamb's social life than the gravities which, weighing so sadly on his solitary hours, he sought to banish from his moments of relaxation.

There were no strangers; Charles Lamb, his sister, and myself made up the party. Even this was done in kindness. They knew that I should have been oppressed by an effort such as must be made in the society of strangers; and they placed me by their own fireside, where I could say as little or as much as I pleased.

We dined about five o'clock, and it was one of the hospitalities inevitable to the Lambs, that any game which they might receive from rural friends in the course of the week, was reserved for the day of a friend's dining with them.

In regard to wine, Lamb and myself had the same habit—perhaps it rose to the dignity of a principle—viz., to take a great deal *during* dinner—none *after* it. Consequently, as Miss Lamb (who drank only water) retired almost with the dinner itself, nothing remained for men of our principles, the rigor of which we had illustrated by taking rather too much of old port before the cloth was drawn, except talking; amœbæan colloquy, or, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, a dialogue of "brisk reciprocation." But this was impossible: over Lamb, at this period of his life, there passed regularly, after taking wine, a brief eclipse of sleep. It descended upon him as softly as a shadow. In a gross person, laden with superfluous flesh, and sleeping heavily, this would have been disagreeable; but in Lamb, thin even to meagerness, spare and wiry as an Arab of the desert, or as Thomas Aquinas, wasted by scholastic vigils, the affection of sleep seemed rather a network of

aerial gossamer than of earthy cobweb—more like a golden haze falling upon him gently from the heavens than a cloud exhal-ing upwards from the flesh. Motionless in his chair as a bust, breathing so gently as scarcely to seem certainly alive, he presented the image of repose midway between life and death, like the repose of sculpture; and to one who knew his history a repose affecting-ly contrasting with the calamities and internal storms of his life. I have heard more persons than I can now distinctly recall, observe of Lamb when sleeping, that his countenance in that state assumed an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity, and its benignity. It could not be called a transfiguration that sleep had worked in his face; for the features were essentially the same expression when waking; but sleep spiritualized that expression, exalted it, and also harmonized it. Much of the change lay in that last process. The eyes it was that disturbed the unity of effect in Lamb's waking face. They gave a restlessness to the character of his intellect, shifting, like Northern Lights, through every mode of combination with fantastic playfulness, and sometimes by fiery gleams obliterating for the moment that pure light of benignity which was the predominant reading on his features. Some people have supposed that Lamb had Jewish blood in his veins, which seemed to account for his gleaming eyes. It might be so: but this notion found little countenance in Lamb's own way of treating the gloomy mediæval traditions propagated throughout Europe about the Jews, and their secret enmity to Christian races. Lamb, indeed, might not be more serious than Shakspeare is supposed to have been in his Shylock; yet he spoke at times as from a station of wilful bigotry, and seemed (whether laughingly or not) to sympathize with the barbarous Christian superstitions upon the pretended bloody practices of the Jews, and of the early Jewish physicians. Being himself a Lincoln man, he treated Sir Hugh\* of Lincoln, the young child that suffered death by secret assassination in the Jewish quarter rather than suppress his daily anthems to the Virgin, as a true historical personage on the rolls of martyrdom; careless that this fable, like that of the apprentice murdered out of jealousy by his master, the architect, had destroyed its own authority by

\* The story which furnishes a basis to the fine ballad in Percy's *Reliques*, and to the *Canterbury Tale* of Chaucer's *Lady Abbeſs*.

ubiquitous diffusion. All over Europe the same legend of the murdered apprentice and the martyred child reappears under different names—so that in effect the verification of the tale is none at all, because it is unanimous; is too narrow because it is too impossibly broad. Lamb, however, though it was often hard to say whether he were not secretly laughing, swore to the truth of all these old fables, and treated the liberalities of the present generation on such points as mere fantastic and effeminate affectations, which, no doubt, they often are as regards the sincerity of those who profess them. The bigotry, which it pleased his fancy to assume, he used like a sword against the Jew, as the official weapon of the Christian, upon the same principle that a Capulet would have drawn upon a Montague, without conceiving it any duty of *his* to rip up the grounds of so ancient a quarrel: it was a feud handed down to him by his ancestors, and it was *their* business to see that originally it had been an honest feud. I cannot yet believe that Lamb, if seriously aware of any family interconnection with Jewish blood, would, even in jest, have held that one-sided language. More probable it is, that the fiery eye recorded not any alliance with Jewish blood, but that disastrous alliance with insanity which tainted his own life, and laid desolate his sister's.

On awaking from his brief slumber, Lamb sat for some time in profound silence, and then, with the most startling rapidity, sang out—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins;" not looking at me, but as if soliloquizing. For five minutes he relapsed into the same deep silence; from which again he started up into the same abrupt utterance of—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins." I could not help laughing aloud at the extreme energy of this sudden communication, contrasted with the deep silence that went before and followed. Lamb smilingly begged to know what I was laughing at, and with a look of as much surprise as if it were I that had done something unaccountable, and not himself. I told him (as was the truth) that there had suddenly occurred to me the possibility of my being in some future period or other called on to give an account of this very evening before some literary committee. The committee might say to me—(supposing the case that I outlived him)—"You dined with Mr. Lamb in January, 1822; now, can you remember any remark or memorable observation which that celebrated man made before or after dinner?"

I as Respondent. "Oh yes, I can."

Com. "What was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "And was this his only observation? Did Mr. Lamb not strengthen this remark by some other of the same nature?"

Resp. "Yes, he did."

Com. "And what was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "What is your secret opinion of Dumpkins? Do you conceive Dumpkins to have been a thing or a person?"

Resp. "I conceive Dumpkins to have been a person, having the rights of a person."

Com. "Capable for instance of suing and being sued?"

Resp. "Yes, capable of both; though I have reason to think there would have been very little use in suing Dumpkins."

Com. "How so? Are the Committee to understand that you, the Respondent, in your own case have found it a vain speculation countenanced only by visionary lawyers, to sue Dumpkins?"

Resp. "No; I never lost a shilling by Dumpkins, the reason for which may be that Dumpkins never owed me a shilling; but from his *pranomen* of 'diddle' I apprehend that he was too well acquainted with joint-stock companies."

Com. "And your opinion is, that he may have diddled Mr. Lamb?"

Resp. "I conceive it to be not unlikely."

Com. "And, perhaps, from Mr. Lamb's pathetic reiteration of his name, 'Diddle, diddle,' you would be disposed to infer that Dumpkins had practised his diddling talents upon Mr. L. more than once."

Resp. "I think it probable."

Lamb laughed, and brightened up; tea was announced; Miss Lamb returned. The cloud had passed away from Lamb's spirits, and again he realized the pleasure of evening, which, in *his* apprehension, was so essential to the pleasure of literature.

On the table lay a copy of Wordsworth, in two volumes; it was the edition of Longman, printed about the time of Waterloo. Wordsworth was held in little consideration, I believe, amongst the house of Longman; at any rate, *their* editions of his works were got up in the most slovenly manner. In particular, the table of contents was drawn up like a short-hand bill of parcels. By accident the book lay open at a part of this table, where the sonnet beginning—

"Alas! what boots the long laborious quest"—

had been entered with mercantile speed, as—

"Alas! what boots,—"

"Yes," said Lamb, reading this entry in a dolorous tone of voice, "he may well say *that*. I paid Hoby three guineas for a pair that tore like blotting paper, when I was leaping a ditch to escape a farmer that was pursuing me with a pitch-fork for trespassing. But why should W. wear boots in Westmoreland? Pray advise him to patronize shoes."

The mercurialities of Lamb were infinite, and always uttered in a spirit of absolute recklessness for the quality or the prosperity of the sally. It seemed to liberate his spirits from some burthen of blackest melancholy which oppressed it, when he had thrown off a jest: he would not stop one instant to improve it; nor did he care the value of a straw whether it were good enough to be remembered, or so mediocre as to extort high moral indignation from a collector who refused to receive into his collection of jests and puns any that were not felicitously good or revoltingly bad.

After tea, Lamb read to me a number of beautiful compositions which he had himself taken the trouble to copy out into a blank paper folio from unsuccessful authors. Neglected people in every class won the sympathy of Lamb. One of the poems, I remember, was a very beautiful sonnet from a volume recently published by Lord Thurlow—which, and Lamb's just remarks upon it, I could almost repeat *verbatim* at this moment, nearly twenty-seven years later, if your limits would allow me. But these, you tell me, allow of no such thing; at the utmost they allow only twelve lines more. Now all the world knows that the sonnet itself would require fourteen lines; but take fourteen from twelve, and there remains very little, I fear; besides which, I am afraid two of my twelve are already exhausted. This forces me to interrupt my account of Lamb's reading by reporting the very accident that *did* interrupt it in fact; since *that* no less characteristically expressed Lamb's peculiar spirit of kindness, (always quickening itself towards the ill-used or the down-trodden,) than it had previously expressed itself in his choice of obscure readings. Two ladies came in, one of whom at least had sunk in the scale of worldly consideration. They were ladies who would not have found much recreation in literary discussions; elderly, and habitually depressed. On *their* account, Lamb proposed whist—and in that kind effort to amuse *them*, which

naturally drew forth some momentary gaieties from himself, but not of a kind to impress themselves on the recollection, the evening terminated.

We have left ourselves no room for a special examination of Lamb's writings, some of which were failures, and some were so memorably beautiful as to be uniques in their class. The character of Lamb it is, and the life-struggle of Lamb, that must fix the attention of many, even amongst those wanting in sensibility to his intellectual merits. This character and this struggle, as we have already observed, impress many traces of themselves upon Lamb's writings. Even in that view, therefore, they have a ministerial value; but separately, for themselves, they have an independent value of the highest order. Upon this point we gladly adopt the eloquent words of Sergeant Talfourd:—

"The sweetness of Lamb's character, breathed through his writings, was felt even by strangers; but its heroic aspect was unguessed even by many of his friends. Let them now consider it, and ask if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything in human action and endurance more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits? It was not merely that he saw, through the ensanguined cloud of misfortune which had fallen upon his family, the unstained excellence of his sister, whose madness had caused it; that he was ready to take her to his own home with reverential affection, and cherish her through life; that he gave up, for *her* sake, all meaner and more selfish love, and all the hopes which youth blends with the passion which disturbs and ennobles it; not even that he did all this cheerfully, and without pluming himself upon his brotherly nobleness as a virtue, or seeking to repay himself (as some uneasy martyrs do) by small instalments of long repining;—but that he carried the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to his last. So far from thinking that his sacrifice of youth and love to his sister gave him a license to follow his own caprice at the expense of her feelings, even in the lightest matters, he always wrote and spoke of her as his wiser self, his generous benefactress, of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy."

It must be remembered also, which the Sergeant does not overlook, that Lamb's efforts for the becoming support of his sister lasted through a period of forty years. Twelve years before his death, the munificence of the India House, by granting him a liberal retiring allowance, had placed his own support under shelter from accidents of any kind. But this died with himself: and he could not venture to suppose that, in the

event of his own death, the India House would grant to his sister the same allowance as by custom is granted to a wife. This they did; but not venturing to calculate upon such nobility of patronage, Lamb had applied himself through life to the saving of a provision for his sister under any accident to himself. And this he did with a persevering prudence, so little known in the literary class, amongst a continued tenor of generousities, often so princely as to be scarcely known in any class.

Was this man, so memorably good by life-long sacrifice of himself, in any profound sense a Christian? The impression is, that he was *not*. We, from private communications with him, can undertake to say that, according to his knowledge and opportunities for the study of Christianity, he *was*. What has injured Lamb in this point is, that his early opinions (which, however, from the first were united with the deepest piety) are read by the inattentive, as if they had been the opinions of his mature days; secondly, that he had few religious persons amongst his friends, which made him reserved in the expression of his own views; thirdly, that in any case where he altered opinions for the better, the credit of the improvement is assigned to Coleridge. Lamb, for example, beginning life as a Unitarian, in not many years became a Trinitarian. Coleridge passed through the same changes in the same order: and, here at least, Lamb is supposed simply to have obeyed the influence, confessedly great, of Coleridge. This, on our own knowledge of Lamb's views, we pronounce to be an error. And the following extracts from Lamb's letters will show, not only that he was religiously disposed on impulses self-derived, but that, so far from obeying the bias of Coleridge, he ventured, on this one subject, firmly as regarded the matter, though humbly as regarded the manner, affectionately to reprove Coleridge.

In a letter to Coleridge, written in 1797, the year after his first great affliction, he says:—

"Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly, what am I to do? Wesley—[have you read his life?]  
—was not he an elevated character? Wesley has said religion is not a solitary thing. Alas! it is necessarily so with me, or next to solitary. 'Tis true you write to me; but correspondence by letter and personal intimacy are widely different. Do, do write to me; and do some good to my mind—already how much 'warped and relaxed' by the world!"

In a letter written about three months previously, he had not scrupled to blame Coleridge at some length for audacities of religious speculation, which seemed to him at war with the simplicities of pure religion. He says:—

"Do continue to write to me. I read your letters with my sister, and they give us both abundance of delight. Especially they please us two when you talk in a religious strain. Not but we are offended occasionally with a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy than consistent with the humility of genuine piety."

Then, after some instances of what he blames, he says:—

"Be not angry with me, Coleridge. I wish not to cavil: I know I cannot instruct you; I only wish to remind you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God in the New Testament, our best guide, is represented to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a parent; and, in my poor mind, 'tis best for us so to consider him as our Heavenly Father, and our best friend, without indulging too bold conceptions of His character."

About a month later, he says:—]

"Few but laugh at me for reading my Testament. They talk a language I understand not; I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them."

We see by this last quotation *where* it was that Lamb originally sought for consolation. We personally can vouch that at a maturer period, when he was approaching his fiftieth year, no change had affected his opinions upon that point; and, on the other hand, that no changes had occurred in his needs for consolation, we see, alas! in the records of his life. Whither, indeed, could he fly for comfort, if not to his Bible? And to whom was the Bible an indispensable resource, if not to Lamb? We do not undertake to say, that in his knowledge of Christianity he was everywhere profound or consistent, but he was always earnest in his aspirations after its spiritualities, and had an apprehensive sense of its power.

Charles Lamb is gone: his life was a continued struggle in the service of love the purest, and within a sphere visited by little of contemporary applause. Even his intellectual displays won but a narrow sympathy at any time, and in his earlier period were saluted with positive derision and contumely on the

few occasions when they were not oppressed by entire neglect. But slowly all things right themselves. All merit, which is founded in truth and is strong enough, reaches by sweet exhalations in the end a higher sensory—reaches higher organs of discernment, lodged in a selecter audience. But the original obtuseness or vulgarity of feeling that thwarted Lamb's just estimation in life, will continue to thwart its popular diffusion. There are even some that continue to regard him with the old hostility. And we, therefore, standing by the side of Lamb's grave, seemed to hear, on one side, (but in abated tones,) strains of the ancient malice—"This man, that thought himself to be somebody, is dead—is buried—is forgotten!" and, on the other side, seemed to hear ascending, as with the solemnity of an anthem—"This man, that thought himself to be nobody, is dead—is buried; his life has been searched; and his memory is hallowed for ever!"

#### CANNING'S ESTIMATE OF CHALMERS.—

When Dr. Chalmers first visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood alone by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the conversation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."

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ORIGIN OF JOHN GILPIN.—Perhaps the name of no place in the vicinity of London is so universally known as that of Edmonton, and this knowledge may be attributed to the famous visit of that "citizen of credit and renown," who once set out to see the "Bell" from "famous London town." The "Bell," which is a popular inn, still hangs out its "wide-sounding" sign, and calls the lovers of fun and poetry to do their devoirs to "porter" and the genius of Cowper. The following occurs in the life of the poet, as the origin of the world-famed ballad of "John Gilpin." "It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection; it was her custom on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood,) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad! So arose the pleasant poem of 'John Gilpin.' To Lady Austen's suggestion, also, we are indebted for the poem of the 'Task.'"

A MISERLY MARQUESS.—A few days ago the furniture, &c., of the château of the miserly Marquess d'Aligré, in the village of Chatou, between Paris and St. Germain, was sold by auction. This old Marquess was the richest man in France; he possessed 300 houses in Paris and other towns, fifty estates in different parts of the kingdom, and upwards of 2,000,000*l.* capital placed in the public funds of different countries; and yet the furniture of his favorite château was old, dirty, wretched in the extreme, and would have disgraced a low lodging-house. There was not a decent picture, not a cushion or curtain, or carpet, that was not ragged; not a chair or table that was not rickety; not a piece of crockery that was not cracked.—*Globe.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

## VIEWS OF EDINBURGH.

TRAVELLING, like charity, should begin at home. Let no one lament that he is cut off from the delightful foreign tour which "the state of the Continent" has forbidden, if he have still to become acquainted with the beauties and treasures of his own dear land. There is more altogether to be seen in Great Britain, whether of the historical, the romantic, the wonderful, or the picturesque, than in any other country on the surface of the globe. We leave Ireland out of the question, for even tourists have become Repeaters now. Let no one especially lament his hard fate who intended this summer to have become acquainted with St. Petersburg, or Constantinople, or Cairo, or Pesth, if he have not seen a city nearer home as singular as any of these, and more beautiful, viz., the fair capital of Scotland. We are not Scotch ourselves, nor, singular to say, could we have been, even had we been born in the very heart of Mid-Lothian. Edinburgh is not "our own romantic town," except in love, gratitude, and adoption, yet we envy every traveller his first impressions of her wondrous beauties; that is, if it be possible to envy another that of which we ourselves with a long and close acquaintance have never lost the freshness. Still it is a pleasure to live these impressions over and over again with any sensible and susceptible companion who will intrust himself to our guidance; and, after a hard day's work, to earn the thanks that are due to a kind and patient cicerone-ship, when all the time we have been trotting our companion about quite as much for our own good pleasure as for his.

How we enjoy, for instance, sallying out with him the first morning into Princes street, that our eyes may wander in admiration and astonishment through the whole length of that unrivalled causeway from west to east. Beginning with that pile of Castle rock, and its towers and *guérites* standing bold against the sky; we pass, in rapid glance, first the classic portico and rich pillared perspective of the Royal Institution, with

our Queen, in graceful robing, enthroned upon it; then that beautiful gothic structure starting up like a tall sprouting plant, or graceful *jet d'eau*, all sparkling still with the freshness of newly-hewn stone, with the thoughtful head of Sir Walter Scott seen beneath; and catch between them as we proceed glimpses of towers, and spires, and old houses, and rich foliage, till our vision rests on the Calton Hill, with its airy Parthenon pillars traced against the early eastern sun. Or again, to place ourselves north and south, looking up on one side at that extraordinary pile of gray Old Town, with its giddy houses, eleven stories high; its ragged outline of wall and chimney, with tower, and spire, and coroneted steeple, seen above; and, nearer and lower, those grand arches of the North Bridge, spanning a very city in their length; and, higher and further, the blue line of Salisbury Craigs, with huge Ben Arthur presiding, like a lion *couchant*, over the scene;—and then down on the other side, on those splendid rows of palatial edifices, terrace below terrace, embosomed in rich gardens, with the blue Forth beyond, and the long sweeping lines of the Fife hills beyond that, till the old song comes into our heads, and we involuntarily exclaim, in a rhapsody of enthusiasm,—

Auld Reekie greet ye well;  
And Reekie New beside;  
Ye're like a chieftain old and gray,  
Wi' a young and bonny bride.

Or how we delight to stand with him at the top of the Lawn Market, looking up at strange old houses with their gables towards the street; their open stairs mounting above our heads; their dark cellars and cavities disappearing beneath our feet; with those dark, dirty, winding passages, like deep rents between the houses, sloping into misty darkness, or giving momentary glimpses of woods, and hills, and turreted mansions, like Paradise, beyond them; and to wonder in

what part of the world we can possibly be, till the dress or physiognomy of the people—not their speech, for that's all Greek to us still—or the names on the many boards,—Kenmore, Grocer; Porteous, Tailor; or Mac-Beth, Flesher; or the buzz of a distant bagpipe, or a whiff of Scotch broth, struggling with less agreeable perfumes, or, most significant of all, a sting of sharp east wind, convince us that we are in no other than the “Land o’ Cakes.”

Or how we love to loiter with him on the grand road beneath the Calton Hill, looking on the one side at all the crowded forms of both towns, and over and under those bridges and bands of communication which the old chieftain has extended like loving arms to his bride, and on the other at old Holyrood with her massive towers and delicate but ruined chapel; beyond which lies the glorious expanse of land and sea, where the cone of North Berwick Law overtops the coast, and even the Bass on a clear day is distinguishable; and, casting all comparisons to the wind, while it happens just here to blow so hard that we can hardly keep our hats on, to vow before heaven and earth that Edinburgh has not her equal in the whole world.

It were strange if it had, for what other city can boast of such a concurrence of natural advantages? Situated on a *quasi* peninsula, having the sea, with its islands, and the Forth with its hills, as its east and north boundaries; with Salisbury Craigs flanking like a wall of defence the approach to Arthur’s Seat on the south-east; and the rugged knolls of the Braed Hills, and the bold lines of the Pentlands stretching round from the south to the west; and, lastly, in the centre of all that splendid mass of rock, inaccessible on three sides, and sloping down on the fourth with a high rocky ridge, inviting a warlike race to perch their nests upon it; Auld Reekie, even when single, must have been the wonder of the world. And then to see that “bonny bride,” whom he has taken to his arms rather late in life—for the old chieftain, like a true cautious Scot, did not encumber himself with a better-half till he could afford it—and whom he has not only placed in a position which would alone give grandeur to the meanest building, but also clothed in a splendor of architecture which would make a better St. Petersburg of her, even if, like that much over-praised city, she lay etched out on a swamp. Truly there is no city like Edinburgh.

Twenty cities might be endowed with the superfluity of her beauties. The only draw-

back is, that there is too much in one feast even for the veriest gourmand in scenery to do justice to. One is almost distracted with the variety. You feel that, while you are enjoying some paragon of Art, you are losing some marvel of Nature; that while you are gloating on a Canaletti, you are neglecting a Turner: that you can nowhere place yourself before one grand object without turning your back on another; that, in short, if you are in Edinburgh but a few days, you are gorged with an over-abundance of good things; and that if you live there all your life, you can never be satiated.

We English are especially entitled to a kind of fatherly pride at the sight of the New Town. It was the prosperity resulting to Caledonia by her alliance with England which built this city of palaces. It was the friendly, though at first hated, hand of the Union, which gave away the bride. The same deed, signed, as tradition reports, in a cellar in the High street, which gave Scotland finally to England, gave also some eighty years later the New Town of Edinburgh to Scotland.

One cannot but feel, on looking round, how puzzling it must have been for the first builders to know where to place their houses, for very *embarras de belles sites*. There were mountain, and sea, and river, and hill, and wooded knolls, and verdant slopes, and sunsets and sunrises, such as are seen nowhere else, all spread out to choose from; for front or back view, or both. Not that we should have doubted long. The centre of Princes street would have been our final choice: for mountain and sea, hill and river, verdant slopes and wooded knolls, may be had in other countries: but where else is there to be found an object so strange, so various, so inexhaustibly fascinating, as that wonderful, gray, lofty, jagged thing, conglomerate of innumerable dwellings, and yet apparently all of one piece, spread out before us from east to west, which is known by the name of “the Old Town?” The wonder is how any mode of life, which requires abstraction of thought and closeness of application, could ever be carried on in rooms commanding this view. Lawyers, clergymen, and especially authors, unless so fortunate as to be blind, must have been ruined here. This accounts for the general passing of these houses in Princes street, originally built for gentlemen’s families, into the occupation of shopkeepers, who, it may be remarked, borrow a leaf from out of our book, and are more civil than most others in escorting their customers to the door, just for an excuse to get a peep of that exquisite Old

Town, and go back refreshed to their counters. One of the chief haberdashers in Princes street assured us, in true trading language, that he would not sell that view before his door for a thousand pounds; and, in the sympathy of our souls, we believed him. How the tourists who take up their abode at Gibb's Hotel can manage to get dressed of a morning is a perpetual enigma. That Old Town must have made many a poor man too late for the railway.

How grand is the first morning view of it, as it rises from its high pedestal of rich foliage!—one huge gray mass, all jagged in outline, like an enormous granite ruin; till gradually a thousand windows—some scattered up and down, others in level rows eleven times repeated—glimmer murkily in the early light; and a thousand chimneys send forth their slender pennons of smoke in beautifully waving lines at every stage of altitude; some floating into the clouds above, others wending up their way from the very base as if sent forth by subterranean fires; and then, as the sun mounts higher, (if we have any sun at all,) and light and shadow fall upon this maze of monotonous confusion, to see how those eleven-storied patriarchs stand forward, with smaller structures clustering at their roots, throwing deep shadows into endless entanglements of roof, and wall, and gable, and dark hollows, and strange antiquated forms; till more murky windows glimmer, and more smoking pennons wave, and we feel that this is not only the accumulated erection of many past ages, but the present residence of a crowded people.

We have doubted whether the sun would shine upon the traveller, but we are not sure that we even wish it for him. There is a mysterious affinity between the Old Town and the prevailing skies of Scotland which constitutes one of its greatest charms; there is an exquisite harmony of tint which, like a picture painted in the fewest colors, is always acceptable to the eye. Everything partakes of that beautiful *rusty* tone—the green gray rocks, the gray green trees, the blue gray sky; and then that pure gray Old Town, which, like a veritable Rembrandt etching, has a coloring all its own, which nothing else can attain.

And now we should advise our traveller to tear himself from the window, if he can, and bestow his enthusiasm elsewhere for a time. It can come nowhere amiss in Edinburgh. But let him return to his post at the gloaming, or just before it, as the last glitter of the evening sun is dying away, and the

huge mass is returning to its misty monotony, though not for long. For even before the last gold from without has passed away, the first spark from within has begun to shine; and here and there a ray is seen feebly piercing the gloom, irregularly placed, like the sentinel lights upon a huge scattered fortress; while window after window, faint and pink, dawns into view, and little earth-born stars twinkle in the clouds above, and brighter glow-worms emerge in the depths below; and the illumination spreads upward and downward, and brightens as it goes. And now may be discovered, more clearly than by any daylight view, the distinction between the different classes of occupants; how the comfort diminishes as the light spreads upward, “small by degrees and *dimly* less.” Those eleven-storied houses especially are regular gauges of social distinctions. Below, the burners of gas, brilliant and glowing, for two or three stories; then very respectable long-sixes; then the modest poverty of the dip; and, lastly, a little twinkle from garret and lucum which savors miserably of the rushlight. Not that any of the lights are very brilliant now, for a cold mist has shrouded the whole scene, and they glimmer mysteriously and ghostily; and the whole mass looks larger and loftier than ever; for, in the general gloom, the lights in the more modern houses which nestle in the hollow seem to be all one portion of the great façade; while, in the darkness which hides every object between us and it, the huge and dimly-illuminated monster seems to start from a bottomless abyss.

And now this is surely enough of the Old Town front. But no, we have one aspect more to show our companion. He has shut the window and left it, for the night is raw, and who cares to look at the beautiful or the picturesque through spectacles? But he returns for one glance between ten and eleven, throws up the sash in hot haste to be sure that the wondrous object he has just caught sight of is not a phantasmagoria of his senses, and then stands transfixed. The night is dark, the fog has all cleared away, and a dense black curtain hangs from heaven to earth, studded with lights innumerable, like the fullest firmament of stars we have seen in the clearest tropical sky. Like the stars, too, in irregularity,—here a “burning row,” there a Pleiades cluster: some twinkling like planets; others steady and distant as fixed orbs; some moving slowly across a space, others dancing like Jack-o'-lanterns, a few going out as he gazes: and he could stand and gaze all night.

The longer he looks, the more he wonders. It is a transparency on a scale Vauxhall never dreamt of. It is an enormous grim spectre, with lights innumerable in its hollow eyes. It is a robe blacker than night, spangled with orbs brighter than the stars. It is a wall pierced with countless holes, with a world blazing behind it. What should he liken that to, of which he has never seen or imagined the likeness before?

The Old Town is doing his best to turn night into day. Thousands of candles are there, shining forth on a naughty world. Just about the centre may be seen three lights, framed in crimson, telling of a more luxuriant abode than any other behind that black wall, and leading the eye suddenly down to two red fiery balls, shooting horizontally across the base, which betray the railway-line deep in the hollow.

It is worth arriving at night by that railway, the North British, to be taken by surprise by this radiant phenomenon; and taken by surprise the traveller must be, or he won't look at all. For there is no being so perversely indisposed to see what he has purposely come to see as an Englishman just arrived by a train, and that an hour and a half behind time. Curiosity and love of novelty are strong passions in the human breast; but there is one stronger still, at least in an English one, and that is love of luggage! The traveller has thought of nothing else all day but the first impressions of Edinburgh. Anticipations of Auld Reekie and New Reekie have beguiled a day-long journey; but once arrived in the very hollow of their mighty embrace, his thoughts have returned to their grovelling with his luggage. We see him in imagination toiling up that steep road which leads directly to Gibb's Hotel, turning round every moment to see that the porter who is carrying his "three pieces,"—as foreign travel has taught him to designate his portmanteau, hat-case, and carpet-bag,—is not absconding with them behind his back; when turning again, just as he reaches the level of Princes Street, that wondrous transparency suddenly bursts upon him. He stands in perfect amazement; and portmanteau, hat-case, and carpet-bag, may go on to Aberdeen, or back to London, for aught he cares!

But now morning is come again, fresh and blowy, with plenty of that dust which Edinburgh so unnecessarily scatters in her visitors' eyes. The Old Town is once more in its usual rusty suit, with waving smoke and glimmering window. We must break through

that gray crust, and penetrate deeper into its mysteries. Let us ascend one of those eleven-storied piles we have been admiring under such diversity of aspect. Take that massive front, with its high-peaked lucums to the right, near that exquisite green slope from the Castle Esplanade. It was here Johnson visited Boswell; and here also David Hume resided many years, till he removed into the oldest square of the New Town. We cross the Earthen Mound, or rather climb it, for it is a steep ascent, and enter an open doorway, looking like a burrowing-hole at the base of the great pile above it. A broad stone staircase is before us, regularly zig-zagging up, nine steps at a time. At every alternate flight are two sashless windows looking out into the world, or a door leading into the warren. Other walkers are following us,—women, and children, and bakers' boys, meet us,—for this stair is a regular thoroughfare into Milne Court, and so through to the High street, which sets on to it behind at about the fifth story. So far it is not only "a common stair," as the Scotch significantly call it, but a positive street; conducting between rows of houses which lift themselves one above another, each having its own private door, with their brass plates and iron scrapers, as if in the open air, instead of being side by side. One of these doors is open; we peep into a long, dark vestibule, leading right and left, with more doors and more brass plates leading off that;—houses within houses, each having its parlor, bedrooms, kitchen, garret, and cellar, all on one floor. The warren is full, indeed! But we mount higher and higher—Heaven pity those who live at top; half way is treadmill sufficient!—and the brass knockers and plates of gentility vanish as we ascend, and the doors look poorer, and the wind whistles about us through the open windows, and our companion feels very much as if he were mounting a church steeple, or climbing the winding branches of a lofty silver fir to steal the nest that lies at top. At length we are at the last flight; and toiling slowly up, with a pail of water in her hand, is a poor old woman, who goes groaning and grumbling, and looks as if she would have been much more comfortable on a broomstick. We take the pail off her hands, beg in return to see her domicile, and are, in a few minutes, comfortably resting ourselves in a little cottage in the clouds. The room is lined with old smoke-dried panelling. A little fire is smouldering on an open hearth; a few odds and ends of primitive-colored prints are hung

around; there is a bedplace in the wall, with a rug for the covering. In short, her little abode might have been a biggin nestled in some nook of the Highlands, instead of a garret perched on the top of brass plates and cast-iron scrapers; at all events, it would not have seemed further removed from the rest of the world. But the view is one which the Highlands themselves could not have offered. The only window is in the recess of one of those lucums we had seen from below. This recess is evidently the old lady's scullery, wash-house, and back-kitchen. Here she has been washing out rags and gutting herrings, with a view of heaven and earth before her one would have thought she could not have turned her eyes from. New Edinburgh, with all her magnificence of square, street, monument, garden, and public building, lies spread out beneath us,—with field and homestead, and green slope beyond, and smoking Leith, and smiling Granton; and villages and country-houses, and the broad Forth speckled with vessels, and the grand Fife hills, which have risen higher and higher with us, and a sky above the whole which is alone worth climbing eleven stories to see.

From this window the birth and progress of that glorious city had been watched. Hence, if any one remained at home on such a day, the great festivity of laying the first stone was overlooked. From this garret conjectures had been formed how the great undertaking would end, and how far the building mania would extend. From this little lucum recess a whole history of the gradual progress and development of Scottish civilization might have been read; unless, as is most probable, the predecessors of our old lady had been, like herself, mere drawers of water and gutters of herrings, and had never thought of progress or civilization at all. For her ideas move very properly in her own small sphere; and when we compliment her on the beauty of the view, she complains that it is a hard thing to bring up "every drop o' water" that height: and so it is. Then our traveller, in his best English, respectfully inquires whether she can tell him in which story David Hume lodged. "Dawvid Hume! Dawvid Hume!" says the old woman; "I hae been here this echteen year, and never mind sic a name. Dawvid Hume is no on this stair." To which he gently replies, in Toots' phraseology, that it is "of no consequence," and we beat a retreat.

But this is hardly a fair specimen of an Old Town abode; or rather, too fair an one. That old lady is of a different order of beings

to those we are going to see, although she knows nothing of David Hume. We emerge five stories higher than we entered, into a gloomy court, with high, blackened, grim houses round it, and, following a dirty alley to the right, are soon upon the broad expanse of the Castle Esplanade. Here, where the statue of the Duke of York now looks down on a few loitering soldiers, or an occasional passenger, all the beauty and fashion of the old city used to promenade. But the view is unaltered. On the one side that never-tiring Forth, with the Ochills lying in a different inclination to any other hills in Scotland, as if purposely to fill up the circular boundary to the eye; on the other the Braed Range, with the Blackford Hill, renowned in *Marmion*, and wood and villa beneath; and in the centre, standing apparently on the very tops of the houses in the Grass Market, that exquisite specimen of the architecture of the seventeenth century, Heriot's Hospital. But, as usual, there is too much to admire at once; for that stupendous Castle rock, of which you only perceive the real height now that you are yourself on an eminence, is alone all-sufficient to engross the eye. With its ancient fortifications, too, on this side; archways, portcullis, half-moon battery, and clean-cut sentinel-boxes, the very ideal of a stronghold of the middle ages. And that high-barred window towards the south-east, on that giddy continuation of the perpendicular outline, where Mary Stuart was confined of James VI., in a room not so big as any modern butler's pantry in any of those modern palaces beneath. That room is well worth seeing, with the royal cipher on the six feet square ceiling. And that dungeon, too, where the graceful regalia of Scotland lay hidden for a hundred and twelve years beneath an accumulation of dust, and is now shown sparkling with its jewels by the light of a lamp. But we must leave all those sights for the present, and Mons Meg, too, who waylays us cunningly on our passage, and plunge our traveller at once into all the noise, the dirt, the squalor, and the grandeur of the High street.

It does not matter if it be the first or the fiftieth time that this locality opens its picturesque perspective before your eyes, the same sense of strangeness, wonder, and doubt, as to time and place, is sure at first to beset us. Those lofty houses, with their gables towards the street, with their rows of double lucums, surmounted here and there with that of which no time or climate can obliterate the elegance—the fleurs-de-lis—with their tablets

of old dates, and old coats-of-arms, and old Latin and French inscriptions—might represent France or Flanders at the present day, only rougher, ruder, and grander; or Paris, or London, three centuries ago. That stalwart-looking female, with basket on back, and short, striped, woollen petticoat, may be Norman; that decrepit old crone with close-folding cap, through which her wrinkled features and gray locks peep as through a crevice, may be Flemish; that girl, with full-bordered cap, flopping back from her face with the wind, if it were but clean, might be Dutch. But these are only passing impressions; those houses were built by a ruder and hardier race than any we have mentioned; those crowds above and below, on every side, are Scotch, and nothing but Scotch, and their squalor that of the nineteenth century.

It is a strange scene, however often viewed. We are treading a mighty causeway where kings and princes have passed in triumph, and might still pass with gorgeous consistency of effect, and nothing but the lowest misery meets our eyes. We are standing in what is evidently the great thoroughfare of a great capital, and it is the capital only of the poor. Poverty in every form, of dirt, and care, and carelessness, has taken possession of the great city. It lolls impudently out of mullioned windows; it swarms merrily beneath arched doorways; it drags itself wearily up picturesque open stone staircases, and disappears in mysterious dimness; it dives recklessly into deep cellars, and is lost in utter darkness; it emerges from beneath doorways surmounted with ducal coronets; it totters down filthy alleys, into which you would as soon follow it as into a coal-pit; it lounges and sprawls in every attitude upon a noble breadth of granite pavement, elevated two steps above the street, which Regent street might envy; it fights, and gossips, and scolds, and screams in the centre of a causeway where six carriages might drive abreast. If you look upwards, clothes are fluttering to dry out of wretched garrets, where one would hardly think they could be worn. "Lodgings to let" stick out of eight-story-high pigeon-holes, where one would hardly think it possible a fellow-creature could exist. Human heads are protruded at a giddy height, whence one would imagine it impossible for them to descend. On all sides, up and down, population is swarming in those numbers which poverty and wretchedness alone venture to rear, till your heart sinks within you as you contemplate it all,

and think of government, and societies, and district visitors, or any other form in which the charity of the day seeks to do battle with the misery of the day, and feel how fruitless must be all such efforts against an impregnable stronghold of squalor like this.

But we did not transport our traveller here to moralize. The character-studying and picturesque-seeking parts of his mind are all he must bring into Auld Reekie with him. Doubtless a tribute of feeling may be paid at the sight of fellow-creatures, poor, idle, and wretched; but we must remind him that it is not all misery in Scotland that looks miserable; and meanwhile the spell of excessive picturesqueness, which ever presides over dirt and disorder, especially in such a framework as the High street of Edinburgh, begins to operate. He is now fairly in the vortex of its vast world, and something exciting or characteristic, for eye or fancy, meets him at every step. Here is a great termagant woman, bony and powerful, who lunges against him, and then looks up, with all the soul of Jenny Geddes in her face, as if she would hurl her cuttie-stool or anything else at his head, for having intercepted her path. There are a couple of fellows standing insolently in his very way, with a regular Burkeing scowl on their faces; but they are figures fit for a Scotch *garde mobile*, and pictures fit for the *Illustrated News*. Here are those subterranean depths burrowing deep under the houses, in which whole families live interred, with no other communication with air and light than the hole by which they enter, and our traveller lingers involuntarily over the abyss, for the only specimen of a bonny lassie he has yet seen has just plunged down the ragged steps, and turned and looked at him as she went. There are those flights of stairs open up to the first story, which go winding into the house, and disappear suddenly behind a time-worn stone shaft, and which, in spite of the noise and bustle around, seem to lead to the very mysteries of Udolfo; or there are steps projecting into the street from the upper story, so common in Scotland, with picturesque wretchedness of every sort gathered together upon them—ragged cherubs with shock heads, clustering about the rude stone balustrades; and hideous old crones, nose and knees together, gossiping upon the steps. Then there are gatherings around the pump, like Mulready; and chafferings over herring-barrels, like Wilkie; and drunken quarrels, like Hogarth; and dirty-soled, laughing urchins, with their mouths full, stretched on.

the pavement, like Murillo; and among them all, the Newhaven fishwoman, pursuing her steady way, with basket on back, and head bent low, coarse in costume, but clean and whole, the very model of strength, industry, and lowly content; or a couple of English soldiers tripping it jauntily from the Castle, with their scarlet jackets, trim waists, and smart caps, who flourish their sticks with a kind of contemptuous coquetry as some bold-faced lassie bawls to them as they pass, "Bonny feathers make bonny birds."

Nor is it the sights alone which make up the picture to the mind. Even the sounds have their merit, for through all the din of voices the buzz of a distant bagpipe falls with a kind of appropriate harmony on the ear; nay, the very smells have a picturesque association, for they remind him of Coleridge's "two-and-seventy" at Cologne, which they in every way equal, with a whiff of whisky over and above.

In the ugliness of the people, too—and they are the ugliest set we ever saw—there is a kind of spell of character which takes strong hold of the mind. There is plenty of the dark eye, small head, and wild sluttishness of the sister across the water; and a few specimens of the clean complexion, set off with the rusty, would-be-fine black cap, of the sister across the border; but the majority of that squalid crowd bear the indubitable marks of the national physiognomy. There are those gaunt, misshapen features, with deep lines and small eyes, which are known as Scotch; there are those knotty faces, flat and coarse, like lumps of granite, which are perfectly Scotch; there are those features which, with speech or smile, seem suddenly to open and flop back, like the borders of the cap, which are nothing but Scotch; there is the sandy hair, sandy skin, and even sandy eye, which is historically Scotch; there are the red coarse faces, and pale thin ones, both alike fetched from the whisky shops, which are sadly Scotch; and then there are the very facsimiles of the witches in *Macbeth*, who, as everybody knows, were Scotch too. Not but what there are faces shrewd, intelligent, and honest, nowhere more frequent than among the Scotch; but there are no clean faces, for that would not be Scotch at all; at least not in the Old Town of Edinburgh.

Nor is beauty quite failing here, to eyes which are quicksighted to discover it. A full, gentle eyelid may be seen, raised with an expression of modesty, which even such an atmosphere cannot contaminate: or a face

plain, perhaps, but beautified by a sorrow which has hallowed and not hardened it; and then that loveliest of all expressions, never utterly absent, it is to be hoped, where mother and child abound—that picture oft-est repeated, yet always fresh to eye and heart—the sweet Madonna head, gazing at the babe in her lap. We observed but one in that vast nursery of population, and she was sitting apart beneath the shadow of an ancient doorway.

As for the children of the High street, the harvest is too thick to be computed. They cover the ground, like the brushwood beneath a race of taller growth. They swarm like a plague of locusts in Egypt, only the west wind does not carry them off. They lie in shoals on the pavement; they gather in clusters in the street; they sit in rows on the kerbstone; they pour in legions up the wynds; crowds of them are playing upon every heap of coals or dirt; whole battalions of them are lying at ease in the gutter. Down every stair a couple of little naked feet are seen pattering; up every cellar a little dirty head is peeping. They run and riot without hindrance; they tumble and roar without pity; they thump, and get thumped, without mercy; they are too dirty to be touched, and too ugly, one would think, to be loved,—yet, even in this infant pandemonium there are little imps who fasten on your sympathies. Here lies a ragged, filthy, innocent little thing, stretched out asleep on the pavement, whom you can't help looking down upon with tenderness; and then a little curly-headed, limpid-eyed monkey, lifts its face trustingly up to you, whom you could almost run away with; and it would not be missed, for it is five years old, and the mother has, doubtless, at least half-a-dozen others to bring up under it.

Next to children, herrings are the most plentiful things in the High street; and there seems to be a kind of natural bond between them. Every slut of a woman carries a baby on one arm, and a bundle of herrings on the other. Babies are sucking raw herrings to keep them quiet; children are playing with putrid ones; while the most popular toy going seems to be these same delectable herrings' *viscera*, (to call them by a polite name,) which we first made acquaintance with in our old woman's recess on the eleventh story, and which we have since met with in such profusion at every step, that they have become quite a familiar object.

But now our traveller must turn his eye away from that fascinating throng, and give

a little attention to the equally characteristic features which the buildings above and around him present. There is a kind of analogy between the national scenery and character, and the aspect and build of this old town. The houses are rough, and rugged, and wretched, but never tumble down. The giddiest garrrets stand rude and misshapen against the sky, but as steady in their places as the highest boss of granite on the top of Arthur's Seat. Below, the houses have undergone some kind of civilization. In many of them the old tough walls have been smoothed and painted, and the small, deep-seated windows enlarged into the likeness of a modern shop; but the tillage seldom extends above the first story; the higher you lift your eye, the bleaker does the scene appear, till their tops look as if they had been vitrified by some process of fire, or hewn out of the solid rock.

There is also a strength of character, a determination to get over difficulties, in the very positions the houses occupy. Auld Reekie is built on, and between, and up that succession of rocky ridges, which makes it the most wonderful town in the world to look upon, but the most difficult to erect. The houses, almost all, stand with their limbs gathered underneath them on one side, and hanging down over a precipice on the other. They are like giraffes, with short hind legs, and long front ones, or *vice versa*. There is hardly one which is privileged to stand comfortably on level ground. Modern improvements enable the spectator to take in the construction of the town at a glance. We step with our traveller on to that grand George the Fourth's Bridge, which now conveys all the traffic of this side of the capital, at one leap, from one ridge to another. A wilderness of ragged roofs, and garret windows, and smoking chimneys, all tumbling and battered in irregular rows, like a jaw of broken teeth, are level with our feet. The gilt weathercock of a venerable church tower seems within arm's length. The grand pile of the Castle rock towers in the distance above, while deep below us runs that other muddied current of life, the Cowgate, with a repetition of the same scenes we have just related going on,—coal-heaps, dirt-heaps, children, herrings, and all. From this depth, up to the level of the High street, the houses go climbing, like trees up a mountain side; the foundations of some level with the tops of others, like trees, too, on uneven ground, throwing out deep roots of masonry in search of support. A wild and rugged scene of artificial growth, with those alleys or wynds deep be-

tween the houses, looking like gorges and gulches worn by the action of mountain torrents.

These wynds are the most wretched features of all. The traveller's greatest enthusiasm cannot gild the misery that too obviously dwells there. There is a species of dirt and wretchedness which goes beyond the spell of the picturesque. Some of them are wider and less squalid, and still tenanted, here and there, by the brass plates and iron scrapers of such few respectable householders as still linger on in the Old Town; but the greater number are such as it seems purgatory to dwell in, and not always safety to pass through. Nature does all she can to cleanse the filthy pavement and purify the mouldering walls; blasts of wind whistle through them, and deluges of rain pour down them; but not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the breezes from Arabia, could sweeten these wretched ravines. The traveller feels, as overcoming his strong disgust he stoops under the dark, cavern-like entrance, and plunges into the murky twilight of the wynd, that he has entered that atmosphere of poverty which brings fever and pestilence, and every ill, moral and physical, to which flesh is heir, in its train. Here are none of the light and sunshine of the High street, which made all look free, if they did not look happy. The blackened, broken windows, stuffed up with clouts of rags, look directly on a blank wall, or down on to the opposite dwellers' misery. Neighbors can shake hands out of the second story, or break heads, which they are more likely to do, out of the third; for the houses project at each story till they almost meet, and you look up at a sepulchral light at top, as through a dark chimney. As for sunshine, it would be melancholy to see it here, and moonshine to expect it.

But while your head is up, like the astrologer in the fable, you must take care what becomes of your feet. The ground is steep, and worn slippery with the perpetual passage of this barefooted race. The traveller has much ado to keep from slipping himself, while a dirty little vagabond child, who has nearly tripped him up in its headlong descent, tumbles prostrate before us, with its heels higher than its head, and lies roaring with its mouth directly in a collection of our old friends—the herrings' viscera. Upon which, a beldame, with red face and dishevelled hair, rushes out of a coroneted door, clutches the unfortunate youngster by the shoulder, and finding it is not hurt, immediately gives it something to cry for.



We have mentioned a coroneted door. But the house that owns it, and all above and below, are as wretched in their scale of original construction as they can be in their aspect of present misery. Story is piled above story, seeking the space which was denied below; but each story is so low that our companion's head is almost on a level with the second tier. And men and women with tangled locks, hardly to be distinguished the one from the other in the general gloom, are looking upon us from upper windows, with the ceiling evidently so close upon them that it is a wonder how they draw their heads back without striking them; while below, at the foundation, are shapeless holes leading into dark rocky cavities, which one would take for the dens of animals only, were it not for the glare of fire which is seen deep within.

At this moment, a woman, toiling slowly up from the opposite end of the wynd, calls out in the strong, harsh, drawling voice of the Edinburgh people,—“Can ye tell me how Mistress M'Culloch is the day?” And a voice from above as harshly answers,—“She deed last Sotherday was a week, and was buried yesterday.” On which the woman ejaculates,—“Puir bodie! Ah, weel!” and goes slowly toiling on as before. But the words have struck with a ghastly sound upon our traveller's ear. He has been picking his way, and turning up his nose, and holding himself drawn up together, as one who fears contamination with all around, and wondering with an idle wonder how any fellow-creatures could exist in such loathsome living graves; but that note of death has stirred a deeper chord, and as he hastens back out of the narrow way, in which the coffin of the dead woman could hardly have turned, the memory of poor Mrs. M'Culloch has found a mourner she little thought of. “Puir body!” indeed, to have lived and to have died *there*!

Domestic architecture is an incontrovertible tell-tale. As we look at the very construction of these miserable abodes of humanity, we are led to conclude, either that these closes and wynds are far more appropriately tenanted by their present race of possessors, or, that their original ones were not so superior to them as coronets, shields, and other insignia of rank and consequence, which are scattered about, would lead one to suppose: wretched as the scene may be now, it is one which, from the very nature of the dwellings, could never have been otherwise than barbarous.

But now our traveller must return to the High street. Here, at least, that prestige

of grandeur ever lingers which is extinguished in the deep, dirty defile of the wynd. How noble it looks, even with all its present apparel of poverty! an old aristocrat, though sunk now in the lowest misery. In one respect, it still triumphs over that young *parvenu* below: that can boast of no such churches, old or new, as here arrest the eye in the fine perspective of the Lawn Market and the High street. The Tron Church is no ornament, and the fire of 1824 has destroyed its prestige of antiquity; but that old St Giles', or High Church, in which royalty and vice-royalty have worshipped, with its picturesque coroneted tower seen from afar, has still that certain cathedral *something* about it which no Presbyterian renovations or innovations have been quite able to remove! And then that other grand edifice, which, with its exquisitely formed and finished tower and steeple, one can hardly believe to be the work of the last ten years; far surpassing any other modern sacred building we know in beauty and courage of detail, and combining so marvellously with the peculiar character of the great and strange Past around it, that, in spite of the freshness and sharpness of the stone, it carries with it a look of antiquity; yet modern enough, in one sense, when we see that the tower is put at the wrong end of the building, and an out-and-out Presbyterian modern in another sense, as the name first sounds incredibly, and then astoundingly, and then, to say the least, discordantly, on the ear—*Victoria Hall*! With the deepest loyalty for our earthly sovereign, one can hardly bring one's self to pronounce these words in connection with a building, not only erected for the purpose of divine worship, but which is expressly stamped with every association of reverence and devotion towards the Lord of lords and King of kings that architecture can express. How strange that the holiness of purpose which has been so carefully uttered in stone should be denied in name! *Victoria Hall*! Why, Minerva Temple would hardly have a more heathenish twang! Pugin might place this building, with its name underneath it, as frontispiece to his volume of anomalies and contrasts.

But let this pass; they must not throw stones who live in glass houses. Altogether, Catholic names, as may be supposed, are as little adopted as they are retained here in this stronghold of Knoxianity. There are St. Mary's Wynd, and Lady Wynd, and Blackfriars' Wynd still; and Abby Hill fur-

ther on ; and another venerable precinct to which we are now approaching, whose significance of denomination is forgotten in the familiarity of custom. For we follow the gradual descent of the High street into a lower and narrower part, also redolent of old Catholic sound—the Canongate,—where signs of past importance crowd thicker around us ; balconies, bas-reliefs, arches ; high gates, with isolated houses within them ; the ancient town-house, with its projecting clock-tower, and the old cross half-buried in the wall ; not to omit a cluster of more fragile tenements, with John Knox's pulpit, looking, like the Church he has instituted, as if it would tumble two ways ; and crossing the imaginary line of Sanctuary, find ourselves before the ancient towers of the old palace of *Holy Rood*.

The left-hand side attracts our chief attention, with its more time-worn aspect, and smaller-sashed, deep-set windows ; for this was the Holyrood of that sovereign of Scotland whose beauty and misfortunes are matters of certainty, and whose errors (at least the worst of them) it seems impossible to prove. We cannot refuse to let our traveller enter in here, for not all the sentiment-disturbing companionship of sight-showers and fee-takers can dispel the excessive interest that invests these ancient apartments. The bed, the chairs, the relics of old furniture, may have belonged, as antiquarians aver, to the unfortunate and scarcely less beautiful Mary of Modena, for whom the additional quadrangle was built ; but the miserable rooms themselves are sufficient memorial of the life and history of her who was Mary Stuart, queen of France and Scotland. There is that first state-room and the one bed-room through it, not half so big as any of the usual two drawing-rooms of a modern Edinburgh lady ; and then that scanty, wretched closet, which an average-sized woman must stoop her head to enter, where Mary—if not wickedly, yet not wisely,—and if not wisely, yet most naturally—threw off the restraints of royalty, and enjoyed the society of those more congenial with herself in habits and education than the highest peers and peeresses in Scotland. And if the apartment be not memorial sufficient, there is that other witness which calls aloud to Heaven, and has told the tale from generation to generation of the ruthless barbarity which environed the unfortunate queen. Who can look at those thick, dim stains, sunk deep into the old oak floor,—who can examine the antiquity of that partition which shuts out this portion of

the apartment from the queen's sight, or remark the local evidence of the vicinity to the door to which the victim was dragged, without acknowledging that this is, indeed, the blood which flowed from the fifty-six wounds of the hapless Rizzio ? There is something in the silent solemnity of such a stain which the archest skepticism or the silliest levity cannot withstand. We have seen them both hushed over the heart's blood of poor Mary's murdered musician, though they might be renewed on the other side of the door.

And though we have thrown out a sneer at the tribe of sight-showers who infest such places, and though we believe Mr. Hume has established the right of the public to a free entry into Holyrood Palace, yet we must make an exception for that worthy individual who, if she be not the very original of the Mrs. Policy of Holyrood memory mentioned in the inimitable preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, is her undoubted descendant ; for she would defend the blood of Rizzio, or any other relic intrusted to her care, at the expense of her own. It is edifying to hear the reverence with which she articulates the name of "Queen Mary's Apartments !" as she ushers you solemnly in ; to see the faith with which she shows a glove of Darnley's, which may have belonged to one of Cromwell's soldiers ; a picture of Rizzio, in the school of Sir Peter Lely ; and a miniature of Mary herself, executed, to all appearance, by a living artist : and then the equanimity with which, observing the doubting expression on our companion's countenance, she remarks to us, in Mrs. Malaprop language, "That gentleman appears to be *sceptible* of everything." But she has her triumphs, for the blood of Rizzio converts him at last.

The rest of the palace is uninteresting, unless we could show our companion that night vision of it we have seen, when the short-lived regality of the Lord High Commissioner revives something of its ancient barbaric splendor, and the Lady High Commissioner summons all loyal lieges to attend her court on the queen's birthnight ; when the great deserted court-yard swarms with guards and attendants, and the crimson of the vice-royal liveries ; and beneath every arch of the arcade are seen groups of youthful pages and uncouth "body-men," now vanishing in the deep shadow of the moonlight, now emerging into the glimmer of the widely-scattered lamps ; and figures uncouth still, half-soldier and half-savage, stand like mutes on the great stairs, and point the way upward ;

and ladies, with their long dresses, go sweeping along the Throne Room through rows of statue-like halberdiers, and are received with dignity by a queen-like, diamond-decked woman; and the echoes of a whole suite of desolate royal apartments are disturbed with the feet of a thousand guests; and tapestries brighten beneath the unusual light; and fires blaze in the vast chimneys; and thoughts of Charles Edward in his short-lived glory, and Charles X. in his exile, accompany us wherever we turn; till, throwing open a window to escape from the heat of a crowd, that ruined chapel, with its east-end cross and tracery, outlined clear against the moonlight, rises before us, and from that moment the ghost of Mary Stuart seems alone to preside over the scene.

But if we cannot show our traveller this night picture, we must introduce him to another of more frequent occurrence. The reader must forgive us if we return once more, and for the last time, into the High street of our affections, and that between the hours of nine and eleven at night. The general effect of the scene is grander and more peculiar than ever. The houses have that ghostly appearance which a glare from below always imparts, for the chief light proceeds from the gas in the shop windows. Like grim giants are they arrayed on each side, their uncouth feet illuminated, and their lofty tops lost in the darkness; for no lights burn in those upper stories and garrets, or something so faint that it gives the idea of double the distance. The tower, too, of Victoria Hall looms above us like a huge, dim being, and the steeple elongates itself into immeasurable infinitude, while just where the tip should be a bright planet is gleaming, like the star over the tomb of the Three Kings at Cologne. The upper part of the Lawn Market is silent and dreary, like a deserted city; those deep dens look more unfathomable, and those open stairs more mysterious; no loiterers are upon them, and if a figure descends them it glides quickly past, as if it had an errand to fulfil. As for the wynds, it is rather a comfort that they are hidden from sight by that veil of night which can hardly increase their horror, though their black, cavern-like abysses yawn upon us as we pass, like the descent into Avernus.

As we descend, however, into the High street, signs of that dense population which swarmed around us in the morning begin to appear, and thicken as we proceed, till, at length, we can hardly make our way for the press and numbers. But the noise and din are hushed,

and the chief sound that meets the ear is the scraping of those that have shoes along the pavement, or the dull stroke of the far greater number of feet that have none. The truth is, it is Saturday night. The men, such as have work, have brought home their wages; and the beldames and vixens of the morning are transformed into careful housekeepers, purchasing provisions for the Sabbath, which, even in this Old Town, is so far outwardly respected. But a spell seems to have come over the people; all quarrelling and gossiping seems forgotten; a quieter and more decorous crowd was never collected. They move about with a thoughtful, careful demeanor, as if they were thinking what they could contrive to do without, and weighing how far a shilling could be made to go; and if we catch sight of their Scotch physiognomies by that uncertain light, we find them looking more Scotch than ever.

Meanwhile, the shops they frequent are all in the open street. Stalls innumerable have sprung up along the sides of the causeway, laden with pears, and apples, and potatoes, and even flour and meal, with a paper lantern tied to a pole, or a flickering light of which you only see the upward glare, set deep among the vendibles. Or we stumble upon donkey-carts from the country, and cabbages and turnips are being examined by the light of a streaming tallow-candle stuck on to the bars of the vehicle; and a strong vegetable perfume is superadded to the other two-and-seventy, which, unlike the sounds, the night has not diminished in potency. And herrings, the staple commodity, of course are there, in heaps and barrowfulls, glimmering with phosphoric light in the darkness around them; and squalid children are crouching over the barrow, rubbing off the scales with their little hands, and wearing that same expression of care and caution on their little faces which everybody seems to have assumed just now in the High street.

But it is not only provisions that the people are buying. The broad pavements are spread out like a counter with various articles, and passers-by pick their way between collections of crockery or tin ware. And sharp, anxious-looking women are examining tea-cups and tin pots, and turning and twisting them round with one hand, for the other is invariably imprisoned beneath the tattered shawl with the sleeping baby; or they are applying the same scrutiny to some broad-frilled muslin cap, for one of the most ingenious inventions here by way of a shop is the great cotton umbrella reversed, with

a cap stuck on the top of the handle by way of a sign, and caps lying one over the other in each compartment, and a light flaring in the midst, which it is a wonder does not set fire to them all.

Altogether, the scene possesses the double attraction of a market and a fair, for pleasures and luxuries are not forgotten. Peep-shows are there, and fascinating transparencies of horrible murders; and a man raised on a tub selling old books: "Scott's *Elocution*, as good as new, for one shilling! The *Geography of the World, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, complete for elevenpence! Scott's *Elocution* for tenpence! Scott's *Elocution*, hardly soiled, for eightpence—for sixpence! not to be slighted because going so cheap! Scott's *Elocution* for fourpence—for threepence! an ornament to any gentleman's library!" And at last, with a desperate flap of the leaves, "Scott's *Elocution* for one penny—for one penny! Scott's *Elocution* for one penny! and, if I once pass it out of my hand, I won't take a pound for it." While the people stand in a dense, mute crowd, around, and the auctioneer trims his smoking torch, and lets a shower of sparks fall into a quantity of old paper at his feet, and sets to work with "*Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, complete, for sixpence!"

These lights are the most wonderful things of all; a peculiar spell of forbearance seems to preside over them. They flicker, and flare, and tumble, among all sorts of combustible articles, but nothing takes fire. A candle falls directly against an old, dry wicker-basket, but does not seem to singe it; a great resinous torch is flaming close to bunches of dry straw, which if at sea, in a crowded emigrant ship, would soon have wrapped the vessel in flames, but here not a spark is communicated. Meanwhile, they are an endless source of the picturesque. The Wilkies, and Hogarths, and Mulready's of the morning, have vanished; but, at every step, some other artist of strong light-and-shadow effect is presented to our view,—some Schalken-like picture of a broad, ruddy cheek, and yellow hair, illuminated by an unseen lamp,—some uncouth Teniers' figure and face, strengthened in all its lines of ugliness, as it swoops over tub or barrow, by the upward glare of the light deep within it,—or some genuine Rembrandt arrangement, with intense shadows and transparent *chiaro oscuros*, and only one-eighth of light admitted, as Burnet has calculated, and that falling upon some trivial object.

But now these self-same lights burn low,

indeed; and the stalls are folding up; and the illuminated clock of the Tron Church, which has presided, like a great, low, yellow harvest moon, over the scene, points to an hour when travellers should be in bed; and we wend our way back to more civilized haunts with tired limbs, but with eyes before which the fitful pictures of that evening are for ever passing. And ruminations, moral, philanthropic, and artistic, occupy our minds as we go. But, to our shame be it spoken, the artistic prevail; and we confess to ourselves and to our companion, that though that Old Town may be the haunt of vice and the hot-bed of fever, we would not willingly have one stone of it removed from its place.

#### AUTHORSHIP OF TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.—

We can easily understand upon what principle Junius sought to conceal his identity, but for what reason, save personal vanity and private *éclat*, the author of a work not involving personal responsibility or danger remains incognito, we cannot discover. The following relates to the writer of that splendid rescript of the sea and sea-faring men, "Tom Cringle's Log:—" "The author of this very successful work, (originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,') was a Mr. Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1789, and educated at the High School. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies. He ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the 'Log.' Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till Mr. Scott's death that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name."

#### SAFETY OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—

The queen, in her late journey from Scotland, travelled over 500 miles by railway, and when it is known that over this distance her majesty was conveyed without any previous notice, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, including stoppages, at a rate amounting to, but not exceeding, at any time, 50 miles an hour, over a country rising twice to an elevation of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and descending at intermediate stations nearly to the level of the sea, so conveyed, without the slightest cause of alarm, we may be permitted to say that the railways of Britain have reached an amount of perfection, regularity, and security, unsurpassable and almost unhopd for.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## GENERAL CAVAIGNAC AND HIS FATHER.

THERE is no country in the world where the manufacture of talent is so necessary as in France, because there is none which flings aside its instruments with such facility, or is so continually craving for new ones. Every popular favorite is twice judged, and each time meets an unjust sentence. He is received, at first, with a favor which partakes of doting, and is perched on a pedestal too rapidly built, only to be cast down again, and every good quality denied him. The fault of this rests, to a certain extent, as well with the choosers as the chosen. The latter, however, is perhaps most to blame, because he promises, it may be in the sincerity of a sanguine heart, arrangements which cannot be accomplished; while the former, laying out of view the difficulties of his position, forthwith denounce him as a deceiver. The men who flung down all and erected nothing, did not *all* know that a few months, such as they provided for their country, may suffice to demoralize a people and ruin its resources. The one who followed found the wreck of finance and national character advancing to its accomplishment amid the horrors of civil war actually in the capital, and anticipated in the provinces. Whether or not General Cavaignac be the fit man to govern France in its present state, remains to be proved. But one thing is certain, that his ungovernable countrymen, who received him a few months ago as a god, are already turning towards him looks of suspicion which grow continually darker. It is not our business to say how far the change may be called for or justifiable. We have to deal only with the fact, and the fact itself appears to be established by the bearing of the man. Why are his recent speeches imbued with an affectation of Republicanism which is considerably beyond nature? His speech of the 3d of September, for example, seemed made with intent to brave rather than to conciliate opinion. Why else, having ascended the tribune to affirm that which many others believe as well as he, that there would be danger to the un-

born constitution, and to the country, in ceasing the *état de siège*, did he add, gratuitously, that "he had not forgotten he was himself the son of a man who sat in the National Convention, and was proud of *having such a father?*"

Was it General Cavaignac's deliberate intention to adopt, by approving *all* the proceedings of his father? Is it possible that he who, after the bloody days of June, exclaimed, "Hitherto I have seen conquerors and conquered—may God punish me if I now consent to see a victim!"—is it possible that the man who could thus express himself was yet conversant with the career of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac, advocate at the parliament of Toulouse, deputy to the National Convention in 1792, and one of nine members who, on the king's trial, voted for death *sans appel et sans sursis*? We are by no means prepared to say that he was not, because the human mind is marvellously open to self-deception; and it is so much the fashion to excuse *murder*, provided the good man put to death were born a king, that General Cavaignac may have reasoned himself into a persuasion that his father's cruel vote deserved praise. But why, at such a moment, recall men's minds to past atrocities? Was he afraid of an attack from the Mountain, and desirous of strengthening himself in other quarters by a display of hostility to its sentiments? Surely not. The Mountain can accept only as an act of conciliation, any expression laudatory of the men and measures of 1793 and 1794. Or, having put an incendiary press under wise restraint, was it necessary, in order to guard against any mistake in regard to his motives, that he should celebrate the praises of times when freedom ran into licentiousness, and the grossest tyranny was exercised in the name of liberty? We really cannot tell; but there are rumors afloat which go far beyond even this, and seem, at least, to attribute to less worthy impulses an act of which all right-thinking Frenchmen are ashamed. It may not be

amiss if we notice the more prominent of these.

The two generals who shared with General Cavaignac the glory of restoring order in Paris have become, it is said, objects of suspicion to the provisional head of the Government, and to his party. They are both regarded as Royalists, or, at all events, as reactionists; and to one of them, Lamoricière, the command of the army of the Alps was refused, because it was feared that he might use it otherwise than in the deliverance of Italy. Indeed so strong is this feeling, that, unless we be entirely misinformed, the propriety of arresting both was seriously debated in the cabinet, and the project postponed only because it was feared that proof sufficient to convict them of treasonable purposes could not be got up. Again, it is well known that with the army Lamoricière is as popular as General Cavaignac is the reverse. Let the former find himself fairly at the head of the troops, and he will carry them whithersoever he pleases, and do with them what he likes. Meanwhile the National Guard is understood to be at least lukewarm in the cause of Republicanism. Suppose a revolt to occur among them, could Cavaignac employ the soldiers of the line to put it down? They would not fire a shot at his bidding. But this is not all. The Republic is in extreme disfavor with the great body of the people everywhere, except in Paris and in a few great manufacturing towns. The proprietors and peasantry of rural districts have determined not to pay one centime of the additional tax which the National Assembly has voted, and are becoming almost to a man partisans of Henry V. No wonder that General Cavaignac should be forced, under such circumstances, to adopt measures and give utterance to sentiments which seem to be alike alien to his natural temper and to his political position. The avowed enemy of Communism, he yet, in his zeal for the Republic, attacks the respectable classes, whom he threatens as if they were conspiring for its overthrow; and, parading his father to the National Assembly, he falls upon measures out of doors which give to his words a darker import than we, at least, believe that he intends them to bear. Think of his plan, founded on a belief in a blind reaction against the Republican principle having shown itself, for sending out emissaries who should inquire into the tendency of men's opinions, in certain departments, and use measures for correcting them whenever they appeared to need correction! Nay, read the confidential

circular which was addressed, not long ago, by the Minister of the Interior to the préfets of departments, and compare it with the resolution of the Committee of Public Safety in 1793. General Cavaignac's document runs thus:—

*A confidential circular Letter from the Minister de l'Intérieur.*

M. Senard prescribes to all préfets of departments to forward, with the briefest possible delay, a list indicating the number and opinions of all citizens having taken part in the last municipal elections. The report to be furnished by the préfets will be divided into four categories, as thus:—

Républicains ardents.	Conservateurs.
Républicains modérés.	Légitimistes.

With the aid of these general tables, it will be possible to form an idea (approximately, at least) of the political opinions which are shared throughout France.—*Constitutionnel*, September 16, 1848.

We place in juxtaposition with this the earlier document, and we ask our reader to say how the one differs from the other:—

*Le Comité de Salut public de la Convention nationale, aux Sociétés populaires de la République une et indivisible.*

*Paris, 23d Brumaire, year 2.  
(13th November, 1793.)*

(Extract.)

The public functionaries at the head of the Revolutionary Government cannot know all the virtuous men, all the enlightened patriots, all the well-informed citizens, scattered over the territories of the Republic, &c. It is time that merit should be recognized, real talent discerned, pure and disinterested patriotism employed, &c.

We desire to have a list of the citizens fittest to fill public offices of every kind. The following is the model of the form which may be used in order to arrive at this list of useful Republicans, and destined to justify the hopes of their country:—

Tableau of the citizens who, in the district of —, can worthily exercise public functions: Names, surnames, age, residence; profession before the Revolution, since the Revolution; civic actions; moral character; physical constitution; works written by; capable of what services; observations.

The Committee hopes you will concur in its own views by procuring, within the most brief delay, the list by name of such citizens in your arrondissement as appear most capable of usefully serving their country.

Signed by the members of the

Comité de Salut public,

BILLAUD, VARENNES, CARNOT, R. LINDET, BARRERE, ROBESPIERRE, A. PRIEUR.

Believing, as we do, that the old Revolu-

tion has none now to admire it in all France—that every reference to the terrible scenes which marked its progress is hateful to men's ears—that Ledru Rollin and George Sand have become objects of loathing everywhere except in the polluted coteries for which they write—that the first attempt to act upon the principles which they inculcate will bring up the National Guard of the provinces in hostile array to Paris,—believing all this, we are positively confounded when we find a man of General Cavaignac's sagacity speaking and acting as if, under any combination of circumstances, he contemplated the maintenance of the existing order of things by means of terrorism. Let him take but one step more in so false a direction, and he will fall from his place of honor as speedily as he attained it; and then, whatever the final result may be, France and Europe will become witnesses anew to scenes which cannot but shake the faith of the most trusting in all human professions. But it is time that we turn to the proper subject of this article.

General Cavaignac makes it his boast that he is the son of one who played no mean part in the events of the last century. Let us endeavor to trace in brief the public career of the man whom the chief of the new French Republic holds up to the admiration of the world. And here, *in limine*, we put out of sight the horrid story of Mademoiselle Labarrère. General Cavaignac has denied it altogether; and though there are those who seem to think that the weight of testimony is against him, we willingly believe the assertions of a son while vindicating his father's memory from so foul a stain. But other marks of the father's services to the Republic are recorded where they cannot be effaced: his speeches in the Convention, and his Reports when employed by it in drawing up cases, still remain; and these shall be his judges.

Jean Baptiste Cavaignac spoke for the first time before the National Convention, when, being member for the department of the Haute Garonne, he was instructed to draw up a report on the conduct of the inhabitants of Verdun, proscribed *en masse* by the Convention on receiving news of its surrender. Those who read his own words must judge whether, whilst deprecating a wholesale murder, he is himself either just or merciful.\*

*In the sitting of Monday, 11th February, 1793, year 2 of the Republic. The Report made in the name of the Comité de Santé générale et de Surveillance, on the Surrender of Verdun.*

*Cavaignac, Rapporteur.*

(Extract.)

The King of Prussia took possession in the name of the King of France and Navarre. The aristocrats of Verdun exhibited their joy in the most scandalous manner. They went out to meet the enemy's troops and see them defile. They believed the taking of Verdun and Longwy to be infallible forerunners of counter-revolution throughout France. They received the Prussians with open arms. They mounted the white cockade. Monsieur Gremoard, an old soldier, existing on the charity of the nation, bound a white scarf round his waist; and the very night of the surrender, a ball, it is said, was given at the Camp du Regret, at which several women from Verdun were present. The next day they went in a body to the Camp of Bar, the Dame Bouville at their head, delivered an address to the King of Prussia, and presented him with a basket of *bonbons* in token of respect.

Your Committee, citizen colleagues, distinguishes as belonging to two classes other guilty individuals, whom a detail of facts will make known to you.

Those who, directly or *indirectly*, contributed to counter-revolution in Verdun; those who, previously to the surrender of Verdun, excited the people to form seditious meetings; and those who, after it, manifested exultation at the Prussian success, by any blameable action.

The Committee considers, that the first-named should be treated as for treason against the nation; and the last cited before the common courts.

Among the latter are the women who offered sugar-plums to the King of Prussia. Up to the present time this sex has generally and openly insulted the cause of freedom. The capture of Longwy was celebrated by a scandalous ball. The flames which devoured Lille, also illuminated games and dancing. Hitherto, women principally have provoked to emigration; in concert with the priesthood, they encourage a fanatical spirit throughout the Republic; they summon counter-revolution. Yet, citizens, it is to their mothers that by nature and custom devolves the care of our citizens' childhood, of that age when the heart should be formed to all civic virtues. If you leave the incivism of their mothers unpunished, they will inspire their offspring, and teach them by their own example hatred of liberty and love of bondage. The law then must cease to spare; severe examples must warn women that the eye of the magistrate watches, and that the sword of the law will strike, if they should be guilty.

The National Convention then decrees—

\* Extract from the volume of the *Moniteur Universel*, containing numbers from the 1st January,

1793, to the 30th June, 1793, year 2 of the République une et indivisible.

That the result of inquiries instituted by the provisional municipal commissaries, together with the proofs annexed, shall be without delay forwarded to all competent tribunals, so that the persons denounced therein be brought to immediate trial. Above all, respecting the persons who collected before the Hôtel de la Commune, pressed the authorities to capitulate, and the women who went to the Camp of Bar to harangue and offer presents to the King of Prussia.

The unfortunate women of Verdun, the subjects of the poet Delille's affecting elegy, butchered in consequence of this Report, must have risen before the mind's eye of Cavaignac while he lay on a seemingly tranquil death-bed. Fourteen young girls, whose only crime it was that they had danced at a Prussian ball, went to the guillotine singing psalms with pure, sweet voices, and continued their chant even till the axe fell; yet not one in the cowardly crowd gave an example of resistance, which might, perhaps, have been followed. In twelve months more than four thousand victims suffered, and of these nine hundred were women. And General Cavaignac has said he was proud of his father!

We are not willing to lay more stress than is necessary on the king's death *without appeal or respite*; but how are we to accept the declaration that this terrible vote produced on the mind of him who gave it no other bitterness than that which a *feeling man* must experience when laid under the cruel necessity of pronouncing for a fellow-creature's death? Concerning the fate of the remaining Bourbons he seems never to have expressed a wish, except that his country might soon be rid of all which could overshadow her liberty.

Jean Baptiste Cavaignac was present at the breaking out of the Vendean war, and showed a courage and energy while attempting to rally the Republicans which had nearly caused his capture. He acted also, at Auch, in concert with Dartigoite; and here again his own words must describe his mission:—

(Extract from the *Moniteur*.)

*Read in the sitting of the 25th Brumaire, year 2, (15th November, 1793, old style.)*

Dartigoite and Cavaignac write, that Fanaticism is in its last agonies. In the departments they visit, priests renounce their trade; the ci-devant Abbess of Croulland has laid down her abbatial cross, and made her profession of faith; the people's choice has been heard, and it declared that it recognized no worship but that of liberty.

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*Continuation of the sitting of the 10th Frimaire, year 2, (30th November, 1793, old style.)*

*The Representative of the People, Cavaignac, writes from Auch, the 3d Frimaire, (23d November)—*

The extraordinary levy of horses goes actively on in the twelfth division, confided by you to my surveillance. I assemble them at Auch, where they would be definitively in dépôt did the localities allow it. I have mangers built in the churches. The Republic will have superb stables.

Our colleague, Dartigoite, by his civic predica-tions, had electrified all minds, carried all hearts along with him. I had seconded him with all my might in this philosophical apostolate—all was prepared, the people ripe. The last day of the third decade was fixed for celebrating at Auch the festival of Reason, the total abolition of Fanaticism. The solemn day came; the people in crowds assembled on a shady boulevard, and there, in a fraternal banquet, gave vent to the first transports of its joy. After this Iacedemonian repast its guests made the tour of the town, dragging down and treading under foot all the fanatical images they met with. Returned to the place consecrated to Liberty, they assembled round a pile covered with the title-deeds of feudalism. There were conveyed to them in a cart two figures of the Virgin, noted for performing miracles, the chief crosses and crucifixes of the town, and the saints which, till then, received the incense of superstition. The civic enthusiasm then finding vent, the pile was lighted, and the ridiculous idols cast upon it, amid the acclamations of a countless multitude. The Carnagole lasted all night around this philosophic pile, consuming in one conflagration so many errors.

It was shortly after this that a brickbat, flung, it is said, at Dartigoite, served as a pretext for guillotining ten persons.

Sent on a mission of surveillance to the department of the Landes, in company with Pinet, he acted with a degree of ferocity which was hideous even for those times.

*14 Germinal, an 2 de la République Française, (3d April, 1794, old style.)*

(Extract from the *Moniteur*.)

A secretary read the following extracts:—

*Pinet and Cavaignac, Representatives of the People to the Army of the Western Pyrenees, to the National Convention, dated Mont Adour, ci-devant St. Sever, 6 Germinal, (26 Mars, 1794, old style.)*

Citizen Colleagues—We have already advised the Comité de Salut public, by our letter of the 27th Ventose, of a plan for civil war intended to break out in the department of the Landes, and of which, by a lucky chance, the written proof fell into our hands. Now that we have seized the chiefs of the conspiracy, we will give you all the details known of this infamous plot. For a long time a number of evil-intentioned citizens,



who had failed to bring supplies, joined also by some deserters from the *levée en masse*, after refusing their arms to their country, or abandoning their standard like cowards, had taken refuge in the woods of the district of St. Sever, inhabiting by day these almost inaccessible retreats, received at night in aristocratic houses, where they found their food ready. The greater part were armed; they robbed, pillaged, and assassinated.

In the month Vendémiaire, the National Guards of the department of the Landes, Gers, and Upper Pyrenees, met together in numbers to hunt them out. This measure had a certain success; but there still remained many of the brigands, and their numbers swelled daily in an alarming manner. We addressed the most severe orders to the municipalities. We ordered the arrest of all the *relatives* of those who, subject to the requisition, had either failed to obey or abandoned their posts. But during this same time, the evil-intentioned, the *ci-devant* nobles, the *ci-devant seigneurs*, (*sic*), the priests, and all the Royalists, prepared in secret for another Vendée. The conspiracy extended all along the frontiers, and enveloped the entire department of the Landes. In the first instance it was merely manifested partially. A considerable immigration of inhabitants of the Basque country first announced its existence. We arrested several guilty persons; we formed an extraordinary commission to try them; and we surrounded the district, which, sold to the Spaniard, had sent to Caro a deputation, offering to surrender to his master. At the same time we were informed that Royalism was loudly proclaimed at Dax. One of us went thither; and, in consequence of measures of vigor taken by him, repressed the audacity of the numerous aristocrats of that part of the country. We could not, consequently, doubt the existence of an important conspiracy; and we were on its traces when, visiting the divisions of the army, an officer of the fourth battalion of the Landes presented us with the following letters.

The letters, which we do not transcribe, are signed "Prouères Dumartin;" a few lines addressed to an ensign of grenadiers, in the fourth battalion of the Landes, incloses a long epistle to Abbé Juncarot at the emigrant camp, on the mountain of the Rune, in Spain. It mentions the hopes of the party from the co-operation of Spain, and speaks of several persons by name, and is thus commented on by the Report, of which we copy only a portion. It is signed by Pinet and Cavaignac, the general's father:—

We assured ourselves of the patriotism of the officer who placed these letters in our hands, and which, we presume, came into his possession in consequence of some analogy between his name and that of the person to whom they are addressed. We issued orders for the arrest of the latter.

As soon as we had read their contents we sent forward a company of *gendarmérie*, to secure the

four chiefs designated, *as well as all their families*. The next morning we left for St. Sever, at the head of a squadron of dragoons. We had also at St. Sever and Taras, the *dépot* of the 18th Regiment of dragoons, eight hundred men had we needed them; and two squadrons of the 12th Regiment of huzzars could have come up with us in the course of a morning. Terror had forestalled our arrival. The conspirators were taken prisoners. Our first act was to command the disarming of the entire department of the Landes. The next day, we ourselves, along with the whole cavalry force, visited the various communes inhabited by the known leaders of the conspiracy. We employed three days in this military expedition, and during them we secured nearly eighty *ci-devant* nobles and seigneurs. We shall continue our arrests until the last of these irreconcilable enemies of liberty be secured. We believe that the extending the measure to the entire Republic would be a means of stifling the germ of the civil war with which we are unceasingly menaced. The extraordinary commission which we created at Bayonne followed us closely. A guillotine had been brought and set up by it on the Place St. Sever. Eight of the leaders have already given their heads in expiation. The zeal and patriotism of this tribunal, so formidable to the guilty, give the assurance, that those of all who are implicated will fall in succession beneath the sword of the nation.

Several cartridges ready prepared, others in part, were found at the house of Dumartin, author of the two letters.

In two communes of this district, and just when the rising was imminent, some villains cut down the tree of Liberty. They have been arrested, as have *all the municipal officers* of the communes.

The black outrage offered to Liberty will thus be avenged.

Vendée is destroyed—they seek to raise up another. Conquerors ourselves along our frontiers, they strive to vanquish us in the interior, and by fanaticizing the people, to urge again one faction of it against another. The throne is overturned; they gather up its ruins, and call proscribed royalty from its ashes. Fanaticism is expiring; *priests are held in horror*; they would restore its altars, and sacrifice more human victims.

All known to be aristocrats are pursued, arrested, and their property confiscated; their accomplices conceal themselves to escape the consequences of this measure, commanded by the public safety, and, above all, to serve more efficaciously the system of counter-revolution now so long pursued by factions, succeeding and crossing one another by turns, affect more ardor, more energy, than the real supporters of the Revolution, while they deprive her of the public confidence by usurping it themselves.

But the projects of these will fail, as did those of the factions who preceded them. Every day sees some one of their guilty heads roll on the scaffold; and the brave citizens, armed for the

defence of their country, while they charge the enemy arriving on them from beyond their territory, will form also a second line facing our adversaries within, and ready at their first movement to come down on and exterminate them.

Have no anxiety, citizen colleagues, on the score of this new conspiracy, which can have fatal consequences only for its authors—another failure for aristocrats!

We repeat to you, citizen colleagues, it is high time to command the arrest of all ci-devant nobles, all ci-devant seigneurs, all fanatical priests; they are the Republic's natural enemies; and whilst there remains on the land of Liberty one of these, he will plot against her. You see them heading every conspiracy; these are the villains who caused the unhappy war of La Vendée; these are they who would now revive her disasters here. Republicans and royalist conspirators are in presence; to strike and crush these last are they to wait for the first blow? Citizen colleagues, we submit to you these reflections, dictated by experience of our first misfortunes, and by our desire of seeing Liberty at length delivered from all her foes.

Salut et Fraternité.

CAVAGNAC et PINET, aîné.

In the same number of the *Moniteur* whence we extract the above, we find two condemnations to death reported by the revolutionary criminal tribunal; one of a ci-devant monk, aged sixty-four, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of manoeuvres tending to shake the fidelity to the nation of various volunteers about to join the French armies; the other, a ci-devant chevalier of St. Louis, an old officer of dragoons in the French service. This man, a general and count in the palatinate, proprietor in the district of Nogent sur Seine, where he quietly farmed his own land at the time of his trial, was condemned to die for speaking words derogatory to the dignity of the National Convention, and others tending to the re-establishment of Royalty.

It is as if nothing should be wanting to complete the atrocity of this page, the 783d of the *Moniteur*, of the second year of the Republic, that the lines immediately following the above, contain a critique on such a piece given at the theatre of Frydeau as might have been represented in the golden age. Here we have introduced to us an inexperienced shepherdess, seduced just before the Revolution by a young noble, but whom the progress of the Revolution happily restores to peace. Her lover had found her under the disguise of a *commissionaire* at the corner of a street in Chambéry, where she blackens his boots and sings a ditty, making herself known. He marries her, of course, and the

whole is told with a silly sentimentality, which makes the Report and condemnations above it still more horrible from the contrast.

The next extract completes this recital. Prouères Dumartin was an obscure individual, and on the strength of a few words written by him, Pinet and Cavaignac imagine an important conspiracy; the best, the most irreproachable inhabitants of the country, are seized in their harmless occupations, dragged to Bayonne, and forced on the scaffold. Even the *Biographie des Contemporains*, written to defend Cavaignac, and men like Cavaignac, acknowledges that he deserved blame here, yielding as he did too long to the influence of his furious colleague.

*The Representatives of the People at the army of the western Pyrenees, and the Departments adjacent, to the National Convention.*

Bayonne, 28 Germinal,  
Second year of the Republic.

Citizen Colleagues,—We are just returned to Bayonne with the heartfelt satisfaction of having completely quelled the conspiracy about to break out in the department of the Landes. Our letter, dated the 6th of this month, gave you every detail of the frightful plot hatching by villains in order to give birth to a second Vendée, and yield our frontier to the Spaniard. Since our letter we have visited the whole department, and found everywhere the happiest effect from our presence; everywhere the sight of the representatives of the people revives the public spirit, gives energy to the friends of the Republic; everywhere it annihilated and crushed aristocracy and royalism, daring to lift their guilty heads for a moment. The severe measures adopted by us have saved this unhappy department, and spared to the Republic the precious blood of very many patriots. The priest and noble were, as you have seen, souls and guides of this horrible plot; the guiltiest heads have rolled upon the scaffold, the less culpable are in irons; the earth of freedom was here, even more than elsewhere, sullied by the presence of a refractory clergy; those men, who brave the law and fear the scaffold in order to light the flames of civil war, to carry death and devastation among us, sullied, we say, several cantons of this department. Seven or eight such wretches have answered for their infamous intentions with their lives; and we have the satisfaction of announcing to you that the inhabitants of the department, enlightened by the danger they have just incurred, hunt them out themselves; deprive in all haste of their ornaments the temples of imposture, hypocrisy, and lies, in order to transform them into temples of reason; that the church plate is accumulating in all the districts,—the single district of Dax contributing already to an amount of eight hundred marks; and that, to conclude, there remains in the entire department of the Landes not a single priest in the performance of his functions; and, better still, they are not ~~regarded~~

The extraordinary commission, by which we were powerfully seconded, has performed severe acts of justice and national vengeance; but, citizen colleagues, there are yet great criminals to be punished, and chiefly within the walls of the town of Bayonne. You must have noticed in the letter of the villain Dumartin that the conspirators, doubtless keeping up correspondence with this commune, appeared sure of its sympathy, and seemed merely to desire that Spaniards and emigrants should arrive under the walls of Bayonne, of which the gates would have been opened to them by their accomplices. We will make it our business to track these criminal intelligences, and you may rest assured that the blood of all the traitors shall flow on the scaffold. Speaking of the guilty, we must not forget those whose civic conduct has never failed. If in the department of the Landes there existed a focus of counter-revolution; if several communes, chiefly those of the district of St. Sever, have merited the anger, the indignation, the hatred of the friends of liberty; there are many worthy your esteem and friendship.

In the first place, the feeling of the country-people is good throughout the greater part of the department; they detest *priests*, *fanatics*, and nobles; love the Republic; cherish the defenders of their country, for which they make, and with joy, the greatest sacrifices. The towns of J. J. Rousseau (the Saint Esprit, old style,) and of Mont de Marson, must be particularly designated; the best principles reign there,—love of country, Republicanism, warm all hearts; and the first-named of these two towns has so much the more merit in its opinions, that it forms in a manner one and the same city with Bayonne; where there reigns, and will long reign, with the exception of the few patriots belonging to popular societies, the most inveterate aristocracy, the love of kings and Spaniards, the hatred of liberty and equality. The town of Dax also seems, since our salutary visit made there some time since, anxious to atone for its delinquencies. Patriotism has regained its vigor; the evil-intentioned are struck dumb and impotent, or are fettered; and the Sans-culottes develop an energy of which the commune did not seem, a short time since, susceptible.

Salut et Fraternité.

(Signed) CAVAGNAC and PINET the elder  
Séance du 6 Floréal.

*Pinet et Cavaignac à la Convention Nationale.  
Bayonne, le 30 Germinal, l'an 2 de la République  
une et indivisible, (19 April, 1794, old style.)*

Citizen Colleagues,—Our last to you is of the 28th of this same month, wherein we informed you of the happy success of our measures taken in the department of the Landes to stifle, outwit, and crush a plot formed there by our everlasting enemies, the priests and nobles. Everything around us, citizen colleagues, takes the happiest aspect; all is being organized, difficulties and obstacles are smoothed, and we dare to assure you that the *machine* will roll on to the army of the western Pyrenees.

You have been informed of the horrid attempt made against our brave and worthy friend Dartigoite, at the tribune of the popular society of Auch; you know that a guilty hand had almost robbed the Republic of one of its worthiest champions at the moment when, addressing the people, he thundered against the evil-intentioned. Filled with horror and indignation, and anxious to avenge the national representation thus outraged, we issued at once a decree, commanding the extraordinary commission to transport itself thither instantly. Ten villains have laid their heads on the scaffold; and the principal author of Dartigoite's attempted assassination, with his last breath, repeated the infamous name of Louis XVII. ! The monsters! they shall perish, every one, and the land of liberty shall soon be purged of the slaves who long for kings. We have discovered in our army a brother of that Hébert the impostor who sold stoves and impudently blew counter-revolution through their pipes. We have secured him, and will keep him here till you will respecting his person be made known to us.

P.S. As proofs against Hébert's brother may exist at the Revolutionary Tribunal, we determine on sending him to Paris.

Salut et Fraternité.

PINET and CAVAGNAC.

Read at the sitting of the 9th Floréal, year 2,  
(28th of April, 1783.)

In September, 1794, after an absence of a year, Jean Baptiste Cavaignac was restored to his legislative labors in the National Convention. According to the note in Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*, if Boissy d'Anglas defended him when he was denounced by the inhabitants of Bayonne after the fall of Robespierre, it is not to be supposed that he was, therefore, necessarily innocent; but he had contributed to the overthrow of Robespierre, and belonging thus to the strongest party at the time, the Convention was willing to absolve him of many crimes.

There exists a strange coincidence between the functions of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac and his son the general, during two days of insurrection under two French Republics, separated by fifty-five years. On the 13th of Vindémiaire, year 4, when the sections of Paris rose against the Convention, Barras, who commanded the troops, had Cavaignac for his adjutant; while Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time général de brigade, was intrusted with all military dispositions which might become necessary. Having borne an active part in the repression of the popular movement, Jean Baptiste, like his son in June, came to announce to the Assembly the success obtained by his comrades and himself, and the restoration of order. It was aptly remarked in the National Assembly a few days since, that "Our Republics have

leaned as yet on a musket or a paving-stone." At least a sure road to military distinction under a Republican form of government appears to be over the bodies of the sovereign people. If the 13th Vendémiaire caused Napoleon's promotion to the rank of general of division, now, in June, 1848, Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac have won a fame, the acquisition of which would have cost a price far heavier had the foe continued to be merely the wild Arab. If Louis Philippe was monarch of the barricades, are not these their marshals?

On the 13th Vendémiaire the sections of Paris, displeased with the article of the new constitution which prohibited their naming afresh two thirds of the former members to the new *corps législatif*, rose in arms, avowedly to restore the constitution of 1793. On the other hand, detachments of regular troops and artillery occupied various quarters of Paris, and surrounded the Convention. At five o'clock in the afternoon the first shot was fired, and the battle lasted till night.

We give a closing extract from the *Moniteur* :—

*Tridi, 13 Vendémiaire, an 4 de la République une et indivisible, (5 Oct., 1795, old style.)*

*(Extract from the Moniteur.)*

*Suite de la séance permanente du 13 au soir.*

A moment after Merlin de Douai ascended the tribune.

*The President.* Citizen colleagues, I think it right to remind you that, whatever be the report you are about to hear, it will be your duty to forbear applause.

Merlin de Douai commenced speaking, but the extreme fatigue of his voice prevented our hearing his first words. We give below all we could gather :—

*Merlin de Douai.* I come to announce to you the success of the defenders of the Republic against the rebels. It is not without sorrow that I speak of it, since it has cost French blood; but at least the friends of their country cannot reproach themselves with commencing the battle. The general-in-chief, Barras, had received, on the part of your committees, the positive order to forbear attack; to hold himself on the defensive, even, as far as possible, to avoid provocation. The combat began by a piece of infamous treason. Several rebels, one bearer of a flag, advanced towards the committee for general safety [section of police?]; arrived there, some among them laying aside their arms and quitting their *drapeau*, embraced a captain of grenadiers of the National Convention, shouting *Vive la République! Vive la Convention!* At the very same moment several shots were fired by the rebels who had remained behind these, and several of the military were wounded. It was thus the attack

commenced. The general-in-chief has just informed the committees that everywhere the rebels are repulsed, everywhere the Republic triumphs.

*At a quarter after six.*

Some citizens, placed in the tribunes, began to applaud Merlin's report. 'Hold your tongues!' exclaimed all the members; 'hold your tongues!' and silence was restored.

*Legendre.* I see in the tribunes, by the side of several unarmed citizens, a defender of the country. I invite him to return to his post.

*The Soldier.* If I am here it is because my horse has been taken from me.

*A Citizen.* Representatives, the citizens you see are devoted to the Republic, but they have not arms for her defence.

*N—.* I observe to these citizens that they will find arms.

Murmurs interrupt him. This explanation is carried no further, and silence being restored, a single report of cannon is heard in the distance.

*The President.* The National Convention will hear, no doubt with interest, that the assistance the most immediately necessary has been carried to the wounded by our colleagues themselves.

The Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador, takes his accustomed place at this moment. He is armed, wearing a sabre, as do the representatives themselves, and the greater part of the citizens. Another person accompanies him. At seven o'clock the firing has altogether ceased. Cavaignac, one of the representatives who marched along with the Republicans, enters at this moment and ascends the tribune.

*Cavaignac.* Citizens, I think it my duty to inform the National Convention of the advantage obtained by the soldiers, defending the Republic in one of the most important posts. It is at the corner of the Rue de la Convention, ci-devant Dauphin, and which, as you are aware, faces the Church of St. Roch, that the combat commenced by a Royalist aggression. The Republican soldiers, attacked there by a considerable mass of the rebels, returned the fire steadily, and with energy. Supported by two pieces of cannon admirably served, we drove back the enemy even into the church, where they shut themselves in. We had then the greatest trouble in repressing the ardor of our soldiers, anxious to force them in their last refuge; but as we did not know the strength of the force opposed to ours, and might have fallen into some ambuscade, we arrested the march of our men here.

Throughout this action, citizens, the Republicans have signalized their valor once more. General Berruyer had a horse killed under him; four other general officers, of whom I recognized Vachot and the Adjutant-general Mutez, behaved with remarkable gallantry. The names of the others will be made known to you. At this present moment our men are still in pursuit of the rebels, and a cannon-shot is now and then fired merely to give them chase. Nothing stirs, nothing will stir. I answer to you for your safety.

We have no motive for lingering over the

varied fortunes of Cavaignac, after this date of the 13th Vindémiaire. He belonged to the Conseil des Cinq Cents, but not later than 1797; he filled afterwards an humble post at the barrier, and another equally so in the administration of the lottery. Neglected and forgotten upon the fall of Barras, he got himself, after the peace of Amiens, named commissary for commercial affairs to Maskate in Arabia, where arriving when the war had broken out once more with England, her influence prevented his reception. Employed by Joseph Bonaparte at Naples; by his successor Murat; recalled by Napoleon in common with all French subjects abroad when the brothers-in-law quarrelled; he spent his time in obscurity, and sometimes in distress. His fortunes seemed to rise a little when Napoleon returned from Elba, for he was nominated to the post of préfet of the Somme: but his adherence to Napoleon's cause being proved, it is said by more than words, he was unable to profit by it. Louis XVIII.'s return prevented his taking possession of his préfecture. The law which exiled the Regicides obliged him to quit France in 1816, and he retired to Brussels, where he died in 1829. His son, Godofroy Cavaignac, when accused of joining in the conspiracy of 1831, in the course of his defence spoke of his father's banishment as a harsh measure; but he did not express himself proud of being the banished man's son. We would not be thought to cavil at the head of the executive without just cause; we are not of the temper nor belong to the country which finds theme for opposition in the one salutary word, "authority;" but we see reason for alarm should the chief of the Government temporize with men more dangerous as friends than as adversaries. We, in common with all persons to whom the three words Law, Order, Honesty, sound to the full as well as Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, hailed his coming in June. It startles us to hear even a whisper that the project, too unpopular for performance, of sending representatives into the departments as spies on the words and thoughts of their inhabitants, was entertained in order to satisfy him, above all things, of his own chance of being elected President of the Republic. He distrusts, it is said, the feeling of the south, and reposes no steady confidence in any one. Had he not taken, a few days since, a step in the way of law and order, by the appointment of Dufaure, and other moderate men, to seats in the Cabinet, we would not have

given much for either his own chance of safety or for that of the Republic.

General Cavaignac's career, with a good deal to admire and approve in it, has yet been full of inconsistencies. His conduct in regard to M. Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and Caussidière, is not to be accounted for. His reception of the first as a guest at his own table, after all that had occurred at the Home Department and in the provinces, excited as much painful surprise among the best of his own friends as congratulating the accused on a defence which did not exculpate him. In like manner, his policy was false and pusillanimous, which, after the arrest of the two last had been determined upon, suffered them to profit by the pretended ignorance of the sharpest police-agents in Europe, although the delinquency of both was fully proved. They departed, the latter with menace on his lips such as suited well the coarse, untaught conspirator, who convoked market-porters to be his body-guard. Let General Cavaignac remember that the support of the Mountain can be secured only by the ascendancy of principles which he has himself denounced, and the triumph of the very faction which he crushed behind the barricades. Hence the extreme peril of France; for while moderate men repose on the sense of their numbers—of little importance while they remain passive—the clubs of Paris, and Rouen, and Lyons, outdo their former violence; and the Socialists, voting as one man, elect their leader, Raspail, to the National Assembly, while he is yet prisoner at Vincennes on the charge of having aided to do it violence. Nor will it do to be led away from a contemplation of these things by the boasts of designing or deceived men in regard to the revival of trade. There is no revival of trade, except in the case of articles which the people cannot exist without; while the amount of misery is everywhere on the increase. Six millions of francs have been voted for relief in the last three months, and the necessitous of the department of the Seine alone amount to two hundred and sixty-nine thousand souls. Men talk of the *raïsseau de l'état*, and the wisest mode of manning her; we wish her an experienced commander, and a pilot who knows the shoals: for, at the present moment, having thrown charts and compass overboard as things out of date and beneath their sagacity, all the crew are helping to steer, while they quarrel as to which shall be captain, and the wreckers on the shore rub their hands and value the cargo.

From Bentley's Miscellany

## MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD

THE subject of the following brief memoir, Frederick, was the second son of the late Mr. Marryat, the eminent West India merchant, and was born July 10, 1792. Having acquired the rudiments of education at an academy in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, he was sent to a classical school at Ponder's End, kept by a Mr. Freeman. It is to be hoped that the discipline of the school, described by the hero in his earliest novel, is no true picture of the treatment he experienced at Ponder's End; but the following anecdote suggests that, of whatever punishments were in course of infliction at that seat of learning, he was likely to have come in for his due share. The master, coming into the school one day, saw young Marryat standing upon his head. Surprised at this reversal of the ordinary practice of mortals, he inquired the reason of it, when the lad with audacious readiness replied, "I had been trying for three hours to learn my lesson on my feet, but I couldn't; so I thought I'd try whether I couldn't learn it on my head." There is no reason to doubt him when he says, "Superior in capacity to most of my schoolfellows, I seldom took the pains to learn my lessons previous to going up with my class. I was too proud not to keep pace with my equals, and too idle to do more." But he acknowledges that besides "a little Latin and less Greek," he made some proficiency in mathematics and algebra.

Withdrawn from this school, he was placed with a teacher of mathematics in London, under whose tuition he remained a year, and on the 23d of September, 1806, he entered the navy as a first-class boy, on board the *Impérieuse*, forty-four guns, commanded by the illustrious Lord Cochrane. During his service under this gallant officer, which lasted till the 18th October, 1809, he took part in more than fifty engagements, in which many ships of war and merchantmen were

cut out, off the coast of France and in the Mediterranean.

Having chased a ship into the Bay of Arcupon, which sought safety under a battery, Lord Cochrane resolved to cut her out, and young Marryat was one of the boarding party. He followed closely the first lieutenant who headed the expedition, and who at length, after his party had sustained a severe loss, succeeded in gaining the deck of the enemy. He had scarcely done so when, struck by thirteen musket balls, he fell back a corpse, knocking down his follower in his fall, who was trampled on and almost suffocated by his shipmates, who, burning to revenge their leader, rushed forward with impetuous bravery.

The vessel captured, an examination took place of the bodies of the killed and wounded. Marryat was numbered among the former, and being in a state of stupor was unable to deny the doom assigned to him. But soon arrived the surgeon and his assistants, and with them came a midshipman who bore no good-will to Marryat. This worthy youth, seeing the supposed lifeless body of his comrade, gave it a slight kick, saying, "Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!" This salutation, with its comment, revived the almost expiring energies of the other, who faintly exclaimed, "You are a liar!" a retort which, notwithstanding the melancholy scene around, produced a roar of laughter.

Shortly after this he was engaged in a rather "untoward" enterprise. His ship fell in with a vessel of a suspicious appearance. It was under French colors, which it soon hauled down, showing no others, and threatening to fire into the English ship if it attempted to board her. Upon this, she was boarded and taken, with a loss of twenty-six killed and wounded on her side, and of

sixteen on ours; and not till then was it discovered that she was a Maltese privateer, and a friend, who had made a like mistake in supposing her opponent to be French. After this unfortunate mistake, the *Impérieuse* proceeded to Malta.

It was while lying in this harbor that one night, a midshipman—a son of the celebrated William Cobbett—fell overboard. Young Marryat jumped in after him, and held him up till a boat was lowered to their assistance. For this daring and humane act he received a certificate from Lord Cochrane.

The road from Barcelona to Gerona, which latter place was besieged by the French, had been completely commanded by them, for they had possession of the castle of Mongat. On the 31st July, 1808, Marryat had a hand in the reduction and levelling of that fortress. This proceeding greatly delayed the transmission of the enemy's stores and provisions which were designed for their operations in Catalonia; so much so, indeed, that on one occasion the French general was under the necessity of abandoning the whole of his artillery and field ammunition. During these operations he was twice wounded, and he a third time sustained injury in the defence of the castle of Rosas, under Lord Cochrane. On the arrival of the *Impérieuse* in the bay, she perceived that the castle of Trinidad—the maintaining of which was essential to the preservation of the main fortress—had been so hotly bombarded by the enemy, that the British portion of the garrison had withdrawn from it. Lord Cochrane, therefore, taking with him a party of officers and seamen, amongst whom was Mr. Marryat, went on shore, and defended the fortress for some days—indeed, until the main fortress was taken, notwithstanding that the castle, by this time a complete ruin, was attacked, sword in hand, by 1200 chosen men of the enemy.

When Lord Cochrane proceeded against the boom constructed by the enemy, before he sent in the fireship to attack the French fleet in the Basque Roads, Mr. Marryat was in one of the explosion vessels, commanded by Captain Ury Johnson, which his lordship led for that purpose. For his gallantry on that occasion, he received a certificate from Captain Johnson, who brought his services under the notice of the Admiralty, and for his whole conduct in the Mediterranean he was recommended in Lord Cochrane's despatches.

The log of the *Centaur*, 74, flag-ship of *Sir S. Hood*, attests, that in September,

1810, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman named John Mowbray, who had fallen from the main-top; and in 1811, when on his passage to join the *Æolus*, on the American station, he leaped overboard, and endeavored to save a seaman named John Walker, but did not succeed in doing so. But we must give this incident in his own words: "One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard; the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and, seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I arose, I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him; but, O God! what was my horror, when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear; I was nearly paralyzed. The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death, in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes. I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself."

Whilst in the *Æolus*, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a boy, for which he received a certificate from Captain Lord James Townshend; nor was this the sole testimonial of approbation accorded to him by that gallant officer. He had previously been mainly instrumental in saving the frigate from shipwreck during a tremendous hurricane. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her top-masts and mizen-masts had been blown over the side, when the question arose, who would be found daring enough to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, "which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topmast and topsail-yard resting upon it." We must let the captain tell how he conducted himself in this case of awful sus-

pense and dismay: "Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather-rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me; sailors will rarely refuse to follow when they find an officer to lead the way. The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew, gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catheads, where we had foot-room. We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging, I, the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers and the congratulations of most of our shipmates." For this heroic deed, Lord James Townshend gave him a certificate, and reported him to have "conducted himself with so much courage, intrepidity, and firmness, as to merit his warmest approbation."

When he belonged to the *Spartan*, he was put in command of a boat, and cut out the *Morning Star* and *Polly*, privateers, from Haycock's Harbor, and likewise a revenue cutter and two privateers in Little River.

Mr. Marryat obtained his promotion as lieutenant in 1812, and in the following year was appointed to *l'Espeigle*, Captain J. Taylor, in the West Indies. Whilst on service in this vessel, he once more risked his life, in an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard in a heavy sea. Lieutenant Marryat was picked up, utterly exhausted, more than a mile and a half from *l'Espeigle*. Having burst a blood-vessel, he was left behind in the West Indies, in sick-quarters, and after a time was sent home invalided.

In January, 1814, he joined the *Newcastle*, 58, Captain Lord George Stuart, and led an expedition which was dispatched to cut out four vessels off New Orleans. This he did with a loss of one officer and twelve men. He acquired his commander's rank in 1815, and in 1820, commanded the *Beacon*, sloop, at St. Helena, from which he exchanged into the *Roserio*, 18, in which vessel he brought home duplicate despatches, announcing the death of Napoleon. He was

now actively engaged in the Preventive Service, in which he effected thirteen seizures. Appointed to the *Larne*, 18, in March, 1823, he sailed to the East Indies, where, until the Burmese war in 1825, he was fully employed as senior officer of the naval forces, the order of Commodore Grant being, that none should interfere with or supersede him. Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander-in-chief, was received on board the *Larne* at Calcutta, and Commander Marryat led the attack at Rangoon. When Captain Chads, of the *Arachne*, relieved him in September, 1824, he had lost nearly the whole of his ship's company. He now proceeded to Penang and Calcutta, returning to Rangoon in December, 1824, and in the following February sailed with the late Sir Robert Sale, of glorious memory, on an expedition to reduce the territory of Bassein. On his return in April, having successfully performed his perilous duty, he was promoted to a death vacancy, and commanded the *Tees*, which, on her arrival in England, he paid off.

Captain Marryat commanded the *Ariadne* in the Channel and Western Islands, from November, 1828, to November, 1830. Twice thanked for his services in the Burmese war by the Governor-general of India, he received three letters of thanks from Sir Archibald Campbell, commander-in-chief of the forces, and was five times recommended by him. He was likewise thanked for his expedition with Sir Robert Sale, and was three times recommended and thanked by Commodore Coe. In June, 1825, he received the decoration of C. B., and—an honor, a record of which must not be omitted—he was presented with a medal by that admirable institution, the Humane Society, for his daring and humane exertions to save the lives of so many men. That Society has not on its list a name so worthy of honor as that of Marryat.

In 1837 the captain published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels employed in the Merchant Service." That admirable invention is now in use in the royal and mercantile service, not only of this country but of foreign nations. He twice received the thanks of the Ship Owners' Society for it, and the publication having been translated into French in 1840, was brought under the notice of Louis Philippe, from whom he received the gold cross of the Legion of Honor.

In connection with this last distinction, we have a story to relate which we are sorry to feel ourselves constrained to tell, because it presents our late king in a light in which



it is not pleasant, and has not been customary, to regard him. William IV. had read and had been delighted with "Peter Simple." It was likely that so true and striking a picture of naval life and manners would have captivated a sailor. He expressed a wish to see the author. The captain, standing in an ante-room, in his favorite attitude, the king came forth, and observing him, asked a gentleman in waiting who he was. The captain overheard the question, and said, addressing the gentleman, "Tell his majesty I am Peter Simple." Upon this, the king came forward and received him graciously. Some time after this his majesty was waited upon by a distinguished member of the government, to request permission for the captain to wear the order conferred upon him by the King of the French, and to obtain, if not some further promotion, some higher distinction for one who had so long and ably served his country. The former request was granted as a matter of course; and as to the latter, the king said: "You best know his services; give him what you please." The minister was about to retire, when his majesty called him back. "Marryat! Marryat! by-the-bye, is not that the man who wrote a book against the impressment of seamen?" "The same, your majesty." "Then he shan't wear the order, and he shall have nothing," said his majesty.

Every reader will make his own comment upon this. The work in question had been written by a man who had the best interests and the honor of his profession at heart, who had done much to maintain them, and whom the Earl of Dundonald—best known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Road—in a letter recently written, has thus characterized: "He was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties." It is painful to expose one act of injustice on the part of a sovereign whose nature, in the main, was manly, upright, and generous.

In 1829, Captain Marryat turned his attention to authorship, and having published "The Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay," the reception of which gave him encouragement, he set to work with an earnestness and a zeal which he brought to all his undertakings. "The King's Own," "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," followed each other in rapid succession. To these he added, in the course of a few years, "Japhet in search of a Father," "Newton Forster," "Midshipman Easy," "The Pacha of Many Tales," "The Poacher," "The Phantom

Ship," "Snarley Yow; or, the Dog-Fiend," "Percival Keene," "Masterman Ready," "Poor Jack," "The Settlers," "Olla Podrida," "Diary in America," in Two Parts: "Monsieur Violet's Adventures," &c. All these works obtained a considerable popularity, and even gained the author a reputation which very few modern writers of fiction have succeeded in acquiring.

It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the genius of Marryat as a novelist. His merits lie upon the surface, and are obvious to every man, woman and child, who take up one of his works and find themselves unable to lay it down again. He tells plainly and straightforwardly a story, tolerably well constructed, of diversified incidents, alive with uncommon characters, and, as his experience was large and had been acquired over a wide expanse, he had always something to tell which would excite curiosity or rivet attention. He had one quality in common with great men, and in which men of finer genius than himself have been deficient,—a thorough manliness of heart and soul, which, by clearly showing him what he was able to accomplish, preserved him against the perpetration of that sublime nonsense and drivelling cant which now-a-days often pass for fine writing and fine sentiment. "Peter Simple" has been pronounced his best novel; but we confess we like "Jacob Faithful" at least as well; although we think it would have been better if the Dominie had been mitigated, who is rather an extravagance than an original, and if that passage had been discarded in which the parish-boy tells us he read Tacitus and Horace at a charity-school.

His "Diary in America" gave great offence on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not know whether the captain ever regretted it, but it was an ill-advised publication, and was certain, from its tone as well as its matter, to wound deeply a gallant and sensitive people, who, say what some few of them may to the contrary, are anxious to stand well in the estimation of the mother-country. But that this work was written with malice prepense against the Americans we cannot believe, for the author's venerable mother is a native of the United States; and it may be pleasing to our brother Jonathan to know, what we are pretty certain is the fact, that from that lady he inherited the energy of will and the vigor of mind which he displayed in all the occurrences of his life.

Captain Marryat had been seriously ill for more than a year, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels, which forbade all

hope of his recovery, and on the 9th of August, 1848, his sufferings were brought to a termination.

This gallant officer and distinguished man had two sons in the navy. The elder was a lieutenant, and bade fair to have proved himself a worthy son of his father. He jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman in the Tagus, and his exertions at the wreck of the Syphax were of the most heroic kind. He perished with nearly the whole of his crew in the wreck of the Avenger. The younger son is still a midshipman, and has, we are told, displayed great talents as an hydrographer.

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From the Metropolitan.

### MY EARLY FRIEND.

WHERE is the sunny brow, the soft and sportive glee,  
The step of fairy lightness, the laugh of melody?  
My early friend! we parted in the spring-time of thy years;  
I prayed that peace might be thy lot through this sad vale of tears;  
Some traces of time's work, of earth's woes, I looked to see,  
But not this silent stamp, alas! of hopeless misery.

My early friend! thy guileless heart was tender as the dove,  
With clinging trust and faith in those who sought thy youthful love:  
Harsh words and cold reproving looks were never known by thee,  
And thy sweet tears were shed alone in purest sympathy:  
Not loss of children, friends, or kin, not poverty's sharp care,  
Hath stamped thy snowy brow with that look of mute despair.

'Twas the slow but dread awakening to a strange and lingering doom,  
The apathetic blight of mind, which cast its chilling gloom;  
Amid the world of strangers, uncherished and unknown,  
Ah! easy 'twas to crush thee, my loving, gentle one!  
The flowers of a hardy kind can bear the nipping frost,  
But delicate and fragile things soon by neglect are lost.

Too well, too late thou knowest, I would have died to save thee  
From every pang that must await our earthly destiny;  
Thy life should'st have been poetry, and music, and delight,  
And thou, the fairy spirit, the brightest of the bright.  
But angels now await thee, thy home is with the blest,  
My early friend! my gentle friend! betake thee to thy rest!

From the People's Journal.

## A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF SANDAL CASTLE.

"And yon rude remnants stand alone,  
Sandal! thy wreck might well inspire,  
In glowing breasts, a poet's fire;  
And cold the heart, and strange the eye,  
That could unheeded pass thee by.

How still!  
I fear to climb thy turf-clad hill,  
Or wander o'er thy hidden graves;  
Where'er I gaze, the green sward heaves  
In hillocks, and the dark bough waves  
Its funeral plume of dusky leaves,  
So gently o'er the sleepers here,  
I would not trample on their bier!"

LEATHAM.

How rich in moral lessons are the ancient feudal strongholds of our ancestors? From ruined tower and ivied pillar, how strongly the lesson comes home to the heart, that the ancient brute-force dominion and mind-enslaving monuments of our forefathers are but the types of an epoch long since extinct. We see the decaying walls, built as if to defy Time, silently sinking beneath the hand of the spoiler, and almost outliving the recollections of the ancient times of which they are the memorials; and the moral of this finds its place in our hearts, and sanctifies the spot.

A few months since, accompanied by a friend, I visited Sandal Castle, which is situated about two miles from Wakefield. We started one afternoon in autumn, when the leaves were just beginning to fall. It was one of those sunny days, when the transition from autumn to winter is scarcely perceptible. We crossed the noble bridge of eight arches, which here spans the Calder, crowned by an ancient chapel, or chantry, erected most probably on the occasion of the battle of Wakefield, and proceeded onwards towards Sandal. There are two ways by which the traveller may reach the hill; the field way, which skirts the Pugneys, and the highway, up the Cock and Bottle Lane. We preferred the field way on this occasion; it proceeds through a long field, divided by the carriage-road, which leads to Mr. Shaw's mansion, Belle Isle—a very pleasant walk, by the way, until we reach the house, when

we diverge from the Calder, and proceed through the Pugneys, a large tract of valley ground, part of which was formerly the river's bed, which has recently been turned into another channel; the ground, therefore, is still damp, from defective drainage. Here a ditch, of great depth, a remnant of the original channel of the Calder, still remains, near the side of the foot-path, and is noted principally for being the spot where a young gentleman, the son of a Wakefield banker, was drowned one afternoon, whilst stoning frogs with his brothers. He fell into the water, and his brothers, terrified in the highest degree, started for aid to the neighboring town. Of course, on their return, life was extinct. Here, again, we diverge from the foot-path which skirts the Pugneys, and proceed in a north-easterly direction, through some meadows, until we get into a lane, which branches out into the Cock and Bottle Lane. In this lane is a good house, beautifully situated, but woefully desolate, which has a legend connected with it. The tale runs thus: A lady who resided in this house was very much addicted to card-playing; and in defiance of the admonitions and reproofs of her friends, would even play on the Sabbath-day. One Sunday, whilst engaged in dealing the cards with a young gentleman, a casual visitor at the house, she was struck dead, or died in a fit in her chair. Her partner was so shocked, that he shut himself up in a monastery for the remainder of his life, to endeavor to atone, by a life of penitence, for the thoughtless part he had played in this drama. Since then—so the surrounding cottagers say—the evil spirit of this lady walks the house. No one lives long in it, they are all so disturbed by this apparition; and it now presents a desolate spectacle, all the windows being broken, and an unearthly stillness reigning in and about it:

"A residence for woman, child, and man,  
A dwelling-place, and yet no habitation:  
A house; but under some prodigious ban  
Of excommunication.

\* \* \* \* Not one domestic feature,  
 There was no sign of home  
 From parapet to basement.  
 With shattered panes, the grassy court was starr'd.  
 \* \* \* \*  
 On every side the aspect was the same—  
 All ruined, desolate, forlorn, and savage;  
 No hand or foot within that precinct came  
 To rectify or ravage.  
 For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
 And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
 The place is haunted!" Hood.

At the end of this bye lane we arrive at the conjunction of the two roads; and proceeding up the main road a few yards, brings us to the stile which incloses the castle domain. We climb over the stile, formed of the roots of an old tree, which overhangs the road, and are at once by the ruins of the castle. The castle appears to have been built on a series of hills, and the whole building inclosed by a moat, which still remains, though nearly dry. Crossing the moat, we leave the ruins of the castle on our left, and proceed up the side of the steep hill, which must have almost sheltered the castle. Indeed, a tradition says, that this hill was thrown up in one night, by ten thousand soldiers, when the castle was attacked by the Parliamentary army, to shield it from the constant fire which was kept up from a battery placed on Lowe Hill, about two miles off. At the top, a noble expanse of country presents itself. We see the Calder meandering along in a half-circle below us, and lit up like burnished gold by the last rays of the departing sun. For miles around, a beautiful prospect is obtained. In the far-off distance is perceptible the spire of Wakefield steeple, and a few of the houses of the outskirts, and all around, wood and vale in beautiful succession, reward the traveller for his trouble in ascending it. The moat which formerly encompassed the castle winds round the bottom of the hill, and noble trees crown its declivity and its surrounding heights. Leaving this hill we turn to the ruins. Only a portion of the walls, but that portion of massive thickness, is now perceptible. The rest has fallen beneath the stern hand of Time. The historical recollections which cling to this castle are very interesting. Here took place the battle of Wakefield, described by Shakspeare in his King Henry VIth. Also in the time of the Protectorate, this castle bore some part in the struggle. Every one recollects the wars of the Roses. The Duke of York, after making a treaty with Henry VI. allowing

him the privilege of wearing his crown until his death, but after that, to descend to the Duke of York and his heirs, went into the north, and arrived at his castle of Sandal on the 21st December, 1460. In the mean time the Queen Margaret, having discovered from King Henry the concessions his timidity had allowed him to make, was naturally indignant at the disclosure, and collecting a large army followed the Duke of York, and overtook him at Sandal. Here, on the 30th December, 1460, the battle of Wakefield was fought. The Duke of York's army amounted only to about 5,000 or 6,000 soldiers, while the queen's numbered 20,000. The duke was taken prisoner, and all his soldiers cut in pieces. Even in this fight, the issue might have been different, had the Duke of York waited within the walls for reinforcements. But his *courage*, which had borne away the palm in the continental tournaments, would not allow him thus to be bearded in his stronghold by a woman-general. He drew out his troops, and a defeat was, of course, the result. York was taken prisoner, and his youngest son, the Duke of Rutland, was slain by Lord Clifford, as he was endeavoring to escape from the field with his priest tutor. He had even gained Wakefield bridge, when the vengeful Clifford overtook and slew him. Some historians affirm that this chapel on the bridge was erected by King Edward, who took part in the battle of Sandal, in memory of his unfortunate brother of Rutland. Certain it is, that in Domesday Book mention is made of the revenue depending from certain lands, appertaining to two priests, for constant prayers for the souls of the slain in this battle; and this fact gives additional probability to the statement. The chapel has, however, undergone curious metamorphoses since that period, having been employed successively as an exchange, a warehouse, an old clothes shop, a flax-dresser's shop, a news room, a cheese-cake house, a dwelling-house, a corn-factor's office, and a tailor's shop. More recently, however, within the last few years, subscriptions for an entire re-building of the edifice, with a view to its being re-opened as a place of worship, were collected, and with so much success, that in 1846 the treasurers appointed to receive the subscriptions thought themselves justified in beginning the work, and at this date, 1848, it is now completed, and forms perhaps one of the most complete specimens of the modern Gothic style of architecture within a considerable distance. Divine service is now performed in it every

Sunday. But this is a digression. We left the Duke of York a prisoner in the hands of Margaret's forces; they sat him on a little hillock, placed a paper crown on his head, and bowed the knee in mock reverence before him; and when he wept for shame at such insults, Clifford gave him a scarf dipped in the blood of young Rutland, wherewithal to wipe his eyes; adding outrage to insult. They slew him there, and placed his head on the tower of York, so that "York might overlook York." Sandal Castle was then dismantled, and has no important history for a long time, until the period of the Protectorate, when King Charles held possession of it. Colonel Overton, at the head of the parliamentary army, advanced to lay siege to the place, which was defended on the part of Charles, by Bonnavant, and right stoutly did he hold his trust. Colonel Overton stationed a battery on Lowe Hill for the purpose of beating down the walls, though with little result. The stout old pile did its duty bravely:

"In vain! ye shake, but cannot raze  
Yon massive pile of bygone days!  
Onset by day—assault by night,  
Disclose no yawning breach to sight;  
War's iron tempest vainly falls  
On Sandal's adamantine walls."

LEATHAM.

But within the castle gaunt famine was stalking abroad in its most horrible shapes, and the garrison were obliged, having no prospect of speedy relief, to come to a compromise with the besiegers. They were allowed to march out unmolested, with all the honors of war, and Cromwell's troops speedily razed its towers to the ground, and since that time its political history is a blank. It is destined to play no further part in the history of our country. A small fragment of solitary wall still remains; and within one of the windows is carved in the stone the names of all the great little visitors, the Joneses and the Smiths, whose desire to grave their names on one of Time's pedestals has led them to that elevation.

Sandal Castle's history may be divided into four eras; the first, of its erection, we cannot speak, but no doubt it is of great antiquity. The second era embraces its history, under the Earl of Warren, who owned Sandal as one part of his vast domains. It was destroyed in his time by the Earl of Lancaster, in revenge for the harboring of his adul-

terous wife, who had fled to Warren's castle as to a place of safety. Lancaster came upon them whilst engaged in consummating their honeymoon, and burnt Sandal Castle to the ground, and with it most of its brave defenders. Earl Warren himself, and Joan of Lancaster, however, escaped from the castle by a subterraneous passage; such, at least, is the common tradition. At all events, Earl Warren escaped, and he rebuilt the castle in great splendor. The third era embraces the period of the wars of the Roses, and the subsequent dismantling of the castle in its occupancy by the royalist troops. The fourth era relates to the destruction of the castle by Cromwell's general, and ends its history.

After going over the ground, and peopling it with the spirits of departed heroes, we left the scene, and returned towards Wakefield, this time taking the high road. A couple of hundred yards down Cock and Bottle lane brings us to a triangular piece of ground on the right hand side, still pointed out as the death place of the Duke of York. It is nearly adjacent to the high road, and is now entirely overgrown with trees. Historical reminiscences now strike us at every step. We can fancy York bravely retiring from the fight, pursued perhaps by a knot of soldiers; here taken prisoner, and here beheaded. A spring of water from a solid rock faces the place.

It is a most remarkable fact, that nowhere does the pale primrose grow with such profusion as on this thrice-dyed battle scene. Little rosy children and country maidens flock to gather the earliest blossoms of the season at Sandal Castle. Is it because the soil is so rich from the mere wantonness of the spirit of death which was here displayed? Who knows? the same has been observed at Towton, where a great battle took place between the Yorkists and Lancasterians, and where "roses of a peculiar kind still grow; some in distinct circles in the centre of the ground. Many of the inhabitants of the village believe that these roses spring from the pits in which the slain were buried after the battle." [Leatham.] At Waterloo, too, if I mistake not, the produce of the field of battle is tinged with a peculiarity not to be found elsewhere.

Leaving the death place of York, we proceeded homewards, and the shades of evening were beginning to encircle the world of nature, when we again crossed the Calder on our entrance into Wakefield.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Mirabeau: a Life-History.* In Four Books. 2 vols. 12mo. Smith and Elder. London, 1848.

The author of this work states, that before the memorable 23d of February, a considerable portion of it was ready for the press; but that in the second volume, recent events have disposed him in the choice of "such passages as were still sound, practicable advice to Frenchmen, and, in fact, to every lover of order and of peace." The style and tone of the publication is somewhat too much of the Carlyle school for our taste, but it furnishes much better material from which to form a judgment concerning the history and character of Mirabeau than the English reader will find elsewhere. The tendency of the writer to look as favorably as may consist with candor on his much disfavored hero, does not lead him to suppress facts; and as to his own reasoning upon those facts, the reader will be competent to judge of the degree of value that should be attached to it.

Under the best possible education, the passionate, impulsive nature of Mirabeau would have been a faulty nature; under the influence of an education as neglected and faulty as it could well be, the natural consequences followed. Up to a certain point in his history, the bad was comparatively forgotten in the good; from that point the good has been as much forgotten in the bad. But the unfortunate incident for his memory has been, that after awhile he ceased to be a man of mere party; and thus, by degrees, brought upon him the evil tongues of all parties. He found it easier to raise the demon of revolution than to control it when raised. This last work, however, his gigantic soul saw must be done, or all would be lost. But the thing could not be done, and what he foresaw ensued. In this respect, his career bears some resemblance to that of Cromwell. Had he given himself up to mere partisanship, his party would have been an heir-loom for his reputation. All sorts of party passions would have rushed to his defence, had he only been content to echo its watchwords. But his nature, with all its faults, could not be brought to worship the narrow egotism of party as the wisdom of humanity. His aim, accordingly, was in the direction of a broader and more humane form of settlement than mere partisanship could tolerate. In holding to this course he was wise, however much he may have been execrated and calumniated for his wisdom. Men of sense look back upon him as the one man who saw where it would be good to stop, and their estimate of the mobs, or the managers of mobs, who were proof against his counsel, is not now very flattering. In his private life, he was a vicious man in a vicious age, but there were some forms of degradation to which the sovereignty of his intellect! nature could never be brought to submit.—*British Quarterly Review*.

*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.* Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Second edition improved and enlarged.

In some points of view this new edition of Dr. Smith's very valuable *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* is almost a new work. Various articles have been entirely rewritten, especially in the earlier part, where the idea of a smaller book than was eventually found advantageous induced a somewhat curtailed treatment, during its first serial appearance. A good many new articles have been added, the subjects of which were altogether omitted in the first edition; a considerable addition has been made to the number of illustrative wood-cuts; and those articles in which no fundamental change has been made have been carefully revised. In short, the new matter extends to upwards of three hundred pages, besides the illustrations; and the old has been carefully considered and corrected.—*Spectator*.

*Life of Lord Clive.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

This book, forming Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," is a carefully compiled history of the public career of the founder of our Indian Empire—and does not pretend to be anything more. It is chiefly founded on the "Life," by Sir John Malcolm: no new materials are added, nor is any novelty in the way of estimating the mixed, but brilliant, character of the conqueror attempted. Mr. Gleig seems to have had no purpose in writing beyond making a book; but this he has done with the careful mediocrity of manner which marks all his productions; and perhaps many will be disposed to read the narrative of Clive's life in this form who are unable to procure the larger work of Sir John Malcolm. Neither is, however, very satisfactory. Macaulay's essay on Clive is incomparably the best and truest account of him which we possess. But it is only an essay; the history of the Hero of Plassey still remains to be written.—*Athenæum*.

*The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated; including a Biographical Memoir of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac Barré, M.P.* By John Britton, F. S. A. London: J. R. Smith. 1848.

We cannot say that we think Mr. Britton's "Elucidation," creditable as it is to his ingenuity and research, will throw much light upon the vexed question of the authorship of the famous Letters of Junius. Mr. Britton is of opinion that the real author of these letters was Col. Barré, and that he was assisted in their composition by the Earl of Shelburne, and Dun-

ning, Lord Ashburton. To the same trio the authorship has been before attributed, with this difference, however, that the first place has been assigned to Lord Shelburne, Barré and Dunning being spoken of as his assistants; and Col. Barré has been named as the probable author, though his individual claims seem not to have been publicly investigated.

Mr. Britton's opinion that the letters emanated from the parties above named, seems to have been formed nearly half a century ago, while collecting materials for his "Beauties of Wiltshire." He at that time became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Popham, of Chilton, who, in early life, held the vicarage of Lacock for more than twenty years. During this time Dr. Popham was in the habit of visiting at Bowood, the seat of the Earl of Shelburne; where, among other distinguished men of the day, Counselor Dunning and Col. Barré were the most regular and constant visitors. Certain peculiarities in the daily intercourse of the Earl and his *protégés* excited Dr. Popham's attention, and finally his belief became confirmed that the trio were either the actual authors of the letters, or that they knew the writer. On one particular occasion, when the clergyman and the three friends were the only persons present at the dinner-table, an attack on the writings of Junius, then exciting attention, was discussed, and one of the party made the remark, "that it would be shown up and confuted by Junius in the next day's *Advertiser*." Instead of the confutation, however, there was a note by the printer, stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. "Thenceforward," said Dr. Popham, "I was convinced that one of my three friends was Junius;" but this circumstance, in our opinion, tells rather against than for the hypothesis, though Mr. Britton seems to consider it as one of the conclusive facts in favor of his view of the case.—*Westminster Review*.

*Life in Russia, or the Discipline of Despotism.* By Edward P. Thompson, Esq., Author of "The Notebook of a Naturalist." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1548.

A delightful and impartial narrative of the events incident to a residence in a part of the world of which we really know next to nothing. As Mr. Thompson truly says, "In the middle of the nineteenth century, there is less known of Russia than of any other country, most certainly than of any other country in Europe, and yet more is said of it, more obloquy is heaped upon it, and more unjust statements made concerning it than it deserves, with all its faults." This is clearly attributable to our ignorance of the great empire. We know that, in Russia, despotism and serfdom mutually support and sustain each other; that bribery and espionage go hand in hand; and that the two extremes of barbaric pomp and the most abject misery, co-exist among the people to a greater degree, perhaps, than is to be found in any other nation; but of the real sentiments of the Russians in reference to their condition, and indeed of the true social position of the mass of the people, we are comparatively ignorant. We are unable to realize a state of things so opposed to all we are in the habit of considering the most desirable condition for a people, forgetting that at no very remote period our own island in many respects presented an approximation to the existing state of the Russian empire. And we have been further sub-

jected to the misfortune of receiving most of the information we possess in relation to Russia and its institutions, through channels more or less prejudiced either for or against the existing order of things.

Mr. Thompson seems to be an "honest chronicler," and to describe Russian affairs as they presented themselves to his eye, undistracted by either favor or affection.—*Westminster Review*.

*Scholia Hellenistica in Novum Testamentum, Philone et Josepho Patribus Apostolicis aliisque Ecclesie antiquae Scriptoribus necnon Libris Apocryphis maxime deprompta.* Londini: Pickering.

The title of the volumes before us sufficiently explains their general object. They consist of a series of short extracts, in the original Greek, from Philo-Judæus, Josephus, the Apostolic Fathers, and occasionally from Chrysostom and other early writers, and from the Apocryphal books of the New Testament, interspersed with remarks of Grotius, Carpzov, Valckenær, and other modern writers on Sacred Criticism. The extracts are arranged in connection with each verse of the New Testament, and are accompanied by Scripture references. Mr. Grinfield must have bestowed a vast amount of labor in bringing together such a mass of erudition, bearing on the subject of the illustration of the New Testament; and we feel assured that his labors on so great a subject will be justly appreciated by the Church. His work is the fruit of a ripe scholarship, and we rarely meet now with such elegant Latinity as in his Preface, which it is a positive pleasure to peruse.—*English Review*.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Castlereagh Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs. Trollope's New Novel, the Young Countess.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand, written by himself.

Completion of the Lives of the Queens of England.

Mr. Rose's Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

Zoological Recreations, by W. J. Broderick.

Secret History of the French Revolution of 1848; or

Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière. 2 vols. 8vo.

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THE GROUP OF THE "MILKMAID" BY J. M. W. TURNER



THE  
**ECLECTIC MAGAZINE**  
 OF  
**FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

**FEBRUARY, 1849.**

From the North British Review.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS.**

*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. London: 1848.

IN order to secure ourselves against being prejudged of injustice to the subject of this notice, we may at once state our opinion, that as surprising powers of merely sensual perception and expression are to be detected in the poems of Keats as in any others within the range of English literature. Herrick surpassed Keats, in his own way, by fits, and in a few single passages; and Chaucer has pieces of brilliant and unmixed word-painting which have no equals in our language; but the power that these great poets attained, or at least exerted, only in moments, was the common manner and easy habit of the wonderful man, who may claim the honor of having assisted more than any other writer, except Mr. Wordsworth, in the origination of the remarkable school of poetry which is yet in its vigorous youth, and exhibits indications of capabilities of unlimited expansion. We also anticipate objections that might be urged, with apparent reason, against the following remarks, by stating our conviction, that the

short-comings of which we shall complain, could not have existed in the mature productions of Keats, had he lived to produce them. Indeed, as we shall presently take occasion to show, his mind, which was endowed with a power of growth almost unprecedentedly rapid, was on the eve of passing beyond the terrestrial sphere in which he had as yet moved, when death cut short his marvellous, and only just commenced, career.

To Keats, more deeply perhaps than to any poet born in Christian times,

“Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
 Stained the white radiance of eternity.”

His mind, like Goethe's, was “lighted from below.” Not a ray of the wisdom that is from above had, as yet, illumined it.

The character of the poet, in as far as it differs from that of other men, is indeed a subject of too much importance to allow of our sacrificing this admirable occasion for

extending our knowledge concerning it, to our tenderness, or to that of our readers, for the young writer of whom Mr. Monckton Milnes is at once the faithful biographer, and the eloquent apologist. Mr. Milnes will pardon us if our deductions from the data with which he has supplied us, do not wholly coincide with his own inferences. We confess that we are unable to detect, even in Keats' latest letters and compositions, anything more than a strong promise of, and aspiration towards many qualities of character and genius, which Mr. Milnes regards as already numbered among the constituents of the young poet's life and power.

Extraordinary poetical genius, notwithstanding its resemblance to exuberant health, has not unfrequently been found to be connected with deeply seated disease. In most cases, the poetical power seems to have been the result of an abnormal habit of sensation.

"We are men of ruined blood,  
Thereby comes it we are wise."

For that the consumption and insanity which have often terminated the careers of men of genius, have been not so much the consequences as the causes of their superiority, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that those diseases have been, in such cases, as in common ones, most frequently hereditary.

It is a curious medical fact, which we have heard stated by first rate authorities, that instances are not extraordinary of families, in which, while one member has been afflicted with consumption, a second with scrofula, and a third with insanity, the fourth has been endowed with brilliant genius.

In making these remarks, we no more impugn the transcendent value which the productions of genius usually bear, than the naturalist questions the value of a precious gum, in describing it as the result of vegetable malformations or disease. Nor would we be supposed to imply an ordinary absence in the man of genius of a great general superiority of moral character, when compared with the common rank of men. Genius, however fantastical may be the form which it assumes, is, in essence, an extraordinary honesty; an honesty which too often refuses to exert itself beyond the sphere of the senses and the intellect, and which, then, in its highest energy, produces a Raphael or a Coleridge; but which, sometimes, while it purifies the senses, and perfects their expression, prevents also every incontinence of character, and carries manhood to its height in a Milton or a Michael

Angelo. Minds belonging to this latter category, the aloë-blossoms of humanity, appear less than others to have been indebted to disease for their pre-eminence.

In almost every page of the work before us, the close connection between the genius of Keats and his constitutional malady pronounces itself. No comment of ours could deepen the emphasis of the following passages, taken nearly at random from the mass of similar passages, of which the letters of the young poet in great part consist:—

"I have this morning such a lethargy that I cannot write. The reason of my delaying is oftentimes from this feeling: I wait for a proper temper. I am now so depressed that I have not an idea to put to paper; my hand feels like lead, and yet it is an unpleasant numbness; it does not take away the pain of existence; I don't know what to write. Monday. You see how I have delayed—and even now I have but a confused idea of what I should be about. My intellect must be in a degenerating state; it must be, for when I should be writing about—God knows what, I am troubling you with moods of my own mind—or rather body—for mind there is none. I am in that temper, that if I were under water, I would scarcely kick to come to the top. I know very well this is all nonsense. In a short time, I hope I shall be in a temper to feel sensibly your mention of my book. In vain have I waited till Monday, to have any interest in that or in anything else. I feel no spur at my brother's going to America; and am almost stony-hearted about his wedding."

"I am this morning in a sort of temper, indolent, and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'; my passions are all asleep from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation,—about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am, I must call it laziness. The fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown. Neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love, have any show of alertness of countenance as they pass by; they seem rather three figures on a Greek vase; a man and two women, whom no one but myself would distinguish in their disguisement. This is the only happiness; and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

"I feel I must again begin with my poetry, for if I am not in action I am in pain. \* \* \* I live under an everlasting restraint, never relieved unless I am composing, so I will write away."

"The relief,—the feverish relief of poetry. \* \* \* This morning poetry has conquered. I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life. I feel escaped from a new and threatening sorrow; and I am thankful for it

There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality."

"I carry all matters to an extreme—so when I have any little cause of vexation, it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles. Then, and in that temper, if I write to any friend, I have so little self-possession, that I give him time for grieving at the very time, perhaps, when I am laughing at a pun."

"We are still here enveloped in clouds. I lay awake last night listening to the rain, with a sense of being drowned and rotted like a grain of wheat."

All the above passages were written long before the appearance of the acknowledged symptoms of consumption, and to us they seem to have shown forth the end as infallibly as did the nerveless clasp of the hand, from which Coleridge predicted the early death of Keats, at an equal distance of time from its occurrence.

To theorize justly upon character is the more difficult for the extreme ease with which mere plausibilities may be put forth on the subject; and the common difficulty is greatly increased, in the present case, by the necessity of constantly distinguishing between signs of character and the products of a very peculiar physical temperament, always subject to the influence of a malady, which, in its earliest stages, is frequently so subtle as to defy detection, and to cause its identification for a long period, with the constitution that it is destroying. The case becomes still further complicated, when we take into account the periods of prostration and lethargy, which are the re-action that follows inevitably from the prodigious activity of poetical production. To give anything like a systematic view of the mind and character of Keats, is therefore more than we dare to undertake; all we can attempt is, to select the salient points of the work before us, and to present them to our readers in such juxtaposition and contrast as may seem to be best adapted to the elimination of their significance.

A cotemporary journal of respectable authority, pronounces the writings of Keats to be distinguished by two of the Miltonic characteristics of poetry, sensuousness and passion, and to be wanting in the third, simplicity. We do not think that Keats' verses are characterized remarkably by either of these qualities, in the sense in which Milton understood them, when he proclaimed his famous rule. That Keats' poems, if we except certain parts of the fragment of *Hyperion*, want simplicity, is too obvious to require proof or illustration. His verses constitute a region of eye-wearying splendor,

from which all who can duly appreciate them, must feel glad to escape, after the astonishment and rapture caused by a short sojourn among them. As for sensuousness, it is an excellence which cannot thrive in the presence of sensuality; and it is by sensuality, in the broader, and not in the vulgar and degrading sense of the term, that Keats' poems are most obviously characterized. This charge, for such we admit that it is, must be substantiated; and to this object we devote our second batch of extracts. They will be, not from Keats' poems, but from his letters; since the shortest way of establishing the general prevalence of a quality in a man's writings is to show it to have been constantly present in his personal character.

The first quotation we make is a very important one. It contains Keats' explicit testimony against himself, with regard to the quality in point. Notwithstanding the young poet's unusual honesty of character, he would probably not have made the following confession and complaint, had he not secretly, though certainly very erroneously, believed them to be a revelation of traits of which he was possessed in common with Shakspeare.

"As to the poetical character itself, (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se*, and stands alone,) it is not itself—it has no self—it is everything and nothing. It has no character; it enjoys light and shade; it lives in a gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated. It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogene. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights theameleon poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things, any more than from its taste of the bright one, because they both end in speculation. A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of an impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity; he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures. If, then, he has no self; and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say, I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the characters of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess; but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it when I have no nature? When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself; but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated; not only among

men, but in a nursery of children it would be the same. I know not whether I make myself wholly understood; I hope enough to make you see that no dependence is to be placed on what I said that day."

Now this want of identity, as Keats calls it, has been more or less the characteristic of artists of all kinds, who have been endowed only with the first, or sensual degree of genius. In Keats, the preponderance of this nature was, however, overwhelming, especially in the earlier portion of his career. A great revolution must have occurred in his views, if not in his character, had he lived a year or two longer than he did; but, as it happened, it was impossible that his poetry as a general thing, should be other than sensual, or literal, and for the most part, opposed in quality to the sensuous or interpretative. We hold it to be out of the question, that Keats, with such a physical organization as his, could have ever entirely escaped from the preponderance of sense in his character and writings; but a year or two more of reflection and emotion must have led him to the determinate and deliberate adoption of a creed of some sort or other, if it had been no other than the wretched one, that all creeds are worthless; and this would have been an immense accession to his mental power. A man without a belief is like a man without a backbone. Keats made the very common mistake of preferring the true to the good; for his rejection of all opinions was nothing more than his refusal to accept of any but such as seemed demonstrably true. Had he lived to think and feel more deeply than he did; had his thoughts and feelings been more ordinarily occupied than they were, about the interests and mysteries of the immortal spirit, Despair must have chased him from the regions of indifference, Goodness would probably have asserted her superiority over formal Truth, to which she is the only guide; and, finally, commanded by her, he would have chosen some star to steer by, although compelled to do so in the full assurance that it was, at best, but an approximation to the, perhaps, undiscoverable pole of absolute verity.

Our next extract shall be one in which mere onesidedness of vision and defect of human love demand to be regarded as more than ordinary universality of mind and elevation of feeling. The letter is to his brother in America, who had recently been married:—

"Notwithstanding your happiness and your commendation, I hope I shall never marry; though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me

at the end of a journey or a walk, though the carpet were made of silk, and the curtain of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofas stuffed with cygnet's down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Windermere, I should not feel; or rather my happiness should not be so fine; and my solitude is sublime. Then, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home, the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through my window panes are my children. The mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children, I contemplate as parts of that beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone, than the shapes of Ethic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's bodyguard. 'Then tragedy with sceptered pall, comes sweeping by.' According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, or throw my whole being into Teiulus, and repeating those lines, 'I wander like a lost soul along the Stygian bank, staying for waftage.' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. Those things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the quality of women, who appear to me as children, to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in."

Let our readers judge whether this letter indicates a mind above or below the enjoyment of domestic relationships. The most excellent notion that Keats can form to himself of a wife is "a beautiful creature," who is capable of being rendered more tempting to sense, by silken carpets, feather-stuffed sofas, Burgundy, and a lodging at Ambleside. With such views, the young poet did very well to remain contented with the roaring of the wind for his wife; but he ought not to have held up his power of being so easily satisfied, as a mark of distinction beyond those who, while they are awake to all the wonder and beauty of material nature, are cognizant likewise of the deeper and more religious worth of humanity, and alive to the "ever new delight" which arises out of woman's harmonizing contrasts with man, and out of her delicate and love-producing subordination to him.

A short period before his death, Keats fell violently in love. In his letters we have a few vivid glimpses of the young lady. Here are two which show that the lover was faithful to what seems to have been his ideal, at the time when he was "fancy free:—

"She is not a Cleopatra, but at least a Char-

mian; she has a rich eastern look, she has fine eyes and manners; when she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess; she is too fine and conscious of herself to repulse any man that may address her, from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*; I always find myself more at ease with such a woman."

"She is a fine thing, speaking in a worldly way, for there are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge of things—the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical, and the unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal. In the former, Buonaparte, Lord Byron, and the Charmian, hold the first place in our minds. In the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle, and you, my dear sister, are the conquering feelings. As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

This last sentence, though it sounds very like nonsense, is, nevertheless, an important one. It is obvious that when Keats wrote it, the first alternative would have seemed preferable to the second. Indeed, his subsequent story shows beyond doubt that "the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical," vastly outweighed, in the poet's practical estimation, the "unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal." "This Charmian," whatever the fair qualities of mind and heart of which she may have been possessed, soon engrossed the whole of Keats' being, simply by the peculiar character of her personal attractions.

Mr. Milnes has perceived the liability of Keats' nature to the charge that we are now making against it, and he defends him upon the plea of youth, and an ardent temperament. Could we have convinced ourselves of the validity of this plea, our readers should have heard nothing of the present complaint; but we are persuaded that the quality under discussion was vitally inherent in the nature of Keats; that is to say, that it not only affected his life and writings, but entered into his ideal of what was desirable. A man is to be judged, not so much by what he outwardly is, as by what he wishes to become. Let Keats be judged out of his own mouth: "I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love for philosophy. *Were I calculated for the former, I should be glad*; but as I am not" (his health was then breaking down) "I shall turn all my soul to the latter."

Mr. Milnes tells us that—

"Keats' health does not seem to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which is the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments, unconscious of how

scanty a portion of vital strength had been allotted to him; but a strictly regulated and abstinent life would have appeared to him pedantic and sentimental. He did not however, to any serious extent, allow wine to usurp on his intellect, or games of chance to impair his means, for in his letters to his brothers he speaks of having drank too much as of a piece of rare joviality," &c.

We repeat, that we do not believe Keats' dissipation, such as it was, to have been the spontaneous outbreak of the "young energies of an ardent temperament." To us Keats seems to have pursued the pleasures and temptations of sense, rather than to have been pursued by them. We often find him feasting coolly over the imagination of sensual enjoyment. "Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good God! how fine! it went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." He sometimes aspires to be thought a tippler, gamester, &c., but it is with the air of an unripe boy, awkwardly feigning the irregularities of a man.

We have not noticed one-fourth of the passages which we had marked for quotation, as corroborating our views upon this point; but one proof is as good as a thousand, and we are glad to turn from this part of our task to the more agreeable duty of showing the truth of our assertion that the mind of Keats, before its withdrawal from the world, was upon the eve of a great intellectual and moral alteration.

It must be remembered that our present purpose is to examine the character of Keats, solely in order to the illustration of his poetry, and of the species of poetry to which it belongs. Otherwise we should have gone more fully into the circumstances whereby the moral agency of young Keats is partly unburthened of the responsibility of much temporarily defective feeling, and erroneous thought. As it is, we can only take a hasty glance at two or three of those circumstances. "His mother, a lively and intelligent woman, was supposed to have prematurely hastened the birth of John by her passionate lore of amusement, though his constitution at first gave no signs of the peculiar debility of a seventh months child." Keats was, moreover, unfortunate, we venture to think, in some of the friends, who by their powers and their reputations were calculated to exert the greatest influence upon him, at the most susceptible period of his life. Extremely clever, "self-educated" men are not often otherwise

than very ill adapted to form the standard of moral taste in a young man, unless, indeed, it be by antagonism. We fancy that we hear the voice of some of Keats' distinguished preceptors, in such sentences as the following, "Failings I am always rather rejoiced to find in a man than sorry for it, they bring us to a level." John Keats was, however, so vastly superior to even the most gifted of his really intimate friends, that their influence, as far as it was undesirable, could not have endured. It was, in fact, rapidly waning, when he was removed from its sphere by his visit to Italy. Here are a few glimpses of an emphatically transitional state:—

"I have, of late, been moulting, not for fresh feathers and wings; they are gone; and in their stead I hope to have a pair of sublunary legs. I have altered not from a chrysalis into a butterfly, but the contrary."

"The most unhappy hours in our lives are those in which we recollect times past to our own blushing. If we are immortal, that must be the hell. If I must be immortal, I hope it will be after taking a little of 'that watery labyrinth,' in order to forget some of my schoolboy days, and others since then."

"A year ago, I could not understand in the slightest degree Raphael's cartoons; now I begin to read them a little."

"From the time you left us our friends say I have altered so completely I am not like the same person. \* \* \* Some think I have lost that poetic fire and ardor they say I once had; the fact is, I perhaps have, but instead of that I hope I shall substitute a more thoughtful and quiet power. I am more contented to read and think, but am seldom haunted with ambitious thoughts. I am scarcely contented to write the best verses for the fever they leave behind. I want to compose this without fever; I hope I shall one day."

The following sentences are addressed to his friend Mr. J. K. Reynolds:—

"One of the first pleasures I look to is your happy marriage—the more so since I have felt the pleasure of loving a sister-in-law. I did not think it possible to become so much attached in so short a time; *things like these, and they are real, have made me resolve to have a care of my health.*"

\* \* \* "We can see horribly clear, in the works of such a man, (Burns,) his whole life, as if we were God's spies. \* \* \* What were his addresses to Jean in the latter part of his life, I should not speak to you—yet why not? You are not in the same case—you are in the right path, and you shall not be deceived. I have spoken to you against marriage, but it was general. The prospect to me, in those matters, has been so blank that I have not been unwilling to die."

These words, it is true, were written before

the "Charmian" fever overtook him, but they are enough to show that it must have been a fever only, and not the final decision and devotion of his being. The next quotation we make is very curious:—

"I said if there were three things superior in the modern world they were 'The Excursion,' 'Haydon's Pictures,' and 'Hazlitt's Depth of Taste.' Not thus speaking with any poor vanity that works of genius were the first things in this world. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness that such men as Bailey possess, does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honors that can be paid to anything in this world; and, moreover, having this feeling at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling and devotion for his uprightness than for any mark of genius however splendid."

This is a peculiarly uncomfortable passage. It is the phrase of a man who has abandoned a lower order of thought and feeling without having attained anything more than a foretaste of the higher order for which the sacrifice has been made. "The Excursion" looks as if it did not well know what to do in the novel society of "Haydon's Pictures," and "Hazlitt's Depth of Taste," and the morality of the passage is uneasily arrayed in the self-conscious and somewhat melo-dramatic sublimity of the wording; such phrases as, "*does hold and grasp* the tip-top of any spiritual honors," and "*in that* I had not a brother," &c., being assuredly very unusual modes of language when employed in the enunciation of the ordinary truth,—that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

The next, and the longest quotation we shall make, is valuable on its own account, as well as for the manner in which it illustrates the transitional and improving condition of Keats' mind. In it Keats falls into the vulgar impiety of juxta-posing our Saviour and Socrates, but we fancy that there is also in it an earnestness of heart, an inquisitiveness of intellect, and a deep thirst for, and even foretaste of, a higher region of existence than has as yet been attained by the writer; all of which, working together, must ere long have awakened him to a perception of the weakness of much that he was mistaking for strength, to a knowledge of the ruinous falsehood and real narrow-mindedness of views which he had as yet maintained with a complacent faith in the liberality they conferred upon their holders, and to a conviction of the necessity of meekly submitting all his facul-

ties to an external oracle, if it were only in order to their complete artistical cultivation.

"I have this moment received a note from Haslam, in which he writes that he expects the death of his father, who has been for some time in a state of insensibility; I shall go to town to-morrow to see him. This is the world—thus we cannot expect to give away many hours to pleasure; circumstances are like clouds, continually gathering and bursting, while we are laughing. The seed of trouble is put into the wide arable land of events; while we are laughing it sprouts, it grows, and suddenly bears a poisonous fruit which we must pluck. Even so we have leisure to reason on the misfortunes of our friends; our own touch us too nearly for words. Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of mind—very few have been interested by a pure desire of the benefit of others. In the greater part of the benefactors of humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness, some melo-dramatic scenery has fascinated them. From the manner in which I feel Haslam's misfortune I perceive how far I am from any humble standard of disinterestedness; yet this feeling ought to be carried to its highest pitch, as there is no fear of its ever injuring society. In wild nature the hawk would lose his breakfast of robins, and the robin his of worms; the lion must starve as well as the swallow. The greater part of men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwandering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the hawk: the hawk wants a mate, so does man; look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner; they want both a nest—they both set about one in the same manner. The noble animal man for his amusement smokes a pipe, the hawk balances about the clouds; that is the only difference of their pleasures. This it is that makes the amusement of life to a speculative mind. I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a field-mouse peeping out of the withered grass; the creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. I go among the buildings of a city, I see a man hurrying along—to what? The creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. But then, as Wordsworth says, 'we have all a human heart.' There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify, so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish. I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested. I can remember but two; Socrates and Jesus. Their histories evince it. What I heard Taylor observe with respect to Socrates may be said of Jesus—that though he transmitted no writing of his own to posterity, we have his mind and his sayings and his greatness handed to us by others. Even here, though I am pursuing the same instinctive course as the veriest animal you can think of, I am, however, young, and writing at random; straining after particles of light in the midst of a great darkness, without knowing the bearing of any one assertion, of any

one opinion. Yet in this may I not be free from sin, may there not be superior beings amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into, as I am entertained with the alertness of the stoat or the dexterity of the deer? Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone; though erroneous, they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry, and if so, it is not so fine a thing as philosophy, for the same reason as an eagle is not so fine a thing as truth. Give me this credit—do you not think I strive to know myself? Give me this credit, and you will not think that on my own account I repeat the lines of Milton—

'How charming is divine philosophy,  
Nor harsh nor crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

"No, not for myself, feeling grateful as I do to have got into a state of mind to relish them properly. Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced; even a proverb is no proverb to you till life has illustrated it. I am afraid that your anxiety for me leads you to fear the violence of my temperament, continually smothered down; for that reason I did not intend to have sent you the following sonnet, but look over the two last pages, and see if I have not that in me which will bear the buffets of the world. It will be the best comment on my sonnet; it will show you that it was written with no agony, but that of ignorance; with no thirst, but that of knowledge when pushed to the point; though the first steps to it were through my human passions, they went away, and I wrote with my mind, and perhaps, I may confess, a little bit of my heart.

"Why did I laugh to-night? no voice will tell,  
No god, no demon of severe response,  
Deigns to reply from heaven or from hell:  
Then to my human heart I turn at once—  
Heart! thou and I are here, sad and alone;  
I say, wherefore did I laugh?—Oh! mortal  
pain!

Oh darkness! darkness, ever must I moan  
To question heaven and hell and heart in vain—  
Why did I laugh? I know this being's lease  
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads,  
Yet could I on this very midnight cease,  
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;  
Verse, fame, and beauty, are intense indeed,  
But death intenser, death is life's high meed."

"I went to bed and enjoyed an uninterrupted sleep."

The above sonnet is remarkably fine and of extreme interest. "The cloudy porch that opens on the sun" of Christianity is often made up of such misgivings as are therein expressed. The entire passage is valuable, moreover, as an illustration of the laborious introspection which must have been constantly exercised by the mind of Keats.



This introspection or self-consciousness is a very important element of the discipline which every great artist has probably at some time or other undergone, and it is a feature which deserves attentive consideration here, inasmuch as with the peculiar order of poets to which Keats must be said to have belonged, at least up to the time of the composition of "Hyperion," such self-consciousness becomes an integral portion of the effect, instead of remaining in the background as a subordinated mean of obtaining it. Concerning this characteristic of Keats' poetry we shall presently speak more at large. As a trait of the young poet's personal character, this habitual self-contemplation accounts for the apparent want of heart which sometimes repels us in his letters, and which seems to have rendered precarious such of his friendships as were not founded upon one side or the other, in hero-worship. Lastly, of this fragment of a hasty letter it is to be observed, that while for novelty of isolated thoughts and picturesqueness of expression it has scarcely an equal among the brilliant and labored products of the modern negative and transcendental Socinian school, it is also distinguished from these products by a degree of consecutiveness and integrity which, two or three years later, must have proved fatal to the maintenance of the philosophy wherewith those qualities are here associated.

The following are a few interesting glimpses of his feelings with regard to his own productions, of his profound sense of the importance of his vocation, and the magnitude of his task, and of his ordinary habits of composition and preparation for composition:—

"I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on a man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary perception and ratification of what is fine. T. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod Endymion. That it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may seem a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect poem, and with that view asked advice and trembled over every page, it would not have been written, for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently without judgment; I may write inde-

pendently and with judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had strayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure, for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest."

"I have copied my fourth book of Endymion, and shall write the preface soon; I wish it was all done, for I want to forget it and be free for something new."

"The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a drama, would, I think, be sufficient for a poem. I want to diffuse the coloring of St. Agnes' Eve, throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God should spare me, *written in the course of the next six years*, would be a famous gradus ad Parnassum altissimum; I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition when I do feel ambitious, which, I am sorry to say, is very seldom."

"I was proposing to travel over the north this summer; there is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing, I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions of—'Get learning and get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by; I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge; I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world; some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence—some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humor on all they meet, and in a thousand ways all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me: the road lies through application, study, and thought; I will pursue it, and for that end purpose retiring for some years."

"I should not have consented to these four months' tramping in the Highlands, but that I thought it would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use me to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should reach Homer."

"In poetry I have a few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their centre. 1st, I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as the wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance. 2d, Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it," &c.

It would have been difficult to hope too much of a man who had done so much as Keats, and who thought so little of it. We must distinguish between a man's confidence in his powers and his valuation of their products. A confidence in his own power is the half of power; whereas an overweening admiration of its results is the surest check upon its further development and exercise. "Extol not thy *deeds* in the counsel of thine own heart, (for thus) thou shalt eat up thy leaves and lose thy fruit, and leave thyself as a dry tree," is a precept no less important to the artist than to the moralist—if, indeed, in courtesy to an established error, we still speak of them as two. Keats' confidence in his capacity seems to have had no limit; but we would not hazard the opinion that the first was disproportioned to the last. The severe and subtle critic Coleridge is known to have regarded the promise exhibited by Keats as something exorbitant, unprecedented, and amazing; although it must be admitted that, judging from what remains to us of his opinions, he seems to have looked upon that promise as being rather gigantic to sense than spiritually great.

From the above passages we also gather that Keats was not likely to have failed for lack of diligence or ambition. "The sciences," writes Lord Bacon, "have been much hurt by pusillanimity, and the slenderness of the tasks men have proposed themselves." This is equally true of the arts, although the truth may not be equally apparent. Artists, indeed, have often proposed to themselves great subjects, but they have too often neglected to make great tasks of them. This would not have been the case with Keats, who, we see, looked upon six years' practice of expression, after he had already spent several years at it, and had attained therein to astonishing excellence, as a moderate apprenticeship to the Muses, and a necessary completion of his poetical minority.

"His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed," says Mr. Milnes of the poet; and with especial truth, of Keats. The external events of his history were not remarkable, and may be given in few words. His father was a person in the employ of Mr. Jennings, "the proprietor of large livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Jennings; he had two brothers and a sister. The three brothers seem, in their boyhood, which was spent at a good second class school, to have been chiefly notable for their attachment to

pugilistic amusements. John's "indifference to be thought well of as a good boy," was as remarkable as his facility in getting through the daily tasks of the school, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was never behind the others. His skill in all manly exercises, and the perfect generosity of his disposition, made him extremely popular. "After remaining some time at school, his intellectual ambition suddenly developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded." He left school, however, with "little Latin and less Greek." The twelve books of the *Æneid* seem to have constituted the bulk of his Latin reading. His acquaintance with the Greek Mythology, of which he afterwards made such abundant use, was derived chiefly from "Lemprière's Dictionary." His parents both died while he was young, and his share of the property left by them amounted to about two thousand pounds; enough to have kept any one but a poet out of pressing pecuniary difficulty for some time; but we hear of Keats being obliged to borrow money soon after he had attained his majority.

On leaving school, John, without having his wishes consulted, was apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon at Edmonton, where Mr. Cowden Clark became his neighbor and friend. Mr. Clark introduced him to the poet Spenser, whose writings at once exerted the most powerful, and as the readers of Keats know, the most lasting effect upon the mind of the embryo poet. Chaucer was his next passion, and for a short period he seems to have been pleased with the writings of Lord Byron. In 1817, Keats, being just then come of age, published his first volume of poems, which exhibited much of unmistakeable promise, and some performance. His most palpable acquisition in consequence of this publication was the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, Basil Montague, Hazlitt, and some others of distinguished literary standing. This first volume attracted little or no attention from the Reviewers. The nature of the reception of his second publication, "*Endymion*," is well known, although happily for the credit of poets, it turns out that the reading public has been grossly mistaken in the effect which, somehow or other, has been stupidly supposed to have been produced upon Keats by that reception. John Keats died of inevitable consumption; and the book before us proves past doubt that Blackwood and the Quarterly Review have not the dishonor of

having hastened the poet's death by one day. Visits to Scotland, Devonshire, and the Isle of Wight, were made by Keats during the years 1817 and 1818. In 1819, the great "event" of his life began to transpire: we mean the love-affair, of which something has already been said. Concerning this matter we have very few details, and from what we can gather it seems that the emotion did not arrive at its height until Keats was removed from its cause, by his journey to Italy in the autumn of 1820. We quote the following letter, less for its own deep and almost terribly painful interest, than because it shows that Keats, contrary to what might be supposed by his writings, was capable of an intense passion, and that he had, therefore, within him, what must subsequently have given his poetry a significance and substance that are not to be found in the works which he lived to produce:—

"NAPLES, Nov. 1, 1820.

"MY DEAR BROWN:—Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short calm letter—if that may be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of wretchedness that presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more, will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh God! God! everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk-lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her: I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England. I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampsted all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now! Oh that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her; to see her hand-writing would break my heart—even to hear of her any how, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write, which you will do immediately, write to Rome, (*poste restante*), if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

"My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novel-ties around me; I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast: it surprises me that the human heart is capable of bearing and containing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George and his wife, and you, and all!"

The closing scenes of Keats' life are given in the most vivid and heart-rending manner, by the letters of Keats, and of his friend Mr. Severn, the artist, who was with him to the last hour, and who devoted himself to the dying poet in a way that deserves the renown which Mr. Milnes' record will confer upon him. But upon these scenes we willingly drop the curtain, for the painfulness of them is unmingled.

The "Remains," which occupy the greater part of Mr. Milnes' second volume, are of great interest, as illustrating the growth, and suggesting the limits of the poet's power; but they are, for the most part, of little permanent literary value. Before we speak of them in detail, we shall make a few remarks upon some unexamined peculiarities of that school of modern poetry which is best represented by Keats; namely, the sensual and self-conscious. This school has been the offspring of that extraordinary cultivation of the critical faculties which is the grand distinguishing characteristic of our times.

It would be manifest upon reflection, if we did not know the fact from history, that the best periods of art and criticism are never coincident. The critical period is as necessarily subsequent to the best period of the art or arts criticised, as the artistical age is necessarily subsequent to, and not coincident with the age of the emotion, which is by art depicted and embalmed. Great results of art have always been the product of the general movement of a nation or a time; and such a movement could not possibly co-exist in its integrity with that advanced stage of the development of consciousness, which is the first requisite of a profound criticism. An analytical spirit, fatal to the production, though conducive, under certain circumstances, to the enjoyment of the highest art, is the life of criticism. Criticism, in modern times, has attained to an unprecedented excellence; and this has been the result of an unprecedented development

of consciousness. Into the question of the general absence of faith, which is the cause, and too often the consequence of such consciousness, we must not enter, although it is closely allied to our subject. The habit of consciousness exists, and we should make the best of it. We are fully aware of its many evils, and of the desirableness of a revolution in the spirit of the time; and we are persuaded that the spirit is essentially self-destructive; but it must become more conscious before it can become less so; let us not, then, endeavor to stifle the critical spirit, which now everywhere prevails; that would not be the way to amend: *on ne retrograde point vers le bien*: the work which is on hand, though, for the time, we should be happier and better had it never commenced, must now be finished: Nature, man and his works and his history are undergoing an examination, which is being prosecuted with amazing diligence and insight; the heat of the investigation will not cease while the fuel lasts; but that cannot be for ever; the critical spirit must turn at length to self-examination; the necessity of doing something more than contemplating that which has been done will be seen and felt; and it is confidently to be hoped that the world will then advance anew, and with steadier and straighter steps, for the long pause which will have been taken by it, in order to view and understand the direction and validity of all its former ways.

Although the same period cannot be at once critical and artistical in the highest degree, criticism and true art are, nevertheless, by no means incompatible with each other, up to a certain point. Wordsworth, Goethe, and Coleridge, have been the offspring of our intensely critical era; and there are few, we imagine, who would at present venture to deny the claim of these poets to a high place among the poets who are for all time. Nor have these writers, by any accident of retirement or peculiar studies, been withdrawn from the influence of the prevailing spirit; they themselves have performed the part generally taken by the first poets of the age; they themselves have been the leading instruments of the age's tendency; and, as such, they have acquired a peculiarity which is worthy of our notice: they seem to have attained to the limits of the critical region of the mind, to have beheld the promised land beyond, and to have become inspired by the prospect; so that it is true generally of the best poets of later years, that their Muse has been the daughter

of Hope, and not of Memory. The published works of Keats seem indeed to constitute an exception to this remark: we have, however, read an interesting fragment of his which enables us to deny the exceptional nature of this case. The fragment, which we regret that Mr. Milnes has not printed, consists of a kind of introduction to *Hyperion*, in which Keats, in the name of the world, bids farewell to the Grecian Mythology, *and to its spirit*. There is no document to inform us, and it is difficult to judge from the fragment itself, whether it was written before or after the publication of that part of *Hyperion* which is in possession of the public. The question of time, however, does not affect the interest of this production as showing that Keats had begun to feel the necessity of looking to the future for his subject and inspiration.

To take up the thread of our subject where we dropped it, to run our eye over the life of Keats,—By the word *sensual*, when we apply it to an entire school of poetry, we wish to be understood as speaking of a separate activity of sense, whatever may be the sphere in which it acts. The effect of sensuousness is produced when a strong passion of the mind finds its adequate expression in strong imagery of the senses. Deduct the passion, and you destroy the *sensuous*, and leave the *sensual*. Sensuousness, in an entire poem, is rhythm, or harmony; according as the poem is narrative and continuous, or picturesque and dramatic. Take away the passion, and the separate images, constituting with their connection, the general rhythmus or harmony, drop as beads from a string, into an inorganic heap, or lie, as beads when the string is more carefully withdrawn, in an order which seems vital only so long as when it is unexamined.

Such a piece of inorganism is the following "Ode to Apollo," which we extract from the "Remains," not because it is the best of them, but because it will best serve our purpose:—

"In thy western halls of gold,  
When thou sittest in thy state,  
Bards that erst sublimely told  
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,  
With fervor seized their adamantyne lyres,  
Whose cords are solid rays and twinkle radiant  
fires.

"Here Homer with his nervous arms  
Strikes the twanging harp of war,  
And even the western splendor warms,  
While the trumpets sound afar.

But what creates the most intense surprise,  
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

"Then through thy temple wide, melodious  
    swells  
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre;  
The soul delighted on each accent dwells—  
Enraptured dwells—not daring to respire,  
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

"Tis awful silence then again,  
Expectant stand the spheres;  
Breathless the laurel'd peers,  
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,  
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,  
And leave, once more, the ravished heavens in  
    peace.

"Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,  
And quickly forward spring  
The passions—a terrific band—  
And each vibrates the string  
That with its tyrant temper best accords,  
While from their master's lips pour forth the in-  
    spiring words.

"A silver trumpet Spenser blows,  
And as its martial notes to silence fly,  
From a virgin chorus flows  
A hymn in praise of spotless chastity.  
'Tis still! wild warblings from the Æolian lyre  
Enchantments softly breathe, and tremblingly ex-  
    pire.

"Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers  
Float along the pleased air,  
Calling youth from idle slumbers,  
Rousing them from pleasure's lair:  
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,  
And melts the soul to pity and to love.

"But when *thou* joinest with the nine,  
And all the powers of song combine,  
We listen here on earth;  
The dying tones that fill the air  
And charm the ear of evening fair,  
From thee, great god of bards, receive their heav-  
    enly birth."

We have chosen the above collocation of images for our first illustration, chiefly because it pairs well, as far as subject and mere command of language go, with another poem, which we give from an unpublished manuscript of Thomas Taylor, the translator of Plato, and which, besides being a fine example of passionate impetus and admirable harmony of thought, is very characteristic of the feelings and opinions of its eccentric author:—

"See how with thundering fiery feet  
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat,  
    That bar their radiant way;

Yoked by the circling hours they stand,  
Impatient at the god's command  
To bear the car of day.

"See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,  
Apollo mounts his golden seat,  
Replete with sevenfold fire;\*  
While, dazzling by his conquering light,  
Heaven's glittering host and awful night  
    Submissively retire.

"See! clothed with majesty and strength,  
Through sacred light's wide gates, at length  
The god exulting spring;  
While lesser deities around,  
And demon powers his praise resound,  
And hail their matchless king!

"Through the dark portals of the deep  
The foaming steeds now furious leap,  
And thunder up the sky.  
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,  
Which nature's harmonies inspire,  
And ravish as they fly.

"Ev'n dreadful Hyle's sea profound  
Feels the enchanting conquering sound,  
And boils with rage no more;  
The World's dark boundary, Tart'rus hears,  
And life-inspiring strains reveres,  
And stills its wild uproar.

"And while through heaven the god sublime  
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time  
Fast by his chariot run:  
Observant of the fiery steeds,  
Silent the hoary king proceeds,  
And hymns his parent Sun.

"See! as he comes, with general voice  
All Nature's living tribes rejoice,  
And own him as their king.  
Ev'n rugged rocks their heads advance,  
And forests on the mountains dance,  
And hills and valleys sing.

"See! while his beauteous glittering feet  
In mystic measures ether beat,  
Enchanting to the sight,  
Pæan,† whose genial locks diffuse  
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,  
Exulting springs to light.

"Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,  
And scattering wide the blaze of day,  
Lifts high his scourge of fire,  
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,  
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,  
Dread its avenging ire.

"Hail! crowned with light, creation's king!  
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,  
And vindicate thy might;

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\* That is, with his own proper fire, and with the fire of the other planets.  
† A name of Apollo.

Thy honors spread through barb'rous climes,  
Ages unborn, and impious times,  
And realms involved in night."

In its phraseology and its separate images, this fine poem is about on a level with the foregoing "Ode:" but there is a charm in Taylor's effusion which is wholly wanting in the verses of Keats. Taylor believed what he was writing; he was, as most of our readers are aware, a light-worshipper, and was in this poem pouring forth real idolatry to the sun. His feeling taught him secrets of the poet's art, which were not revealed to the lazy labor of Keats, in his lines about Apollo. The frequently repeated and splendidly effective "Sea!" was the true and inimitable suggestion of sincere emotion, as is proved by the otherwise inartificial character of the poem; the alliteration with which the poem abounds is evidently the unconscious effect of passion; the music is occasionally exquisite; there are no more beautiful eight syllables in this respect in English poetry than those which constitute the second line of the eighth stanza; and these are all of them excellencies which have rarely been arrived at by a poet of the sensual school, however highly cultivated may have been his peculiar faculties.

The characteristic beauties of the sensual school are now so very generally appreciated, that we shall be doing the cause of English poetry the best service in our power by dwelling here almost exclusively upon its less obvious, though still more characteristic faults. Among the principal of these are, imperfect artistical construction, extreme literalness of expression, defective perception of true harmony, and, as a consequence of the last, unskilfulness in the choice and management of metres, and incapacity for the invention of them.

We know not of a single fine measure that is to be attributed to the poets of this order; on the other hand, they have produced a multiplicity of metres which are wholly wanting in law and meaning, and of which the existence can be accounted for only by supposing that the arrangement of rhymes, and of the varying numbers of feet in the lines, arising in the composition of the first few verses, became negligently fixed upon as the form of stanza for the whole poem. The only striking proof of the existence of true metrical power in Keats, seems to us to occur in the measure of a little, and almost unknown poem, called "La belle Dame sans merci," which appeared first in

one of Mr. Leigh Hunt's weekly publications, and is reprinted now in the "Remains." This poem is, indeed, among the most mark-worthy of the productions of Keats; besides being good and original in metre, it is simple, passionate, sensuous, and, above all, truly musical.

Concerning the extreme self-consciousness which characterized Keats, and showed itself in his poems, we have only space to remark, that this quality was the chief cause of the excess of sense over sentiment, of which we have complained, and to adduce the following additional documentary proof of the existence of this self-consciousness in Keats' habits of thought:—"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately. I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed; I, who for a long time have been addicted to passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this, observe, I sat down yesterday to read King Lear once again. The thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet; I wrote it, and began to read."

We have already stated our belief that this consciousness is a stage through which the modern mind must pass on its road to excellence; it is not, therefore, the less a defect while it exists. Keats died before he had outgrown this stage, as he certainly must have done, had he lived a few years more. As it was, the best of Keats' poetry, by reason of the quality in question, falls considerably short of the highest beauty, which, whether it be sweet or severe, is always the spontaneous, or unconscious obedience of spirit to law: when the obedience is unopposed, sweetness results, when it meets with opposition, severity is expressed: witness, for example, the "Venus de Medici," and the "Niobe." The highest, the only true beauty, is thus the beauty of holiness; and since obedience is essential humility, beauty, by becoming proud and self-conscious, reverses its own nature, and is not the less essential deformity for its assumption of the shape of an angel of light.

It remains for us formally to introduce to our readers the "Remains," which occupy the bulk of the second of the two little volumes before us. Altogether they will not add to the very high reputation of Keats. The tragedy called "Otho the Great" is the most important of these productions. It contains extremely little that is truly dramatic; and that little wants originality, be-

ing evidently imitated, even to the rhythms of the separate lines, from Shakspeare, and more often from that bad, but very tempting model, Fletcher. There is, however, one passage that strikes us as being finer, in its peculiar way, than anything in the hitherto published writings of Keats. We quote it the more readily, because it stands almost alone, and constitutes the chief right possession by the tragedy to the time and attention of our readers; for highly interesting as the work must be to *students* of poetry, and of the poetical character, we are bound to confess that, on the whole, it exhibits a strange dearth even of the author's common excellencies.

The Prince Ludolph, driven mad by the sudden discovery of the guilt of his bride, enters the banquet-room in which the bridal party is assembled :

## LUDOLPH.

"A splendid company. Rare beauties here ;  
I should have Orphean lips and Plato's fancy,  
*Amphion's utterance toned with his lyre,*  
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,  
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,  
As I came in, some whispers—what of that !  
'Tis natural men should whisper ;—at the kiss  
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz  
Among the gods !—and silence as is natural.  
These draperies are fine, and being mortal,  
I should desire no better ; yet, in truth,  
There must be some superior costliness,  
Some wider-domed high magnificence !  
*I would have, as a mortal I may not,*  
*Hangings of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,*  
*Slung from the spheres ; gauzes of silver mist,*  
*Looped up with cords of twisted wreathed light,*  
*And tasselled round with weeping meteors !*  
*These pendant lamps and chandeliers are bright*  
*As earthly fires from dull dross can be cleansed ;*  
*Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams*  
*Undazzled—this is darkness ; when I close*  
*These lids, I see far fiercer brilliancies,*  
*And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,*  
*Skies full of splendid moons and shooting stars,*  
*And panting fountains quivering with deep glows.*  
Yes—this is dark—is it not dark ?

\* \* \* \* \*

There should be three more here :  
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,  
Being gloomy minded, haters of fair revels—  
They know their own thoughts best. As for the  
third,

Deep blue eyes—semi-shaded in white lids,  
Finished with lashes fine for more soft shade.  
Completed by her twin-arched ebon brows ;  
*White temples of exactest elegance,*  
*Of even mould, felicitous and smooth ;*  
*Cheeks fashioned tenderly on either side,*  
*So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes*  
*Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,*

*And wonder that 'tis so—the magic chance !*  
*Her nostrils small, fragrant, fairy, delicate,*  
*Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore*  
*So taking a disguise."*

Next in consideration to "Otho the Great," stands an attempt in the comic style, called "The Cap and Bells." The humor is of a very indifferent vein, depending chiefly upon the introduction of slang, or extremely colloquial phrases, in immediate connection with more serious expressions. There are, however, frequent touches of charming poetry ; for example—

"'Good ! good !' cried Hum, 'I have known her  
from a child !

She is a changeling of my management ;  
She was born at midnight in an Indian wild ;  
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,  
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent  
Into the jungles ; and her palanquin  
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,  
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen  
*The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene."*

Of the two following stanzas, the first is as good an illustration of the mistakes of the poem as the second is of its beauties :—

"'Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical ;  
Those *nows* you managed in a special style !'  
'If ever you have leisure, sire, you shall  
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while ;  
Tit-bits for Phœbus !—yes, you well may smile.'  
'Hark ! hark ! the bells—a little further yet,  
Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil.'  
Then the great emperor full graceful set  
His elbow for a prop, and snuffed his mignonette.

"The morn is full of holiday ; loud bells  
With rival clamors ring from every spire ;  
Cunningly stationed music dies and swells  
In echoing places, when the winds respire,  
Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire ;  
A metropolitan murmur, lifeful, warm,  
Comes from the northern suburbs, rich attire  
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm ;  
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen  
alarm."

Of the lesser poems "The Song of Four Fairies," and the fragment called "The Eve of St. Mark," deserve especial attention, but they are too long to quote. We must close our extracts with a grand and subtle sonnet

## ON THE SEA.

"It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,

That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
 Oh, ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the sea ;  
 Oh, ye whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody.  
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired !"

Ere we conclude, we must again entreat that we may not be misunderstood in what has been put forth by us concerning the shortcomings of Keats in his character as a poet. Were we to speak at full all the praise which we believe his writings merit, we should satisfy the blindest of his admirers ; but we have dwelt rather upon the faults of Keats, because while they have been very much less generally perceived than his excellencies, the perception of them is by no means of less importance to the health of English literature. When we remember that poets are unconsciously received in the world as the highest authorities upon matters of feeling, and therefore of morals, we cannot think that we have dwelt even fully enough upon the deficiencies of the last phase which our poetry has assumed. We console ourselves with the assurance that it is a phase which cannot be an enduring one. Poetry in Eng-

land has passed through three great epochs, and is now in the early youth of the fourth, and let us hope the noblest. Natural and religious, almost by compulsion, nearly till the time of Milton, the muse at last endeavored to be something other and more than these ; with Cowley and his train, she affected elaborate, artificial, and meretricious ornament ; but the re-action appeared in that school of *sensible* poets, of which Dryden and Pope were the chief doctors ; we are now returning to the right path ; nothing can be more laudable than have been the *aims* of most of our modern poets, and we found our extraordinary hopes of the final success of the school, less upon any earnest we have received of the harvest than upon the incontrovertible truth that "Whatsoever we desire in youth, in age we shall plentifully obtain."

It remains for us to assure our readers that Mr. Milnes, whose prose style is the completest, in its happy way, that we are acquainted with, has executed his task with accomplished taste. For a poet to have conducted the autobiography of a brother poet, as Mr. Milnes has done, without having once overstepped the modest office of an "editor," is an exhibition of self-denial which is now as rare as it is worthy of imitation.

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## IT CANNOT BE SO LONG AGO.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

It cannot be so long ago,  
 But yesterday it seems,  
 When hand in hand, and to and fro,  
 Where on the banks sweet violets grow,  
 We wander'd by the streams,  
 A girl and boy ; and now I gaze  
 Upon your locks as white as snow,  
 Yet mem'ry brings back those sweet days—  
 It cannot be so long ago !

It cannot be so long ago,  
 Or was it but a dream ?  
 Methinks e'en now, I long to go,  
 Where on the banks those bright flowers grow  
 Where flows the rippling stream ;  
 Yet past and gone is many a year,  
 For thus the stream of life must flow,  
 We scarcely mark its bright career—  
 It cannot be so long ago !



From the North British Review.

## AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS ELUCIDATED.

*The Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated, including a Biographical Memoir of Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Barré, M.P.* BY JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.  
London: 1848.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA\* must still be the inscription upon the intellectual mausoleum of Junius. Eighty suns have revolved since this political Meteor burst upon our horizon. Under the censure of Junius the sovereign trembled on his throne;—the corrupt statesman crouched beneath his rod;—the pliant judge smarted under his rebuke;—the fawning courtier writhed under the agony of his lash;—and the Lords and Commons of England were at once the sport of his wit, and the victims of his wrath. Regarding as inseparable the private character and the political acts of public men, and viewing the immorality of the Court as the fountain of social corruption, he dragged into public view the licentiousness of public men, and thus subjected himself to the imputation of writing under the excitement of personal feeling, and of assuming the mask of a political moralist, in order to aim a shaft at the heart of an enemy, or strike a blow at the character of a friend.

It is easy to understand how Junius has been charged with "falsehood and malice" by those whose private character he unveiled, or who were stung with the sharpness of his wit, or smarted under the asperity of his satire; but these charges have never been substantiated; and when we study the disclosures which time is continually drawing forth from the epistolary stores of the past, we have no hesitation in hazarding the opinion, that Junius may yet be proved to have neither magnified the corruptions of the Government which he denounced, nor malignantly calumniated the officials who composed it.

It may be, and has been, a question how far, in the discussion of public measures, we are entitled to pry into the character, and

emblazon the vices of public men. In seasons of national emergency, the State may require for its service the talent and practical wisdom of men who may not be distinguished for their religious or moral qualities; but in the settled and normal condition of a Christian land, where the rights of the reigning family rest upon a religious qualification, and where adhesion to a Creed is demanded from the functionaries of the State, it would be an insult to the feelings and to the faith of a nation, to place either a skeptic or a profligate in power; and were such a character intrusted with high and responsible functions, we should hold it to be a public duty to expose his profanity, or his licentiousness. There are infirmities, however,—there are even vices, which shrink from the public gaze, and which neither invite our imitation nor demand our rebuke. Charity throws her veil over insulated immoralities, into which great and good men may be occasionally betrayed, and which accident or malignity may have placed before the public eye. When remorse or shame pursue the offender, public censure may well be spared. Vice has no attractive phase, when the culprit is seen in sackcloth or in tears. But when licentiousness casts its glare from a throne,—or sparkles in the coronet of rank,—or stains the ermine of justice,—or skulks in the cleft of the mitre,—or is wrapped up in the senatorial robe,—or cankers the green wreath of genius,—when acts of political corruption, or public immorality are mingled with individual, domestic, or social vices, courting imitation or applause, and offering violence to the feelings and principles of the community, it becomes the duty of the patriot and the moralist to hold up to public shame the enemies of public virtue.

\* *The shadow of his name survives.*

Such a patriot and moralist was Junius. The flash of his mental eye scathed as with a lightning-stroke the minions of corruption, and men paused in their career of political mischief in order to avoid the fate of his victims. Envenomed with wit and winged with sarcasm, his shafts carried dismay into the ranks of his adversaries, and they struck deeper into their prey in proportion to the polish with which they had been elaborated. And when he failed to annoy and dislodge his antagonist by the light troops of his wit and ridicule, he brought up in reserve the heavy artillery of a powerful and commanding eloquence. In thus discharging the duties of a public censor and in defending, at the risk of his life, the laws and constitution of his country, we may admire the courage of Junius, and even proffer to him our gratitude, though we disown his political principles and disapprove of his conduct. As the enemy of public corruption and the assertor of public rights, every succeeding age will do homage to his intrepidity and success; and if during the prosecution of a lofty purpose he occasionally forgot in the heat of controversy the courtesies of polished life, the patriot will but shed a tear over human frailty, and fix his eye on the great truths which may have been established, or the important victory which has been achieved. In the moral and in the physical world the forces which are called into action must obey the laws from which they originate. The solar ray may occasionally consume when its purpose is but to illuminate, and the tornado which is sent to purify our atmosphere bears in its bosom the elements of death and desolation. In social life the intellectual powers must often perform their functions under the high pressure of the passions and affections; and even when most nobly and generously exercised, they may display the temperature of the one and the taint of the other. The good done by Junius has lived after him, let the evil be interred with his bones.

Although the scenes in which Junius played so conspicuous a part have been, to a certain extent, cast into the shade by the wars and revolutions of modern times, yet the public anxiety to give life to his shade has not abated; and were we to judge by the number of the works which have been published for the purpose of identifying him with some eminent statesman,\* we should

draw the inference that the political changes which convulse the age in which we live have but created a more ardent desire to discover the name of a writer who in "thoughts that breathed and words that burned" defended the inalienable rights of Englishmen, while he warned them against any revolutionary inroads upon the constitution by which these rights were secured.

In attempting to substantiate the charges of malignity and personality which have been brought against Junius, his accusers have availed themselves of most unjust and unpardonable assumptions. He is supposed to have written a number of other letters bearing various signatures, and containing virulent attacks upon public men to whom, in his acknowledged compositions, he had avowed the deepest attachment. He is thus arraigned as the warm friend and the bitter enemy of Lord Chatham, and he is made to occupy the odious position of the worshipper and the slanderer of Lord Shelburne. The accusers of Junius, too, presuming that they have identified him with some contemporary statesman, charge him—and justly charge him, if their hypothesis be true—with attacking those with whom he lived on the most intimate terms, and to whom he was under the greatest obligations.\* If Sir Philip Francis was the author of these letters, as some of Junius' accusers believe, we admit at once the truth of the charge. He who assails with intemperate abuse the Government of his country while he is eating its bread and doing its work—who exposes the immoralities and sullies the honor of a noble family while he shares their confidence and enjoys their hospitality—and he who slanders his benefactor and aims his deadliest shaft at the patron who placed him in office—deserves to be made an outlaw from social life, and stigmatized as the basest of mankind. But Sir Philip Francis was not guilty of being Junius, and Junius was not Sir Philip Francis—not a clerk in the War Office, and the slanderer of Lord Barrington, not the protégé and the calumniator of Mr. Welbore Ellis, (Lord Mendip,) not the guest and the spy at the Duke of Bedford's table. Junius was neither ATTICUS, nor LUCIUS, nor BRUTUS, nor DOMITIAN. These personages must occupy their own niche in the temple of fame; the reputation of Junius requires no supplement from theirs, and the name of Junius shall not be sullied either by their errors or their crimes.

\* No less than eleven works, having for their object the identification of Junius with some distinguished character, have been published since the peace of 1815.

\* Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*, &c., pp. 115, 116.

Regarding Junius, aloof from his contemporaries, and unidentified with any brilliant name, let us view him as a shadow hovering above the mighty obelisk which has been reared to his genius—as England's Shakespeare in prose—and let us consider what may have been his probable position in the conflict which he waged, and what palliation that position may offer for the ardor of, his temperament and the severity of his judgments. Let us suppose him holding office under Lord Shelburne—deprived of that office by a change of ministry—unconnected by ties of gratitude or affection with most of the public characters of the day—prompted and aided by the chiefs of his party—obtaining his materials, sometimes correct, sometimes exaggerated, and sometimes false,\* through the same party channels, and without the power, as an anonymous writer, of inquiring into their truth—daring through the press to stem the tide of political corruption, to stifle in their birth the schemes of ministerial intrigue—to protect the public journalist from malicious prosecutions—to expose private vices when united with the power of doing mischief to the community, and even to remonstrate with the sovereign against the folly and treachery of his servants.† Supposing this to have been the position which Junius held, and these the functions which he fearlessly, and often successfully, exercised, his moral portrait displays a nobler phase than if it bore the autograph of Burke, or of Barré, of Francis, or of Sackville. But even if Junius were identified with some contemporaneous politician, whether a peer of the realm, or a clerk in the War Office, we venture to say that we could point out in the speeches and writings of living statesmen, and in the anonymous essays and reviews

\* On the testimony of Dr. Musgrave, for example, it had been generally believed, and therefore asserted by Junius, that the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Bute had concluded the peace of Paris under the influence of a bribe from France. In our own day, analogous charges have been made against ministers, not anonymously, but even in the House of Commons, and in their own hearing. On the other hand, in order to make out a charge of falsehood against Junius, it has been alleged that Lord Mansfield did not, as alleged by Junius, drink the health of the Pretender on his knees. But it is positively asserted, "that Lord Ravensworth, in 1753, before the Privy Council, convicted Lord Mansfield of that offence."

† In his celebrated expostulation with the king, while Junius expressed it as the first wish of his heart, "that the people may be free," he as sincerely avowed it to be the second, that his majesty "might long continue king of a free people."

which have been ascribed to public men, as grave examples of "virulent abuse," "envious malignity," "rash accusation," and even "ferocious personality," as are to be found in the genuine, or even in the spurious pages of that immortal author. In an age more religious than his, and when the courtesies of society are better known and more widely practised, and under Governments whose functionaries were men of high character, and where corruption was the exception, and not, as it then was, the rule, party spirit has borne the same bitter and noxious fruit; and whatever be our progress in refinement and civilization, we shall have to deplore in the dialectics of political strife all the malice and asperity and personality which have been associated with the name of Junius.

Such are the general views under which we shall now proceed to the subject of the identification of Junius; but as many of our readers are but imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances under which his letters were composed and published, we must, for their benefit, make a few preliminary observations. The genuine letters of Junius, seventy-one in number, including two to Lord Chatham, which have been only recently published,\* were written between the 2d January, 1768, and the 21st January, 1772. They first appeared in the Public Advertiser, conducted by H. S. Woodfall. They were afterwards collected into a volume by their author, and dedicated, in an eloquent address, to the English Nation. The Duke of Grafton was at the head of the Tory administration, which was then in power. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief-Justice; Lord Weymouth and the Earl of Hillsborough, Secretaries of State; The Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief; and Viscount Townshend, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The letters of Junius, when not addressed to the editor of the Public Advertiser, were addressed chiefly to the three first of these distinguished statesmen; and as Junius was a moderate Whig, with scarcely any leaning to democratic principles, he was the admirer and supporter of Lord Shelburne and Lord Chatham, while he denounced the measures of the Grafton administration, and exerted all his influence to damage it in public opinion, and restore Lord Shelburne to power. At the commencement of these discussions, a controversy

\* Chatham's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 305, and iv. p. 190.

arose between Junius and Sir William Draper, which occupies six letters; and about two and a half years afterwards, another controversy sprung up between Junius and the Rev. Mr. Horne, which occupies five letters, all of which are written with a spirit and talent which have been universally admired.

After the publication of his first public letter on the 21st of January, 1769, which contained a general review of the character and conduct of the ministry, and after the termination of the sharp controversy with Sir William Draper, the fame and popularity of Junius were established. The poignancy of his wit and satire, the splendor of his diction, the logic of his argument, and the power of his eloquence confounded the ministry, and inspired the opposition with new energy and zeal. The anxiety of the public, the hatred of his enemies, and even the admiration of his friends, were combined in the attempt to remove his mask, and discover his retreat. Spies of all shades were employed in this secret service, and even David Garrick seems to have undertaken the task of detecting him. Junius, however, obtained intelligence of their schemes, and by his own skill and caution, coupled with the honesty of Woodfall, he baffled every attempt to unveil him. When his Letters to the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Bedford were published, new motives for his detection presented themselves, but when his celebrated Letter to the King appeared, bold beyond all precedent, and eloquent above all eloquence, a new spirit was awakened against Junius, which rendered it necessary for his personal safety to persist in the concealment of his name. Upon this "mighty boar of the forest" Burke, who gave him this name, pronounced a splendid eulogy, and while he denounced the severity of his censure, he admitted that in the Letter to the King, there were "many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit." "It was the rancor and venom," he continues, "with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected in this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouch, and still crouch, beneath his rage, nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow,\* sir.

He has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our Royal Eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. *Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and his integrity?* He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public." Even Lord North, who was now Prime Minister, and to whom Junius had addressed his fortieth letter on the appointment of Colonel Luttrell, deplored the popularity of Junius, and looked forward to his detection and punishment. "Why, therefore," says he, "should we wonder that the great boar of the wood, this mighty Junius, has broke through the toils, and foiled the hunter? Though there may be at present no spear that will reach him, yet he may be some time or other caught. At any rate he will be exhausted with fruitless efforts; those tusks which he has been whetting to wound and gnaw the constitution, will be worn out. Truth will at last prevail."

Having abandoned the hope of discovering Junius, the Government wreaked their vengeance on Woodfall, the printer, by prosecuting him for a libel upon the king. The jury, however, notwithstanding the unconstitutional charge to them by Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, that they should find a verdict of "guilty or not guilty," brought in a verdict of "*printing and publishing only*," which defeated the designs of the Government, and gave a new triumph to Junius and the Opposition.

The anxiety to discover Junius now became more eager than ever. So high were his Letters in public estimation that Burke was suspected to be their author. Lord Mansfield, Sir William Blackstone, and Sir William Draper, adopted this opinion. Mrs. Burke once admitted that her husband knew the author, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Malone believed that though Burke did not write them, "he polished and finished them for the public eye." Dr. Johnson believed Burke to be Junius, "because he

\* The Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir

Fletcher Norton, "was distinguished by a pair of large black eyebrows."—*Prior's Life of Burke*, vol. i.

knew no man but Burke who was capable of writing them ;" but Burke "spontaneously denied it" to Johnson himself. Two pamphlets have been written to prove the identity of Burke and Junius, and Mr. Prior, in his recent life of him, has made an elaborate attempt to confirm this opinion ; but his arguments are utterly futile, and prove only what is now almost universally believed, that Junius was an Irishman.\*

After Burke's indignant and spontaneous denial that he was Junius, Sir William Draper and others expressed their conviction that Lord George Sackville was the man, and an elaborate work of nearly 400 pages has been published by Mr. Coventry, in order to confer upon him this honor. That Lord George Sackville had many and peculiar reasons for denouncing, with all the severity of Junius, the administration of the Duke of Grafton and its individual members, will be readily granted, but no arguments have been adduced to prove that he possessed those lofty acquirements, and that power of composition,† which must be demanded from every competitor. Mr. Coventry has given *twenty-four criteria* or *testimonials*, as he calls them, which must be produced in favor of the true Junius, and by adopting the spurious letters as genuine, he finds no difficulty in producing them all on the part of his favorite ; but we have no hesitation in asserting now, what we shall by and by prove, that his book is as devoid of argument as his hypothesis is of probability.

Many other competitors for the fame of Junius have been presented for public acceptance, and volumes written to establish their claims. Some have even grasped at the high honor of being Junius, while others have imitated his style, and used his expressions, and adopted his sentiments, in order to have some distant chance of bearing his name.‡

\* Prior's *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 186.

† In an address to the public, which Lord George Sackville printed previous to his trial in 1760, he says—"I had rather upon this occasion submit myself to all the inconveniences that may arise from the want of style, than borrow assistance from the pen of others, as I can have no hopes of establishing my character but from the force of truth."

‡ The following is a list of the persons who have been named either by themselves or others as the authors of Junius' Letters: W. H. Cavendish Bentinck, (Duke of Portland,) the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, (Earl of Orford,) Lord George Sackville, Edmund Burke, Dr. Gilbert Stewart, Hugh Macauley Boyd, Counsellor Dunning, (Lord Ashburton,) Richard Glover, (author of *Leonidas*,) W. G. Hamilton, (Single Speech Hamilton,) Sir William Jones, General Lee, (an Ameri-

can,) John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Charles Lloyd, secretary to Mr. George Grenville, Henry Flood, M.P., Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, William Greatrakes, John Roberts, originally a treasury clerk, M. De Lolme, Dr. Wilmot, Samuel Dyer, (a literary character, and a friend of Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke,) Edward Gibbon, Thomas Hollics, Dr. Butler, (Bishop of Hereford,) Sir Philip Francis, Colonel Barré, and Colonel Lachlan Maclean.

It would be an unprofitable task, if not at present an impracticable one, to give even the shortest analysis of the arguments which have been employed in favor of the different candidates for the honor of being Junius. Our proper business at present is to lay before our readers some account of Mr. Britton's new work, in which he attempts to identify with Junius the celebrated Colonel Isaac Barré. After doing this, we shall review what have been regarded the superior pretensions of Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville, and also those of Colonel Lachlan Maclean, which in our opinion have a still stronger claim upon public notice.

The object of Mr. Britton's work is thus described by himself :—

"For the last twelve months I have sought by extensive reading, inquiry, and correspondence, to obtain authentic satisfactory evidence, and the result is that the materials I have accumulated, whilst they serve to elucidate the political and private character and talents of the anonymous AUTHOR of the LETTERS—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARRE, also point out and implicate his intimate associates, LORD SHELburne and Mr. DUNNING. There are likewise some extraordinary revelations respecting William Greatrakes, whose career in life, and the circumstances attending his death, with the disposal of his property, abound in mystery, and are pregnant with suspicion. The story of this gentleman is a romance of real life, and like that of the concealed author is enveloped in a cloak of ambiguity and darkness ; yet it is confidently believed that he was the amanuensis to Colonel Barré, and also his confidential agent and messenger. To identify these persons and explain their connection with the public correspondence referred to, to bring out facts of dates and deeds from the dark and intricate recesses in which they were studiously and cunningly concealed, to reconcile and account for contradictions and inconsistencies, have occasioned more anxiety, toil, and scrupulous analysis than can possibly be imagined by any person who has never attempted a similar task. The issue and effects, however, are now submitted to that public tribunal which invariably awards a proper and a just decision, and which I feel assured will ultimately pronounce an impartial verdict, whether favorable or adverse to the author's hopes and opinions."—PREFACE, p. vi.

It has always been believed that Lord

can,) John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Charles Lloyd, secretary to Mr. George Grenville, Henry Flood, M.P., Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, William Greatrakes, John Roberts, originally a treasury clerk, M. De Lolme, Dr. Wilmot, Samuel Dyer, (a literary character, and a friend of Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke,) Edward Gibbon, Thomas Hollics, Dr. Butler, (Bishop of Hereford,) Sir Philip Francis, Colonel Barré, and Colonel Lachlan Maclean.

Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, was somehow or other connected with the composition of the letters of Junius. When he quitted office in 1768, and went into opposition to the government which succeeded him, it was highly probable that some of the distinguished individuals who sat in Parliament for his boroughs of Calne or Wycombe, or who held the office of his private secretary, or of Under Secretary of State when he was in power, would embark in the defence of their leaders, and wage war against the ministry which displaced them. The Duke of Grafton, and the other members of the Cabinet, had, by their misconduct and intrigues, compelled Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne to resign, and it is among the men who suffered by their resignation, who had imbibed their principles, and were actuated by their feelings, that a disinterested inquirer would naturally look for the original of Junius. That Lord Shelburne knew Junius, and everything connected with the writing of his letters, is placed beyond a doubt by the evidence of Sir Richard Philips, who had a personal interview with him when Marquis of Lansdowne in 1804, and only a week before his death. After Sir Richard had stated to his lordship "that many persons had ascribed these letters to him, and that the world at large conceived that at least he was not unacquainted with the author," the Marquis smiled and said, "No, no, I am not equal to Junius, I could not be the author; but the grounds of secrecy are now so far removed by death and changes of circumstances, that it is unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown. The world is curious about him, and I could make a very interesting publication on the subject. I knew Junius, and *I knew all about the writing and production of these letters.* But look," said he, "at my condition. I don't think I can live a week; my legs, my strength tell me so; but the doctors, who always flatter sick men, assure me I am in no immediate danger. They order me into the country, and I am going there. If I live over the summer, which, however, I don't expect, I promise you a very interesting pamphlet about Junius. I will put my name to it. I will set that question at rest for ever." When still further pressed by Sir Richard, his lordship added: "I'll tell you this for your guide generally: *Junius* has never yet been publicly named. None of the parties ever guessed at as Junius was the true Junius. Nobody has ever suspected him. I knew him, and knew all about it, and I pledge

myself, if these legs will permit me, to give you a pamphlet on the subject as soon as I feel myself equal to the labor."\*

As this remarkable declaration disproved every preceding theory of Junius that had come under his lordship's notice, some attempts were made to discredit the statement of Sir Richard Philips; but Sir Richard had no motive for practising any such deception upon the public; and even if his personal character did not protect him from such a charge, it would require evidence of a very peculiar kind to justify us even in doubting the truth of a statement so very probable in all its details. As Colonel Barré therefore had never been publicly named as the author of the letters of Junius, and as he was the personal and political friend of Lord Shelburne, Mr. Britton's theory rests upon a sound and rational foundation, and his arguments are entitled to a fair and candid examination. We regret, however, to find that he has taken it for granted that Junius is the author of the unacknowledged letters collected by Mr. George Woodfall, and that he has drawn many of his arguments from this fallacious source. Many years ago, the writer of this article had communicated to Mr. Woodfall himself his conviction that these letters were not the genuine production of Junius, and we are glad to observe that the same opinion has been recently maintained with much ability in the pages of the *Athenæum*. By rejecting these letters as his, we place the character of Junius in a more favorable light, while we deprive Mr. Britton of some of the strongest arguments in favor of Colonel Barré's claim.

When Mr. Britton was at Hungerford about the end of the last century, he became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Popham of Chilton, who had held for more than twenty years the vicarage of Lacock, in the vicinity of Bowood, the seat of Lord Shelburne. He was an occasional guest at that hospitable house during the period from 1769 to 1772, when the letters of Junius were publishing. Counsellor Dunning and Colonel Barré, for many years, spent the parliamentary recess at Bowood, the one having long represented the burgh of Calne, and the other that of High Wycombe. Dr. Popham was therefore often in their society, and among other subjects he heard the letters of Junius frequently discussed. He was surprised at the "difference of their language," when that subject was discussed by themselves, and in mixed parties, and he came to the conclusion that

\* *Monthly Magazine*, July, 1812.

they were either the authors of the letters, or were familiar with the writer. On a particular day, when Dr. Popham and the three politicians were the whole party at dinner, Junius was not only the subject of conversation, but a certain attack upon him was freely discussed. One of the party remarked, that this attack would be shown up and confuted in the next day's Advertiser. When the paper arrived next day, there appeared a note from the printer stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. Dr. Popham concluded from these facts that one of his three friends was Junius; and Mr. Britton informs us that Mr. Bayliff, and Mr. Ralph Gaby, two respectable solicitors of Chippenham, who had frequently met with the same parties at Bowood, entertained a similar opinion.

About the same time, Mr. Britton's attention was directed to a tombstone in Hungerford churchyard, to the memory of William Greatrakes, on which was the following inscription:—"Here are deposited the remains of William Greatrakes, Esq., a native of Ireland, who, on his way from Bristol to London, died in this town, in the 52d year of his age, on the 2d day of August, 1781. STAT NOMINIS UMBRA." This gentleman was a great friend of Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré, and was an inmate in Lord Shelburne's house during the publication of the letters of Junius. A Captain Stopford, who attended Greatrakes on his deathbed, asserted that he had told him that he was the author of the letters of Junius, and a relation of the family is said to have discovered in his trunk "the letters of Junius, in the hand-writing of the deceased young man, with all the interlineations, corrections, and erasures, which sufficiently established them as the original manuscripts!"\* From these facts, Mr. Britton concludes, that Mr. Greatrakes "was intimately concerned in the letters of Junius," "and that the task which devolved upon him was to copy the letters for the printer, under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Barré."

The opinion that Colonel Barré alone was Junius, was first broached and maintained by Captain Henderson, ordnance store-keeper at Chester, who in 1837 transmitted to the writer of this article an account of his investigations. Captain Henderson died in March, 1847, when he was preparing his remarks on Junius for the press; but Mr. Britton had access to his papers, and a very

good abstract of his inquiries is now in our possession.

Isaac Barré was the son of a foreign refugee, "settled by the Bishop of Clogher in a shop in Dublin, because his wife had nursed one of the bishop's children," and he was born in that city about the end of 1726. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1740, and his name was entered in one of the Inns of Court in London, with the view of studying for the bar. Disliking, however, the profession which had been imposed upon him, he obtained an ensigncy in the 32d foot, on the 12th of February, 1746. His regiment, which was then in Flanders, returned to England in 1747; and having again gone to the Continent in 1748, it remained there till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in the same year. From 1749 to 1753, Barré was at Gibraltar; and in the years 1754, 1755, (when he was made lieutenant,) and 1756, his regiment was quartered in Scotland. In 1758, Barré left his regiment, and went out as a volunteer with the celebrated Wolfe, then Colonel of the 20th regiment, on the unsuccessful expedition to Rochefort. In order to make amends for the failure, in the same year, of Admiral Holburne's naval expedition, Wolfe was selected by Mr. Pitt as brigadier under Sir Jeffery Amherst to make a second attack upon Louisburg, and Lieutenant Barré was again chosen to accompany him. After the capture of Louisburg, and in consequence of his ill health, Wolfe, accompanied by Barré, returned to England towards the end of 1758. Wolfe, with the rank of major-general, and Barré, who had been made major of brigade, were appointed to the famous expedition against Quebec—Wolfe to have the special command of it in co-operation with Sir Jeffery Amherst. The expedition set sail in February, 1759, Monckton, Townshend, (afterwards Lord Townshend,) and Murray being the brigadier-generals, and Major Barré adjutant-general. The last dispatch written by Wolfe "was ascribed by the current report of the army to Major Barré," and part of it is given by Mr. Britton "as a specimen of the style," which, however, does not present the slightest resemblance to that of Junius. On the 13th of September, Wolfe fell on the plains of Abraham; the French General Montcalm shared the same fate; Barré was severely wounded in the eye and head; Monckton, the second in command, was disabled; and hence the honor of transmitting an account of the victory to England, and the command of the army, devolved, for a short period, on Brigadier-General

\* *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, September 7, 1806.

Townshend. Colonel Hale bore his despatches to England, an honor which would have been conferred on Major Barré had Wolfe recovered.

From New York, to which Barré and his wounded comrade Colonel Carleton had gone, the former addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) dated 28th April, 1760, detailing the events of his professional career, and asking that preferment which would have fallen to his share had he borne to England the despatches of his General. On the ground that "senior officers would be injured by his promotion," his request was refused. This refusal of promotion Mr. Britton justly enough connects with a very remarkable letter, printed and published in London between June and October, 1760, inveighing in eloquent, severe, and satirical periods, against the conduct of General Townshend, as the successor of Wolfe in the command of the Quebec expedition. This pamphlet excited much interest at the time of its publication, and led to a hostile meeting, prevented by the arrest of the parties, between Townshend and the Earl of Albemarle, who was suspected of having instigated or employed an anonymous author to traduce the General.\* This letter has a stronger resemblance to the letters of Junius than any other compositions that have been compared with them, and it possesses a double interest as a new feature in the controversy, because it could not have been written in imitation of Junius. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1817, who had seen only a few extracts from the letter in question, was so struck with the similarity of style, that he expressed it as his "strong opinion," "that if the author of the Letter to a Brigadier-General should be known, it would be no difficult task to set at rest the inquiry after the author of the Letters of Junius." In the year 1840, the same letter came under the notice of Mr. N. W. Simons, of the British Museum, and so "close was the resemblance" which it bore "to the style and composition of Junius," that upon referring it as well to some friends as to other gentlemen of impartiality and judgment, the unhesitating opinion of all was, *that the pamphlet and the Letters of Junius were by the same hand*. Mr. Simons' little volume contains a well written and judicious introduction to the pamphlet, and to "A Refutation of it by an

Officer," and it concludes with an Appendix of 30 pages, in which "he gives the parallel passages from the pamphlet and from the letters of Junius, with illustrative notes.\*" "This letter," says Mr. Simons, "was written, if not by a soldier, at all events by a person skilled in military affairs. In style, phraseology, and matter; in sarcastic irony, bold interrogation, stinging sarcasm, and severe personalities; in frequent taunts of treachery, desertion and cowardice, it so closely resembles the compositions of Junius, that the identity of their authorship scarcely admits of a doubt. \* \* \* Several passages in it evince also that strong prejudice against the Scotch which is another characteristic of Junius."†

The identity of the pamphleteer and Junius being thus almost established, Mr. Britton does not hesitate to ascribe the letter to Barré, who was the friend of Wolfe, and therefore the enemy of General Townshend. The only conclusion which we think legitimate is—that it was written by some individual who accompanied the expedition, and this seems to have been the opinion of the officer who wrote the "Refutation" when he says—"But where has this pamphleteer been to find himself under the necessity of quoting this letter? *He must not have been in England surely*, or must not have read the public papers," &c. If it was written by Barré, it must have been written in America, as he did not reach England till the 5th of October, 1760, when he brought home the despatches which gave an account of the surrender of Montreal and the subjection of Canada; and if it was written in America, and was the production of Junius, then it necessarily follows that of all the claimants to the name of Junius, Barré and Maclean, who alone were at the siege of Quebec, are the only individuals entitled to that honor.

We have already alluded to the hostile meeting between General Townshend and Lord Albemarle, and to the suspicion in which it originated, that Lord Albemarle had prompted the composition of the Let-

\* A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1843, informs us that an individual, then recently deceased, who had merely seen extracts from the Letter to the Brigadier-General, had not only come to the same conclusion with Mr. Simons respecting the identity between its author and Junius, but had, previously to the illness of which he died, begun to prepare for the press a statement of his opinion.

† The references in Mr. Simons' volume, are to the second edition of Woodfall's Junius.

\* Correspondence of Horace Walpole, vol. ii. p. 202.



ters. The officer who writes the "Refutation," seems to refer to this when he says—"The sneer at the militia, in whose institution General Townshend had so principal a hand, *betrays the sore part of the writer and his PATRON.*" If Lord Albemarle, therefore, was the patron of the person who employed the pamphleteer, Mr. Britton should have tried to point out the connection between his lordship and Colonel Barré.

On the 8th of October, three days after his return from America, Barré expressed himself "as bound in the highest gratitude to Mr. Pitt for the attention he had received," but it was not till the 29th January, 1761, that he received his commission as Lieutenant-colonel of the army.

It was at this time that Colonel Barré became acquainted with the Earl of Shelburne, who had succeeded to his father in May, 1761. A few months after this Mr. Pitt resigned, and Lord Shelburne joined the ministry of the Earl of Bute. On the 17th October, Colonel Barré received a "letter of service" to raise, as "Colonel proprietor," the 106th regiment of foot, and on the 28th of November he was elected Member of Parliament for Chipping Wycombe, in place of Lord Shelburne. He had scarcely been three days in the House before he made an assault upon Mr. Pitt so violent that the Earl of Bath characterized it as "a rude and foul-mouthed attack," and Sir Andrew Mitchell, in a letter to a friend, gives the following account of what he calls "Colonel Barré's Philippic." Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said—"There he would stand turning up his eyes to heaven that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table,—that sacrilegious hand that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country."

In the reduction of the army, which followed the peace of 1762, Barré's regiment was disbanded, and on the 8th March, 1763, he received compensation for his loss by the lucrative appointment of Adjutant-general to the army. When George Grenville became Premier on the retirement of Lord Bute, Lord Shelburne came into office as First Lord of the Board of Trade, and on the 14th May, Barré was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle, which, with his other emoluments, yielded him an income of £4,000 a year. On the resignation of Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Bedford entered George Grenville's administration, and when Barré joined *the opposition* along with his patron, he was

on the 7th December, 1763, deprived of the lucrative offices of Adjutant-general and Governor of Stirling Castle, while Lord Shelburne was dismissed from the place of Aide-de-camp to the king.

In the summer of 1765 the ministry of George Grenville terminated, and was succeeded by that of the Marquis of Rockingham, which did not last more than a year. Mr. Pitt was induced at the earnest solicitation of the king to form a ministry, and on the 27th of July, 1766, his majesty signed the warrant for creating him Earl of Chatham. He accordingly took his seat in the House of Lords with the office of Lord Privy Seal. The Duke of Grafton was first Lord of the Treasury, General Conway was continued as Secretary of State, and Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for the southern department, his friend Colonel Barré being appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and at the same time a Member of the Privy Council; Lord Rockingham was made President of the Council; Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor; and Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the 12th of August, 1767, on the resignation of the Earl of Bristol, Lord George Townshend kissed hands as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, thus forming a part of the administration to which Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré belonged, and which continued in power till the 21st of October, 1768, when Chatham, Shelburne, and Barré retired from office.

Previous to this date, and between the 28th April, 1767, and the 19th October, 1768, there appeared in the Public Advertiser a series of no fewer than *forty-eight* letters, which have been published by Woodfall, under the name of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, and confidently ascribed to the pen of that distinguished writer. These letters are filled with such virulent abuse of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, individuals to whom the real Junius was deeply attached, and whom he invariably praised, that it is impossible to regard them as of his composition, without viewing him as one of the most degraded of men. Mr. Woodfall has adduced no satisfactory evidence to prove that they are genuine, and even if in point of style they had approached to that of Junius, the sentiments and views which they advocate frequently stand in diametrical opposition to his. Believing, or rather presuming, that the Miscellaneous Letters are genuine, Mr. Britton is compelled to regard them as the production of Colonel Barré, and to assign a

variety of very trivial reasons in favor of so extraordinary an opinion. That Barré should thus attack the Government under which he held high and lucrative offices—that he should villify his generous friend and patron the Earl of Shelburne—that he should abuse Lord Chatham who appointed him vice-treasurer of Ireland, and of whom he professed to entertain the most exalted opinion\*—that he should abuse Lord Townshend, to whose wife he left the whole of his property—that he should do all this is utterly incredible, and what never can command the assent of any reasonable man.

At the time when Junius ceased to write, Mr. Britton has pointed out no event in Colonel Barré's history which can afford any explanation of so remarkable a fact. He continued in his career of opposition to the Government of Lord North from 1773 to 1782, and it is quite unaccountable that such a man, were he Junius, could have preserved silence as a public censor, during those disastrous events which he reprobated with such animation within the walls of St. Stephens. When Lord North's ministry was dissolved on the 20th March, 1782, Lord Rockingham availed himself of the talents of Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of Colonel Barré as Treasurer of the Navy. In consequence of the sudden death of the Premier, in the course of three months, Lord Shelburne was appointed his successor, and Barré was raised to the lucrative office of Paymaster to the Forces. After concluding peace with America, and recognizing its independence, events which illustrated his short administration, Lord Shelburne was forced to resign, in consequence of the extraordinary coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North; and Barré, his faithful Achates, followed him into private life, with a pension of £3200 a year, which had been secured to him on his retirement from the ministry. The celebrated William Pitt, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, held the same office under the Coalition Ministry, and in January, 1784, he wisely relieved the Exchequer of Colonel Barré's pension by conferring upon him the sinecure office of Clerk of the Pells, with a salary of £3000 per annum, which had then become vacant by the death of Sir Edward Walpole.

In the new Parliament, which met in May,

1784, Colonel Barré sat for Calne. He was incapacitated, however, for public business by a total loss of sight; and he finally retired from Parliament at the general election of 1790. He died at his house in Stanhope Street, May Fair, on the 20th July, 1802, in the 76th year of his age, *leaving a large part of his fortune to the Marchioness of Townshend!*

We have thus endeavored to give our readers a general view of the life of Colonel Barré, and of the grounds upon which Mr. Britton believes him to have been the author of the unacknowledged Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius, as well as of the genuine productions to which he affixed the shadow of his name. Had Mr. Britton endeavored to identify Barré with the author of the Letters signed Junius and Philo-Junius, he might have made out a case more rational, and more likely to be received than many of those which have been submitted to the public; but when he tries to identify him with *Lucius, Atticus, Poplicola, Domitian*, and many others, the slanderers of Chatham, and Shelburne, and Townshend, with two of whom he lived on the most affectionate and friendly terms, and to whom he owed all his success in life, he fixes the brand of villany upon the brow of his hero, and converts the honest Junius into a public slanderer, without political principles, without consistency of character, and prepared to reprobate to-morrow the man who was to-day his idol. We shall relieve Mr. Britton, however, of the millstone of the Miscellaneous Letters, and consider his hypothesis in relation only to the genuine Letters of Junius. We thus deprive him, no doubt, of some of the points of identity which the Miscellaneous Letters supply between the Letter to a Brigadier-General and the productions of Junius; but as we grant him the truth of this hypothesis, and render it unnecessary that Barré should have witnessed in Paris the public burning of the books of the Jesuits, and that he should have been the slanderer of Lord Townshend, to "whom he was a frequent visitor" in the decline of life, we place him in a more favorable position than his own.

We think it will be admitted by all disinterested judges, that independent even of the actual declaration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Junius stood in a peculiar relation to the person, the politics, and the interests of that distinguished and patriotic nobleman. Nothing is more probable than that Barré, as his particular friend and constant companion and political supporter, should have been

\* See Junius' two genuine letters to Lord Chatham, dated January 2, 1768, and January 14, 1772, published in Chatham's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 32, and vol. iv. p. 190.

Junius; but it is equally probable that the private secretary, or the under secretary, or any other political friend of his lordship, should have been Junius. With regard to Barré, Mr. Britton has not shown, and cannot show, that he possessed the knowledge, the talents, the powers of composition, and, above all, the genuine wit and sarcastic humor which characterize the productions of Junius. There is a species of boldness, and vigor, and coarseness in his speeches, but they are otherwise tame and pointless, and his Letters to Lord Chatham have the same character. We think it clear that Junius was not a public orator, or a person who had the faculty of public speaking. To think and speak on his legs, as Lord Brougham defines the art of making an extempore speech, compels the orator to seize the slightest associations. His sentences are long, involved, and parenthetic; and if he ever had the power of sententious and antithetical writing, of constructing symmetrical and well-balanced periods, and of writing with logical accuracy, he necessarily loses it after he has acquired a facility of composing upon his legs. Had we space we could establish this truth by a reference to the productions of our most distinguished orators. Barré, therefore, though he had the position, and the political knowledge, and access to the secret information which Junius must have possessed, possessed neither his brilliant talents nor his powers of composition, nor the smallest trace of his Attic wit and his sarcastic humor. We cheerfully concede to Mr. Britton that Barré, had he possessed the necessary intellectual power, was in a position to have written the Letter to a Brigadier-General, and therefore to have had a high claim to the honors of Junius. But he may have been merely the friend who communicated to the true author the information that was required, or, as Lord Albemarle was supposed to be, he may have been the patron who stimulated or encouraged him. But even if all these objections were groundless, it would be a difficult task to persuade the public that Junius held lucrative offices in the State, while he was systematically assailing the King and the Government, and that he who denounced the appointment and the pension given to Sir W. Draper should have been a sinecurist when Junius, and should have spent his latest years as a pensioner on the Civil List.

It has been almost universally admitted that Junius was, and should have been, an Irishman. Barré possessed this title to be *Junius*, but he wanted another still more es-

sential, and without which no candidate, however brilliant his talents, and however appropriate his position, can be admitted as a competitor. Junius hated Scotland and the Scotch. He availed himself of every opportunity of abusing them; and we must therefore discover some solid grounds why the representative of so noble and distinguished a writer took such an unfavorable view of a nation which has gained the esteem of statesmen, and whose people, in point of education and moral and religious training, occupy a most exalted place among the nations of Europe. Colonel Barré, certainly in so far as his history can show, had no reasons for hating the Scotch and abusing Scotland, and nothing has surprised us more than the following observations on the subject from the pen of Mr. Britton:—

"His residence in Scotland for *three years* may have induced that prejudice against the Scotch character which is palpably marked in the Letters of Junius. Johnson was equally inimical to the Scotch after a cursory view of them and their homes. Barré, as an Irishman of ardent and enthusiastic temperament, who had mixed in various society, and lived an active life, *must have felt a great contrast between himself and the cold and calculating conduct of Scotchmen.*"—P. 21.

It will be difficult to explain this remarkable sentence, and still more to show how a patriot and a generous soldier like Barré, who had seen much of men and much of the world, could observe a "cold and calculating conduct" in our countrymen. Was it at the hospitable board at which he and his brother officers must have been courteously entertained? Was it among the sober and religious population of the Lowlands—provident, peaceable, and loyal? Was it in its academic groves, then trodden by so many distinguished men? Was it in the halls of its nobles, among the emblems of a glorious lineage and the realities of living beauty? Or was it among the green mounds which deck the purple heath of Culloden—the resting-place of warriors, faithful to their chieftains and to their Prince—that the English soldier discovered those revolting features of our national character which disturbed him in his youth, and haunted him through life? Or could it be when Colonel Barré was Governor of Stirling Castle, and gazed over the field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of the North, where the flower of English chivalry fell, and "the proud usurper was laid low?" No—Barré learned no such lessons in Scotland. He never abused the Scotch, and never wielded the spear of Junius.

There is one other objection to the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, which it will be very difficult to remove. Why did Barré, were he Junius, cease to write in January, 1772? He was then in perfect health; he retained his seat in the House of Commons; he was then the friend and correspondent of Shelburne and Chatham; he received no bribe from the Government; he continued to maintain the same principles, and was associated with the same political friends. In his *last* private letter to Woodfall, dated January 19, 1773, Junius assures him that he had good reason for discontinuing his communications.—“In the present state of things, if I were to write again I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.” In his Dedication to the English Nation, however, which he sent to Wilkes on the 3d November, 1771, he gives utterance to sentiments of a very different kind:—“You are roused,” says he, “at last, to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. *If Junius lives you shall often be reminded of it.*” Junius, if he has ever been named, did live, but did not fulfil his pledge. Barré lived, and lived under circumstances which might well have called him into the field. In a letter, written *two* days after Junius abandons “the cause and the public,” Barré announces to Lord Chatham,\* that the honors of his profession have been withheld from him, though the Secretary at War had, “in a private and unsought for conversation,” promised him promotion in his turn, and that he was thus an object of persecution, and would quit the army if he were “not reinstated according to seniority of rank, and the rightful pretensions of service.” Having, in conformity with Lord Chatham’s advice, transmitted a memorial to the king, his majesty rejected his petition, and gave him permission to retire from the service.† Had Junius been Barré,

this act of persecution might have summoned him again into the field, or he might have listened to the importunate call of *Ciandercombe*, a writer in the Public Advertiser, who, on the 26th December, 1770, implored him to fulfil the promise in his Dedication, and especially the pledge which he had long since given, “that the corrupt administration of Lord Townshend in Ireland ‘shall not be lost to the public.’” Junius remained deaf to these calls. He had truly abandoned the “cause and the public,” and we have no doubt that he was influenced by motives which no patriot could avow, and which prompted him to preserve his name from the reprobation of posterity.

Although we cannot concur in the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, we are bound to thank him for the interesting information which he has collected regarding the life and character of Colonel Barré. Every attempt to identify Junius with one of his contemporaries should be received with gratitude, and whether it signally fails, or is favorably received, it cannot but throw some light upon the problem, or remove some difficulty from its solution. But independently of its intrinsic value, Mr. Britton’s work has been the cause of placing the controversy upon a new foundation. An able writer in the Athenæum,\* as we have already seen, has, in a notice of that work, assigned the most satisfactory reasons for rejecting the great mass of the Miscellaneous Letters, ascribed to Junius, and even the few which he does admit as *appearing* to be genuine, he admits with a caution which will justify the rejection of them on any question which concerns either the personal character or the identity of Junius.

“A letter by Domitian,” says the writer in the Athenæum, “is said to be referred to by Junius in a private note of the 7th of December, 1770; and coupled with other circumstances—amongst these his private note of the 22d February, 1772, the evidence appears sufficient. Let ‘Domitian,’ therefore, be received as Junius. ‘Testiculus’ may also be allowed on the inconclusive memorandum, on private note, and date of publication, and if so, ‘Testis’ claims protection. Two short notes by ‘Vindex’ may be received on like authority.”—P. 747.

\* Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 242, dated January 21, 1773.

† Lord Shelburne, in a letter to Lord Chatham, dated February 27, 1773, thus notices the retirement of Colonel Barré:—“Your lordship has been informed of what has passed relative to Colonel, now Mr. Barré. Lord Barrington, after an interval of eight days more, signified the king’s acceptance of his resignation, since which Lord North and the

Bedfords have avowed separately and without reserve their disapprobation of the measure which occasioned the step. This leaves no doubt from what quarter the measure comes. It is but just to apprise your lordship what proscribed people you honor sometimes with your correspondence.”—*Chatham’s Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 253.

\* *Athenæum*, July 1848, pp. 711 and 745.

After an able exposure of the temerity of Dr. Mason Good, the editor of the edition of Junius which contains the Miscellaneous Letters, the writer in the *Athenæum* justly and indignantly remarks,—

“We hope, therefore, never again to hear the character of Junius traduced and calumniated on the strength of the letters which Good has been pleased to attribute to him. These have been added for the most part, as we have shown, without authority, and without probability—and sometimes in direct defiance of facts; and they have left us a Junius who is a moral monster, by whom we can prove anything.”

The character of Junius having been thus restored, and the field of controversy cleared of the gigantic stumbling-blocks which covered it, we shall now proceed to inquire into the claims of three competitors who have very recently been recommended to public favor, namely, Sir Philip Francis, Lord George Sackville, and Colonel Lachlan Maclean.

There is perhaps no portion of literary history more extraordinary than that which relates to the identification of Sir Philip Francis and Junius. The work in which the attempt is made, entitled “*Junius Identified*,” is one of the most singular examples of ingenious and inconclusive reasoning which we have ever had occasion to examine. Circumstances the most trivial, and points of resemblance the most general, twisted into many different shapes, and presented under many different aspects, have been accumulated into a mass of evidence which, after deceiving the world by its bulk, has broken down under its own weight and incoherence. In order to bring the question clearly before the minds of our readers, we shall state in distinct propositions the grounds on which we consider it demonstrable that Sir Philip Francis was not Junius.

1. Sir Philip Francis has given two distinct denials of the charge of his having written Junius. To Sir Richard Phillips he denounces it in 1813, as a *silly and malignant falsehood*. He denied it to his biographer on the 23d December, 1817, a year only before his death, and he has left among his papers no document connected with the subject.

2. Sir Philip Francis had neither the experience, nor the talents, nor the knowledge, nor the *wit*, that were requisite for the production of Junius. He was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when Junius' first letter was published, whereas Junius speaks of his long experience of the world, and every page of his writings displays that

knowledge of character, and that practical wisdom which could only be obtained from an extensive intercourse with various classes of society. Sir Philip Francis had never even received a University education, and he had never exhibited any taste or turn for composition before he entered the War Office. With regard to his wit, his published writings prove that he was destitute of that faculty; and the writer of this article possesses a letter from the late Lord Chief-Commissioner, Sir William Adam, who was intimately acquainted with Francis, and was in constant intercourse with him, not only in society but in business of all kinds—in which he states that Sir Philip had neither wit nor humor; and that there are many coarse passages in Junius which he was too fastidious and sensitive to have written.

3. Sir Philip did not occupy the position necessary for obtaining the information which Junius had at his command, or possess the wealth which he had at his disposal. He was not connected with Lord Shelburne or his friends, and he was only an inferior clerk in the War Office, with an income of scarcely £450 a year. Junius describes himself as a man of fortune, ready to indemnify Woodfall against any pecuniary loss.

4. Sir Philip occupied his position in the War Office during the whole period that Junius' Letters were writing—from 1763 till the 23d March, 1772, when he resigned his situation.

5. To suppose that a clerk holding office under Government should have labored systematically for four years to villify and overturn the Government by which he was fed, is a supposition too monstrous to be for a moment admitted.

6. Mr. Welbore Ellis (Lord Mendip) was the early patron and friend of Francis—Lord Barrington was the Secretary at War under whom he served, and to whom he was indebted for the splendid appointment which was given him in India; and yet Junius launched against both these noblemen the fiercest and most galling abuse.\* Sir William Adam informed the writer of this article that he constantly met with Francis at the Duke of Bedford's table, and that he never could believe that any person who had so maligned that nobleman's character†

\* Mr. Calcraft, whom Junius abuses, left Francis a thousand pounds.

† Sir William Draper characterizes one of the Letters to the Duke, “as a most inhuman letter, which he had read with astonishment and horror.”—*Lett. xxvi.*

could have dared to accept of his hospitality.

7. If the Letter to a Brigadier-General was written by Junius, Sir Philip Francis could not be Junius, because he was not at Quebec, and was only nineteen or twenty years of age when it was composed.

8. No reason can be assigned why Sir Philip Francis should have exhibited such bitterness and malignity against Scotland and the Scotch. He never was in Scotland. He never had any occasion, in his official position, to come into collision with any of our countrymen; and those who identify him with Junius have not been able to assign a single reason, or to refer to a single fact in his life, either public or private, which could afford the slightest explanation of so remarkable a feature in the character of Junius.

9. It has been universally believed that Junius was in the army, and had held some official military appointment in actual service. Sir Philip Francis never was in the army, and never held any such position. Lucius\* indeed says, "I am not a soldier," and supports his opinions on certain military matters, by stating what "he had heard from military men;" but Lucius has been found not to be Junius. In the correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius exhibits an extensive and accurate knowledge of the state of the army, and denounces its mismanagement. Sir William broadly insinuates that Junius was acquainted with Lord Shelburne, and refers him to that nobleman for the truth of one of his statements. Could Sir William have believed, or can any person believe, without legal evidence, that an inferior clerk in the War Office, who took an official part in all military arrangements, was the author of statements affecting the character of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary at War his own superior, and the members of the Government which he served?

10. The speeches and writings of Sir Philip Francis, all composed and published since the Letters of Junius appeared, display neither the talent nor the wit, nor the peculiar style of Junius. Butler, in his Reminiscences, after a careful comparison of the writings of both, declares "that all internal evidence is against Sir Philip;" and Dr. Parr, a competent judge, has pronounced the same decision in still more elaborate expressions. "Sir Philip Francis," says he, "was too proud to tell a lie, and he disclaimed the work, (the Letters of Junius.) He was

too vain to refuse celebrity which he was conscious of deserving. He was too intrepid to shrink when danger had nearly passed by. He was too irascible to keep the secret, by the publication of which he at this time of day could injure no party with which he was connected, nor any individual for whom he cared. Besides, we have many books of his writing upon many subjects, and all of them stamped with the same character of mind. Their general *lexis* (as we say in Greek) *has no resemblance to the lexis of Junius*; and the resemblance in particulars can have far less weight than the resemblance of which there is no vestige. Francis uniformly writes English. There is Gallicism in Junius. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and Junius is seldom ardent." To these excellent observations we may add the following remarks of Mr. Butler, on the parallel passages from Junius and Francis:—"If these passages show that Sir Philip was no mean writer, they also prove that he was not Junius. To bring the question to a direct issue—Are the glow and loftiness discernible in every page of Junius *once visible* in any of these extracts? Where do we find in the writings of Sir Philip those thoughts that breathe and words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page? a single drop of the *cobra capella* which so often falls from Junius?" In one of the parallel passages quoted in the Edinburgh Review, and in which Sir Philip's attack upon Lord Thurlow is compared with Junius' attack upon Lord Mansfield, the inferiority of Sir Philip is so great in the estimation of Mr. Butler, and, we believe, of every competent critic, "as to render it impossible that he should have been the author of Junius' Letters." But independent of these views, the similarity of diction or of sentiment, which some have found in the writings of Junius and of Francis, wherever it may occur, is the *similarity of imitation*. Every polemical writer, whether in politics or in religion, has during the last *eighty years* been, to a greater or a less extent, an imitator of Junius. His thoughts, his metaphors, and even his words, have been stolen, and like Sir Philip Francis, many of our most noted orators and politicians have not scrupled to draw an arrow, poisoned though it may have been, from the ample quiver of the great intellectual gladiator.

11. The appointment of Sir Philip Francis to the situation of a Judge in India just about the time when Junius ceased to write,

\* *Miscellaneous Letters*, vol. iii. p. 154.

has been regarded as a strong argument in favor of his being Junius. We are willing to give it all the force which it would have had if there had been any other grounds for the same opinion, for we are convinced that Junius ceased to write in consequence of an arrangement with the Government. But the appointment of Francis requires no such explanation. Had Lord Barrington or the Government known or even believed that Francis was Junius, dismissal from his place in the War Office would have been the smallest portion of his punishment. But Francis had served nine years in the War Office, and had distinguished himself by his talents and habits of business, and it was by no means strange that at the age of thirty-three he should have received that appointment. The late Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, informed Mr. Butler, "that Sir Philip Francis owed the continuance of his seat in the War Office to the kindness of Lord Barrington, the prelate's brother, and that Sir Philip's appointment in India was chiefly if not wholly owing to his Lordship's recommendation of him to Lord North."\* Had Francis been an enemy of the Government, his appointment might have required some such explanation as that which has been given of it. He who receives an office from his political opponents, and especially from those whom he has systematically abused, must have surrendered something in exchange for the generosity of the gift.†

\* Reminiscences, p. 97, note.

† The following remarks by Mr. Barker, express so fully our views on the general improbability of Sir Philip Francis being Junius, that we cannot withhold them from our readers:—

"If the author of Junius should prove to be Sir Philip Francis, it will certainly stand out as one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable occurrences ever known, that he, a mere clerk in the War Office, should have commenced his literary career by a series of papers perfect in their style of composition; and his political career by professing those high public principles which belong only to the tongues or the pens of men who have been for a series of years running their course of usefulness and of fame; and that he should have denounced the conduct of the ministry in the severest terms, with the apparent style of an experienced rhetorician, the exact knowledge of an able statesman, the lofty tone of an independent spirit, and a Demosthenic vehemence of diction unparalleled in the history of human eloquence.

"If Sir Philip Francis did, in such circumstances, write the Letters of Junius, then the history of the world itself has exhibited no similar or second instance of this sort; the phenomenon cannot be explained by all the philosophy of the human mind, and nothing is too little or too great for human cre-

Although we have thus resisted the claims of Sir Philip Francis, and given him a lower niche than Junius in the Temple of Fame, we cannot concur in any attempt to depreciate his talents, or degrade his name. In the "History of Junius and his Works" by Mr. Jaques, the latest work on this exciting controversy, such an attempt has been made. Perplexed with the antagonism of the "internal evidence against Sir Philip," and the fancied "external evidence in his favor," Mr. Butler reduces to zero the pretensions of the distracted knight, and transfers the honor of Junius to Lord George Sackville. Anxious, however, to reconcile the two classes of evidence which he considers as neutralizing each other, he places both hypotheses at right angles to each other, as in the parallelogram of forces, and conducts his reader into a third or diagonal hypothesis, in which he expects him complacently to rest. He restores, as he expresses it, to each hypothesis its individual activity, by supposing that *Sir Philip was not Junius, but THE AMANCENSIS of Junius*—that the real Junius was too high to be bought, so that when he made his terms with Government he was contented to remain in a proud obscurity, but stipulated a *boon for his scribe*; and was of consequence enough to insist that the boon should be liberal!!! Mr. Jaques accepts of this hypothesis as the solution of the long-agitated problem, and summarily removes every remaining difficulty by the following oracular decision:—"It may probably be objected that no personal intercourse has been traced between Lord George and Mr. Francis—the answer to this is, that it was essential to the preservation of the secret that they should keep aloof, and appear strangers to each other. It is evident that Mr. D'Oyley was the connecting link between the man of high rank, mature age, and independent fortune, *having a personal hatred against the King and his Ministers*, whose hand-writing is found to bear a strong resemblance to some of the *short private notes* written by Junius to Woodfall, and the clever young inferior clerk who was intrusted with the 'slavery of writing' or copying for the press the *longer and more elaborate letters*."\*

Had Sir Philip Francis lived to witness his ignominious fall from Junius to a copying-clerk,—from the "mighty boar of the forest" to the most harmless of the quadrupeds,—he would not have expressed his indifference, as

dulity."—BARKER'S *Five Letters on the Author of Junius*, p. 6.

\* Jaques' *History of Junius and his Works*, p. 382.

he did, to the "silliness and malignity of the falsehood." He might have laughed at the insult by a parody upon Johnson's example of the anti-climax:—

"Sir Philip Francis the great god of war,  
And Clerk assistant to the Earl of Mar."

It is unfortunate for great men to have such commentators as Mr. Jaques, and unfortunate for truth that a grand question of literary criticism should be submitted to a species of logic by which anything may be proved. There are many reasons, argues the logician, for believing that Sir Philip Francis was Junius, and there are more for believing that Lord George Sackville was the man; *ergo*, Junius was written by their joint labors—by the mind of the one and the pen of the other. Why not take in a third or a fourth writer into the firm? Colonel Barré or Maclean could be made useful by supplying the materials for the Letter to a Brigadier-General, Junius' earliest production. It is of no importance that Barré, and Maclean, and Sackville, and Francis, were not known to be acquaintances, "for it is essential that they should keep aloof and appear strangers to each other!" It is of still less importance that Lord George is in that letter taken to task for his cowardice at Minden, because in one of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, his prototype candidly confesses "that he loves to be stationed in the rear!"

As the claims of Lord George Sackville have been again so pertinaciously pressed upon the attention of the public, it will be necessary to examine briefly the grounds upon which they rest. Lord George Sackville, the third son of the first Duke of Dorset, was born in June, 1716, and had reached the age of *fifty-three* when Junius began his Letters. Prior to this epoch he was made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's Forces, and a member of the Privy Council. At the battle of Minden, which was fought on the 1st August, 1759, Lord George commanded the cavalry. During the heat of the action, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick sent his aide-de-camp, Colonel Ligonier, to order Lord George to bring up the cavalry. This order had scarcely been received when Colonel Fitzroy came up with a modified order, that Lord George should march with *only the British cavalry*, and to the left. Lord George received the order with some confusion, and replied—"This cannot be so; would he have me break the line?" Fitzroy, (to use Horace Walpole's

words,) young, brave, and impetuous, urged the command. Lord George desired that he would not be in a hurry. "I am out of breath with galloping," said Fitzroy, "which makes me speak quick; but my orders are positive; the French are in disorder; there is a glorious opportunity for the English to distinguish themselves." Lord George still hesitated, saying, "it was impossible the Prince could mean to break the line." Fitzroy stuck to the Prince's order. Lord George asked which way the cavalry were to march, and who was to be their guide? "I," said Fitzroy, bravely. Lord George, pretending the different orders puzzled him, desired to be conducted to the Prince for explanation; in the meantime he despatched Smith, his favorite, with orders to lead on the British cavalry, from which he pleaded no delay could happen. Smith whispered to Lord George, to convince him of the necessity of obeying. Lord George persisted in being carried to the Prince, who, at Fitzroy's report, was much astonished. Even when Lord George did march, he twice sent orders to halt to Lord Granby, (second in command,) who was posting on with less attention to the rules of a march, but with more ardor for engaging. Before they arrived the battle was gained.\*

In the beginning of September, 1759, Lord Barrington notified to Lord George Sackville that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lieutenant-General and Colonel of Dragoon Guards. Lord George demanded a court-martial, but as the witnesses were engaged on foreign service, it was not held till the 7th March, 1760, on the return of the English troops from Germany. The proceedings closed on the 3d April, 1760, when the Court pronounced the following sentence:—"This Court is of opinion that Lord George Sackville is *guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick*, whom he was by his commission and instructions directed to obey as Commander-in-Chief, according to the rules of war. And it is the further opinion of this Court, that the said Lord George Sackville is, and he is hereby *ADJUDGED, unfit to serve his Majesty* in any military capacity whatever." His Majesty confirmed the sentence, struck Lord George's name out of the council-book, and forbade his appearance at Court.

We have referred thus fully to this unfortunate event in Lord George Sackville's life,

\* Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii., p. 194. 2d Edition. 1846.



because upon it, and upon it alone, has been founded the hypothesis of his being Junius. Regarding his dismissal from the army as an act of the witnesses at his trial, and his prohibition to attend the Court as a personal act of the King, (George II.,) Lord George Sackville is supposed to have cherished the deadliest hatred against every individual who had contributed to his degradation, and to have assumed the mask of Junius in order to expose them to the world. The Marquis of Granby is assailed because he was a witness, and the Duke of Grafton because he was the brother of Colonel Fitzroy; and the reason assigned for the attack upon Lord Mansfield is, that his Lordship had *erroneously* assured Lord George, previous to his trial, that he could not be convicted; while Lord George's hatred and abuse of the Scotch is ascribed to the fact that *there were ten Scotch officers* on the court-martial that condemned him! Such are the motives which are supposed to have impelled an English nobleman to assail the Sovereign, the Government, and the Judges of his country, and thus, under the pretence of being a patriot, to hazard his property, his liberty, and even his life, in the gratification of a personal animosity. But admitting that any honorable mind could surrender itself to so ignoble a course, let us see how it was pursued by the mortified and dishonored soldier. That the volcano of his fury should have broken forth under the sting of his degradation might have been expected; that it would have scattered its ashes indiscriminately around till its fires were spent and its missiles exhausted, might be readily admitted; but that it should smoulder for nearly *ten* years, and then eject a Junius from its crater, is too ridiculous to be believed. And how did this avenging Junius launch his first thunderbolt against the supposed enemies of Lord George Sackville? In January, 1768, he addresses to Lord Chatham a letter, (*Private and Secret, to be opened by Lord Chatham only,*) giving him information respecting the insincerity and ingratitude of his associates in the Cabinet—a letter that could neither gratify malignity nor satiate revenge. The same Junius, charged with such puny impulses, remains quiet for more than a year; and on the 21st January, 1769, he commences his genuine letters with an argumentative examination of the financial and military condition of the country.

But it is stated that Lord George did, previous to the appearance of Junius, wreak his *vengeance* against his enemies in writings

both with his name and anonymously; and we may therefore suppose that he had thus exacted a sufficient penalty from his enemies, without making a more severe demand upon them in the person of Junius. On the accession of George III., in 1760, Lord George appeared at Court with the sanction of the Earl of Bute; and though a party prevented a repetition of this informality, yet so little ground had he for hostility against the King, that he was made a member of the Privy Council in 1765, and in the same year appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland. It is true that, for reasons not known, he resigned this office in the following year, when the Duke of Grafton came into power; but this was a mere loss of place, and not an injury sufficient to justify the assaults of Junius against the Government, and against a King who, instead of having injured him, had, under peculiar circumstances, placed him among the number of his Privy Councillors.

Let us now consider the position and conduct of Lord George Sackville during the time of Junius. Lord George, like several of the leading politicians of the day, held many of the opinions of Junius; but it is impossible, for one moment, to believe that he could have written the violent attacks upon George III., and upon Lord Mansfield, against whom he had no ground of offence. In supporting Sergeant Glynn's motion for a Committee to inquire into the administration of Criminal Justice, which was made in the House of Commons on the 6th December, 1770, Lord George made the following observations, in which he clearly alludes to Junius, and to the famous letter addressed to Lord Mansfield, and published only three weeks before:—

"All the records of our Courts of Law," says Lord George, "and all the monuments of our lawyers, are ransacked, in order to find sufficiently odious names by which he may be christened. The libellous and virulent spirit of the times has overleaped all the barriers of law, order, and decorum. The judges are no longer revered, and the laws have lost all their salutary terrors. Juries will not convict petty delinquents, when they suspect grand criminals go unpunished. Hence libels and lampoons, audacious beyond the example of all other times; libels, in comparison of which the 'North Briton,' once deemed the *ne plus ultra* of sedition, is perfect innocence and simplicity. The sacred number forty-five, formerly the idol of the multitude, is eclipsed by the superior venom of every day's defamation. All its magical and talismanic powers are lost and absorbed in the general deluge of scandal which pours from the press. When matters are thus

circumstanced; when the judges in general, and Lord Mansfield in particular, are there hung out to public scorn and detestation, now that libellers receive no countenance from men high in power, and in the public esteem; what will be the consequence when it is publicly known, that they have been arraigned, and that their friends quashed the inquiry which it was proposed to make upon their conduct? \* \* \* I cannot help thinking that it is the wish of Lord Mansfield himself to have his conduct examined, nay, I collect as much from the language of a gentleman who may be supposed to know his sentiments. What foundation, then, is there for obstructing the inquiry? None at all. It is a pleasure to me to see my noble friend discovering such symptoms of conscious innocence. His ideas perfectly coincide with my own. I would never oppose the minutest scrutiny into my behavior. However much condemned by the envy or malice of enemies, I would at least show that I stood acquitted in my own mind, and *quis fugit judicium ipso teste, reus est.*"

That these observations were not part of a vein of satire and invective, as Mr. Coventry calls it, running throughout the whole speech under the mask of friendship for Lord Mansfield, must be obvious to every reader; and in proof of this we have only to refer to Lord Sackville's dying declaration to Lord Mansfield, which he made at Tunbridge Wells, in the presence of Mr. Cumberland. Lord Sackville sent Cumberland for Lord Mansfield, who immediately obeyed the summons of his friend. Having just dismounted from his horse, and had time to recover his breath, Lord Sackville addressed his visitor in the following words:—"But, my good Lord, though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my *unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me during my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not write to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character, and now in the most serious manner to solicit your forgiveness if I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favors.*"\* Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming, says Cumberland, and highly satisfactory.

Having exhibited in his speech of the 28th March, 1776, much knowledge of American affairs, Lord George Sackville was publicly

thanked for his observations, which Lord North went so far as to characterize "as worthy of so great a mind." He now voted with the Government against his friends in the opposition; and so high was the value which was put upon his support, that Lord North resolved to remove Lord Dartmouth, and his Majesty appointed Lord George Sackville Secretary of State for the American Colonies on the 7th September, 1775!—Junius—a deserter of the opposition,—a Secretary of State,—the friend of the Sovereign whom he had maligned,—asking and receiving favors from the Crown, and inexorable to the calls of humanity and justice, by supporting the king in his determination to prosecute the American war to the uttermost! This is incredible. Lord George occupied this unfortunate position till the year 1782. The surrender of the British troops at York Town, led to the termination of the American war, and when the peace was concluded, Lord George resigned his office, and in 1782 was created a British Peer, with the title of Viscount Sackville—"one of the few peerages," says Wraxall, "which, in the course of half a century, George III. has been allowed to confer wholly independent of ministerial intervention or recommendation, from the impulse of his own inclination."\* Lord Sackville did not long survive this honor. His enemies in the House of Lords denounced this act of the Sovereign as derogatory to the House; and some of them even pronounced it to be "an insult to their Lordships to see a person created a peer whose disgrace was entered in the orderly books of every British regiment." Lord Shelburne (the friend of Junius) declared that he had suffered many professional injuries from the person (Lord Sackville) who was the subject of debate, and that smarting with a sense of those injuries at the time, a sort of enmity had taken place between him and the person in question! The attempt, twice made, to obtain a decision of the Peers against his promotion completely failed, and Lord Sackville spent the rest of his days in calm resignation to the persecution which he had suffered, kind to all around him, and regularly and respectfully attentive to his religious duties. He died on the 26th August, 1785, in the 69th year of his age.

Such was the Junius of Mr. Coventry, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Jaques. Such was Lord

\* "When I record this speech," says Cumberland, "I give it to the reader as correct: I do not trust to memory at this distance: I transcribe it."—*Cumberland's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 250.

\* The King and Lord Mansfield knew who Junius was. This fact we state on the very highest authority.

Sackville—a great and good man if not Junius; if Junius—a traitor to his king and his country, a hypocrite in his life, and a liar at his dying hour. The laurels of Junius, green and unfading when enwreathing his own hallowed shade, wither and decay by transplantation. The moral life that bears them perishes beneath their pressure, and the intellectual glory of which they are the badge grows dim without the lustre of an honest name.

After these details we need not say much more about the claims of Lord George Sackville. His Lordship himself stated to a friend that “he should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius had done, but that there were many passages in his letters which he should be very sorry to have written;” and *not many days before his death* he said to Mr. Cumberland, “by way of jest,” that he was among the suspected authors of Junius. Mr. Cumberland adds, “I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility;” and he might have added, that there was less occasion for its disavowal after his farewell address to Lord Mansfield. To these observations we shall only add, that those who give credit to the statement of the Marquis of Lansdowne to Sir Richard Phillips, or who believe that Junius wrote the Letter to a Brigadier-General, or the famous miscellaneous letter dated 22d October, 1767, in which the cowardice of Lord George Sackville is mentioned, will acquit this nobleman of any share in the productions of Junius.

We come now to call the attention of our readers to the claims of a new candidate for the honors of Junius—Colonel Lauchlin, or Laughlin Maclean. This gentleman, like many of the other competitors, was supposed by several of his private friends to be Junius, but his pretensions were never brought before the public. His name was first mentioned by Almon in the introduction to his edition of Junius, but it has never appeared in any of the lists of the “false Juniuses” which are to be found in every work on the subject. Upwards of thirty years ago, when Sir David Brewster was looking over the papers of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M.P., he found several letters addressed to him with the signature of L. Maclean, and bearing the dates of 1776–7, a few years after Junius ceased to write. Mr. Macpherson and Colonel Maclean were agents for the Nabob of Arcot, and Colonel Maclean was the friend and confidential agent of War-

ren Hastings. These letters related to the affairs of India; and though many of them were hurried notes, bearing only Maclean’s initials, yet they were vigorously and elegantly written, and contained passages such as might have been expected from Junius. One of these began with the following sentence:—“I shall follow your advice, my dear sir, implicitly. The feelings of the man are not fine, but he must be chafed into sensation.” This and other similar passages were shown to Mr. Macpherson of Belleville, who recollected that the name of Maclean was mentioned in Galt’s *Life of West* in connection with that of Junius. A copy of the book was immediately sent for, when to the great surprise of the parties the following passage was discovered:—

“An incident,” says Mr. Galt, “of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, in the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend, Governor Hamilton, happened to call; and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle. Ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention; and when he had done, laid it on his knees in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. ‘This letter,’ said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, ‘is by that d—d scoundrel Maclean.’ ‘What Maclean?’ inquired Mr. West. ‘The surgeon of Otway’s regiment; the fellow who attacked me so violently in the Philadelphia newspapers, on account of the part I felt it my duty to take against one of the officers. *This letter is by him.* I know these very words. I may well remember them;’ and he read over several phrases and sentiments which Maclean employed against him.\* Mr. West then informed the Governor that Maclean was in the country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. ‘He came over,’ said Mr. West, ‘with Colonel Barré, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and is at present private secretary to his lordship.’”†

\* All the colleges and repositories of newspapers in America have been ransacked in vain for the paper containing this attack upon Governor Hamilton.

† Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, makes the following reference to this event:—“In 1761, while Maclean was surgeon to Otway’s regiment, quartered in Philadelphia, a quarrel took place with the Governor, against whom Maclean, who was a man of superior talents, wrote a paper distinguished by ability and severity, which drew general attention. Colonel Barré, subsequently so well known in political life, then serving there with his regiment, and who was probably involved in the quarrel, is said

This remarkable anecdote, taken in connection with the casual discovery of Maclean's letters, induced Sir David Brewster to enter upon an inquiry foreign to his own studies, but not without an interest to those who like himself were admirers of the writings of Junius. In this inquiry he has been engaged for nearly thirty years; and though he does not pretend to have identified Maclean with Junius, he believes that in favor of no other candidate can such an amount of evidence be produced.

Lauchlin Maclean was born in the county of Antrim in 1727 or 1728. His father, John Maclean, was a nonjuring clergyman, nearly connected with the Macleans of Coll, and was driven from Scotland in consequence of his attachment to the exiled family, and of his refusal, along with many others, to pray for King George the First and the royal family. This must have taken place previous to 1726, for he married after he arrived in Ireland, and took up his residence in the north of Ireland, near Belfast. He was a man robust in stature and independent in his principles, and he had occasion to exhibit both these qualities during his residence in Scotland.\* When he was one day coming out of church, a quarrel arose between him and some officers of the army, who had no doubt been chiding him for his disloyalty. After some altercation, they told him that nothing but his coat prevented them from giving him a good beating. Maclean immediately threw off his coat, exclaiming, "*Lie you there, Divinity, and Maclean will do for himself,*" and gave the officers a sound drubbing. After the Rebellion in 1715, "the criminal records of Scotland were for some years engrossed with prosecutions against Episcopalian clergymen," who refused to pray for the King; and in a prosecution of one of these clergymen in Edinburgh, so late as the year 1755, it was stated by the Judge on the bench, "that nonjuring Episcopalian clergymen of the prisoner's activity were dangerous to the present happy establishment!"

Thus driven from the house of his father, and forced to seek an asylum in a sisterland, an ardent mind like that of John Maclean must have cherished strong feelings of dislike and even hatred against the dominant party by whom he was persecuted; and in

the legacy of revenge which he doubtless bequeathed to his son, we see the origin, if he were Junius, of that unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch which rankled in his breast. In no other candidate for the mask of Junius can we find such powerful reasons for his bitter and never-ending anathemas against our country. Mr. Maclean does not seem to have remained in the Church, for we find him characterized as a gentleman of small fortune. Lauchlin, his second son, was sent, in 1745 or 1746, from a school near Belfast to Trinity College, Dublin,\* where he became acquainted with Burke and Goldsmith. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to study medicine; and on the 4th January, 1756,† he was introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society, of which he became a member. Goldsmith having become surety for the debts of a fellow-student which he was unable to pay, was about to be thrown into prison, when the liberality of Maclean and of another fellow-student, Mr. Sleight, relieved him from this distressing embarrassment. After completing his medical course, he obtained the degree of M.D. on the 6th of August, 1755;‡ and some time after this he entered the army as surgeon to Otway's regiment (the 35th.)

We have not been able to learn if Maclean was in any of the expeditions to North America, which were fitted out in 1757 or 1758, but we know that he accompanied the celebrated expedition in 1759, when Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham, and the command of the British troops devolved upon Brigadier-General Townshend. Major Barré and his countryman Maclean shared in the dangers and honors of that eventful day, and had their illustrious commander survived the battle, Barré would have been the bearer of the despatches, and would have received promotion. Barré had, by his conduct at the siege of Louisburg, gained the approbation of General Sir Jeffery Amherst; and upon the surrender of Montreal, on the 8th September, 1760, he was made the bearer of the despatches to Government.

\* The following is the entry in the College Register:—"1745, (1746.) Maii 29°. *Lauchlin Maclean Pens.:-Filius Johanni Generosi-Annum agens 18-Natus in Comitatu Antrim-Educatus sub Ferula, Mro. Dennison.-Tutor, Mr. Read.*"

† It is a curious fact that Maclean and Barré and Goldsmith were all residing in Scotland at the same time.

‡ His Thesis, entitled *Dissertatio Medica Inauguralis de Erysipelate*, was dedicated to the Duke of Hamilton.

to have formed a regard for him in consequence of the part he took."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

\* This anecdote was communicated to us by the late Alexander Maclean, Esq., of Coll.

Brigadier-General Townshend was unpopular in the army, and particularly obnoxious to Barré and Maclean, and the other friends of Wolfe. According to Horace Walpole, "he, and his friends for him, attempted to ravish the honors of the conquest from Wolfe. Townshend's first letter said nothing in praise of him. In one to the Speaker of the House, he went so far as to assume the glory of the last efforts, \* \* \*; and in other more private despatches, he was still more explicit."\* Irritated by this selfish and ungenerous conduct, the friends of Wolfe, and who could they be but Barré or Maclean, drew up and published, in 1760, the celebrated Letter to a Brigadier-General, already mentioned, which so clearly resembles in its temper, and style, and sentiments, the Letters of Junius. If Junius, therefore, wrote this letter, all the arguments of Mr. Britton in favor of Barré's being the author of it, and therefore Junius, are equally applicable to Maclean; and if we have proved that Barré could not be Junius, it follows that, under these assumptions, Maclean is entitled to that distinction. This conclusion we may fairly corroborate by a reference to one of the miscellaneous letters, signed *A Faithful Monitor*, and ascribed to Junius, although there is no sufficient evidence that he wrote it. But as it is possible, and to a certain degree probable, that it may prove genuine, we are entitled to add this indeterminate quantity to our argument. "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*, (Lord Townshend, and his brother Charles, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.) *I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other.*"† Now, who but Barré or Maclean is likely to have written this sentence? They both served under Lord Townshend; and though it is not probable that Barré could have been promised any situation under the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is very likely that Maclean might have received such a promise.

Early in 1761 General Monckton was ap-

pointed governor of New York, and in December of the same year he left that city with a strong force for the reduction of Martinique. Otway's regiment was part of the eleven battalions which went from New York for this purpose, and Maclean accompanied the general as his private secretary. The English fleet, rendezvoused at Barbadoes, came before Martinique on the 7th January, 1762, and obtained possession of it on the 4th February. After the reduction of the French West India Islands, and the peace of 1762 which followed it, the regiments to which Barré and Maclean belonged were disbanded. We have not been able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique. He seems to have settled in Philadelphia as a physician, and to have remained there for some years. A gentleman in Philadelphia mentions "Dr. Laughlin Maclean and his lady as acquaintances of his grandfather, and visitors at his house some time between 1761 and 1766."\* Mr. Prior informs us, that when in Philadelphia Maclean acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy, from the less fortunate of his brethren, and he gives us the following anecdote of him, which Almon quotes as an example of what he terms "true magnanimity." "A rival practitioner, extremely jealous of his successor, who had adopted every means, not excepting the most unfair, of injuring his credit, was at length afflicted by the dangerous illness of an only son; a consultation became necessary; and as possessing the first character for professional skill, Mr. Maclean was solicited to attend. His zeal proved unremitting; he sat up with the patient many nights, and chiefly by his sagacity and indefatigable efforts, succeeded beyond expectation in restoring the young man to health; refusing all consideration for his labors, and saying to his friends, 'Now am I amply revenged.'"

It appears to have been in 1761, before he accompanied General Monckton to Mar-

\* *Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii. p. 222, 2d edition, 1846.

† Mr. Jaques, in the early part of his volume, interprets this passage as declaring, that Charles Townshend had forty times promised to serve under the *Faithful Monitor*, or Junius, without availing himself of this perversion of very plain words; but he afterwards makes use of it as an argument in favor of Lord George Sackville, under whom he thinks Charles Townshend might have promised to serve! The passage has no application in favor of Sir Philip Francis.—See Jaques' *Hist. of Junius*, pp. 186 and 370.

\* "The latter (Mrs. Maclean) rarely missed a day, when the weather was favorable, of calling upon her countrywoman, my grandmother; and I well remember she was always attended by a small white dog, enormously fat, in which quality he even exceeded his mistress, who yielded to few of her species and sex in the possession of an enviable *embonpoint*. The doctor was considered to have great skill in his profession, as well as to be a man of wit and general information, but I have never known a person who had a more distressing impediment in his speech."—*Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania*. Harrisburg, 1811. Chap. ii.

tinique, that he published the attack upon Governor Hamilton, to which we have already referred, and in which he employed the very same *words, phrases, and sentiments*, which six or seven years afterwards were used by Junius. It is not easy to forget the very terms of asperity and invective by which we may have been assailed, and as Governor Hamilton declares that "he might well remember them," we cannot refuse to give great weight to his testimony that Maclean was Junius.

Mr. West states, and we have elsewhere met with a similar statement, that Maclean came over to England in the same ship with Col. Barré, who had formed such a high opinion of his talents and acquirements, that he introduced him to Lord Shelburne, who appointed him his private secretary. In 1776, Maclean met Barry, the painter,\* at Paris, and had an opportunity of being useful to him on his way to Italy; and Burke, in one of his letters to Barry, written in the beginning of 1767, informs him "that Maclean is Under Secretary in Lord Shelburne's office, and that there is no doubt but he will be, as he deserves, well patronized there."

Having been Lord Shelburne's private secretary, and afterwards his Under Secretary for the Southern Department, Maclean had now embarked on a political career which must have led to wealth and honors; but in consequence of the Duke of Grafton's intrigues in the Cabinet, all his prospects were blasted. So early as July, 1768, "the Bedfords" had begun to persecute Lord Shelburne. The King preferring Mr. Lynch, refused to confirm his nomination of Lord Tankerville to be Resident Minister at Turin, and Lord Shelburne was so indignant at his refusal, that he would have resigned, had not the Chancellor, Lord Camden, "persuaded him to the contrary." In August "the removal of Lord Shelburne was proposed in the closet and objected to;" but his enemies seem to have prevailed, for in September, Mr. Lynch was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Sardinia. Lord Chatham had resolved, under these circumstances, to resign, and in mentioning his resolution to the Duke of Grafton on the 12th October, he added, "that he could not enough lament the removing of Sir Jeffery Amherst, (from the government of Virginia,) and that of Lord Shelburne." Lady Chatham had told the Duke of Grafton "that Lord Shelburne's removal would never have Lord Chatham's

consent or approval, as thinking it quite contrary to the King's service. He has a great regard and friendship for him, and thinks his abilities make him necessary in the office he is in, to the carrying on of his Majesty's business. My Lord would think either (viz., that of Sir Jeffery Amherst also) most unhappy and very unfortunate for his Majesty's service."\* The Duke of Grafton, however, was determined that Lord Shelburne should resign, and accordingly Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne retired from the Ministry on the 21st October, 1768. Maclean of course followed the fate of his chief, and doubtless felt keenly his dismissal from the honors and emoluments of office. In less than *three* months Junius launched his first formidable philippic against the Ministry.† Can it be doubted that this attack emanated from Lord Shelburne's party? Lord Shelburne, Barré, and Maclean were the principal persons aggrieved by the change in the Ministry, and it is among them alone that Junius can be found. The whole of Mr. Britton's facts and reasonings confirm this opinion, and we are left only to choose between Barré and Maclean.

In these proceedings the King had taken an active part, and so early as May, 1767, his Majesty speaks of Lord Shelburne's party as "a hydra-faction," and Lord Shelburne himself as "a secret enemy."‡ The conduct of the King therefore could not but irritate the friends of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, and it was doubtless to the strong feeling which it engendered that we owe the celebrated address to the King, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the history of Junius. From 1768 to 1771, during the greater part of the time the Letters of Junius were publishing, Maclean sat in Parliament for the borough of Arundel, but owing to an impediment in his speech, he was not distinguished as a speaker, and his great talents were therefore to a considerable extent concealed from the public. He was the friend of Lord Shelburne and Barré, and from the former he could easily obtain all that knowledge of what was going on at Court which Junius possessed in so remarkable a degree. That Maclean had this knowledge was believed by his contemporaries, for when Major Campbell wished to show how Hugh Boyd, whom he believed to

\* Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 837, note.

† Dated January 21, 1769.

‡ The King's Letter to the Earl of Chatham, May 30, 1767, published in Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 206.

\* *Prior's Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 208.

be Junius, got the necessary information, he stated that he got it *through his friend Maclean*, who then moved in the first circles. But we have now much clearer evidence of the means which were employed to obtain this information. Jeremy Bentham informs us that Lord Shelburne told him that he knew "all that passed" at Court, through of the two Ladies Waldegrave, the daughters the Duchess of Gloucester, who lived at Court as "Ladies of Honor, or some such thing," and that "they used to write to the Miss V——'s, who were inmates of Lord Shelburne's family, and report what passed at Court." Bentham himself experienced the effect of the influence of Lord Shelburne. He had written in the Public Advertiser for 1789, some letters signed *Anti-Machiavel*. On the day, or the day after the publication of one of these letters, he called at Lansdowne House, where the following incident occurred:—

" 'You are found out,' cried Lord Lansdowne, laying hold of me; 'Lady L. it was that detected you,' and he told me by what mark. He was in a perfect ecstasy. Never shall I forget the rapidity with which we vibrated arm in arm talking over the matter, in the great dining-room. A day or two after there came out in the same paper an answer, under the signature of 'A Partisan.' 'So,' says he, 'here's an antagonist you have got! Do you know who he is?' 'Not I, indeed.' 'Well, I will tell you, it is THE KING.' *That he had means of knowing this was no secret to me. For a considerable length of time, a regular journal of what passed at the Queen's House had been received by him; he had mentioned to me the persons from whom it came.* The answer was, of course, a trumpcary one. The communication produced on me the sort of effect that could not but have been intended. JUNIUS had set the writings of the day to the tune of asperity. I fell upon THE BEST OF KINGS with redoubled vehemence."\*

Not satisfied with these means of information, Lord Shelburne had still more active agents. Bentham tells us that Captain Blankett and Mr. Jekyll were *necessary instruments* to Lord Shelburne, and that it was their business to *watch in the quarters of the enemy*. "His Lordship," continues Bentham, "did not care much about Hastings; but knowing the part the King took, and having all the King's conversations repeated to him, he professed to take Hastings' part." And when the conversation turned upon Lord Mansfield, Bentham learned "that he was the object of undisguised antipathy to

Lord Shelburne and Lord Camden," the two great friends of Junius. When we combine these remarkable disclosures, only recently brought before the public eye, with the cardinal facts mentioned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, almost at his dying hour, that he knew Junius,—that he knew all about the writing and production of his Letters,—that he had not yet been named,—and that there was no longer any reason for concealing his name,—we can scarcely refuse our assent to the opinion, that either Barré or Maclean was Junius. We have already seen that Maclean was the friend, the countryman, and the fellow *collegian* of Burke; and that "*it is an undoubted fact*," according to Prior, "that Burke himself indirectly acknowledged to Sir Joshua Reynolds that *he knew the writer of Junius*." We know also that Mrs. Burke, Sir Joshua, and Mr. Malone, all believed that Burke polished the compositions of Junius for the public eye; and if we put any faith in these statements, it will be difficult to find any other friend than Maclean for whom Burke could have performed this act of kindness. It is demonstrable from Junius' answer to *Junia*, written by Caleb Whiteford, that he had coadjutors by whom he was often unwillingly influenced, and it is therefore the less improbable that these coadjutors may have occasionally given him some assistance.

The connection of Wilkes with Junius is well known. They were at one time apparently friends, and at another enemies. In taking Wilkes' part against the King and the Ministry, Junius says, "I know that *man much better than any of you*;"\* that Nature intended him for a good-humored fool, but that a systematical education, with long practice, had made him a consummate hypocrite."† And yet in a month or two we find him writing letters to Wilkes as a political friend, and assisting and advising him in his proceedings. Now this was precisely the relative situation of Maclean and Wilkes. Maclean had not only been his political coadjutor, but had lent him money. Wilkes, however, seems to have taken offence at his conduct, and to have been a party to an attack upon Maclean in the Public Advertiser

\* After Wilkes had been in exile, "he appeared," says Prior, "accompanied from Paris by Mr. Laughlin Maclean, an old acquaintance of Mr. Burke, privately in London, early in May, 1766, and was determined, as he said, either to make his fortune from the fear of the Government, or to annoy it."—*Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 152.

† Letter LIII., 24th July, 1771.

\* Dr. Bowring's *Life of Jeremy Bentham*, p. 112; see also p. 116.

in January, 1771. Having obtained what he thought evidence that Wilkes was the author of this attack, Maclean sent him a challenge through Major Maclean on the 29th January. Wilkes refused to accept it, —denied that he was the author of the offensive letter, and thus compelled Maclean to publish the correspondence in the *Public Advertiser*.<sup>\*</sup> It is a curious fact, and one of some value in the Junius controversy, that in this attack of Wilkes upon Maclean, Wilkes *himself* "is injuriously treated," a circumstance which Wilkes pleads as a proof that he did not write the letter. To this Maclean replies that "there is not a syllable of what Mr. Wilkes calls 'injuriously to him' which does not point to the source from which the letter sprang. His favorite foibles alone are touched upon, and with a very gentle hand. But is it not the stale trick of all assassins when they stab in the dark to give themselves a slight wound that they may escape suspicion?"<sup>†</sup>

About this time a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the views and position of Junius, and an analogous change took place in the views and position of Maclean. Lady Shelburne died on the 5th January, 1771, and soon afterwards Lord Shelburne left England for the Continent. If Maclean had hitherto been private secretary to his Lordship, he must now have been thrown out of employment, but whether this was the case or not he seems at this time to have shown a disposition to favor the Ministry. He is said to have written early in 1771 a pamphlet in "Defence of the Ministry on the subject of the Falkland Islands,"<sup>‡</sup> and thus to have gained the patronage of Lord North. On the 8th May, 1771, he resigned his seat for Arundel by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. In the same month Lord North appointed him superintendent of Lazarettos, with a salary of £1000 per annum, and two pounds per day

of travelling expenses. In January, 1772, he received the appointment of Collector of Philadelphia, and, what is curious, his absence from England agrees with the interval in the correspondence between Junius and Woodfall—an interval which continued from May 10, 1772, to January 19, 1773. Maclean, too, returned in 1773, to receive a new and lucrative appointment from the Government; and Junius reappeared from his *occultation of eight months*, not to expostulate with the Ministry, or fulfil his patriotic pledge to the English nation, but to disappear like a meteor from the political horizon, and be seen and heard of no more! Even after Maclean received his appointment to the Collectorship Junius wrote no more under his real signature, and in his private note, dated January 19, 1777, he took a final leave of Woodfall in the following expressive strains:—

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured that I have *good reason* for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible."

In the month of April, 1773, Maclean was appointed Commissary-General of Musters, and Auditor-General of Military Accounts, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in India, an appointment worth about £5000 a-year,<sup>\*</sup> and one which "was thought to be the reward of some greater service than the defence of the Ministry on the affair of the Falkland Islands." He went out to India in the same ship with Sir Philip Francis,—discharged with consummate talent and success the important duties which were intrusted to him by the company; and resigned his office early in 1775. Before he left India, he received from Mr. Hastings, the Governor-General, authority to act as his confidential and political agent; and, having

<sup>\*</sup> After Junius' friendly correspondence with Wilkes from August to November, 1771, two of his letters relating to the Bill of Rights Society were misrepresented to the public. He suspected Wilkes to have done this, and desired Woodfall to tell him "that he will not submit to be any longer asspersed," and adds, "between ourselves let me recommend it to you to be much upon your guard with Patriots."

<sup>†</sup> The writer of this article owes the knowledge of these curious letters to the kindness of N. W. Simons, Esq., of the British Museum.

<sup>‡</sup> There is not a copy of this pamphlet in the British Museum, nor any other library, public or private, where we have made inquiry after it, and our inquiries have been very extensive.

<sup>\*</sup> In a letter now before us, to Mr. Macpherson from Colonel Dow, who succeeded Colonel Maclean in these offices, he states that the new Members of Council had proposed to restrict Maclean from continuing to draw 25 per cent. on certain military stores with which he supplied the army, which Colonel Dow calculates as worth 50,000 rupees per annum. Maclean's annual income, therefore, must have greatly exceeded £5000.



stopped at Madras, he was intrusted with a similar agency by the Nabob of Arcot. After his arrival in England in the winter of 1775, he and Mr. Macpherson devoted their time to the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot and Mr. Hastings, and discharged these duties with an energy and zeal which were deeply appreciated by their employers. Mr. Gleig, the biographer of Hastings, expresses his satisfaction that it has "fallen to his lot to bear testimony to the noble exertions and disinterested friendship of Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean;" and in the same work our readers will find explained, "the true nature of that series of transactions which led first to the tender by Colonel Maclean of Mr. Hastings' resignation, and subsequently to the refusal of Mr. Hastings to acknowledge the authority under which such tender was made." They will find also in the admirable letters of Maclean, which Mr. Gleig has given in full, a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, and ample evidence that he had all the knowledge and talents which were necessary for the compositions of Junius.

The interests of his friends rendered it necessary that Maclean should again visit India, and return with the greatest despatch to England. He accordingly set out in July, 1777, and proceeding through France to Marseilles, he embarked in a ship for Alexandria, and crossing the Desert to Suez, then no easy matter, he embarked on board the Sea-horse, Capt. Parker, for Madras, where he arrived in about two months and ten days. After remaining only a few days at Madras to transact business with the Nabob of Arcot, he embarked in a packet for the Cape of Good Hope, to which he had a speedy passage. Before he left the Cape, he wrote a letter to a friend in India, saying that he was about to embark for England, "in a crazy vessel, commanded by a crazy captain." This vessel was the "Swallow" packet, which foundered at sea, and Maclean and all on board perished. He left a will, by which he bequeathed a variety of "profuse" legacies, without any available funds to pay them. He had purchased four estates in Grenada, for which he paid £206,000; \* but strange to say his heirs declined to administer to his will. His son-in-law, the late Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, in-

formed the writer of this article, that application had been made to him to give a title to some of these properties, but that he uniformly declined to do this, from a conviction that the estate was insolvent, and hence a considerable West India estate became the property of its steward.

Such was the melancholy termination of a life singularly eventful, associated with the early history of Goldsmith, the death of Wolfe, and the destinies of Warren Hastings; and now closely related to the mysterious history of Junius. It is with some diffidence that we have ventured to point out this relation, but accident placed in our hands documents of some weight, and we have felt it a duty to use them in contributing to gratify, so far as we can, a laudable curiosity. The preceding details are sufficient of themselves to place Maclean on as high a level as any of the competitors for the laurels of Junius. We humbly think, without insisting on others holding the same opinion, that he stands pre-eminent above them all, and in order to substantiate this conviction, we shall endeavor to remove some objections which have been urged against our views, and to illustrate some facts which may contribute to their support.

1. One of the objections against the preceding theory is founded upon the second letter of eighteen lines, signed *Vindex*, in which Maclean's pamphlet on the Falkland Islands is referred to in such terms\* as it is supposed Maclean himself could not have used. We deny that there is any proof that this letter was written by Junius. It has no resemblance to his style, and is utterly unworthy of him. What motive could Junius have, if he was not Maclean, to correct a trivial error and accompany it with an ungenerous sneer at Maclean's impediment of speech? But if Maclean and *Vindex* were Junius, the letter in question was an excellent method of misleading his enemies, and one particularly appropriate when both Maclean and Junius were beginning to desert "the cause and the public." Maclean, as we have just seen, charges Wilkes with the very same trick only *five weeks* before the date of *Vindex's* letter; and Maclean himself, if *Vindex*, *gave himself a slight wound to escape conviction*.†

\* We have before us a list of these estates with their prices, and a memorandum stating that "in all these estates, Mrs. Maclean has a clear right of dower." This paper is docqueted by Mr. Macpherson as one "relative to Mrs. Maclean," with the date January, 1781.

\* "Pray tell that ingenious gentleman, Laughlin Maclean, &c." (correcting a trifling mistake about the king of Spain's titles.) "In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested, unbroken, melodious eloquence, it is a melancholy truth," &c., Letter xc., March 6, 1717 — Woodfall's *Junius*, vol. iii. p. 343.

† See page 183. The writer in the *Athenæum*,

2. If we suppose that Junius was Vindex, and therefore acquainted with Maclean's defence of the Ministry, is it not *inexplicable* that he should have omitted an opportunity of denouncing his conduct with all the bitterness and eloquence which he generally brings to such a task?

3. It was the opinion of several of Maclean's personal friends in Scotland, while the Letters of Junius were publishing, that they were written by Maclean.

4. Sir William Adam, the personal friend of Maclean and Francis, stated in writing to the author of this article, that in his opinion the former possessed the wit and talents necessary for the production of Junius.

5. The Rev. Mr. Parish informed the writer of this article that his father, who was chaplain to Lord Townshend, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had heard Lord Townshend express his belief that Maclean was Junius; and he saw at Dublin Castle a print called the *Tripartite Junius*, in which Maclean was represented with two other individuals as his co-adjutors.

6. Junius' answer to *Junia* is a very remarkable production, and one which we could prove, were it expedient, to be more likely to issue from the pen of Maclean than from that of any of the other claimants.

7. As Maclean was a physician, we might expect metaphors and expressions connected with the medical profession. Expressions of this kind are extremely common, (about forty in number,) and some of them, such as "*the caput mortuum* of vitriol," could scarcely have come from the pen of a writer who had not been familiar with medicine or chemistry. It is a curious fact that a writer on this subject actually infers from some of these expressions that Junius must have been a chemist.

8. The late Mr. Woodfall, and others, have remarked a similarity between the hand-writing of Maclean and Junius, and there are resemblances also in the spelling of particular words, and also in particular modes of expression. We place little value on any argument derived from the hand-writing of Junius. It is evident that Junius must have either used a feigned hand or the hand of an amanuensis, or a friend. Had Junius written his Letters in his usual hand, his detection would have been instantaneous. There is certainly no resemblance of any importance between the hand-writing of Junius and that

already referred to, has wisely stated that Junius must often be judged by contrarieties, of which this is a fair example.

of any of the individuals with whom he was identified.\*

In studying the history and character of Junius there are important lessons, moral and social, to be learnt. We have said that Junius was a patriot and moralist, and we have no doubt that many of our readers were startled by the statement. We spoke of him as the invisible organ of a party—wielding its weapons, struggling on its ramparts, or cheering on its forlorn-hope. His patriotism, therefore, becomes that of his party, and his morality that of his associates. If he has been the advocate of great truths, we must extend to him our gratitude, whatever may have been his motives. If he denounced political corruption without being himself corrupt, and exposed the vices of his opponents without being himself vicious, we must hail him as a moralist, unless we find him careless about his facts or cognizant of their falsehood. In order to form a right estimate of the character of a party writer, we must peruse the writings of the party to which he is opposed. His personalities may have been called forth by theirs; their ferocity may justify his; and in his exposures even of private failings we may discover but a faint reflection of the conduct of his adversaries. In the times of Junius the personalities and calumnies of the supporters of the Ministry, purchased by the Government and paid for by the nation, were such as to justify the utmost severity of retaliation.

But though the character of Junius, while he himself remains in the shade, may be pure and noble, it may assume a different aspect when he is identified. Were Lord Chatham, or Lord Sackville, or Burke, or Sir Philip Francis, to stand forth as Junius, his morality would disappear, and his patriotism sink into disaffection and disloyalty; and were either Barré or Maclean to be honored with his laurels, we must brand them as traitors to the cause which they advocated, and as men who bartered their obligations to the community for a mess of pottage.

It is always instructive, and now more than ever, to *beware of Patriots*, to scrutinize the pretensions of popular leaders, and to estimate the value of their labors. Junius was a very

\* Mr. Britton has stated in his work on Junius, "that George Chalmers, in an appendix to his Supplemental Apology to the believers in the Shakspeare Papers, has examined and confuted Maclean's pretensions to the authorship of the *Mystic Letters*," pp. 87, 88, *note*. This assertion is an entire mistake, as Mr. Britton himself admits. Mr. Chalmers has not even mentioned Maclean's claims in the work referred to, or in any other work.

moderate reformer, liberal in his political views, but hostile to innovation. His object was to defend constitutional rights, and not to create them. It was "*the unimpaired, hereditary freehold*" which he strove to bequeath to posterity. It was the "liberty of the press,—the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of Englishmen," and the right of juries to return a general verdict, for which he combated. Had he lived in the present day he would neither have been a Repealer, nor a Confederate, nor a Chartist. He would have hesitated even to extend the suffrage till the people were fit to exercise

it, for he declared that both liberty and property would be precarious till the people had acquired *sense* and spirit to defend them. Education and religious knowledge must precede the extension of political privileges. No person is entitled to a political right till he has learned how to use it; no man is qualified for a trust till he knows how to fulfil it. The rights of the subject are not the rights of an individual, but the rights of the community; and he who either prostitutes or sells such a birthright, dishonors and robs every member of the community to whom the same inheritance has been bequeathed.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## BEAUTY.

### PART I.

OBLIVION ne'er shall have the hour  
When Beauty first for me her bower  
Left to reveal her magic power—  
Islet of peace in Mem'ry's sea,  
Home of my heart, I fly to thee.  
Hid in the quiet studious cell,  
Fast bound in Learning's mystic spell,  
Enough for me was classic page  
Of Latin bard or Grecian sage—  
Anacreon's song and Sappho's lay,  
The sparkling verse of Horace gay,  
Mild Maro's tale of rural love,  
And Ovid's of the gods above,  
Oft sweetly whiled the hours away;  
But never taught my heart to play  
With secret trembling at the sight  
Of Beauty's form ethereal bright.

### PART II.

One has chimed from the sacred fane—  
Mysterious silence pensive reigns;  
No wakeful sound invades my ear,  
No living, breathing things appear;  
The lamp grows dim, the lamp expires,  
Thought from the dizzy brink retires  
Of pending rock, whence, eagle-eyed,  
She scann'd Truth's ocean rolling wide.  
Musing, I o'er the embers hung,  
When sportive Fancy gaily sprung  
Forth from her cell. Beauteous she traced  
An image like a cherub, graced  
With tints of richer, deeper dye  
Than owns the rainbow-varied sky;  
*With wavy tresses, raven bright,*

Glist'ning with lustrous hues of light—  
Like an arrowy fall's dark tide  
When the sunbeams swift o'er it glide—  
Calmly they rest, though unconfined,  
Over a brow where, throned, a mind  
Of heavenly mould displays its state,  
Sweet, gentle, kind, yet nobly great;  
With dark eyes couched on liquid dew,  
Lending the diamond's brilliant hue;  
With cheeks like curving wreaths of snow,  
Tinged with Aurora's ruddiest glow;  
With lips that far excel the rose,  
Hiding what Neptune might suppose  
Stolen from the treasured Persian main,  
Where deep he holds his pearly reign.  
Her snowy neck, smooth, polished, shone,  
The pillar of an ivory throne;  
A smile, bewitchingly displayed,  
Brightly o'er her features strayed;  
Her glance streamed radiance on my soul,  
And bade deep raptures o'er me roll;  
A harp, where music coyly slept,  
Her alabaster fingers swept;  
The parted lip a blended swell  
Sent echoing through my silent cell.  
Wrapt from this harshly jarring sphere,  
Within heaven's gate I seemed to hear  
Strains that immortals only know,  
Whose hearts are ne'er untuned by woe;  
Legions of spirits, swift as light,  
In splendor burst upon my sight—  
Myriads of harps are now unhung,  
Myriads of harps are newly strung,  
Myriads of angel-voices sing,  
Myriads of echoes gently ring—  
A torrent rolls along the skies,  
Then, like the warbling streamlet, dies.

## SPIRIT'S SONG.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1.<br/>What beauty flames<br/>On Morning's car,<br/>When Venus claims,<br/>Sweet fairest star,<br/>To herald her afar!</p> <p>2.<br/>What beauty pours<br/>The orient glow,<br/>When radiant showers<br/>Of sunbeams flow<br/>On golden plains below!</p> <p>3.<br/>What beauty gleams<br/>From Evening's brow,<br/>When sunny beams<br/>The clouds of snow<br/>Wrapt in an ardent glow!</p> <p>4.<br/>What beauty, round<br/>With wavy light,<br/>Streaks the profound,<br/>Dazzles the sight—<br/>The borealis bright!</p> <p>5.<br/>What beauty beams<br/>The lunar plain!<br/>What glory streams<br/>Yon starry train,<br/>Lighting up midnight's fane!</p> <p>6.<br/>What beauty flows<br/>O'er raptur'd eyes,<br/>When Iris throws<br/>Her blended dyes<br/>Across the azure skies!</p> <p>7.<br/>What beauty sits<br/>On the lit-deep,<br/>When the shadow flits<br/>O'er winds asleep,<br/>Fatigued with whirling sweep!</p> <p>16.<br/>That beauty's fount<br/>Is God alway,<br/>Up to Him mount<br/>From sculptured clay,<br/>From earth to heaven away.</p> | <p>8.<br/>What beauty lies<br/>On waves at rest,<br/>Sheening the skies<br/>With glassy breast,<br/>In moonlike splendors drest!</p> <p>9.<br/>What beauty shows<br/>The white-winged ship<br/>When sparkling rows<br/>Of jewels skip<br/>Around her ghost-like slip!</p> <p>10.<br/>What beauty dwells<br/>In daisied mead,<br/>In shady dells<br/>Where wild flowers plead,<br/>The ravished eye to feed!</p> <p>11.<br/>What beauty paints<br/>The plummy throng,<br/>Filling their plaints<br/>The day live-long<br/>Responsive woods among!</p> <p>12.<br/>What beauty twines<br/>Round gardens fair,<br/>Where a fountain shines<br/>Mid each parterre,<br/>Murm'ring its favorite air!</p> <p>13.<br/>But Beauty's home<br/>Is woman fair;<br/>Where'er she roams,<br/>Beauty is there,<br/>Vigilant o'er her care.</p> <p>14.<br/>Still, list young man,<br/>Bathed deep in joy,<br/>As close you soon<br/>With searching eye<br/>The hues of beauty's dye—</p> |
|---|---|

The music ceased. The vision fled;  
Fancy no longer o'er me sped  
On joyous wing. Gazing on air—  
Low, objectless, and lonely there,  
In vain I sought the vanished fair.  
Then Reason took her sober away,  
Forbade imagination's play;  
Relapsed into my inner self,  
Disclosed there stood an opening gulf,  
Whose jarring void I shook to see,  
Dread symbol of eternity:  
Upheaving waves of strong desire,  
Mountains of undulating fire,  
Proclaiming, by their awful swell,  
Man is an elemental hell;  
Until the mind, with giant clasp,  
Embrace an object in its grasp—  
Deathless as immortality,  
Measureless as immensity.  
The thought then shot across my soul—  
Breathes there a form from pole to pole,  
Such as erst Fancy's magic spell  
Evoked from her fantastic cell!

Such beauteous brow! such chisell'd face!  
Love, daughter fair of Eve, may grace,  
Able to fill this vacant soul,  
And hush these waves that o'er me roll!  
No! Goddess, true, though all she seem,  
And deathless hues in rapture's dream  
Over her lovely features beam,  
Traced on her brow, lo! stands decay—  
E'en blooming she must fade away.  
Her mind must leave its much-loved dust,  
And into realms eternal burst,  
Leaving me lonely as at first.  
Then swift harmonious o'er me flew  
The strains I erst had heard anew:

That beauty's fount  
Is God alway,  
Up to Him mount  
From sculptured clay,  
From earth to heaven away.  
Behold an object!—Pause, my mind—  
God, God alone, Him unconfined!  
His Being through all space extends,  
His vast existence never ends;  
His mind reveals the boundless source  
Whence Beauty's silvery currents course  
O'er verdant hill, o'er varied plain,  
O'er every flower of earth's domain.  
His awful form on Alpine brow  
Mirrors itself in glacial snow,  
Broods o'er the dark tempestuous main  
The horrors of the heaving plain.  
Deep thunder walks along the sky,  
His tread; the lightnings gleam—his eye;  
The cataracts far resounding pour,  
The earthquakes roll, the whirlwinds roar—  
His voice; the varied rainbow o'er  
A glory spreads the rushing flood  
That frets and chafes in stormiest mood—  
Emblem of His imperial mind,  
In terror robed, yet gently kind.  
His are the curtain-clouds of heaven  
Fantastically hung at even,  
O'er ranges of embattled towers,  
Drench'd in descending golden showers;  
His is the pearl's unspotted snow;  
His is the ruby's vivid glow;  
His is the diamond's crystal light;  
His is the sapphire's azure bright.  
His is the gleam in dew-drops seen;  
His is the beam of midnight's queen;  
His is the glorious solar ray;  
His is the light of the star-built way;  
His is the mind of man sublime,  
Toiling eternal hills to climb;  
His is the soul of woman fair,  
Breathing in virtue's sacred air;  
His is the earth, the sky, the sea—  
All, all that is or e'er shall be,  
Of great, of beautiful, of good,  
Claims as its fountain only God.  
To thee, to thee, behold the throne  
Of mind I yield to thee alone.

## PART III.

Calmly, then, I pressed my pillow,  
O'er me rolled no heaving billow;  
Sleep, downy power, sealed up my eyes,  
Peace on my bosom nestled lies;  
Dreams sent from heaven around me play,  
And turn the darkness into day—

Wafting the soul on pinions light,  
Far from the realms of sable night;  
Sunning it in celestial rays,  
Brighter than noon-tide's vivid blaze.  
Repose then softly o'er me stole,  
And wooed to rest my winged soul.

## PART IV.

Now Morn, with rosy fingers, led  
The circling hours around my head,  
Lightly oped my slumbering eyes  
To pay the matin sacrifice.  
Serenely happy I arose,  
A world all new before me glows;  
The sun a brighter radiance sheds,  
The flower a sweeter fragrance spreads;  
The lawn a greener sward arrays,  
The lambkin o'er it happier plays;  
The woods dance lighter in the breeze;  
The ship sails smoother on the seas;

The honey-gatherers gayer hum;  
The lowings often cheerful come;  
The streams a clearer silver show,  
And warble sweeter as they flow;  
The chiming brook plays softer airs,  
The bird a fairer plumage wears,  
And chaunts his mate a merrier song,  
While echoes clearer notes prolong;  
The gales melodious milder sing,  
And balmier sweets drop from their wing.  
A holier calm inspires my breast  
With deeper sacredness possess:  
A calm unlike the leaden sea  
When dull, dense fogs, brood heavily;  
A calm like ocean waves at rest,  
In noontide's golden glory drest—  
Dimpled with gentle zephyr's kiss,  
Sighing away its soul in bliss.  
All Nature seems in happier mood;  
The cause!—the beautiful, the good,  
Is seen, is felt—a present God!

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## THE LAST POET.

[From the German of Alex. Graf Von Aversperg, a nobleman of Vienna.]

## CYNIC.

Oh, member of the moon-struck throng,  
When will your ravings all be ended?  
When will your long and tiresome song  
Be all sung out, and lyre suspended?

Has not all nature's varied store  
By bards been sought, and sung, and gather'd?  
When will your rhapsodies be o'er?  
Each stream is dried, each flower is wither'd.

## POET.

As long as through yon azure skies  
The glorious car of light is driven—  
As long as gifted minstrel's eyes  
Are turned in ecstasy to heaven—

As long as in the awful cloud  
The tempest broods, and thunder breaking,  
And at the peal so dread and loud  
A single heart with fear is quaking—

As long as after silenced storm  
The rainbow in the cloud is smiling;  
Or hearts estranged (that once were warm)  
Sigh for the bliss of reconciling—

As long as night sublime unfolds  
Her scroll with golden letters burning;  
Or sage the mystic page beholds,  
Enraptured to it nightly turning—

Long as the moon through ether strays,  
Or human breast with gladness glowing;  
While zephyr through the forest plays,  
Or boughs a cooling shade bestowing—

As long as verdant springs return  
To bless the earth, or rose is blooming;  
While Beauty's cheeks with blushes burn,  
Or joy her lover's look illuming—

Long as above that sacred urn  
Sad gloom the cypress-shade is making;  
Or tears are seen in eyes that mourn,  
Or heart beneath its burden breaking—

So long will she, bright maid of song,  
A pilgrim walk on earth, elated,  
And lead the laurell'd bard along—  
The priest whom she has consecrated;

And when to lovely nature's reign  
The day of doom the end is bringing,  
The last of men in nature's fane  
Will be the bard her requiem singing.

The Lord of all does still uphold  
In his right hand his bright creation;  
And, as a flower that's freshly culled,  
Regards it with benign sensation;

And when this fair majestic flower  
Shall, like "a parched scroll," be furl'd,  
And solar systems roll no more,  
But all to dark confusion hurl'd,

Then, Cynic, if thy heart be strong,  
Go, boldly ask, if still desiring,  
"When will you close your tiresome song?"  
E'en now, for, lo! the sun's expiring.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

BY H. L. LONG, ESQ.

[Continued from the December number of the Eclectic Magazine.]

### LETTER V.

#### AGINCOURT.

IF our Hotel de l'Europe at Hesdin presented us with accommodations somewhat inferior to those of its namesake at Abbeville, we had no reason to be displeased with our quarters, and, as far as the operations of the *chef* are a matter of importance, they were unexceptionable.

The great post-road leading to St. Omer ascends the chalk on the north of the valley immediately after passing the river, traverses the forest of Hesdin, and then emerges into the open country. At the distance of about eight miles from Hesdin, the spire of the church of Agincourt becomes visible on the right of the road, rising above the trees which conceal the other buildings of the village, beyond which lies the field of battle. This road is, of course, the easiest and the most direct way to approach the spot, but a desire to get upon the line of march of our fifth Harry previous to the action, led us to adopt a different route, and for this purpose we were obliged to leave our large carriage at Hesdin, and adopt one of the light cabriolets of the country.

And now we exchanged the recollection of the "great Edward, with the lilies on his brow from haughty Gallia torn," for those of the worthy although illegal inheritor of his crown, his valorous great-grandson, in no way his inferior, whether in the qualities of mind or body, the renowned of English monarchs, Henry the Fifth.

Let me remind you, by way of giving consistency to my letter, that Henry had opened his campaign of 1415, by landing in France near Harfleur—the capture of that town followed—but after the loss of nearly half his

army by disease, he was fain to retire, and, in making his way towards Calais, found himself planted between the Somme and the ocean, precisely as had been the case with his great ancestor sixty-nine years previously. No Blanquetaque was now practicable. That memorable passage "was now so impeached with stakes in the bottom of the ford, that he could not pass, his enemies besides there away so swarming on all sides"—an unlucky prudence had on this occasion inspired the French—better had it been for them to have built a bridge of gold for their flying enemy. No place of passage could be forced or found anywhere, until after ascending the left bank of the river almost as far up as the fortress of Ham, he discovered a "shallow, which was never espied before," and there on the 19th of October, he effected his passage, and resumed his march in the direction of Calais. At some distance, a little in advance of his right flank, in a course almost parallel to his own, but gradually converging until the two lines met at Agincourt, marched the French army, amounting to 60,000 or 80,000 men, and arrayed under a numerous and brilliant assemblage of chiefs and nobles—Delabret, Constable; Chatillon, Admiral of France; Ramburés, grand master of the cross-bows; together with the Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and an infinity of others. "Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," they continued their course, sometimes, indeed, sending a herald with proposals to treat, but for the most part enjoying an easy security of having their prey within their grasp whenever a fitting opportunity enabled them to clutch him, after he had been duly weakened by a little further exhaustion.

This state of things continued until the English army approached Blangy, on the

Ternoise, on the 24th of October, and to Blangy we bent our steps, as the best place for getting upon their track. An excellent road leads up the valley of the Ternoise from Hesdin, and we passed on our right the hill of le Parc, the "nominis umbra" of the ancient domain. It might be an anachronism to allude to events which at an interval of nine years succeeded the battle of Agincourt, but we could not pass le Parc without recollecting that it was the place of training for Philip Duke of Burgundy in his expected duel with Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The princes were going to decide by trial of battle the right to the possession of the hand of Jaquetta of Bavaria, Duchess of Brabant, who had fled from her husband under the escort of the Seigneur de Robsart, to Valenciennes, "et là fut pratiqué le mariage du Duc de Gloucester et la Duchesse de Brabant, nonobstant qu'elle feut mariée au Duc de Brabant." The Duke of Burgundy threw down the gauntlet on behalf of his relative of Brabant, and a single combat was arranged to take place. The Duke of Burgundy, says St. Rémy, "grant désir avoit de essayer son corps allecontre du Duc de Gloucestre—et à la verité c'estoit le plus grant désir que il eust en ce monde, et adfin d'estre prest au jour St. George, il se tira en la ville de Hesdin, (vieux Hesdin of course,) où là fist venir pleuseurs armoiers pour forger le harnas et habillement qui pour son corps lui estoient necessaire, et en ce beau Parc de Hesdin, qui est l'un des beaux du Royaulme, se trouvoient tous les matins pour prendre alaine et avec che avoit pluseurs certains lieux et places secrettes où il exercitoit son corps à combattre et faire ses essais." Something, however, interfered to prevent a meeting between these dukes, who both bore the surname of "Good"—Gloucester, who was a man of distinguished skill and courage, and who had fought gallantly at Agincourt, where he was dangerously wounded, might have proved more than a match even for the father of Charles le Hardy. I can easily imagine the Parc of Vieux Hesdin to have been "des plus beaux," in an agreeable situation, occupying the high ground at the angle formed by the union of the two streams,—all this is now completely disappeared, and, on the Ternoise side at least, bears not the slightest vestige of its original forestial state.

On reaching Blangy we turned by a villainous road down to the river, and stationed ourselves for awhile on the bridge. Here then we were treading on the footsteps of *Henry*, and heard the echo of his commands.

"March to the bridge; it now draws towards the night. Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, and on the morrow bid them march away!"

Here the position of Henry for a time must have been awfully perilous—with a French army of sixfold force within a very few miles of him, he was entangled in a deep valley, with his little army embarrassed by the passage of the river—and his situation must have been known to the French, for he had just put to flight a detachment of their troops, who had attempted to destroy the bridge. Had they at that moment poured down the hill upon him, utter annihilation would have been inevitable! But before we left this spot some images of a milder and more pacific description, unconnected indeed with the heroes of Agincourt, but not altogether unconnected with another British army, came floating over our imaginations. You who were one of that army, the army of occupation in 1816, may perhaps remember that Blangy was the headquarters of the fly-fishers at that period. The Ternoise is a beautiful stream, and I could not quit its banks without wetting a line. Trout are reported, and with truth, I believe, to be abundant—in spite of the unfavorable state of the water after a night of rain, it was impossible to resist the attempt; a peasant who looked on for a time observed rather solemnly, "Vous ne prendrez rien," and he was right.

This was soon over, and Harry again became lord of the ascendant—his progress cannot be better told than in the words of the old chroniclers:—

"The Duke of York that led the vanguard (after the army had passed the river) mounted up to the height of a hill with his people, and sent out scouts to discover the country; one of them, astonished at the extent of the French army, returned with the utmost speed to the duke, exclaiming, 'quickly be prepared. for you are just about to fight against a world of innumerable people.' This news induced the king to halt, and he hastened with the utmost speed of the fine horse he rode to view the enemy, who like so many forests, covered the whole country far and wide. That done, he returned to his people, and with cheerful countenance caused them to be put in order of battle, and so kept them still in that order till night was come, and then determined to seek a place to encamp and lodge his army in for that night. There was not one amongst them that knew any certain place whither to go in that unknown country, but by chance they happened upon a beaten way, white, in sight, by the which they were brought unto a little village, where they were refreshed with meat and drink somewhat

more plenteously than they had been divers days before."

This is a sketch of the country and the incidents which filled up the interval between the passage of the Ternoise and the halt of the army in the village of Maisonnelles, in front of the field of Agincourt, and only 250 paces distant from the position of the French army. In reflecting on these events, we are struck with astonishment at the hardihood of the king—at the hairbreadth escapes of the English army—at the wondrous ignorance manifested as to where they were, or where they were going, and lastly, at the extraordinary good luck which guided them not only into comfortable quarters, but into a military position, which proved excellently suited to the diminished numbers of the English forces. We had ample time to survey all this ground attentively—it was impossible to proceed with the carriage, except at a very slow pace, for not only is the ascent from the Ternoise exceedingly long and steep, but the road, if "white in sight" in the days of Harry, was white to our sight with a vengeance, for it had all been lately shaped, and freshly laid with chalk of a snowy brilliancy; satisfactory preparations for all future travellers, but rendering our own progress extremely tedious.

We were mounting some of the most elevated land in this part of France—a "*divortium aquarum*"—the waters on the south unite with the Ternoise and the Canche, discharging themselves into the English Channel at Etaples, while to the north they form the sources of the Lys, flow into the Scheld, and thence to the North Sea. On reaching the plateau on the top, we were on the spot whence Henry the Fifth descried the formidable host of his adversary, covering all the open country to the north-east, and onwards to the woods which surround Tramecourt.

The three villages of Tramecourt, Maisonnelles, and Agincourt, are all enveloped in clusters of wood, as a shelter in this high and exposed country—they form a triangle; between them lies the field of battle—Tramecourt and Agincourt, the north-eastern and north-western angles, were occupied by the French, together with the intermediate space, and there they passed the night, in a state of great excitement, confident of victory, calculating the anticipated ransoms of their English prisoners, and making the plain resound with their loud cries, as they shouted after their grooms and varlets. Rain fell abundantly, and the "tawny" ground, as Shakspeare truly calls it, using Hollinshed's epithet, was

soaked where the horses stood over their fetlocks in mire. The soil of Agincourt reposes on chalk, like that of Cressy, but is of a far more clayey and tenacious description, and had its effect in fatiguing the French cavalry. The quarters of the English monarch were at Maisonnelles, the southern angle of the field, and fortunately they were such as met the exigencies of his little army, like the "*Copiolas*," as D. Brutus jokingly calls his troops, "*sic enim verè eas appellare possum, sunt enim extenuatissimæ, et inopiâ omnium rerum pessimè acceptæ.*" The English, in fact, had been reduced to half their original numbers by death and sickness, "their victuals in a manner spent, and no hope to get more; for their enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed: of fuel there was great scarcity; of disorders plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on, had they none." Walsingham tells us there had been a want of bread in the army, so that many had used filbert-nuts instead; the men of inferior rank had drunk nothing but water for eighteen days. "They were hungry, weary, sore travelled, and vexed with many cold diseases. Howbeit, reconciling themselves with God byousel and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands as the only Giver of victory, they determined rather to die than to yield or flee." They had, too, in their Harry a leader to comfort and inspire them under the most threatening aspect of fortune. He rejected the wish not of his "cousin Westmoreland," but more correctly of Sir Walter Hungerford, for "more men from England." "I would not wish a man more here than I have. We are indeed in comparison with the enemies but a few, but if God of his clemency do favor us, and our just cause, (as I trust he will,) we shall speed well enough." It might have been more difficult, perhaps, for him to explain his just cause than to fight for it; some qualms seem to have come over him in secret, for we read of him, on the eve of the battle, somewhat stung by the recollection

"Of the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown,"

and recounting all he had done by way of honorable interment for Richard's body, and the chantries he had founded,

"Where the sad and solemn priests  
Still sing for Richard's soul!"



So says the only history of England which the great Duke of Marlborough professed ever to have read—Shakspeare—who has doubtless painted the fifth Harry to the life. The night, however, was not without its military arrangements: the king sent out some valiant knights by moonlight to examine the field, and report as to the French forces which were so close upon him. The famous answer of Sir David Gam is upon record, and deserves to be so; a few words in praise of it by Sir Walter Raleigh are worth your notice, coming from an author more talked of than read perhaps—at all events read far less than he ought to be. Raleigh is describing the battle of Cannæ. "His (Hannibal's) brother Mago came to him, whom he had sent to view the countenance of the enemy. Hannibal asked him what news, and what work they were likely to have with these Romans? 'Work enough,' answered Mago, 'for they are an horrible many.' 'As horrible a many as they are,' Hannibal replied, 'I tell thee, brother, that among them all, search them never so diligently, thou shalt not find one man whose name is Mago.' With that he fell a laughing, and so did all that stood about him, which gladdened the soldiers, who thought their general would not be so merry without great assurance." I am disposed to think the gist of this piece of wit lies in some double entendre in the Punic language, incapable of translation. Raleigh proposes some explanations; its effect, however, is all that concerns us.

"But," continues Sir Walter, "if Hannibal himself had been sent forth by Mago to view the Romans, he could not have returned with a more gallant report in his mouth than that which Captain Gam, before the battle of Agincourt, made unto our King Henry V., saying that, 'of the Frenchmen there were enow to be killed, enow to be taken prisoners, and enow to run away.' Even such words as these, or such pleasant jest as this of Hannibal are not without their moment, but serve many times when battle is at hand, to work upon such passions as must govern more of the business, especially when other needful care is not wanting, without which they are but vain boasts."

The dawn of the day of St. Crispin, thenceforward so celebrated in our annals, must have discovered to Henry the agreeable fact of his having accidentally possessed himself of a position fully as well suited to his little army as any his best foresight could have selected. In his rear were the wooded *inclosures* of *Maisoncelles*, the village in

which he had passed the night; right and left of him the land fell off in gentle slopes, sufficient to give a vantage ground to each flank. In his front the plot of ground between the three inclosures was amply adequate to the array of his own army, but narrowed so much where the French were stationed, that the interval between Tramecourt and Agincourt, where the road runs, connecting the two villages, is not more than 480 yards. Henry drew up his army much in the same form as that adopted by Edward at Cressy, which seems to have been the usual arrangement prescribed by the tactics of the day. Henry, indeed, employed a little manœuvring, which was entirely dispensed with at the battle of Cressy; his first step was to send "privily two hundred archers into a low meadow which was near to the vaunt guard of the enemies, but separated with a great ditch, commanding them there to keep themselves close till they had a token to them given, to let drive at their adversaries;" the place of ambuscade thus chosen, must have been the southern end of the inclosures of Tramecourt, which lies sufficiently in a hollow to be quite concealed from an enemy, who had not circumspection enough to examine the ground. The division which formed the van-guard of the army was composed entirely of archers, and was commanded by Edward Duke of York, a man of high courage, who there fell valiantly fighting, leaving his ill-omened name to be claimed by the rightful heirs of the crown, his nephew and his nephew's son, men equally valiant in action, who did it no dishonor in their many wars,—wars, unhappily! *nullos habituro triumphos*! Out of Henry's 15,000 men, 13,000 were archers, billmen, and "all sorts of other footmen; 2000 only were horsemen." The archers were by far the most important corps, and their preservation was the principal object of Henry's solicitude. "He feared not the puissance of his enemies, but yet he used due caution to provide that they should not, with the multitude of horsemen, break the order of his archers, in whom the force of his army consisted. For in those days the yeomen had their limbs at liberty, sith their hosen were then fastened with one point, and their jacks long and easy to shoot in, so that they might draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head."

To secure them against the charges of the French cavalry, "he caused stakes bound with iron, sharp at both ends, of the length

of five or six foot, to be pitched before the archers, and each side of the footmen like a hedge, to the intent that if the barded horses ran rashly upon them, they might shortly be gored and destroyed. Certain persons also were appointed to remove the stakes, as by the moving of the archers occasion and time should require, so that the footmen were hedged about with stakes, and the horsemen stood like a bulwark between them and their enemies, without the stakes. This device of fortifying an army, was at this time first invented; but since that time they have devised caltraps, harrows, and other new engines against the force of horsemen." The "herse," or triangle, was again the figure in which this important corps was drawn up, and Henry stationed it, "by reason of his small number of people, to fill up his battle, so on the right hand of his main battle, which he himself led, that the distance betwixt them might scarce be perceived, and so in the like case was the rearward joined on the left hand, that the one might the more readily succor another in time of need." With the king's division, in which were all the strong billmen, was his brother the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Suffolk, Oxford, and others. "The Duke of Exeter, uncle to the king, led the rearward, which was mixed both with billmen and archers. The horsemen, like wings, went on every side of the battle." "When he had thus ordered his battles, he left a small company to keep his camp and carriage, which remained still in the village, and then calling his captains and soldiers about him, he made them a right glorious oration, assuring them, in conclusion, that England should never be charged with his ransom, nor any Frenchman triumph over him as a captive, for either by famous death or glorious victory would he, by God's help, win honor and fame!"

On the other side of the plain the French army were drawn up in three divisions. The first corps was composed of "eight thousand helms of knights and esquires, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred cross-bows, which were guided by the Lord de la Bret, Constable of France, having with him the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the master of the cross-bows and other captains;" this division was supported by sixteen hundred men-at-arms as a wing on the one side, and on the other wing eight hundred men-of-arms of "elect, chosen persons." "In the middle ward were assigned as many persons, or more, as were in the foremost battle, and the charge thereof was committed to the

Dukes of Bar and Alençon, and other noblemen. In the rearward were all the other men-at-arms, guided by the Earls of Marles, Dammartin, and others." Although it is stated that the French on this occasion were not unprovided with artillery, yet we hear nothing of their performances during the action—a proof that the example of Cressy had not tended to encourage any improvement in this arm, and an inference that at Cressy the cannon were not of sufficient importance to justify their being ranked among the causes of that victory. The registers of Abbeville record that in the year of the battle of Agincourt, "1415, l'échevinage fit tailler deux mille cent soixante-onze pierres rondes ou boulets de grès pour juer de canons contre l'ennemi."

"Thus the Frenchmen being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great show; for surely, they were esteemed in number six times as many, or more, than was the whole company of the Englishmen, with waggoners, pages, and all."—"Verité est," says St. Rémy, "que les Frantois avoient ordonné les batailles entre deux petits bois l'un serrant à Agincourt, et l'autre à Tramecourt; la place estoit étroite, et très avantageuse pour les Anglois, et au contraire pour les Frantois, car les Frantois avoit esté toute la nuit à cheval, et si pleuvait." This was the first grand error committed by the French; after having had the choice of a field of battle so completely within their command, they selected this of Agincourt, and could not possibly have picked out a worse. The second error was, neglecting to reconnoitre the ground, so that the small body of English archers, secreted in the lower part of Tramecourt, remained unobserved until they discovered themselves but too manifestly by the unexpected discharge and fatal effect of their arrows.

An awful pause succeeded these preparations, and each army remained immovable in position. It formed no part of Henry's policy to commence an attack, and the overnight ardor of the French appeared to diminish considerably when the actual moment for its display had arrived. They again, whether in jest or not seems uncertain, despatched a herald to the English monarch to treat for his ransom; but the undaunted Henry replied, that in two or three hours he hoped the French would be compounding for their own ransoms, and, for his own part, he promised them his dead carcass rather as a prize, than that his living body should pay any ransom. The rejection of this overture

was construed by the French into a decisive signal for instantaneous battle. The men of war put on their helmets, and caused their trumpets to blow to battle; with such hot haste was this marshalling performed, that some of the chiefs could not wait for the arrival of their standards, and it is especially recorded of the Duke of Brabant, that he caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard—

Ceciditque in strage suorum  
Impiger ad letum, et fortis virtute coactâ !

The armies were now within three bow-shots, for the French had advanced a little, but still no disposition to engage was exhibited, except when any of the French horsemen who came at all forward were driven back by the English archers. "Thereupon, all things considered, it was determined that since the Frenchmen would not come forward, the king, with his army embattled, should march towards them." In front "there went an old knight, Sir Thomas Erpingham, (a man of great experience in the war,) with a warder in his hand, but when he cast up his warder all the army shouted." We gain from St. Rémy a description of the onset. "Lors les Anglois commencerent soudainement à marcher, en jettant un cry moult grant, dont grandement s'emerveillerent les Franchois. Et quand les Anglois virent que les Franchois point ne les approchoient, il marcherent vers eux tout bellement en belle ordonnance; et derechef, firent un tres grant cry, en eux arrestant et reprenant leur haleine." This account bears a singular resemblance to the charge of Cæsar's troops at the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey's army remained stationary, hoping the Cæsareans would be exhausted by the exertion—"Quod nobis quidem," says Cæsar, "nullâ ratione factum à Pompeio videtur . . . nostri cum animadvertissent non concurrî à Pompejanis usu periti, ac superioribus pugnis exercitate, suâ sporte cursum represserunt, et ad medium ferè spatium constiterunt, ne consumptis viribus appropinquarent." To this ready discipline on the part of his troops Cæsar ascribes the victory, and he justly blames a general, who, by any imprudent orders, represses the natural ardor of his troops. This was the case evidently at Agincourt, where the French army having made a partial advance in the open field, were halted, and thus displayed a species of *irresolution little calculated to inspire courage.*

The archers of England now began that discharge of arrows which was in the habit of carrying all before it, nor did it fail in this instance; at the same time, the body of men in the low ground of Tramecourt, observing the shout which followed the signal of the veteran Erpingham, starting from their concealment, attacked the flank of the first division of the French, under the protection of a deep ditch which rendered their position inaccessible. Nor was this manœuvre of the battle unlike another incident at Pharsalia, where Cæsar had placed six cohorts on his right wing, destined to attack Pompey's horse in flank, and admonished them that upon their behavior the success of the day would mainly depend—and so, indeed it did—the conduct of this body, and the effect of their attack, secured him the victory. Thus at Agincourt, the combined attack of the main body of archers in front, and that of the detachment suddenly opening fire on the flank of the French, threw the whole of the leading division into confusion, "so wounded the foot-men, galled the horses, and encumbered the men of arms, that the foot-men durst not go forward, the horsemen ran together in plumps without order; some overthrew such as were next them, and the horses overthrew their masters." The confusion in the enemy's line was quickly perceived, and as quickly taken advantage of by the English archers, who, dismissing their bows, and seizing their swords, axes, bills, and other hand weapons, rushed upon the French, and penetrated as far as the second corps, slaying everything in their way. Henry himself came up with his division, and the second line of the enemy were overthrown—but the battle was one of great fury. York was slain, and Suffolk, who had kept with him in his chivalry, perished also. The Duke of Gloucester, fearfully wounded, was borne down to the ground, "with his face to the sky, and his feet to the foe." The king himself bestrode the prostrate body of his brother, and displayed that personal vigor for which he was as conspicuous as he was for his dauntless spirit. D'Alençon had vowed his destruction, and actually reached him with some brave attendants, and struck the king so furious a blow upon the head, that he was almost felled to the ground, and his bacinet, still suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is said to bear visibly the dent of the tremendous stroke; but it was the last stroke ever struck by D'Alençon—a blow from Henry brought him to the earth, when he was instantly despatched by the king's attendants,

in spite of an effort on the part of his royal antagonist to preserve his life. Henry himself slew two of the duke's body-guard. Yet in the midst of all the confusion of the general battle and these personal encounters, Henry did not lose sight of his duty as commander-in-chief. Perceiving the shaken state of the greater part of the enemy's forces, he adopted a second manœuvre, which proved completely successful. "He ordered his horsemen to fetch a compass about, and to join with him against the rearward of the Frenchmen, in which was the greatest number of people." I conjecture this circuit must have been made round the inclosure of Agincourt. This unexpected attack appears to have completely paralyzed the enemy, who made no more attempts at resistance, but either fled the field, or yielded themselves prisoners, and victory settled on the brows of the English monarch. Henry's position for command of the left wing, brought him up to the Agincourt side of the field of battle, and having inquired the name of the neighboring chateau, and being answered that it was Agincourt, he directed that the conflict should be called the battle of Agincourt.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus!

Had he chosen to command the right wing, his advance would have led him towards Tramecourt, and, in that case, we should, perhaps, have heard for ever of the battle of "Tramecourt," instead of "Agincourt." In the meantime, the Seigneur of Agincourt himself, together with some other ruffians less occupied in sharing the duties and dangers of their countrymen in the action, than in thinking of what plunder might be obtained in the outskirts, perceiving the unprotected state of the English baggage, entered Maisonnelles, and with 800 horsemen began despoiling the tents, breaking open chests, carrying off caskets and all valuables, and slaying such servants as made the least resistance. "But when the outcry of lackeys and boys came to the king's ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again, and begin a new field, while his army were embarrassed with numerous prisoners, and contrary to his accustomed gentleness, he commanded by sound of trumpet, that every man, upon pain of death, should incontinently slay his prisoner."

## LETTER VI.

Nothing but the direst necessity, the sternest and most imperious instinct of self-preservation, could have dictated this fearful order. A few moments, perhaps, and the real state of affairs might have been discovered, and the order countermanded, but in such a crisis a moment's hesitation might have compromised the safety of the whole of Henry's slender forces—they were victors where they stood, but naturally must have been somewhat exhausted, and were surrounded by confused masses of enemies, so as to be in reality ignorant whether, although masters of the field of battle, they could consider the day already won. Quickly forming, and prepared for a fresh action, they attacked a column of French under the Comte de Marne, which remained unbroken, and having defeated this body, the king sent a herald to some more of the enemy he observed still assembled, "commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or to come forward at once and give battle;" but accompanying this message with a threat that in the event of their renewing the attack no quarter would be given either to them or to such prisoners as remained in his hands. "The Frenchmen, fearing the sentence of so terrible a decree, without further delay posted out of the field, and so about four of the clock in the afternoon, the king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this Psalm, 'In exitu Israel in Ægypto,' and commanding every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse, 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam,' which done, he caused the 'Te Deum' with certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God without boasting of his own force or any human power."

These decorous observances were in accordance with the same pious spirit which previous to the engagement had led the whole army to bend devoutly to the earth, and each man to place in his mouth a morsel of the "tawny soil" of Agincourt, in lieu of the consecrated wafer, and thus shroven and assoiled, to rush fearlessly to action.

Ten thousand French, many, indeed most of them, gentlemen of note, perished in this fatal conflict. The number of slain was augmented, doubtless, by the unfortunate slaughter of so many prisoners. The laurels of

Henry cannot with justice be deemed to have been sullied by what was in truth accidental, and originated in the misconduct of the enemy. The best contradiction to the charge of the order having been issued under the influence of a groundless apprehension, or a needless cruelty, is to be found in the fearless, generous, and humane character of the king himself, who throughout the campaign had protected not only the persons of the French, but even their private property, hanging up the Nymys and Bardolphs of the army who were convicted of plundering. Indeed so much convinced were the French that the real authors of the massacre were the cowardly bandits whose attack upon the baggage had first created the alarm, that had the dauphin lived, the Seigneur d'Agincourt and the rest of his party would undoubtedly have been led to execution; "his death was their life, and his life would have been their death."

An honorable interment was all that the slain could receive at the hands or by the permission of the victors; a sepulchral chapel was subsequently erected over the bodies of the great men who fell in this action, and this remained in a ruined state until very lately. You probably remember its being examined by Sir Alexander Woodford at the time the Guards were quartered in that vicinity. I have heard that some representation from the préfet put a stop to his researches, but this interposition does not seem to have arisen from any especial veneration for the spot; at least if any such sentiment then existed, it speedily evaporated, and with it the mortuary chapel itself, for not a vestige of it is now to be seen. With respect to the illustrious prisoners who remained in Henry's hands, and were conveyed by him to England, the lengthened captivity, and sorrows and poems of Charles Duke of Orleans, are the most remarkable. He, like another literary Duke of Orleans, four centuries later, survived a long exile in England, returning to France, not indeed to be king himself, but being father of the future monarch Louis XII.

Of the 500 English who fell at Agincourt, those of rank were extremely few; the brave Gam died nobly in the field, and his body alone received the honor of knighthood, which the soul that had left it did not remain to accept of. The remains of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk were bouilli\*

and transported to England; the body of the duke, after a magnificent funeral service performed in St. Paul's, was deposited in a collegiate building he had founded at Fotheringhay; that of the Earl of Suffolk was interred at Ewelme. All England rang with rejoicings, but amid the triumphal scenes the modest bearing of the victorious monarch was the most marked as well as the most pleasing feature.

We live in days of prolonged peace—few there are among us unable to perceive and appreciate its inestimable blessings—still fewer who would seriously contemplate any renewal of scenes of bloodshed without a revulsion of horror. We are told indeed that the sword has been a civilizer, and that crusades and military expeditions have proved beneficial to the human race, as the promoters eventually of social intercourse; and we may readily and reasonably believe that such events would not have been permitted to take place without adequate good cause. As regards the general question of warfare tending to the development of human destinies, such may be the case in barbarous countries, in Cabul, Scinde, or China, and cannot be denied even to the sanguinary conflicts which followed the French Revolution; but we will hope that Europe at least has now adopted the better and happier means of that friendly diffusion of persons and ideas, in which are discernible the real elements of the security and improvement of mankind.

Where are we to look for the benefits produced by the famous contests of the Plantagenets for the unattainable possession of France? The mere glory which attaches to these victories is an insufficient result. When it was proposed in the House of Commons in the days of Pitt to omit the lilies from the escutcheons of England, and the "D. G. Franciæ Rex" from the legend of George III.'s coinage, the minister objected at first to an attack upon a "harmless feather." The "feather"—the object of Henry's or Edward's ambition—might have been as unimportant, although not so harmless as the armorial bearings and titles transmitted to their successors. But it is not in France, the scene of all their glory, that we are able to detect anything like a real advantage purchased by their vast expenditure of blood and treasure. We are, however, in England

\* I would not translate this word "boiled," in spite of the authority of Sir Harris Nicholas. The English

signification of "boil" does not quite correspond with the French "bouillir" as thus applied. In the description of the armor of the archers we have "hamettes ou capelines de cuir bouilli," which would signify tanned or pickled.

not wholly unable both to see and to feel something which has come down to us from those times and those actions to which we may appeal for proof that all this warfare was not waged in vain. "Delirant quicquid reges, plectuntur Achivi," is the usual effect of such contests; not so exactly with the Plantagenets and the commons of England. Harry V. easily obtained his subsidies and fifteenths from a Parliament, which appeared dazzled by his success, and disposed to assist his ambitious projects, but all this time it quietly pursued its own course, little solicitous about acquisitions in France, but especially careful to preserve and extend, and assist the privileges of the English House of Commons. A few years beheld all these mighty foreign acquisitions melt away like the gifts of fairies, and all the disasters of the reign of Henry VI.

*Populumque potentem  
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ*

But in the midst of reverses abroad, and strife at home, the Parliament never lost sight of what it had gained during the days of Agincourt, and at this hour we are in the enjoyment of the plenary results, which have terminated in the establishment of a free constitution. These are matters for reflection at home—but on the fields, bravely fought and fairly won, we may willingly do justice to the merits and glories of our countrymen, which have invested the scenes with an unfading interest. It is one great charm in visiting these places, that we may with perfect confidence believe ourselves beholding, unchanged, the very scene, as far as the face of the country is concerned, which presented itself to the eyes of the actors themselves in those great events. In an open champaign country, unless plantations and houses spring up, or positive violence is done to the surface, the aspect remains unaltered by anything, but the common variations of agricultural crops. What open violence can do, we know well from what it has done upon the arena of another conflict, more desperate and important than Cressy or Agincourt; those who now visit the impressive plain of Waterloo, and were present at the action, can scarcely at first recognize the original ground; the crest of the position is gone:—"pour construire," as a French writer expresses it, "la montagne artificielle, immense cône haut de plus de cent cinquante pieds et recouvert de gazon; qui supporte le ridicule lion Belge placé là par l'ancien gou-

vernement des Pays Bas comme monument de la victoire Anglo-Prussienne du 18 Juin. Le sol, à la sommité, du plateau de Mont Saint Jean, a été baissé de près de dix pieds. L'aspect général du terrain est dont complètement changé."

Far different is the case at Cressy. Not a tree has been planted, not a house built to alter the original lineaments of the field. The opponent heights have their three or four windmills on the plateaus once occupied by the hostile armies; but even those objects are probably in keeping with the ancient scene. The intermediate valley lies quietly in its pristine state; nothing has stirred its soil except the patient plough in its annual labor. At Agincourt it is the same—no change is likely to have come over the spirit of the plain. "Henri," says St. Rémy, "sur une belle plaine de jeunes blez ordonna sa bataille;" and there I found the young wheat, "aliusque et idem," and except that it was April instead of October, there seemed nothing to destroy the illusion. I seemed to be walking over the very same corn.

The ages that have elapsed since these victories were achieved, have nearly extinguished any feelings of animosity between the rival nations, such as rankle sometimes at the recollections of more recent events. Each party now can afford to look over Cressy and Agincourt, and discuss the subject of the conflicts with impartial indifference; it must be owned a secret satisfaction comes across our minds at the thought that our countrymen remained superior in the contest; but it must be admitted that much mismanagement existed on the part of the gallant nation to whose faults these amazing victories were in a great measure owing—faults themselves on the right side—the fault of excessive and ungovernable courage, rashly and fruitlessly expended, and then quickly converted into despondency and defeat.

Victories are not so easily purchased in these days of better discipline; but it is marvellous that the compass of a single life should have been a sufficient period to embrace all the great conquests of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. I say a single life, for we may well suppose that although at the interval of sixty-nine years, there must have been men in both France and England who, on hearing of Agincourt in their old age, would have called to mind what Cressy had been in their youth. Nay, more—it is upon record that the same veteran French chief who gave the signal for advance at Agincourt, had been actually engaged at Cressy

in his early military career. I must throw myself upon your memory for his name,\* for my own will not supply me with it at this moment. Such things, however, are not unparalleled; in fact, if we believe the words put into the mouth of Aper by Tacitus, they can be surpassed. "Ipse ego," he says, "in Britannia vidi senem qui se fateretur eæ pugnæ interfuisse quæ Cæsarem inferentem arma Britannia arcere litoribus et pellere aggressi sunt." Ninety-six years had passed between Cæsar's invasion, and the next under Claudius; Aper's British friend must have been, indeed, a warrior of no ordinary standing.

A single life, with such severe lessons at its commencement, ought to have been sufficient for any military man of genius to have corrected the miserable errors of his country; but we find, in innumerable minor affairs, the English retained their superiority, and their great victories were obtained with a disparity of force truly astonishing, compared with the hosts which opposed them. This inequality was even aggravated at Cressy, for the division under the king himself, amounting to nearly a third of the army, does not appear to have been engaged in the action at all—the Black Prince alone won the day.

Whiles his most mighty father on the hill  
Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
Oh, noble English, that could entertain,  
With half their forces, the full pride of France;  
And let the other half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!

At Poitiers again, thrice were the massive columns of the French brought up to attack and overwhelm the handful of English under the Black Prince, thrice repulsed with slaughter, and under the influence of the third repulse, while fatigued and disheartened, they were charged in their turn, and utterly defeated. Many an historian has attempted the solution of the mysterious cause of these extraordinary defeats—evidently proceeding from something more than the mere caprice and chance of war.

Sismondi, in his "*Histoire des Français*," remarking upon the battle of Cressy, has these important observations:—

"L'infanterie de Philippe était fort inférieure en qualité à celle des Anglais. Ceux-ci

peut-être par une suite de leur hostilité contre la noblesse Normande, qui était établie et fixée chez eux, avait conservé plus d'indépendance de caractère; accoutumés à se servir sans cesse de l'arbalète, leur armes leur donnaient du courage, et la noblesse les respectait et les craignait. Les gentilhommes Français, au contraire, ne permettaient jamais à leurs serfs de faire usage d'aucune arme; ils les maintenaient dans la terreur, et l'avilissement, et ne pouvoient au besoin en faire des soldats. Ce n'étaient que les Bourgeois des villès qui formaient l'infanterie nationale leurs habitudes casanières avaient moins fortifié leurs corps que celui des paysans, et les rendaient moins propres aux fatigues de la guerre, leurs armes et leur discipline étaient pour eux des gênes accoutumées. Tout fois quand ils avoient combattu pour leur liberté ils avoient souvent montré un brillant courage. Mais sous les Valois, ils se sentaient opprimés, humiliés, et la force de corvettère ne suppléait plus en eux à la faiblesse du corps. La noblesse accoutumée à mépriser les islains et l'infanterie bourgeoise, étendait le même mépris à l'infanterie étrangère que le roi avait prise à sa solde."

Without acquiescing in the whole of this passage, we may allow Sismondi to be correct in asserting that the French feudal seigneurs dared not place arms in the hands of their peasantry; a similar apprehension was expressed in our House of Lords in a recent debate on the "Army Enlistment Bill," which was denounced as likely to turn loose upon the country a number of men, formidable, as having been accustomed to the exercise of fire-arms.

Sismondi is however in error in speaking of the arbalette, or cross-bow, as the weapon to which the English were continually trained. M. Louandre also specified the arbalète, and the skill with which the English used it, as one of the causes of their success at Cressy, nor is this mistake of a trivial nature. The arbalète was considered an unfair weapon, so formidable from its force, and so dangerous from the facility with which it could be used, that the spiritual weapons of Rome were brought to act against it, and in a council of the Lateran, held in 1139, it was regularly anathematized. The French were said to regard it as a cowardly instrument, and refused to avail themselves of it. "Avec cette arme perfide," they said, "un poltron peut tuer sans risque le plus vaillant homme." They held the bow in equal detestation, as "*Ennemie de prouesse*." The sword principally was held in estimation by them, and with it

\* This was the Duke de Berry—he advised the French to an action at Agincourt—he had been in the battle of Poitiers fifty-nine years before.

the lance, and similar weapons, which required close action, and granted the palm of superiority to valor and strength alone. This fastidiousness may remind us of the objections against gunpowder, urged so feelingly by Hotspur's Dandy :

"It was a pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly."

Without perfect coincidence with these becoming sentiments, which the depravity of mankind somehow has overruled, we may say as regards the arbalète, that whether perfidious and cowardly or not, it was not the English, but the French who made use of it at Cressy and Agincourt. The strength and glory of the English lay in their long bows ; and superior skill in the use of a weapon common to all mankind is, of itself, a distinguished military merit. It was the French who, at Cressy and Agincourt, employed the cross-bow, first, with their Genoese mercenaries, and then with their own force under Rambures, a distinguished nobleman of Ponthieu, who filled the high office of "Grand maître des arbalètes."

Sir Walter Raleigh has some remarks on the English troops of that period, which appear to me particularly interesting, coming from him, whose observations are always of value, and who lived so much nearer that period than we do. I wish we had some convenient edition of the writings of this able man ; it is impossible to abridge his animated and vigorous language, therefore, prepare yourself for a pretty long quotation. He is discussing the problem started by Livy, whether the Romans could have resisted Alexander, and he takes a somewhat different view to that of the Roman historian. This leads him to a notice of the English soldiers as compared with the Roman troops under Julius Cæsar, in Gaul. "The things performed in the same country, by our common English soldiers, levied in haste from following the cart or sitting in the shop-stall."—After describing the advantages possessed by the Romans over the Gauls, he goes on to say, "What such help, or what other worldly help than the golden metal of their soldiers, had our English kings against the French ? Were not the French as well experienced in feats of war ? Yea, did they not think themselves therein our superiors ? Let us hear what a French writer saith of the inequality that was be-

tween the French and English, when their King John was ready to give the onset upon the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers:—

John had all advantages over Edward, both in number, force, show, country and conceit, (the which is commonly a consideration of no small importance in worldly affairs,) and withal the choice of all his horsemen, esteemed then the best in Europe, with the greatest and wisest captains of his whole realm,\* and what could he more ?

"I think it would trouble a Roman antiquary to find the like example in their histories. The example, I say, of a king brought prisoner to Rome by an army of 8,000, which he had surrounded with 40,000 better appointed and no less expert warriors. This, I am sure of, that neither Syphax, the Numidian, followed by a rabble of half scullions, as Livy rightly terms them, not those cowardly kings, Perseus and Gentius, are worthy patterns. All that we have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness, that I do not allege the Battle of Poitiers for lack of other good examples of the English virtue, the proof whereof hath left many hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valor of the Romans.

"If any man impute these victories to the long-bow, as carrying further, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow—my answer is ready ; that in all these respects, it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket ; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force, when discharged by a boy or woman, as when by a strong man ; weakness or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long-bow unserviceable, more particularly, I say, that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, point blank, and so he shall perceive, that will note the circumstances of any one battle. This takes away all objection ; for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true that the long-bow reacheth further, or that it pierceeth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon

\* "Jean avoit tout l'avantage par dessus Edouard, le nombre, la force, le lustre, le pays, le préjugé, (qui n'est pas communément une considération de peu d'importance aux affaires du monde,) et avec soi l'élite de sa cavallerie lors estimée la meilleur de toute sa Royaume."—*John de Serres*.



can be founded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him? I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay: he forceth our guard placed upon the bridge to keep the passage,' (Jean de Serres.) Or may I cite another place of the same author, where he tells how the Bretons being invaded by Charles VIII., King of France, thought it good policy to apparel 1,500 of their own men in English cassocks, hoping that the very sight of the English red-cross would be enough to terrify the French.

"But I will not stoop to borrow of French historians, (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation,) the proposition which I first undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties, ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why then did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done? My answer may be (I hope without offence) that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidæ, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note, 'Bellipotentis sunt magè quam sapientipotentis,' they were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V., the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death."

Sir Walter is unquestionably in the right; to excel in the use of arms is a legitimate and highly commendable portion of the art of war, and, of itself, a species of triumph. But to maintain a permanent superiority we must look to national characters, the "mettle of the pasture," to that indomitable persistent hardihood which will continue the birthright of the British, as long as they maintain their freedom. The mere mechanical advantages of weapons, of which any prudent people will instinctively avail themselves, is not to be put in competition with the "golden metal" of the soldier's heart; different nations have different good as well as bad qualities; the French soldier may yield to none in the activity and fury of his attack; *but his British adversary surpasses him in*

enduring perseverance. M. Louandre, in enumerating the causes which contributed to the victory at Cressy, but directing his eye, perhaps, to events of later occurrence, mentions as one, "la belle position militaire qu'ils avoient choisie et dans laquelle ils attendoient qu'on vint les attaquer, selon leur habitude dans tous les tems, sans en excepter le notre." This practice was not invariable, because at Agincourt the English were the assailants; it is indeed true that Henry had awaited an attack from the enemy, until his patience was exhausted, and as a general rule the assertion is probably well founded. At any rate, to take up a good military position is the first step to success, and a proof of good generalship to begin with; but if it has been the usual practice of the English, it has been so, because they have usually been the weaker party in point of numbers, and consequently prudence prescribed the adoption of such a measure.

Take an early instance,—that of Harold at Hastings,—although eager to engage, yet finding himself in presence of an enemy of three times his force, he immediately assumed the defensive; and with such tenacity did the English Saxons maintain their position, with such effect were wielded those "sævissimæ secures," the seaxes, or battle-axes, said to have been the origin of their name, that the fortune of the day appeared all but pronounced against the Norman invader. The loss of their brave leader, and the absence of any other iron-nerved chief, gifted with the patient and steady judgment that will coolly await the decisive moment, the eagle glance to espy it, and the firm resolve to give the magic word "up," were fatal. Harold's Saxons were tempted prematurely to change the defensive into the pursuit; they quitted their position and perished accordingly. But,—

What though the field be lost,  
All is not lost! the unconquerable will—  
And courage never to submit or yield.

Saxon perseverance has in the end achieved a moral victory; the institutions, the language, the spirit, and the name, have triumphed, and are carrying irresistibly the effects of their victory into the remotest corners of the globe. Contrast with this, the national character of their neighbors, the Gauls. How quietly did they acquiesce in the domination of their Frankish, or Norman masters, and hug the chains of the feudal system,—with what satisfaction did they assume and

glory in the name of Franks, although in truth it was but the badge of their subjection? not less willingly and tamely had they previously sunk into Roman subjects, "post decennalis belli mutuas clades subiegit Cæsar, societatique nostra fœderibus junxit æternis." Those ten years of desperate struggle preparatory to their fall, were indeed like their furious onset at a single battle, which, if unsuccessful, rapidly changes into disorder and despair. Such onsets have ever been terrible, and no proofs of bravery have been given by any nation surpassing those recorded of the Gauls. Cæsar himself has told us what passed under his own eyes, while he stood in admiration of the daring deeds displayed at the siege of Bourges: "Inspectantibus ipsis dignum memoriâ visum prætermittendum non existimavimus." Yet for want of the quality of patient determination, this brilliant gallantry has repeatedly been thrown away. Such is the secret of Saxon superiority, if indeed it can be called a secret which is known and acknowledged, and fears no concealment, like some patent monopoly, for it is incapable of being counterfeited—it is the genuine, inherent, inimitable characteristic of the race.

Nor are these distinguishing qualities confined to particular times, or peculiar places on the globe—look when and where you will,

and the same traits are discernible—the Gallic character is nowhere better described than in the oration of Manlius to his army, when, nearly two centuries before our era, he was preparing to attack the Gauls of Asia. He allowed the enemy all his martial virtues, somewhat deteriorated, perhaps, by contact or fusion with imbecile Asiatic tribes:—"ferox natio, pervagata bello prope orbem terrarum;" as the description proceeds, we have the exact picture of the Gaul, when his ardor has evaporated, and he begins to yield to despair;—"jam usu hoc cognitum est. Si primum impetum quem fervido ingenio et cæcâ irâ effundunt, sustinueris—labant arma—molles, ubi ira consedit, animi," &c.

The Saxon, in similarly remote times and places, has given instances of his own peculiar temperament and qualifications; and once more to recall our good old Marathonian reminiscences, whom do we find on that plain by the side of the veterans of the great Cyrus, while the rest of the enormous army of Persia was overthrown right and left of them, whom do we find alone, making a successful resistance to the Greeks, but a body of the Asiatic Sacæ—the distant, but by all accounts, the indisputable forefathers of the Saxon race?

### TRAJAN'S FORUM.—UNHAPPY MISTAKE.

ONE of the few visitors we have just now in Rome was nearly undergoing, on the 6th October, the punishment so familiar in the Christian martyrology, where it records of a saint that he was "*damnatus ad bestias*." There exists round Trajan's Pillar a deep excavation, the walls of which are perpendicular, but adorned with various fragments of antiquity; and many granite columns upheave their broken shafts through the soil, marking the site of the forum or marketplace of that Emperor. For years past the people of the adjacent streets have been in the habit of getting rid of their superfluous cats and kittens by the simple process of throwing them down into the *Forum Trajani*,—a plan which saved the trouble of a

walk to the Tiber, or the cruelty of killing. But they overlooked the far more cruel result of their lingering starvation, or the internecine atrocity of their devouring each other. The foreign connoisseur, unconscious of a practice which all residents were aware of, contrived to let himself down into the area of Trajan's Market Place, and was forthwith beleaguered by several dozen wild, starved, and rabid cats, who tore at him in the most desperate way. His shrieks from below drew notice, and happily a ladder was found which he had scarce strength left to crawl up. The *Pallade* of the following morning "regrets to add that he turns out not to be a German."

From Tait's Magazine.

## CHARACTER OF LADY MACBETH.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of the "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," &c. &c.

FROM Shakspeare's days to our own, criticism seems to have mistaken the character of Lady Macbeth. She is supposed to be a mere fiend, untameably savage, who plays the part of tempter to her husband; or rather, sways his will like an irresistible fury, to gratify some mysterious passion, too hideous to be confounded with ordinary cruelty. That, with the play before them, persons should be able to arrive at such a conclusion, appears to me not a little strange. Everything in the poet's unparalleled creation makes against it. I admit at once that she is wicked; that in the worst crime of which human nature can be guilty—the crime of breaking into the sanctuary of life—she has participated. But a deliberate examination of all her acts and words, motives, sentiments, and feelings, will, I think, compel us to reverse our judgment, and re-admit her into the circle of the human family.

With the progress and action of the great drama in which Lady Macbeth plays her part, everybody is familiar. Almost from the cradle we have conversed and sympathized with Banquo, experienced pity and horror at the fate of Duncan, and hovered over the deep gulfs of remorse and fear which yawned beneath the Thane of Glamis and the partner of his blood-stained throne. Yet, to render our speculations intelligible, we must glance over the principal circumstances which form the ground-work of the tragedy.

Scotland, a prey to foreign invasion and civil broils, presents, when Macbeth first comes before us, the startling picture of a country overlaid with superstition and barbarism, illuminated dimly in parts by intellectual light; but, upon the whole, gloomy, frowning, and every way calculated to inspire terror. An aged king sits upon the throne, prevented by years from conforming to the *practice of the times*, by taking the field in

person; and his sons being too youthful and inexperienced to fill his place, he is compelled to intrust the command of his armies to fierce and ambitious kinsmen, as likely to feel contempt for his weakness, as jealousy of each other's reputation and advancement. We behold them, flushed with victory, returning at the head of their clans, over a desolate heath, towards the Court. With what thoughts their minds were pregnant may be conjectured from the effect of their interview with the weird sisters, which suggests at once the easy transition from victory to a throne, and begets, in one at least, supreme indifference respecting the path by which it was to be mounted.

There is, perhaps, in this age too little faith, for it to appreciate fully Shakspeare's supernatural agencies. Nothing limits so much as skepticism the resources of art, or the enjoyment which its creations supply. We must consent, however, to contemplate the witches from Shakspeare's point of view, if we would taste all the pleasure to be derived from this play, and behold in them unearthly intelligences gifted with prophetic powers, but inclined, by the laws of their nature, to incite to the perpetration of evil. Still, it would be unphilosophical to infer that the original idea of his crime came to Macbeth from without. He, doubtless, brought the germ along with him from the field of battle, and the intimation of the weird sisters did no more than impregnate and quicken it. Then, however, it was that he became fully conscious of his own flagitious design, and began to look it steadily in the face. He compared his youth and energy, his prowess in the field, his hardihood on the march, his influence over chiefs and clans, derived not from inert tradition, but from personal qualities, with the helpless decrepitude of the reigning king; and easily persuaded himself that any

course would be defensible, by which he could transfer the sceptre to his own vigorous hands, and thus strike terror into the enemies of Scotland, who now despised the unchivalrous inactivity of Duncan. He suddenly remembered, too, that he had a young wife in the Castle of Inverness, upon whose fair brow the golden round of sovereignty would sit gracefully. As soon, therefore, as he could escape from the bustle of public rejoicings, he disclosed to her adroitly, in a letter, his ambitious hopes and prospects, dwelling more especially on the partial fulfilment of the weird sisters' prophecy, and artfully exciting her thirst of power, that it might react afterwards upon his own.

Introduced thus, by report as it were, to this marvellous character, we almost immediately experience the fascination of her genius. Never did poet display greater art than Shakspeare in the delineation of Lady Macbeth and her husband. All her evil qualities blaze forth and burst open at once, after which the baleful fire burns more and more faintly and dimly as it retreats from us, until it is at length extinguished in space: whereas Macbeth's wickedness, weak and vacillating at first, dilates and strengthens as it proceeds, consuming and bearing down everything before it, till the moment of the final catastrophe.

It would be a strange delight that a man should reserve for himself, were he to defer the reading or seeing of "Macbeth" till his mind had acquired its maturity. He would then, perhaps, be qualified to relish the highest pleasure that mere human literature has to bestow; for, assuredly, there is nothing in ancient or in modern times which stands superior, as a work of art, to this. It constitutes the apex of Shakspeare's writings, and is to Christendom what the Olympian Zeus was to the Pagan world—the most glorious embodiment of the principle of art, to enjoy which, for the time at least, is to be happy. But we too often mar the effect which this drama is calculated to produce by premature study, or being too early present at its scenic representation. But our impatience is pardonable. It is natural to thirst for that which is most excellent; and they who have been once made alive to the enchantment of poetry, can scarcely be expected to postpone indefinitely the beholding of its most glorious visions.

What "Macbeth" is to the rest of Shakspeare's writings, and Shakspeare himself to other dramatic poets, Lady Macbeth is to the play in which she appears; that is, she is the

crowning beauty and excellence of the finest work of art in the world. Macbeth, we will suppose, has already set out for Inverness Castle, and knowing that the King, with all his principal courtiers, is at his heels, rides as fast as his horse will carry him, not simply to make preparation for a monarch's welcome, but to consult with the fair recluse, his wife, on the "bloody business" which he himself had already planned. While yet some distance from the castle, he finds irresistible weariness overtakes him, and therefore sends forward a messenger, who, being poor, has no right to consult his aching limbs, but must on at the bidding of his superior, whether able to outlive the fatigue or not.

When news of the approaching royal visit is brought by this swift messenger to the castle, Lady Macbeth, who had been brooding over the dream of sovereignty, is so startled at the announcement, that she calls the attendant who informs her of it mad. She is shocked by his abrupt entrance and message, as though the dreadful thoughts which she herself could behold in all their naked deformity, were likewise visible to him. It is only, however, the upper currents of her sympathies, running on a level with the throne, that are chilled and polluted: those lower ones through which the loftiest natures feel their kindred to common clay, were still as warm as ever. Against all pity for the good old Scottish king, who tottered between her husband and the sceptre, her breast was as hard as steel. But she could emerge from her schemes of greatness to think of the humblest of her servants' comfort.

"Enter an Attendant.

"Atten.—The king comes here to-night.

"Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

"Atten.—So please you, it is true; our thane  
is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

"Lady M. Give him tending;  
He brings great news."

Now, the moment Duncan arrives at Inverness, the fates, who have hitherto stood dimly in the back-ground, come prominently forward, and are beheld, though invisible to him, swiftly weaving the web of his destiny. By the hands of his assassins he is led into the banqueting-hall; the gleam of daggers mingles with their smiles; the beautiful ruby lips which, in conformity with custom, he

appears to have pressed on entering the castle, were ere midnight to pronounce his doom. Shakspeare's imagination makes no figure at a feast. He appears to assemble his guests to an entertainment of the Barmecide, where imaginary dishes rest on unreal tables. The mental exigencies of his nature absorb the physical. Vehement passion has little appetite, and when a soul is to be violently unsphered, and sent before its time into the untravelled wastes of eternity, he experiences little inclination to descant on the excellencies of sack or venison pasty. Long before the deed is done, the gloom of murder fills the Castle of Inverness. We smell Duncan's blood through a whole act, and shudder at the dagger which haunts our fancy as palpably as it does that of Macbeth. Fain would we put the confiding old man upon his guard. The noise of the revelry offends us. If he cannot be saved, the desire still presents itself, that he should be warned for preparation, and not thrust unconsciously out of the world with all his imperfections on his head.

In dramatic poetry there is no scene superior in grandeur or depth of interest to the ninth and tenth of the first act of this play. Leaving the King with his wife in the banquetting-room, the Thane of Glamis, disquieted by the consciousness of his own projects, comes forth to think alone in an empty room in the castle. The murder, which is as yet but phantasy, seems to be pressed upon his soul by destiny. He wrestles, as it were, with his own intentions, desires, and fears—is beckoned forward by ambition, and held back by some remnant of moral sense. He sophisticates with his own understanding, sees the pathways to heaven and hell distinctly traced out before his mind's eye, the one comparatively obscure, but unsullied by crime, the other strewed with sceptres and diadems, but intermingled with blood. Clouds of perplexity fall upon him. He longs to stop the motion of the heart which he has left securely beating at his hospitable board, but apprehends the rebound of the instrument which he means to wield in the process. While in this state of vacillation, his wife approaches him like one of the Erinnyes, and by a mixture of love, scorn, and invincible mental power, totally eradicates his scruples, strips him of pity and remorse, and soars before his imagination like a fiery Nemesis commissioned to bring fate to mortals. The matchless art of this scene is indescribably absorbing. Throughout every line of Lady Macbeth's speeches, we feel that she is

a woman, that her eloquence lies in her sex, that the influence she exercises is based on innumerable acts of love and tenderness previously performed, by which she has thoroughly fascinated her husband, and made him bend to her, as with the authority of a superior nature. For evil or for good, his soul, we see, is in her hands, and experience the greatest terror at beholding her link herself with the infernal powers to urge him towards his doom and perdition.

*Macbeth.*—If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly : If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With its surcease, success ; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, Here only on this bank and shoal of time— We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases, We still have judgment here ; that we teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust ; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking off : And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other side.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now, what news ?

*Lady M.*—He hath almost supp'd : Why have you left the chamber ?

*Macbeth.*—Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has ?

*Macbeth.*—We will proceed no farther in this business :

He hath honor'd me of late ; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which should be worn now in the newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk Wherein you drest yourself ? hath it slept since ? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely ? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem ; Letting I dare not, wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

*Macbeth.*

Pr'ythee, peace :

I dare do all that may become a man :

Who dares do more, is none.

"*Lady M.* What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

Addison prefaces his description of Sir Roger de Coverly with the remark, that as soon as we experience an interest in the fortunes of an individual, we desire to know something about his person, inquire whether he was tall or short, fair or swarthy, young or old, rich or poor. It is the same thing with a remarkable character in a play, when the poet has not been communicative on such matters. They who have seen Lady Macbeth on the stage, imagine, of course, they have seen the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. But have they? Let them look carefully into the tragedy, and they will find that the poet has told them next to nothing on the point in question. It is the imagination of the actress that has interpreted the idea of the poet. Mrs. Siddons, swayed by a popular conception, represented Lady Macbeth as a dark woman, with black hair and eyes, and past, I believe, the flower of her youth. This idea has become traditional on the stage,\* so that even Miss Vandenhoff, notwithstanding the independent character of her genius, and her careful study of Shakspeare, in acting adopts it.

Before we proceed to witness those scenes of the tragedy, the effect of which may be to wrap our heroine in preternatural gloom, and present her like a fury to our imagination, let us look a little into the probabilities of the case. Is there any necessary connection between a dark complexion and crime? Does it appear from the history of our race that moral guilt envelopes itself in physical ugliness? Is it proved by experience that women, in the greatest bloom of their beauty, when surrounded, like a halo, by the purple light of youth; when the heart and the passions have the freshest gloss upon them; when the feelings of tenderness and voluptuousness should predominate over all others—does it appear, I say, that under these circumstances, women are too gentle to be criminal? and must we, before we can believe them capable of portentous wickedness, suppose time to have hardened their hearts while it blasted their loveliness?

I represent Lady Macbeth to myself as a beautiful fair woman, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, with large dark-blue

eyes, an extremely lofty forehead, and a profusion of auburn or chesnut hair. Of course, when the poet himself has purposely, as it would seem, left us in doubt, all we can do is to substitute for certainty conjecture. Absorbed by the mental qualities of his own creation, Shakspeare did not in this case, as in most others, dwell rapturously on the bodily presence of his heroine. He treats her as an incarnate intelligence, wearing, indeed, a woman's form, but depending not on female blandishments and beauty for its empire. Invested with the most consummate mental accomplishments—with eloquence, with metaphysical subtlety, with impassioned logic, above all things, with an indomitable force of will—she comes forward to reign over all around her like a queen.

But are we, nevertheless, to believe that Shakspeare, while bestowing on her all this intellectual beauty, thought she might dispense with the inferior beauties of form and youth? In my opinion, the personal loveliness of Lady Macbeth is felt throughout the play. That she was, at any rate, a young woman, with a child at the breast at the very period of the murder, seems probable from her own language. She says—

"Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-  
isters,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief!"

an idea which could only suggest itself to a woman then giving suck. Again, from a speech of Macbeth, we may infer that she had had few children, but might reasonably expect many, because he tells her—

"Bring forth male children only."

Besides, 'tis by the love with which she has inspired her husband that she wields his passions and precipitates him towards his destiny. A Syren-like spell breathes through all her language. She seems conscious that she has but to be seen to command. People fancy her a sort of Scandinavian Hera—the companion, not of Zeus, but of the grim tyrant of Hades, her fitting consort. But nothing of all this. She is a Scottish lady—proud, ambitious, thirsting fiercely for sway—but in the heyday of prolific youth, who covertly makes allusion to the power of her own charms and the supreme value of her preference. Having exhausted all other arguments to urge Macbeth to regicide, she falls back, as her last resource, on this—that if he

\* Miss O'Neil may be said to have formed one exception, since she performed Lady Macbeth in her own brown hair.

faltered in his purpose, she would cast him contemptuously from her heart :—

"*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
*Such I account thy love.*"

In this, moreover, as in most other things, Shakspeare was true to nature; for, from the testimony of history, it appears that nearly all women who have been guilty of great crimes—the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, Beatrice Cenci, Johanna of Naples—have done so in the fieriest noon of youth, of which it is not difficult to discover the cause. Women are then more under the influence of the passions which blind the reason, not yet endued with strength to resist them. They feel much and reflect little; seldom can they persuade themselves to look forward to the end of life. They act as if they were immortal. From the moment they emerge from girlhood up to a certain point of time, which varies, perhaps, in each individual, the passions acquire fresh strength, so as sometimes to predominate completely over the reason. Afterwards, every year gives additional lustre to the intellect, and diminishes the force of their temperament, so that she who was the slave of feeling at a given period, in a short time becomes swayed by thought and obedient to the impulse of enlightened motives. Ambition, however, rules longer than any other passion, though it soon throws off from its eyes the scales of youth, and learns how to pursue its course with clear-sightedness; in other words, to avoid the allurements of crime.

It may, perhaps, be out of place to allude here to the ordinary statistics of guilt; but among female offenders, the proportion of those under thirty years of age to those above is as five to one. It happens too, somewhat curiously, that among the women who have infringed most daringly the laws of ethics, the most remarkable have been fair, with auburn hair and bright blue eyes. This was the case with Beatrice Cenci, whose golden hair, carefully described by the author of her life, kindled the fancy and deified the art of Guido Reni. The face of this same Beatrice may assist us in our speculations upon Lady Macbeth. It is soft and gentle, slightly languishing, because taken after she had suffered much pain; but the features are all beautifully moulded, and an inexpressible tenderness and harmony breathe over them, capable, as we should conjecture, in life, of in-

spiring a serene and almost seraphic love. Yet the scion of the house of Cenci had imbrued her hands in the blood of her father—that is, had been guilty of almost the worst conceivable crime.\*

Brinvilliers, again, who consummated her guilt with parricide, and had, besides, perpetrated so many murders that she appeared to have lived only for the destruction of others, looked, after all, so tranquil and fascinating in her loveliness, that even the clearest evidence of her guilt could scarcely suffice to establish belief in it. Her regular features, her fair and soft complexion, her golden tresses, the clear deep blue of her eyes, and the remarkable expression of tranquillity which pervaded the whole, irresistibly suggested the idea of innocence. Compared with her, nevertheless, Lady Macbeth was an angel, for she could not, to gain a kingdom, kill a stranger who looked like her father in his sleep.

That Shakspeare himself entertained generally on this subject the same opinion with me is quite clear, since he observes "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face;" and, from the whole behavior of Duncan, it is evident that he had been charmed and fascinated by the seemingly open and loving looks of his "fair and noble hostess." Had she appeared the sinister, scowling devil, sometimes presented to us on the stage, he would have shrunk from her as from a serpent. But, on the contrary, she so wins upon his confidence by her cheery and welcome countenance, that he kisses, and afterwards presents her with a diamond, to show his unusual satisfaction.

This power of mastering the internal emotions of the mind may, I grant, create in us a more startling idea of Lady Macbeth's wickedness. But, 'tis her personal beauty I am now endeavoring to prove. Lord Chesterfield, the Lycurgus of compliments, cautions his son against praising an ugly woman for her beauty, for she will know, he says, it is a falsehood, and will almost inevitably interpret it into an insult. Old Duncan would have anticipated Lord Chesterfield on this point, and been careful not to apply the expression of fair and noble hostess to a thin, swarthy, grim fury, calculated to freeze the very heart of him by her aspect. Lady Macbeth herself is careful to let us know that she was mistress of what Tacitus calls the

\* I may here remark that Shelly, in the tragedy which he has written on this subject, imitates, I might almost say copies, whole passages from Macbeth.

*jussus vultus*, or disciplined countenance, which assumes whatever meaning its owner pleases; for she bids her husband to seem the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it; and, if she had not exhibited a perfect mastery of the art she recommended, he was just in the humor to retort upon her, and bid her practise the precept she inculcated. But amidst the most mysterious and agitating scenes, when supernatural agencies were at work around her, when murder seemed to stand sentinel at every door in the palace; when fear, remorse, terror, and all other hellish passions agitated her husband's frame like an earthquake, communicating a ghastly pallor to his visage, almost shaking reason from his seat, she never for one moment suffered the anguish within to blanch the ruby on her cheek, but preserved through all changes and chances that fatal beauty which enabled her to exercise a sort of supernatural fascination on Macbeth, and on all others, apparently, whom she desired to bend to her purposes.

By attributing to her this uncommon degree of self-command, Shakspeare would create in us the idea that she was born to command others; for the empire of the will is first exercised over the faculties most under its own control, and then, by an easy transition, extends its sway to the faculties of others next in order encircling it. Nothing moves the imagination like power and fame. In its eyes all happiness centres in them. To correct this cardinal error is one of Shakspeare's chief aims in this tragedy, which would teach no worthy lesson, did it not trace, step by step, the process by which great and noble natures are gradually corrupted by the passion for supreme authority. No thought occurs more frequently in his works than this. Cardinal Wolsey, on his death-bed, compresses the whole doctrine into a few words:—

"Cromwell, I charge thee, throw away ambition;  
By this sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

To exhibit individuals originally evil and perverse, plunging into wickedness, is only to show that all creatures act according to their instincts. But this was not, and could not be, Shakspeare's design in Macbeth. What he aims at proving is this, that minds naturally full of excellent inclinations, and calculated, under ordinary circumstances, to pass with respect and honor through life, may be so tainted with the poison of ill-regulated

ambition as to degenerate and fall away into the last degree of depravity. The first speech which Lady Macbeth addresses to her husband on his return to the castle, shows her to be under the powerful influence of a feeling not uncommon in women; I mean, a passionate admiration of fame and greatness. As an obscure individual, she might have liked Macbeth well enough, but as the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and still more as the future King of Scotland, she idolizes him. Many women merge all ideas of the man in his celebrity. What they love is not the character but the glory, and they will indulge their passion, though, like Sewall, they should be consumed by it; and indeed, that legendary person was only a type of this class of her sex, the earnest and devout worshippers of renown, who, to live in the minds and memories of men when they have become mere names, will brave every amount of suffering, and sorrow, and obloquy, and guilt. The bare idea of being overshadowed by the golden round of sovereignty transports Lady Macbeth beyond herself. All the dear relations of life dissolve in this fiery menstruum. Her imagination connects indissolubly with supreme power the idea of supreme happiness. The crown, she thinks, will bring to all her future days and nights inexpressible felicity and contentment. This notion alone would transform a young and delicate mother into a female demon, incapable, during the access of her ambition, of sympathy or pity. Like the ancient tyrant of Phææ, she might with truth have said, that she was drunk with the desire of greatness. Nor is this so uncommon a state of mind as we might at first suppose. There is something Circean in the bare conception of power, which its worshippers suppose to contain everything within itself, not merely the force necessary to sway the minds and feelings of others, but to mould the will and conscience of its possessor, to close up the sources of remorse, to arrest the stream of pity, and to send its fortunate minion blindfold, unconscious and unscared, through the dark portals of eternity. But for some such theory as this, there would be no comprehending the history of imperial guilt. Still less should we be able to enter into the idiosyncrasy of a woman like Lady Macbeth, who loved nothing but celebrity; not that which springs from good deeds, but which is conferred by the exercise of authority, by standing on the necks of millions, and crushing them into a recognition of superiority. This theory unlocks to us the secret of the fair mistress of Inver-



ness Castle, who clings round the Thane of Cawdor on his return from the wars, and by the exercise of her mischievous eloquence, urges him to persevere in his resolution to attain regal splendor, at the expense of all other things here and hereafter. Macbeth seems to have understood his wife, and to have known in what light she would receive the prediction of the weird sisters, as we conjecture from his letter, which is addressed to her ruling passion, and artfully contrived to scorch into ripeness all the seeds of evil in her character.

Many persons, in contrasting the husband and wife, attribute to Macbeth superior humanity, while they heap upon the lady all kinds of hard epithets; but does Shakspeare's picture justify this? To my mind he seems to have distinctly intended that we should arrive at a different conclusion. In his scheme of things both are equally wicked, but Macbeth, through some inherent weakness of temper, is haunted by casual accessions of remorse, while his wife, steady and consistent, keeps her mind's eye fixed upon the mark at which they both aimed without the slightest faltering. The mental idiosyncrasies of the sexes seem to have been exchanged. She has a man's intellect, he a woman's. He resolves and relents, wishes the act over, is eager to reap the fruit of it, but shrinks instinctively from its performance. She, having once determined, is deaf to all after considerations, and looks the crime steadily in the face, though her physical organization is scarcely equal to its achievement.

But how came she, with her piercing, intellectual vision, to read her husband wrong, and thus to lead astray the critics by her authority? When those we love are absent, our theory of their character is often too much idealized; our desire for their presence quells and throws into the shade all doubts of their virtue and greatness. What we love is the idol of our own minds, which we clothe with all the attributes most pleasing to our imagination. Thus Lady Macbeth, who, though when a particular occasion required it, wished her husband possessed of a remorseless cruelty, upon the whole, must have preferred in him gentleness and love—fancied, while he was still away from her, that he was too full of the milk of human kindness, and free from the wickedness that should attend ambition. But when he stands bodily before her in the Castle of Inverness, she begins to read his countenance more truly, and finds it *full of a strange significance*. Her skill in

physiognomy, however, enables her to detect many tokens of irresolution, but, obviously, at the same time, a fierceness, which she seeks to curb—I mean in the expression, not the feeling. The aspect of villainy was coming over him, and she fears that the hand-writing of hell would be too visible. For this reason it is that she advises the putting on of a mask, and bids him smoothen his features into welcome and hospitality. She could detect the murderous frown lurking upon his brow, and fearing that others might be equally quick-sighted, bids him put on the innocent smile of the flower, and to conceal the venomous serpent that lurks under it. I have heard it objected to this character that it is unnatural, because Lady Macbeth had not mixed much with the world, whereas her husband had lived habitually amid the throng and press of men. But solitude is seldom the nurse of humanity. Stranger means enemy in more dialects than that of Rome. The secluded individual who converses with shadows, and feeds upon the banquet of thought, who views the world at too great a distance to be able to catch the features of individuals, seldom loves those who live beyond the pale of his knowledge. In his inmost theory they are scarcely realities. If mixing with mankind hardens the bad, it softens the good; while solitude almost always supplies a deleterious aliment to the mind, which cankers, corrodes, and vitiates it—brings out its fierceness like chaining up a dog, and renders it apt to fly at mankind on the first opportunity. Lady Macbeth, retired in her castle, has been dreaming of sovereignty, until she has learned to look on all individuals external to her family as mere logical entities, with which it would be lawful to deal summarily. The life which mingled not with her own life appeared to her matter of indifference. Traces of similar notions are often discernible in very harmless persons in society. Unconscious of what seeds are in them, they fearlessly lift the veil from their minds, and discover to the practised eye abysses of guilt, into which one cannot look without shuddering. Lady Macbeth was possibly a dreamer, till she received her husband's letter, which kindled her woman's blood into a fiery fluid, that scorched and withered all her better feelings in a moment. It would be wrong to regard her as an habitual fiend. In ordinary circumstances she might have been a gentle neighbor, a faithful friend, impassioned and earnest, but quite harmless, withal. It was the thought of masterdom that set all her

pernicious qualities in a blaze. Macbeth is a more ordinary villain. She is ready to share the guilt of a single great crime, in order to acquire supremacy over the whole Scottish nation; but having achieved that great object, she does not desire to persist in evil. Macbeth, under the impulse of the vulgar, dynastic feeling, is troubled by the ominous promise to Banquo's issue. Lady Macbeth consents to drain the poisoned chalice of power with him, but is less haunted with posthumous considerations. Her strong mind could invest with glory that brief space which is rounded with a sleep, people it with exciting dreams, and derive happiness from the actuality. Macbeth required, to fill up the measure of his satisfaction, some fantastical linking of his line with futurity, and is made wretched by anxiety about the fate of unbegotten kings. His lady is infinitely the nobler spirit.

With the insight we have thus obtained into Lady Macbeth's character and personal appearance, we return to the progress of that part of the tragedy in which she chiefly figures. It is a not uncommon belief, that violent disturbance in the moral world is naturally accompanied by a trouble of the elements. In the mythes of Hellas, the god of day refuses to look upon the horrid banquet of Thiestes; or, in other words, when that act of cannibalism was committed, nature canopied the world in clouds, that physical gloom might accompany the perpetration of so dire and dark a deed. Conformably with this notion, Shakspeare, on the night of the regal murder, envelopes Macbeth's castle with darkness and tempest. The imprisoned winds howl and rave among the guilty turrets. The owl hoots, and the cricket cries in the chimney. Everything sympathizes, with an imperfect consciousness, in the unearthly tragedy then going on. Hell opens upon the scene, and sheds a sulphureous vapor through the air, which, irresistibly, oppresses and agitates the mind. Following a phantom dagger, the hesitating and uncertain Thane has glided tremulously on his errand of death into the king's chamber, and his lady remains alone, with a countless multitude of contending hopes and fears preying upon her heart. Properly estimated, the longest life of prosperity would not make up for the concentrated bitterness of those few moments. The agony of a single night has been known to do the work of years, to blanch the locks and convert youth into age.

But Shakspeare, to mitigate the effects of emotions so violent, affords to Lady Macbeth

the aid of artificial excitement. She bewilders her brain with the fumes of wine, and would—with deference to the delicacy of our age be it spoken—have been more than half-drunk, but for the poignant nature of the feelings, which drinking could not altogether subdue. This may be inconsistent with the prevailing theory of poetical heroism, but it is exceedingly natural. Most perpetrators of great crimes still their nerves before the action with some kind of opiate, that produces a temporary paralysis of the conscience, during which the offender is ready to brave the thunders of heaven. Lady Macbeth tells us herself she has had recourse to this vulgar expedient:—

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—

Hark!—Peace!

'Twas the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it. The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live, or die.

"Macbeth—(within).—Who's there?—what, ho!

"Lady M.—Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed, Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready, He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!"

This soliloquy seems to be misunderstood by the commentators, for want of attending to the economy of it. She obviously represents herself as having been engaged in drinking with the grooms of the bed-chamber; because she says, "that which hath made them drunk hath made me bold." She was, in fact, so far excited, that the excitement would have been intoxication under any other circumstances. In this part of the speech she makes no allusion to the posset, which people then took on going to bed, because she had drugged that of the chamberlains, and, of course, not her own; and, therefore, could by no means say that the very thing which had made them drunk had made her bold. Nor can she be suspected of paltering with the sense of her words, because we are supposed to be overhearing her thoughts, in which there was no concealment, and could be none. We are to imagine the gentlemen to have drunk hard, and to have finished off with a rich posset, which their kind hostess took care to drug. Her drinking in

this way shows that she felt the need of artificial excitement to cheer up her spirits, which does not appear to have been the case with Macbeth. He went soberly to work, and was, therefore, more sensible to the stings of conscience after he had committed the murder.

While Lady Macbeth soliloquizes, the murder is going on. We seem to be standing with her in one of the old tapestried apartments in Inverness Castle, while her husband in a chamber hard by is cutting the throat of their royal guest. Our fancy, divided in its attention, acquires something like the power of ubiquity, or at least seems to be in two places at the same time. While listening to the words of the lady, it has followed the sanguinary Thane of Glamis stealing on tiptoe into the king's room, ghastly and trembling, as he takes the daggers from the gentlemen's pillows, in order to use them on their master. We feel that the act is going on, while Lady Macbeth, excited and agitated, listens in breathless suspense, lest the mere attempt should bring upon them by its failure the worst consequences of the accomplished crime. The owl hooting above in the turret impresses on her mind a sense of darkness, though she takes no notice of the wild wind that went howling around the castle, and as we afterwards learn committed sundry ravages. To prove her thorough approbation of the deed her husband was then engaged in doing, she discloses her determination to have done it herself, not putting much faith in his firm resolution, had not the old man resembled her father in his sleep, which suggests the idea of her being a young woman, and of her having a father living. It may seem strange that she should notice the cricket and the owl at such a moment, but it has always been observed that the inarticulate sounds which form, as it were, the voice of the night, carry a deep meaning to the minds of those who are engaged in evil. Nature seems to emerge from her universality, and to clothe herself in individual acts, to arrest the hand of the malefactor.

But nothing arrests Macbeth. The murder he undertakes he accomplishes. His guest, his kinsman, his king, he has slaughtered, and we behold him, the bloody witness on his hands, stagger into the room where his wife awaits him. It must not, in reading the following dialogue, be forgotten that Lady Macbeth is under the stupefying influence of wine, which supports her courage above its natural pitch:—

"Enter MACBETH.

"Macbeth—I've done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

"Lady M.—I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did you not speak?

"Macbeth. When?

"Lady M. Now.

"Macbeth. As I descended?

"Lady M.—Ay.

"Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

"Lady M. Donalbain.

"Macbeth.—This is a sorry sight.

(Looking on his hands.)

"Lady M.—A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

"Macbeth.—There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *Murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

"Lady M.—There are two lodged together.

"Macbeth.—One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,

When they did say, *God bless us.*

"Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

"Macbeth.—But wherefore could I not pronounce, *Amen*?

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen* Stuck in my throat.

"Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways, or it will make us mad.

"Macbeth.—Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep: Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleere of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.—*

"Lady M. What do you mean?

"Macbeth.—Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house;

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Con- dor*

*Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

"Lady M.—Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

"Macbeth. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again, I dare not.

"Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt."

We require the aid of a plastic and power-

ful imagination, to place ourselves in the situation of Lady Macbeth after the murder. She had for the occasion screwed up her courage to the sticking-place; but then came the reaction, the relaxing of the fibres, quivering with the consciousness of guilt—the reluctance to emerge out of congenial darkness into the chill dull light of day, the apprehension of discovery, the dread necessity of regarding all around her henceforward as enemies. Crime is a sort of terminal figure with two faces, of which the one turned towards you in the approach is full of meretricious smiles and fascination, but when you have taken the fatal step which carries you within view of the other face, you behold its every muscle distorted by misery and despair, and encircled by the writhing and hissing snakes of hell. It was with this hideous aspect that their deed now glared upon Macbeth and his wife, and they felt within their inmost soul that—

“Nor poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Could medicine them again to that sweet sleep  
Which they knew yesternight.”

But there is an elasticity in human nature, and a power of endurance, which enable it, up to a certain point, to face the exigencies of its situation, whatever those may be. The fear of overwhelming evil impending, gave Lady Macbeth the power to play through her fearful part the morning after the murder. It would be expected that on hearing of the bloody business which had been that night transacted in her castle, she should display a woman's weakness, and therefore on its being told her, her nervous sensibility appears to receive a grievous blow, and she skilfully shams fainting. Shakspeare says she faints, but that it is only in appearance, and agreeably to a plan formed between her and her husband, seems clear from the circumstances. Had her fainting been real, Macbeth for many reasons would have been the first to attend to her, because in the confusion of sense attendant on her return to consciousness she might have uttered words calculated to betray their guilt, as she does afterwards while walking in her sleep before the doctor and her lady in waiting. Again, as after his peculiar fashion, if he really loved her, mere animal instinct would have impelled him to her side, to say nothing of the natural feeling of sympathy. But he knows she is acting, and therefore suffers her to be carried out by others, without paying

any particular attention to the affair, that in the eyes of those around him he may appear to be so completely smitten with the king's tragical death, as to be altogether incapable of thought or reflection.

After this, Lady Macbeth gradually recedes from the eyes of the spectator, and the play, as every one must feel, descends to a lower level. She is, in fact, the informing soul of the tragedy, and where her presence is neither seen nor felt, the poetry loses much of its grandeur and vitality. The scenes at Macduff's castle, with Malcolm in England, and even with the Witches, may be regarded as proof of this. Why Shakspeare, in the latter parts of the tragedy, should not have made more use of Lady Macbeth, is not perhaps susceptible of explanation; but that the character was not worn out, that it might have continued much longer to blaze in lurid brightness beside that of the tyrant, no one, I think, can doubt.

However, the moral of the tragedy is complete as it is, though as a help to our imagination we might have wished to be admitted more freely into the unhappy queen's confidence. All we are permitted to know is, that she underwent at intervals, if not perpetually, the lash of the furies, that she shunned society, more especially that of her own sex, though, as would from many circumstances appear, she is not repaid for these sacrifices by the entire confidence of her husband.

This we gather from what takes place in reference to the murder of Banquo, her connection with which is exceedingly peculiar. She does not know the whole scope of her husband's intention, but she evidently suspects his crime, and seems not to be unwilling he should hit the mark. Shakspeare probably experienced some difficulty in co-ordinating those two evil characters, and seems occasionally to have been at a loss to which of them he should attribute the greater wickedness. Both are perpetually meditating on crime, musing back in their memories to its commission, or anticipating it in fancy. Macbeth is the incarnate principle of selfishness, though affection for his wife appears sometimes to play over his rugged countenance, like lightning over a dark rock, rendering it bright, but at the same time revealing its native deformity. Egotism never before clothed itself in so fearful a form. To enable him to perform in peace the humblest functions of life, his passions would dissolve the whole fabric of nature, and introduce irremediable confusion into time and eternity.

This he expresses boldly—"But let both worlds disjoint and all things suffer, ere we will eat our meat in fear." Further than this the pestilence of selfishness could not spread its infection. Lady Macbeth is here beginning to lose her influence. She does not share all her husband's thoughts. When moody, he retires from her, finding possibly that her beauty brought him no comfort. There existed a consciousness between them which acted like the contrary of attraction. They read the record of their guilt in each other's faces.

The last scene but one in which Lady Macbeth appears to us in person is at the banquet, where she is surrounded by lords and thanes, but has no female companion or attendant. Are we from this to understand that she scorned the society of women—that ambition had so far unsexed her that she had no relish for anything but politics and intrigues of state? Nowhere, however, does she show to greater advantage than at this banquet. She beholds her husband disturbed by supernatural agencies; but her spirit never quails for an instant. Nothing daunts her. When the whole court is disturbed by the king's vagaries—when suspicion and fear look through every man's eyes—when she hears Macbeth holding discourse with an invisible substance—she preserves the unshaken serenity of her mind, and the ruby on her cheek is never blanched for an instant. She exhibits the *ne plus ultra* of self-possession—the proud dignity which springs not from place, or birth, or station, but from the individual character. She was born to rule, because superior to all around her; though crime had cast a blot on her 'scutcheon. When the guests retire, we expect to hear her chide Macbeth, but pity for his infirmities subdues her anger, and she only bids him go sleep and forget it. I may here remark that, with all Shakspeare's genius, he fails to impart life to the courtiers of Macbeth, who in this scene appear like so many automats. The king and his wife fill the scene, as it were, and throw every one who approaches them into shadow. The effect might have been more powerful had the reality of a banquet been presented to our minds. Before the murder and the spectre come in to scare away festivity, the guests seem almost deprived of the power of speech, and do not even whisper aside to each other. Some critics may defend this, or even discover perfection in it, but to me it appears a defect.

*Our imagination is now left to conjecture*

how it was with Lady Macbeth, what she thought, what she suffered, what she feared in time and in eternity, before her mind became completely unhinged under the dread visitation of insanity. We behold her no more on the stage as a woman; for when she appears in her night-clothes, washing the imaginary stains of blood from her hands, or bearing the taper which her senses needed not, she is little better than a corpse endued with the power of utterance.

"*Doctor.*—I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

"*Gentlewoman.*—Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, and afterwards seal it, and again return to bed: yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

"*Doctor.*—A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbersome agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

"*Gentlewoman.*—That, sir, which I will not report after her.

"*Doctor.*—You may, to me; and 'tis most fit you should.

"*Gentlewoman.*—Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

"*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

"*Doctor.*—How came she by that light?

"*Gentlewoman.*—Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

"*Doctor.*—You see, her eyes are open.

"*Gentlewoman.*—Ay, but their sense is shut.

"*Doctor.*—What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

"*Gentlewoman.*—It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

"*Lady M.*—Yet here's a spot.

"*Doctor.*—Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

"*Lady M.*—Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

"*Doctor.*—Do you mark that?

"*Lady M.*—The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

"*Doctor.*—Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

"*Gentlewoman.*—She has spoke what she

should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

"*Lady M.*—Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

"*Doctor.*—What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

"*Gentlewoman.*—I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

"*Doctor.*—Well, well, well—

"*Gentlewoman.*—'Pray God it be, sir.

"*Doctor.*—This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those who have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

"*Lady M.*—Wash your hands, put on your night-gown: look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

"*Doctor.*—Even so?

"*Lady M.*—To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the door. Come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. (*Exit Lady M.*)

"*Doctor.*—Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night; My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight; I think, but dare not speak.

"*Gentlewoman.*—Good night, good doctor.

(*Exeunt.*)"

This whole scene is full of extraordinary suggestions. When Macbeth, engaged in preparations for civil strife, had ceased to be constantly by her side, her power of self-dependence would seem to have broken down immediately. She could not sleep without a light in her bedroom, and the overwrought mind put the body in motion even after the senses had yielded to the ordinary influence of sleep. I have known of a similar case, in which a lady, who had contributed to her husband's death, could never sleep without persons in the room with her. She had consequently a relay of maids, who, when her husband was away, sat up in turn at her bed-side, and these she would often terrify by waking suddenly with sharp screams, and in convulsive muscular agony. Her seducer, with whom she lived, died before her, and the interval between his death and her own was one terrific display of the power of conscience.

When Macbeth is hemmed round by enemies in his castle of Dunsinane, he is startled by a cry of women from the inner chambers. He inquires what it signifies, and is told the queen is dead; upon which, with affected

*sang-froid*, he begins to moralize, but during his speech suffers it distinctly to appear that he considers the play of life over for him. Hearing a shriek of women from the inner apartments, he asks—

"Wherefore was that cry?

"*Seyton.*—The queen, my lord, is dead.

"*Macbeth.*—She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.—To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in his petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

Afterwards, through the intervention of Malcolm, Shakspeare insinuates that Lady Macbeth had laid violent hands on herself, and was her own executioner. Thus this impetuous and fiery spirit, once so full of hope and ambition, degenerates, under the corroding influence of remorse, into a species of idiocy, and is ultimately quenched in suicide—an instructive, but appalling lesson!

Throughout this play, more, perhaps, than in any other, not excepting even "*Hamlet*," we obtain glimpses of a philosophy which, on some future occasion, I may develop. An idea which forms one link in the chain occurs in Banquo's speech to Fleance:—

"*Banquo.*—Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven,  
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

[*Giving his dagger.*]

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!  
Restrain me in the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword!"

Steevens has a note on the passage which indicates a finer perception than he usually displays, though he does not seem to have observed all that Shakspeare intends to express. Banquo says he is afraid to sleep, because in that state he has to struggle with those tempters of the night, mentioned again in "*Cymbeline*," which prompt him to murders, such, perhaps, as that of Duncan and Macbeth. These are the evil spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, and are gifted with the power to try men sleeping or waking, though they succeed only with those who wilfully entertain their suggestions. Milton represents Satan at the ear of Eve pouring

disturbing dreams into her soul, and Shakspeare would seem to insinuate that the same evil intelligences which assumed the shape of weird sisters on the blasted heath came invisibly to Banquo in his sleep to excite him to crime.

This leads me to make, ere I conclude, another observation. All readers must have felt, that one of the most peculiar and powerful charms of Shakspeare's poetry lies in the communication which his soul appears to be carrying on before us with the invisible world. No other writer, if we except, perhaps, Plato, seems to be so completely imbued with spirituality. He threw up the pinnacles of the material universe, till they touched the spiritual, and effected, as it were, a mingling of the two worlds. His imagery appears often to be bathed in supernatural light, and to glitter with the dew of heaven. Even natural agencies assume, at his bidding, metaphysical qualities, and claim affinity with celestial things. Nor is there in this any inconsistency with what we find elsewhere in his writings, where he throws the splendor of his genius over gross and offensive images, which, in themselves, would be revolting. In him they seem to be introduced, because they are in nature; and because he thought it perhaps no sin to speak of anything which God has made. He saw the sun shine with

impartial rays over palace and hovel, on the pure spring and on the fetid pool, and contract no pollution by the process; and he endeavored to make his fancy imitate the Titan, and range over the whole face of earth and society, without succumbing to the evil influences of either. No man's writings make us so completely feel, that the little circle in which we move in this world, is encompassed by another, invisible but not unfelt. With him, we occasionally walk out of reality into this sphere of dreams and visions, spectres and apparitions, and all that spiritual machinery by which the thoughts of some men are moulded, as it were, into greatness, and impressed with the image and superscription of God. I find, consequently, more religion in him than in a thousand homilies. His spirit, every now and then, treads the empyrean, whither also those who habitually converse with him must ascend. His mind was as limitless as the universe. He knew not what he believed, because he knew not what was possible, but had a faith as boundless as omnipotence. He felt that, in this only, it is given to man to equal his Creator, in that he can believe whatever he can do. This divine principle accordingly pervades the whole works of Shakspeare, who, of all men, past or present, is perhaps the furthest from a skeptic.

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Is Fortune, with a smiling face,  
Strew roses in our way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen and forgive?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
And warmth from memory borrow,  
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt  
Are harmed unless we pay,  
When shall we struggle to be just?  
To-day, my love, to-day.

But if our debtors sue for grace,  
On pain of ruin thorough,  
When shall we grant the boon they seek?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again  
Her genial smile display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,  
When shall we weep, if weep we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
The minutes will not stay;  
We've always time to welcome them,  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon, if they appear  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

From the North British Review.

## MEMOIRS OF CASTLEREAGH.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry.* Edited by his brother, CHARLES VANE, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. London: 1848.

THE present circumstances of Ireland have attracted our attention to the documents contained in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh." The amount of positive information, in any true sense new to the public, is far less than we had anticipated. Much, however, that had been floating about unfixed is here authenticated or disproved. A good deal that had been misrepresented is corrected, or the means of correction supplied. The activity of those who war against the established institutions of society is sustained by an untiring impulse. Those who are satisfied with things as they are, or contemplate improvements in institutions chiefly as the result of the improvement of those by whom they are administered, are impatient of the dogmatic and disputative spirit when it is disposed to disturb our enjoyments by vindications which, however well-meant, we feel to be unnecessary and intrusive—and thus the voice of assailants will for a while win an undeserved triumph. The character of Lord Castlereagh has suffered more from these causes than that of any other public man of our times. The object of Lord Londonderry's publication is, by such documents as he possesses illustrative of Lord Castlereagh's official life, to place his brother's character in a true light.

The history of the earliest period of Castlereagh's life was more frequently brought before the public in accounts of the Irish Rebellion by the families of the defeated party than in any other way, and their language was naturally colored by their feelings. When Lord Castlereagh was taunted in 1817 as the perpetrator of savage cruelties, in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, cruelties utterly alien to his nature, and which in point of actual fact, he was the chief person to terminate, Mr. Canning indignantly asked, "If the Legis-

lature has consented to bury in darkness the crimes of rebellion, is it too much that rebels, after twenty years, should forgive the crime of being forgiven?" Without imputing to Tone, and M<sup>r</sup> Nevin, and such writers, any desire to falsify the real facts of the case, and while forming our notion of the scenes in which, very much from their own accounts, it is plain that they had not the means of knowledge which would enable them to represent truly either the motives or the acts of the Government. Of the crimes of the leaders of the Irish insurrections of 1798 and 1803, we think it impossible to form an exaggerated estimate, as whatever be the real or supposed wrongs which armed resistance would redress, no wrong can be so great—no evil so hopelessly intolerable, as the disturbance of the settled order of society. A nation must be all but unanimous to justify Revolution.

The strong opposition with which the measure of a legislative union with Great Britain was regarded at the time by the weaker island, and the continued agitation for its repeal, kept alive a feeling of resentment against the chief instruments in carrying it out, and to this we owe the remarkable fact, that to this hour it is difficult to form any distinct notion of the character of Lord Castlereagh or Lord Clare. If the family of Lord Clare possess the means of bringing the history of that remarkable man before the public, or if even the few fugitive pamphlets in which his speeches, during the period in which he swayed the destinies of Ireland, were printed, could be collected and published with such notes as, after an interval of fifty years, are necessary to render them fully intelligible, something would be done for the history of the country that in a few years will be impossible. Mr. Wills in his *Lives of*



Distinguished Irishmen—Mr. Grattan in the Memoirs of his father—Mr. Madden in his Life of Emmet—and the author of "*The Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen*," in the Dublin University Magazine, have each preserved many traits of the Irish Chancellor's character. But what we want and wish are his own speeches and letters—anything actually and entirely his own. Differing with him in many things—agreeing with him perhaps in nothing, we feel in all that we have seen of him the stamp of indomitable power—a man whose image should not be lost. With respect to Lord Castlereagh, it is to be regretted that the delay of bringing his biography before the public has occasioned irreparable loss. Lord Londonderry, who himself writes a memoir of his brother prefixed to these volumes, tells us, that after a communication with Sir Walter Scott, whom he wished to engage in the task, a series of private letters, extending over twenty-five years, was confided to the care of the late Dr. Turner, bishop of Calcutta. The vessel that sailed for India with the bishop's effects was lost, and in it the letters of Lord Castlereagh, and, we presume, other materials collected to illustrate his life. His official correspondence was scarcely more fortunate. The executors of Lord Castlereagh (we call him throughout by the name by which he will be remembered in history) thought the papers might be public property, and claimed as such by the Government. For the purpose of releasing themselves from responsibility, they placed them under the control of the Court of Chancery, from which, after long delays, and what Lord Londonderry describes as "the highly honorable and straightforward conduct of Lord Palmerston," a great mass of papers, public and private, were delivered to him. "On examination of the documents," he adds, "I regret to say that I discovered many chasms and losses." In short, anything that any one for any purpose might wish concealed, is not to be found in the volumes now before us. We do not believe that a single new fact, with reference to any one concerned either in the suppression of the rebellion or the furtherance of the legislative union, is communicated. There is nothing that throws any light on the secret history of either. The correspondence is the correspondence of the Irish secretary's office, after every document of any peculiar interest has been withdrawn. Many of the letters cannot even be regarded as the letters of the persons whose names are officially attached to them. The passion of authorship *must have been strong* with Lord London-

derry when he undertook this voluminous compilation, which, if continued on anything like the scale on which it has been commenced, must, we should think, reach some twenty-five or thirty volumes. Four are devoted to the time of his brother's Irish Secretaryship; the two first of which (the Part now published) relate to the years 1798 and 1799.

The work opens with a biographical memoir. We omit the links which connect the Londonderry Stewarts with the kings of Scotland, and descend at once from the heights on which Lord Londonderry would place us to Robert Stewart who represented the county of Down in the Irish Parliament, and who was the first Marquess of Londonderry. Robert was twice married; first to Frances, second daughter of Lord Hertford; of this marriage Lord Castlereagh was the only surviving issue. His second wife, sister of Lord Camden, was the mother of our author.

Robert, our hero, was born in 1769. He received his early education at Armagh; and, at seventeen, was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge. He appears to have remained there but a year, or a year and a half. His tutor, writing to Lord Londonderry in 1840, describes him as remarkably successful in his college examinations. At his third half-yearly examination, the last which he passed, "he was first in the first class." After leaving college, he made the Grand Tour; and on his return, commenced political life by a successful contest against the Downshire family for the representation of the county of Down. At the hustings he gave a pledge to support Reform. This was in 1790. When, in 1793, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise, he said, that he thought this a sufficient Reform.

"For a few sessions he voted generally with the Opposition. However, the turbulent development of the state of Ireland rendered it necessary for him to come to more decided conclusions. Accordingly, when the system of strong measures was adopted by the Irish Administration, in order to silence rebellion by terror, or extinguish it by severity, we find Lord Castlereagh among the warmest of its supporters."—Vol. i. p. 9.

Lord Londonderry passes rapidly over his brother's public life in Ireland, leaving the documents given in his volumes to speak for themselves. When Lord Camden succeeded Earl Fitzwilliam as Viceroy, with Pelham as Chief Secretary, an incautious or intemperate speech of Pelham's in the House of Com-

mons led to his return to England in disgust, and Lord Castlereagh acted as his *locum tenens* for a while, and afterwards was himself appointed Chief Secretary, which office he filled during the important period of the Union arrangements.

It will be more convenient to follow Lord Londonderry in running over the remaining incidents of Lord Castlereagh's life, than at the moment dwelling on topics to which we must return.

When the Union was accomplished, he transferred his residence to London. Pitt's retirement delayed his appointment to office till 1802. Under Addington's Administration he was placed at the head of the Board of Control.

"When Pitt resumed the direction of affairs, Lord Castlereagh continued to preside over the Board of Control, till, in 1806, he was appointed Secretary of State for the War and Colonial Department. Party prejudices operated so strongly against him, that, on this occasion, he failed, after an expensive contest, to obtain his re-election for the county of Down."

On Pitt's death, Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues in office resigned.

"On the resignation of the Grey and Grenville Administration, in 1807, and the formation of that of Mr. Percival, Lord Castlereagh was replaced in his former situation of Minister of the War Department, in which he continued till the Walcheren Expedition, and his duel with Mr. Canning."

On the death of Percival, Lord Castlereagh became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and held the office till his death. To him, we believe, Lord Londonderry is right in ascribing the carrying out into perfect effect the policy of assisting the Spanish people when they rose for the purpose of asserting their national independence. To Lord Castlereagh is also due the selection of the Great General by whom the European war was brought to so glorious a termination. Lord Londonderry discusses at considerable length Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic movements at Chatillon, and afterwards at Paris and Vienna. That the arrangements entered into by the Congress should have preserved peace so long among the principal European powers is no slight evidence of the good faith of the parties to the contract, and, above all, tells favorably for England and her representative, who was in the proud position of arbiter between contending nations.

"In the year 1821, on the decease of his father, Lord Castlereagh became Marquess of Londonderry. The political horizon had at this time become overcast. A Congress was to be held at Vienna and Verona on the affairs of Spain; the insurrection of Greece had also rendered the position of England between Russia and the Porte very ticklish and difficult: and the continuance of disturbances in Ireland excited uneasiness. Under these circumstances the strong mind of Lord Londonderry, harassed by Parliamentary warfare, and worn out by incessant toil, began to break down."

Lord Castlereagh's attention to business was unremitting. He himself wrote the draft of every despatch from the Foreign Office. Towards the end of the session, his health manifestly declined. It had been arranged that he should represent England at a Congress to be held at Vienna on the affairs of Spain; and laborious as was the duty which this involved, he looked forward to change of scene and occupation as likely to afford relief and recreation. There was over his mind a haunting feeling of some coming illness. He had been suffering from gout at the close of the session, and apprehended the increase of the disease, if not speedily arrested, as likely to interrupt public business, and interfere with the King's visit to Scotland, and his own attendance at Congress. Medicines were administered for the purpose of lowering the system, but they brought on depression of spirits and nervous fever. His handwriting, in general remarkable for its neatness, was so changed a few days before his death, that the official documents which he wrote or subscribed were scarce legible to those best acquainted with the character of his hand. Still, the thought of his mind being affected did not occur to any one till it was observed, at the same cabinet council, by the King and the Duke of Wellington. The King wrote to Lord Liverpool on the subject. The Duke communicated with Lord Castlereagh's physician. This was on Saturday. The physician ordered him to the country, and followed him thither the next day. "Early on Monday morning, he was hastily summoned to Lord Londonderry, who was in his dressing-room, but before he could reach it, his patient had committed the fatal act, and life was almost immediately extinct."

Our biographer, before tracing the private character of his brother, calls us for a moment to dwell on that of his father, who appears to have been an estimable country gentleman, living on his own estate, dealing reasonably with his tenants, and assisting the

poor in seasons of distress—practising virtues which endeared him to the persons among whom he resided, but which are not, we trust, so rare in Ireland as to distinguish him from a thousand others. His example is described as operating on his son—our Lord Castlereagh—the second Marquess. Some improvements in the town of Castlereagh from which his title is taken, are described as Lord Castlereagh's work. He assisted in building a Roman Catholic chapel there, and he built one at Strangford. He is described by Lord Londonderry as a munificent patron of letters. He aided the Belfast Academy with his countenance and his money, and wrote papers in its praise in a magazine called the Belfast Athenæum. He helped Bunting to bring out his collection of "Irish Melodies;" and what surprises us very much, "the translations from Carolan [in Bunting's Melodies] were moulded into their present shape by his masterly hand."

"He was the means of establishing in Dublin a 'Gaelic Society,' the object of which was to encourage writers in the ancient Erse, and translations from scarce works in verse and prose. This Society went on well for some time; and a volume of their proceedings was printed, highly creditable to all who had contributed towards it. Theophilus O'Hannegan was the secretary, a man who was quite a genius, and a scholar of unrivalled attainments, but who possessed not an atom of discretion. The removal of Lord Castlereagh to England withdrew his attention from this local institution, and it was in consequence discontinued. The last service he rendered it was releasing poor O'Hannegan from the Sheriff's, where he was confined for a considerable debt."

"A munificent patron of letters." We are not quite disposed to assent to this praise, though we are glad that Lord Londonderry has recorded it. It shows ludicrously enough what great men mean when they speak of rewarding letters. Lord Londonderry thinks his brother's patronage of men of genius one of his great claims on the admiration of the public, and he produces as a proof of it that he encourages writers in the ancient Erse, and releases from the sheriff a writer whom he admires. O'Hannegan may have been a fitting object of charity, and to have paid his debts may have proved Lord Castlereagh's consideration for his creditors—for the poor fellow does not seem to have got anything for himself. That this should be solemnly recorded as a proof of a British minister's patronage of genius is too bad.

The following details of his personal habits are worth preserving:—

"In his house he was never heard to murmur at anything, nor was he ever known to speak in a harsh or hasty manner to any of his servants, whom he had not changed for years. He was of abstemious habits, often tasting of but few dishes, and taking moderately of wine. He generally dressed himself without assistance. When in the country, and without company, he always retired early to his library, where he usually remained two or three hours, and retired to bed without supper. His usual hour for rising was seven in the winter, and in summer, five in the morning, never omitting to walk before breakfast when the weather admitted of it. He was fond of planting, pruning, and grafting with his own hands, and his parterre of native and exotic flowers at Cray-farm was choice, though not extensive.

"Political despatches, which daily arrived, were disposed of by him with the utmost order, exactness, and regularity, and his visitors scarcely missed his company while he attended to them. At public worship he was a regular attendant, and had prayers read in his family once every day, sometimes in the morning, but oftener in the evening. Field sports he abandoned long before his death; but he had a kennel of pointers and greyhounds. His ear for music was excellent, and though an indifferent player on the violoncello, he would often sit down and take part in a concerto, and join in any music that was going on.

"He was very tenacious of all his early friendships. The Earl of Bristol and the late Mr. Holford were the most dear to him. His mind was much fixed on putting upon record the history of the Union, and the events which immediately preceded it—in fact, of his own administration in Ireland. It was a project which I know he had very much at heart, and it was often talked of to some gentlemen of reputation as men of letters in Ireland. One of these, a particular friend of Lord Castlereagh's, declined the undertaking, because he could not conscientiously, and as he thought satisfactorily execute it in the sense of the minister—and yet their friendship continued uninterrupted.

"In stature he was nearly six feet high, and his manners were perfect, his features commanding. His appearance, when full-dressed, was particularly graceful; and at the coronation of George the Fourth he was remarked for the graceful dignity of his mien and manner, which, as I have heard it more than once observed, might well have caused him, when in the robes of the Garter, to be mistaken for the Sovereign. Although a courtier, yet in private life no man could be less assuming, and his affability at once dissipated that timidity which intercourse with high rank sometimes produces."

An exceedingly interesting part of Lord Londonderry's work is that in which he replies to Lord Brougham's account of Lord Castlereagh in his "*Statesmen* of the reign of George the Third." Among the many infelicitous sketches in that very amusing book perhaps that which is of least value is that

of Lord Castlereagh. By him Castlereagh is represented as a man of the meanest powers, of the most vulgar and arrogant pretensions. The passages which Moore and Byron have hitched into rhyme as specimens of his oratory are put forward with all the gravity of a witness. We suppose there was ground enough for such jokes, and the ground being once laid jokes enough would be perpetrated; but Lord Castlereagh was, on the whole, a graceful and effective speaker; and it is to be remembered that the task of inculcation is always an easy one, and even where the means of defence are most perfect there must be often reasons for silence that can scarcely be fittingly assigned, and that this often places a Cabinet Minister in a situation of such perplexity that it may be even a dexterous escape from worse dangers to expose himself to the arrows of the witlings. In Brougham's sketch there is one important acknowledgment—that all the personal imputations of cruelty against Lord Castlereagh in Ireland were mere calumny. Lord Londonderry has published a number of very interesting letters, to show the estimate in which Lord Castlereagh was held by the greatest men of his time. We wish we could abridge these letters, but so much depends on the very words in which they are written, that could even the facts recorded be preserved, the impression which they leave of the affection with which this great statesman was regarded by his friends would be lost.

In one letter of Lord Wellesley, he dwells on the aid given by Lord Castlereagh to sustain him in his Indian policy, and refers to his despatches from India in support of this statement.

"But I must add," he says, "one circumstance which does not appear in these despatches. During the whole of my administration he never interfered in the slightest degree in the vast patronage of our Indian empire, and he took especial care to signify this determination to the expectants by whom he was surrounded and to me. In his published despatches many examples occur of great abilities and statesman-like views, and they are all written in a style more worthy of imitation than of censure.

"From the year 1812 I had no intercourse with your brother until the close of the year 1821, when I was called to undertake the arduous charge of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On that occasion I had repeated private interviews with your brother, whose sentiments on the subject of Ireland were of the most liberal description, most favorable to all the just views and interests of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and most practically beneficial to the general welfare, happiness, and prosperi-

ty of Ireland. He was thoroughly conversant with every circumstance relating to Irish affairs, and he was most sincerely and faithfully attached to the cause of Ireland."

Sir Walter Scott and Alison are quoted, and each expresses that high admiration of Lord Castlereagh which will soon become the fixed conviction of all sober-judging men, of whatever party. A sentence of Croker's describes him well:—

"Of Lord Londonderry [Castlereagh] Mr. Wilberforce seemed at first to have formed a very low, and we need not add, a very erroneous opinion; but when his Lordship's situation became more prominent, and his character better defined, that polished benevolence, that high and calm sense of honor, that consummate address, that inflexible firmness, and that profound and yet unostentatious sagacity, won the respect and confidence of Wilberforce, as they did of reluctant senates at home, and of suspicious cabinets abroad."

A letter of Lord Ripon's—too long for us to quote—gives a very striking proof of Lord Castlereagh's presence of mind and instant decision, in a case of considerable difficulty. To his insisting on reinforcing Blücher after his first march to Paris, with two corps of Russians and Prussians, belonging to Bernadotte's army, without a communication with Bernadotte, Lord Ripon attributes the success of the battle of Laon. The difficulty was regarded as insurmountable. "He was at the council when the matter was discussed. The moment he understood that militarily speaking, the proposed plan was indispensable to success, he took his line. He stated that, in that case, the plan *must* be adopted, and the necessary orders *immediately* given; that England had a right to expect that her allies would not be deterred from a decisive course by any such difficulties as had been urged; and he boldly took upon himself the responsibility of any consequences as regarded the Crown Prince of Sweden. His advice prevailed; Blücher's army was reinforced in time; the battle of Laon was fought successfully; and no further efforts of Buonaparte could oppose the march of the Allies on Paris, and their triumphant occupation of that city."

How he was appreciated by his colleagues in the Cabinet, we learn from a letter of Sir Charles Wetherall:—

"I remember as well as yesterday meeting Eldon the morning when the despatches came over giving an account of the battle of Laon. I met him in the passage near the Chancellor of the Exchequer's house in

Downing Street, going into the Park. We walked together through the Park; he was in the highest spirits, and said, 'I have been in the Foreign Office, on purpose to read over the Despatches at my leisure.' He then said, with the energy which you will recollect he used when his mind was intent on any idea, '*We are indebted to Castlereagh for everything.* I verily believe that *no man* in England, but Castlereagh, could have done what he has.' "

We cannot omit the words of Sir Robert Peel:—"I doubt whether any public man, (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington,) within the last half century, possessed the combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect, under the same circumstances, what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart, and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage—moral and personal—that command and influence which makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with disdain for low objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity."

The great measure of Lord Castlereagh, and that on which his fame with posterity will chiefly rest, is the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Of that great measure the advantages are not yet fully felt. It was impossible, absolutely impossible, when the independence of the Irish Parliament was established, and the Constitution of 1782 obtained, that the alternative, of union with England or absolute separation, could be avoided. The inconvenient *fiction* of an Irish Parliament was attended with difficulties enough. The *reality* was a thing utterly unmanageable. Till 1782, the conclave called a Parliament bore as near a resemblance to the Parliament at Westminster as did the Parliaments of Rouen or Gascony. The members of what was called the House of Commons being once elected, or more often nominated, sate for the life of the monarch. They had no power of originating any measure, and could do little more than delay fiatting the orders of England. Once in two years the Lord-Lieutenant went over to Ireland, resided for a few months at the Castle; struggled, often in vain, to give a few places and pensions among his friends, and disappeared. The sittings of the Parliament were *also biennial: the King's* business, as they

called the management of Ireland, was farmed out to some great families, who divided among themselves the whole patronage of the kingdom; who intercepted from the people every good which they could not render profitable to themselves, and who, like other agents, did all they could to render it impossible that their employers should be able to dispense with their services, or even learn the principles on which their administration was conducted. If there ever was a system requiring entire change, it was that by which Ireland was ruled. It was impossible that it should be allowed to continue, and its extinction was at the same moment the object of two parties earnestly at work, each to realize its own project of improvement—each seeking as much as possible to conceal its ultimate purpose, the one contemplating the union of the kingdoms, the other their entire separation. Had the first more distinctly made their object known, it is not impossible that it might have more perfectly succeeded; for a reform in Parliament was, we believe, in the first period of their association, the limit of the objects which Addis Emmet, and the others who acted with him, had in view. This and the measure of Catholic emancipation would have been shown as more attainable by means of the union of the Legislatures than by any other course. The desperate one of civil war was certainly not contemplated when the Society of United Irishmen was first formed.

The theory of Ireland's legislative independence was likely to have produced singular inconvenience, when, on George the Third's illness, different views were taken by the two Legislatures on the question of the regency, and this incident almost compelled the more powerful nation to save herself from the recurrence of an embarrassment which went to the very root of the monarchical principle. The thought of a legislative union had been long familiar to thinking minds. The Irish Privy Council, in 1676, and the Irish House of Lords, in the reign of Anne, proposed an incorporate union of the Legislatures as the only means of improving the commerce of Ireland. Sir William Petty saw it in the same light. "There are," says he, "three legislative powers, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which, instead of uniting together, do often cross upon each other's trade, not only as if they were foreigners to each other, but sometimes as enemies."

"I have always," said the late Duke of Richmond to the volunteers, when asked for his

advice on the subject of constitutional reform, "I have always thought it for the interest of the two islands to be incorporated and form one and the same kingdom, with the same Legislature, meeting sometimes in Ireland as well as England." In 1785, Mr. Foster, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, said, in the Irish House of Commons, "Things cannot remain as they are. Commercial jealousy is roused, and it will increase with two independent Legislatures. Without an united interest in commerce, in a commercial empire, political union will receive many shocks, and *separation of interest* must threaten *separation of connection*, which every honest Irishman must shudder to look to as a possible event." "Mr. Grattan declared, even after the boasted settlement of 1782, that the Legislature of Ireland neither possessed the substance nor the shadow of independence; and on the 26th of February, 1790, he asked, 'What has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A place bill? No. A pension bill? No. Any great or good measure? No. But a city police bill—a press bill—a riot act—great increase of pensions—fourteen new places for Members of Parliament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages.'"<sup>\*</sup>

In the very first letter of the Castlereagh Papers, Lord Camden—within two years after sent over as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland—writes to Lord Castlereagh, then (it was 1793) of unfixed politics, and one of what Horace Walpole calls "the flying squadron of patriots," in the following words:—"I have no conception in these times, when rights are pushed to the utmost extremity, and reform knows no bounds, of giving to any nation, and less to one of the description of yours, whose characteristic is certainly not moderation, the sort of latitude which the questions about to take place in Ireland will give them. I inherit, and, upon consideration, am clearly of my father's opinion, that Ireland must be our province if she will not be persuaded to a union, and if she would, she ought and would enjoy reciprocal benefits with this country. This is my opinion; but in the present state of your politics there, it would be dangerous to maintain that opinion or to act in consequence of it." The non-existence of an Irish Parliament, in any true sense, is well described by the author of a pamphlet, entitled, "*The Game's Up*," published in Dublin a few months ago:—

"Ireland never had a Parliament; no, not

even in 1782; no, not even in 1792. It is one of the monster delusions of the day to dream that Ireland ever had a Parliament, in the sense in which the party now uses the word. It possessed a council, selected exclusively from an ascendant minority, and on which England conferred greater or less powers of legislation from time to time. The very circumstance of England having previous to its extinction enlarged those powers, is evidence of its having the power of diminishing or annihilating them; and this is not a Parliament. I, for my part, look upon the whole 'carriage of the Union' as a solemn mockery, got up to conceal the fact, which was, that the British Parliament willed the extinction of the local legislature, and preferred having its own consent to openly exercising the power it possessed. The pompous declaration of this Irish Council, that 'none but the king, Lords, and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws for Ireland,' was of as much significance as the 'for ever' so frequently adopted in solemn acts of legislation, and as frequently violated. The Irish 'Parliament' was a council, introduced by the English into a conquered country, for certain limited purposes, and extinguishable at pleasure. Of what avail was the declaration of independence of the Irish Parliament by the British, if it was independent already? And if it was not, was not the independence resumable, notwithstanding the formal 'for ever'?"

"No—a PARLIAMENT—a self-existing, paramount, constitutional council of the nation never existed in Ireland;—or, if it did, it was the *magnum concilium* we have heard of lately. If it did, it never could have had its powers limited or enlarged by another council, once they were settled; it never could have annihilated itself, or been annihilated, except by the conquest of the nation. We were, up to 1800, a colony, not a kingdom; and as such our true 'Constitution' lay within the Constitution of the parent State. The fatal mistake was allowing the country to be mistaken in its true position. This was policy, but it is an exploded and a past policy; and we are now, since the Union, for the first time, a free portion of a free empire.

"'Ireland prospered under her parliament,' (so called.) So it did to a certain extent, for its agricultural produce, imperfectly developed as such resources were, obtained the advantage of a high market in war time, —and the industry of the North was as conspicuous as it is now. Dublin was a brilliant city; though facts show that the beggary and destitution of the operative classes were

<sup>\*</sup> Martin's Ireland before and after the Union.

frequently as appalling as they have ever been since.

"But facts again show that, with the exception of the 'west end' world of Dublin, Ireland has continued to advance since the Union, in spite of the systematic discouragement to fair experiment which an unceasing agitation has afforded. The spread of statistical information has, happily, rendered this demonstrable, so I shall not now take the trouble to enter into details. It has advanced, though the termination of the Continental war reduced the prices of agricultural produce so largely as in many cases to throw the farmer helplessly into the power of the landlord—or the demagogue. It has advanced (and this is the strangest fact of all) through the period of local famine and monetary difficulty; advanced, I mean, in every particular not *directly* affected by the famine and the state of the money-market."\*

There are sufficiently obvious reasons why the populace of a dissolute city should be easily excited into strong feeling against a measure which would remove from it the concourse of wealthy residents and strangers that the seat of the Legislature must bring together. The classes that live by directly ministering to their wants were in Dublin injuriously affected, and through such people it was always easy to get up a *row* when the alarm of an intended union was suggested to their imaginations. In Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.* a scene of this kind is described, that seems to have been serious enough. A union with England was a favorite object with Lord Hillsborough: he had hinted such a wish a year or two before in the Parliament of England, and being now in Ireland,† let drop expressions of the same tendency. This was no sooner divulged than Dublin was in a flame. The mob grew outrageous, and assembled at the door of the House of Commons. Mr. Rigby went forth and assured them there was no foundation for their jealousy; but *his* word they would not take. Ponsonby, the Speaker, was at last obliged to go out and pacify them; and Mr. Rigby declared, in the House, that if a bill of union was brought in he would vote against it. The tumult then subsided; but Rigby‡ soon after moving that the Lord-Lieutenant might on an emergency, such as an invasion, summon the Parliament to meet without an intervention of forty days, the former suspicions revived,

and a dangerous riot ensued.\* Rigby's own account of the matter describes both Houses of Parliament attacked by an "unruly, drunken, barbarous mob. The pretence put into their mouths," he says, "is a union with Great Britain, and an abolition of Parliaments here. They are of the very lowest, and scum of the people; desperate by nature, and made more so by drams. The being a member of either House of Parliament was the crime; and they tendered oaths indiscriminately to all, to swear that they were true to their country; and the taking such oaths did not satisfy the more."† Lord Inchiquin, who came up from the country to oppose the rumored Union, was assailed. The mob pulled off his periwig, and put the oath to him. He had an impediment in his speech, and stuttered. They cried, "D—— you, do you hesitate?" "But hearing that his name was O'Bryen their rage was turned into acclamations."‡ Mr. Rowley, a Privy Councillor, was dragged the length of a street, and narrowly escaped being thrown into the river. Mr. Morres, a King's Counsel, was "stripped of his very shirt, and beat and bruised." Warden Flood, the Attorney-General, was wounded in his chariot, and made his escape into the College. The excitement seems to have continued some days, as Rigby says, "I have heard that I have been a principal object of their aversion; but I have never failed going to Parliament and from it in my own chariot, and have never met with insult or blow from them, though I have observed unpleasant countenances." They killed the horses of several obnoxious persons; they pulled the Bishop of Killala out of his coach, and the Lord Chancellor. They proceeded to the House of Lords, where they committed the grossest indecencies; placed an old woman on the throne, and sent pipes and tobacco for her; they next went to the House of Commons, and ordered the clerk to bring them the journals to burn.§

We have been led away by Walpole's gossiping from our main subject. The object of a Legislative Union between the countries was the subject of speculation with many of the most sound-minded men in both countries. Their anxiety was that the Irish legislature should not be the mere machinery in the hands of England, to register laws dictated to it, often against the commercial interests of Ireland, and in all cases wounding to

\* *The Game's Up*, pp. 36–38.

† December, 1759.

‡ *Chief secretary to the Duke of Bedford*.

\* Walpole, *Memoirs of George II.*, vol. ii. p. 401.

† *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 469.

‡ Walpole.

§ Walpole.

its pride. They felt, that even this was better than the subservience to the factious borough interest which dealt with the country as if it was the private estate of the individual undertakers by whom it was managed. The ambitious hope of participating with England in Imperial Legislation was faintly and feebly expressed. It was too good a thing almost to dare to wish for. In the early part of the last century, the matter was often suggested, always with the feeling that England would oppose it. The case of the Union with Scotland, while it was not unlikely to force the matter on public attention, was in some important circumstances so dissimilar, as rather to embarrass the question. The King of England is by the law and Constitution King of Ireland. It is one of his inseparable titles. In Scotland the case was, at the time of its Union with England, not only different, but directly the reverse. The Scottish Act of Settlement had not made any provision for the devolution of the Crown on the extinction of the issue of Anne. And, in 1704, an act was passed by the Scottish Parliament, providing that the same person should not be King of Scotland and England. To this the royal assent had been given with great reluctance. This rendered the introduction of the exiled branch of the Stuarts not only a legal thing in Scotland, but was almost to be regarded as a declaration of war between the kingdoms. The necessity of that Union to the peace, nay, to the existence of the empire, was likely to be felt by many, who, as no danger of the kind existed in Ireland, would refuse in the latter case to be swayed by a deceptive analogy.

The first demi-official paper in these volumes which mentions the Union, is dated September 26, 1798, and communicates to Lord Castlereagh the substance of the leading articles, among which are,—

“Protestant establishment to be secured; Catholics to be eligible to all offices, but query as to their sitting in Parliament?”

“Arrangements to get rid of tithes, not to be one of the Articles, but to be immediately settled. This should be accompanied with a suitable provision for a reasonable number of Catholic clergy.”

We do not, perhaps, appreciate all the difficulties with which this great measure was accompanied, and we are perhaps wrong in thinking that every privilege that has been since given to the Catholics might have been more conveniently given then. We disbelieve in the propriety of either then or now endowing their clergy. On the 16th of Octo-

ber, 1798, we have a letter from Lord Clare to Lord Castlereagh, who had gone to England, and varied the measure injuriously; at least so the letter would seem to prove; but the strength of the borough interests is to be considered, and perhaps all that could be done under the existing circumstances was done. The letter is from London:—“I have seen Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Portland, who seem to feel very sensibly the critical situation of our damnable country, and that the Union alone can save it. I should have hoped that what has passed would have opened the eyes of every man in England to the insanity of their past conduct, with respect to the Papists of Ireland; but I can very plainly perceive that they were as full of their Popish projects as ever. I trust, and I hope I am not deceived, that they are fairly inclined to give them up, and to bring the measure forward unencumbered with the doctrine of Emancipation. \* \* \* Mr. Pitt is fully sensible of the necessity of establishing some control over the Popish clergy, which he thinks will be best effected by allowing very moderate stipends to them, and allowing every priest to take a license from the Crown, for performing ecclesiastical functions, on pain of perpetual banishment if he shall officiate without it.”

Of the State Papers printed by Lord Londonderry, one of the best—but it was printed long ago in America—is the Memoir of the state prisoners O'Connor, M'Nevin, and Thomas Addis Emmet. Verdicts for high treason had been obtained against two of the United Irishmen—Byrne and Bond. Efforts were made to save them, and negotiations were commenced between the state prisoners, confined on the same or similar charges, and the Government. The Government wished to have distinct acknowledgments of their guilt from themselves, and wished to have the opportunity of making public the whole conspiracy, without betraying the sources of their information. The prisoners felt they were communicating no more than the Government already knew, and they proposed, among the conditions, that they should not be asked to criminate individuals. O'Connor, Sampson, and some other of the principal persons involved in the conspiracy, refused signing these conditions. The law officers thought the information not worth the price of interfering with the execution of the law. They feared juries would refuse finding verdicts, if the Crown pardoned. The reasonings of lawyers are more apt to satisfy themselves than others; and arguments which



they felt to be conclusive, did not altogether satisfy the Lord-Lieutenant. The opinion of the law-advisers was, however—to use the language of the document before us—given “peremptorily and unanimously,” and Byrne was executed.

The next day was that named for the execution of Bond. The prisoners, who had before Byrne’s execution refused their signatures, became alarmed, and new terms were proposed to the Government. In the first document, perpetual exile was proposed as the condition of life being spared. In the next, to guard against the danger of their passing immediately into an enemy’s country, the time of their departure, and the place of their exile, was left to the discretion of Government. Bond was respited. The conditions were fulfilled; but as far as Bond’s life was the object, that object could scarcely have been said to be gained, for he died soon after in prison.

It would appear that Lord Londonderry is not aware of the Memoir having been before published. A copy printed at New York is before us as we write, and enables us to correct some strange blunders made by Lord Londonderry’s printer, or more probably by whoever transcribed the manuscript for the press. Misprints that reduce a passage to mere nonsense do but little comparative harm. Here are errors that vary the sense of the passage into the direct opposite of what the writers said. In the second paragraph, we find these words:—“Denying the whole existence of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin, we may safely aver,” &c. Reading this in Lord Londonderry, we fairly confess we did not know what to make of it, when we fortunately remembered our old American book, and found that the word printed “denying” ought to be “during.” It was startling enough to find these gentlemen denying the existence of the Society, the organization of which they were engaged in explaining. We know nothing at all like it, except the denial, every now and then, of the existence of ribonndmen in Ireland, at the very time that every newspaper brought us accounts of convictions for the crime.

The Memoir was felt by the Government to be a defence of the prisoners, and could not be used for the purpose for which it was intended. The prisoners then suggested that as a committee was sitting to inquire into the causes of the rebellion, they ought to be examined before it; and that in this form Government might obtain the information they wished in a way it could be unobjectionably used. This course was adopted.

The account which the Memoir gives of the United Irishmen, or of the Union, as it was in that day called, is worth diligent study. Their communication to Government appears to have been entirely faithful, and wholly unreserved. The pleading is throughout an able and manly one; and not a little was lost to the country, when imperative necessity (and we think the necessity was imperative, and that the case admitted of no doubt) demanded the banishment of such men. The original institution of United Irishmen, formed towards the close of the year 1791, was not only ostensibly but really confined to the objects it professed—Reform in Parliament, and Catholic Emancipation. These in our day are harmless sounds, but in Ireland in that day, when three-fourths of the Commons House of Parliament were the direct nominees of the borough interest, and when the word Emancipation conjured up a thousand fears, it is impossible to describe the violence with which the first publication of the test of the United Irishmen was assailed. This violence was met by expressions of equal violence, and by endeavoring to promote the meeting of a convention to aid in effecting Reform. The difficulties in the way of Reform led to the discussion of Republicanism. While the minds of men were fermenting with these thoughts, the Society was forcibly dissolved in 1794.

It attributed its being thus dissolved to its own fault, in the openness of its discussions and the publicity of its proceedings, and in 1795 a new Society for the same object—but a *secret* Society—was formed. In their test or *text*, as Lord Londonderry generally prints it, a clause of secrecy was introduced. For the *engagement* which their predecessors required, they substituted an oath. In 1796 an Act passed punishing with death the administering of unlawful oaths. “But death,” says the Memoir, “had ceased to alarm men who began to think it was to be encountered in their country’s cause. The statute remained an absolute dead letter, and the members of the body augmented beyond belief.” The numbers of the Union were increased beyond their wishes by other causes. Wherever Orange lodges sprang up, the Catholics got alarmed, and joined the United system. This was opposed to the wishes of the leaders, for it introduced religious acrimony. In some cases the system reconciled and absorbed into itself conflicting parties, and the Government was deceived, not suspecting the cause of the dangerous tranquillity. In the Memoir, it is

denied with indignation that they ever in any case encouraged assassination. They argue this anxiously, as answering some evidence to the contrary. It was considered by them with horror on account of its criminality, and with personal dread, because it would render ferocious the minds of men in whose hands their lives were placed. Their numbers were not less than five hundred thousand. The authors of the Memoir had not been members of the earlier Association. The Society, at the time they became connected with it, was conducted on principles of the strictest secrecy. The organization of the system was admirably adapted for its purposes. No treachery could endanger the safety of many persons—no espionage could detect the entire or even large part of what was doing; and those in the actual direction of affairs were concealed from the knowledge of all but a very few. As we understand the constitution of the Association of 1795, it was this:—A Society is formed in some one district by ballot, a single black bean excluding. When any such Society amounts to thirty-six members, it splits into two; so that eighteen is the number constituting each integral. Each integral was represented by two of its members and its secretary in a baronial committee.\* These representatives were chosen by ballot every three months. No new integral could act till regularly constituted, and the secretary of an integral already constituted was the proper person to apply for, and the nearest baronial committee to give authority to form a new Society, to consist of not more than thirty-five members. When the number of societies in a barony amounted to eight, a second baronial committee was formed; county committees were formed by each baronial committee sending two delegates. Provincial committees were formed by delegates from baronials sending three delegates each, and in all cases the choice was by ballot, and the appointment was but for three months. National committees were also contemplated in this extensive arrangement, and were to be formed by each provincial committee sending five delegates. The names of the committee men, in every case, were known only to those who elected them.

We have done what we can to render intelligible the system of organization which united vast bodies of the Irish, of every rank but the highest, together. Our authority is that of Addison Emmet, writing in America long after the

\* The counties in Ireland are subdivided into baronies.

Irish Rebellion. The plan was not his, for he did not join the confederacy till 1796,† when it had existed in full operation for at least a year. It was not Tone's, for Tone, who may be called the founder of the society of 1791, did not join that of 1795 till on the eve of his departure for America, when he found it in full operation. Describing the organization, Emmet says:—

“Whoever reflects on this constitution for a moment, will perceive that it was prepared with most important views. It formed a gradually extending representative system, founded on universal suffrage and frequent elections. It was fitted to a barony, county, or province, while the organization was confined within these limits. But if the whole nation adopted the system, it furnished a national Government.”

Nothing can be conceived more simple—nothing more perfect than such an arrangement. Examine it, and the constitutions of the most carefully devised systems of society seem beside it clumsy, inartificial contrivances—while this, the work of a few humble men, brooding over their real or imagined grievances or both, seems almost like the machinery of one of those philosophical romance-epics, perfect, because having no other existence than in some solitary dreamer's fancy. “Curiosity,” says Emmet, “will ask what manner of men they were that dared harbor such comprehensive and nearly visionary ideas? They were almost invariably farmers, manufacturers, and shopkeepers, the representatives of men certainly not superior to themselves.” The persons called the leaders would to a man have been contented with Parliamentary Reform, and between them and the oligarchy that ruled Ireland there was always room for a compromise. The evidence of the state prisoners establishes this. The despair of obtaining this object drove them into the consideration of republicanism, which the examples of America and France naturally suggested, and which was debated among them as one, and but as one, of

† Emmet dates his admission into the society in 1796. *Memoir and Examination before secret committee.* A strange scene occurring before 1795, might lead us to give it an earlier date. Defending a prisoner charged with administering the United Irishman's oath, then a capital offence, he read aloud the oath from his brief with great solemnity, and then addressed the court in the following terms: “My Lords, here in the presence of this crowded auditory—in the presence of the being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal, here my Lords, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take the oath.”—*Madden's United Irishmen, second series, vol. ii p. 22.*

the substitutes for the existing order of things. No mistake can be greater than that a few restless spirits,—that a few men finding no sufficient employment in the ordinary occupations of professional life, were the creators of the fervid and pervading passions that at that period inflamed and frenzied the whole island. The passions were those of the people themselves; they did not require the fanings of idle rhetoric to force them into a blaze. It was not in the spirit of hopelessness and despair that these humble men acted; it was in the spirit of impatient and eager hope. It was not as in our day a miserable parody, in which vain men simulated feelings, and like the bulls in Borrowdale, were driven mad by the echo of their own bellowings. The Emmets and Sheereses found the system formed. They were admitted into it doubtfully and late. The system began with the lower classes. "As the united Irish system ascended into the upper ranks, it engulfed into it numbers who afterwards appeared as leaders."\*

While the organization consisted but of individual societies, interconnected as we have described, and while there was no master spirit "to wield that fierce democracy," they were yet bold enough to send a person to France to ascertain the possibility of obtaining aid from the giant republic. This led to an important addition to their original constitution. A provincial committee for Ulster had been organized, and some inconvenience was felt from the arrangement, that the provincial committees were by the constitution of the Society to meet but once a month. This led to the formation of a body not originally contemplated—THE EXECUTIVE. The Executive in the intervals between the sittings of the Provincial Committee were to *execute* what had been ordered—to report its own proceedings—it was to be a watch on the Government, and to call extra meetings of the Provincial Committee when necessary. Its connection was but with the committee that appointed it, and its members were wholly unknown to the general body of the Society. Of the Executive it was the habit never to have more than one of them to do business with any one—and if possible their transactions were with but one person. While the secrecy that was observed by so many persons under such strong temptations to betray their associates is certainly a wonderful thing, yet in point of fact, the system was so skilfully contrived that till a military organization was

engrafted on the original constitution of the Society, each of the ordinary members knew little more than the names of the persons who composed his own integral, a number seldom more than eighteen, never more than thirty-five.

We are weary of the miserable narrative of revolts, which, at whatever period you examine the history of Ireland, it presents. The Irish oligarchy, ruling in the name of England, sustained by England on the supposition of their being the sole security for the connection between the two countries, while their whole effort was to prevent any large measure of policy which must have the effect of taking the country out of their hands, had rendered the name of England odious. The United Irishmen, with all their machinery, could have little chance of doing more than upsetting a constitution. The evils under which the country was undeniably suffering, were many of them of a kind which any rational combination of their strength with that of either of the great parties in the Legislature, might have vastly alleviated. To take Ireland out of the hands of the borough proprietors was the one thing most to be desired—most to be struggled for. This was to be best and most effectually done by the union with England. But the persons whose names were most prominent among the United Irishmen, were persons who seem to have had no fixed plans whatever for the future; and from their sheer inability to suggest, or to execute any plan of government, their country must, in the very moment of their success, have fallen into the hands of France, to be, no doubt, rendered to England on any cessation of hostilities between those nations. Thus an utter anarchy must have been its fate. The vision of a bloodless revolution which was before the minds of some of the best of those enthusiasts, was also before the minds of the Dantons and Robespierres. Tone expresses some such feeling in his journals; yet though he was the cleverest and the best of them, it is plain that he was, from the first, dazzled with the military dress, and was—in his heart of hearts—a military coxcomb, returning in the character and garb of a French general to effect a *bloodless* revolution! Grattan's account of Addis Emmet is no doubt a picture of the individual; but the individual was the type of a number, whose name is Legion:—

"He set up his own crude notions as settled rules; and his plan was founded, not on practice, but on his own imagination. It was full of wildness. There were to be three hundred elections

\* Emmet.

every year, all going on at the same time; and every man was to possess a right to vote. The whole country was thus to be placed in a state of tumult and agitation—all in conflagration—like three hundred windmills in motion all at once. This, too, in a country, one-third of whose population were so destitute that they were exempted from paying hearth-money tax in consequence of their poverty. Emmet forgot that elections and representatives are a work of art—he considered them as one of the operations of nature.

"When he went to America he thought his political life at an end; but it was only just beginning. Had Government intended to have rendered him harmless they should have kept him at home, where he would have staid, a tarnished lawyer, with little business; but sent to America, he found means to annoy England, and do there what he never could have done in his own country."\*

The documents in Lord Londonderry's book prove, what however was known before, that the English Government were, from the first, acquainted with all the negotiations of the rebels for aid from France. When M'Nevin was examined before the secret committees of the Lords and Commons, he found that they were not only in possession of all that he could communicate, but that a copy of his very memoir, which he had laid before the French Government as to the state of Ireland, was in the hands of the committee. Tone mentions, that when Hoche's expedition was leaving Brest, a proclamation was printed, to be distributed in Ireland on their landing. A large sum of money was offered to the printer for a copy. He communicated with Tone, who had copies printed with *Portugal* instead of *Ireland*, and the English were thus deceived. A more singular circumstance is, that the French having sent over a messenger to announce their coming, a second message, which was believed to be authentic, arrived, saying that the intent of invasion was deferred to the following spring. The second message so entirely deceived the rebel leaders, that when the French came, no preparations were made for them. No explanation of the second message is suggested. In the *Life of Curran* by his son, we are told that the French Directory, when Tone was urging the invasion of Ireland, were greatly influenced to adopt the measure, by being told that two-thirds of the sailors in the British service were Irish. He adds an anecdote which is strikingly well told:—

"Soon after the question of an expedition to

Ireland had been left to the decision of Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche, they named an evening to meet Tone at the palace of the Luxembourg. Tone arrived at the appointed hour, eight o'clock. He was ushered into a splendid apartment. Shortly after, the Director and the generals made their appearance. They bowed coldly, but civilly, to Tone, and almost immediately retired without apology or explanation through a door opposite to that by which they had entered. Tone was a good deal struck by so unexpected a reception; but his surprise increased when ten o'clock arrived without the appearance of a message of any kind from those on whom all his hopes seemed to depend. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one—all was still in the palace; the steps of the sentinels, on their posts without, alone interrupted the dead silence that prevailed within. Tone paced the room in considerable anxiety; not even a servant had entered of whom to inquire his way out, or if the Director and the generals had retired. About two o'clock, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open; Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche entered; their countenances brightened; and the coldness and reserve, so observable at eight o'clock, had vanished. Clarke advanced quickly to Tone, and taking him cordially by the hand, said: '*Citizen! I congratulate you; we go to Ireland.*' The others did the same; and having fixed the time to meet again, the persons engaged in this remarkable transaction separated."\*\*

At some future time we hope to give some account of the circumstances of Irish society which led to the Rebellion of 1798. Its causes were, we think, more deeply seated than was felt by any of the prominent actors in the scene. At the moment there are difficulties in treating this subject, which will in all probability have passed away before we next have the opportunity of addressing the public. The solution which has been so often repeated that it has become almost an article of faith with some—that the Government fomented the rebellion to facilitate their carrying the Legislative Union, is a supposition too insulting to our common nature to be for a moment thought of, and the whole evidence of facts utterly and entirely disproves it.

Lord Londonderry ought to have accompanied some of the documents which he publishes with fuller explanations than we find. Several refer to inclosed papers, which are not printed—are not probably in his possession, but the want of which leaves what he prints of about as much value as the envelope of a lost letter.

Is it worth while to state, that while looking through some of the publications connected with the subject of Ireland during

\* *Grattan's Life*, vol. iv. p. 360.

\*\* *Curran's Life of Curran*, vol. ii. p. 93.

Lord Castlereagh's administration, we find writers of high reputation, in their anxiety to make out that kind of inconsistency which is most damaging to the reputation of a public man, between his professions at one period and his acts at another, confuse him with his father? Dr. Madden, and the author of the History of the Civil Wars in Ireland, published in Constable's Miscellany—an excellent summary of the Irish annals of some seven hundred years—have fallen into this mistake, and represent him as moving resolutions in conventions of Irish volunteers when he was but twelve or thirteen years of age. He is, we think, most unjustly accused of having violated faith with the state prisoners of 1798, by their detention in prison for some years after the rebellion was suppressed. They were in prison at the time of the treaty; and by express conditions with them the time of their removal was to be at the discretion of Government. That, surely, to all ordinary understanding, implies the right of continuing their imprisonment till such time as with safety to the state they could be discharged. The American representative had expressed anxiety that they should not be sent there, and there must have been, in a time of war, extreme difficulty as to their proper disposal.

There were those in Ireland at the time who would have made short work of the matter, and disposed of the prisoners on the principle acted on in the town of Tunis, in Africa the torrid, and recorded in the Anti-Jacobin Lyrics:—

"No story half so shocking,  
By kitchen fire or laundry,  
Was ever heard tell  
As that which befell  
The great *Jean Bon St. André*.

"Poor John was a gallant captain,  
In battles much delighting;  
He fled full soon,  
On the first of June,  
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

"To Paris then returning,  
Recovered from his panic,  
He translated the plan  
Of Paine's Rights of Man  
Into language *Mauritanic*.

"He went to teach at Tunis,  
Where as consul he was settled,  
Among other things,  
That the people are kings.  
Whereat the *Dey* was nettled.

"He formed a club of brothers,  
And moved some resolutions.  
'Ho! ho!' says the Dey,  
'So this is the way  
The French make revolutions.'

"The Dey then gave his orders,  
In Arabic and Persian,  
'Let no more be said,  
But bring me his head:  
These clubs are my aversion.'

"The consul quoted Wickefort,  
And Puffendorf and Grotius,  
And proved from Vattel,  
Exceedingly well,  
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

"'Twould have moved a Christian's bowels  
To hear the doubts he stated;  
But the Moors, they did  
As they were bid,  
And strangled him while he prated."

There was more than one occasion, in which men ordinarily in their sober senses thought to have acted on this precedent. In the *Pieces of Irish History*, published in America by Emmet, it is said that when they published a denial of the truth of some extracts from the report of the secret committee, a distinguished member of the Irish House of Commons proposed that the agreement with them should be regarded as at an end, and that they should be then tried, and if found guilty, as they necessarily must, be executed. Another had before this suggested, but this was, we believe, before the negotiations between them and Government, that military executions should have a retrospective operation, and that the state prisoners should be summarily disposed of. "Lord Castlereagh, with becoming dignity and humanity, vehemently discountenanced so shocking a proposal."\*

We cannot award any very high praise to the work as far as it has gone, and we trust that the future volumes may be more carefully put together. The book is not without a certain kind of value, and if it be not quite as much in the hands of students of history as a letter of Mr. Alison's predicts, it yet ought to have a place—a high place—in the public libraries.

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\* Life of Curran, vol. ii. p. 44.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## CHARLES THE FIFTH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

HIS VISITS TO ENGLAND,—HIS RETREAT TO A MONASTERY,—AND DEATH.

BY CHIRURGUS.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity."

THERE is perhaps no period within historical record more interesting than the first half of the sixteenth century: whether we regard the events that occurred or the characters which performed their parts in them, there is ample food afforded for reflection. It was then that the voice of Luther rang like a trumpet-blast throughout Europe, breaking up the fountains of the political and religious deeps, and summoning to his standard the advocates for reformation in the Catholic Church. The learned Erasmus and profound Melanethon flourished in Germany. Francis I., of magnificent memory, reigned in France. In England Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, and a host of other interesting historical characters then lived; our Elizabeth was in the bloom of her youth, and the bard of Avon about that time first drew breath.

But there was another star in the bright constellation then shining, who was conspicuous above all others for the grandeur of his position, the magnitude of his enterprises, the talent with which they were conducted, and the success by which, for a long series of years, they were attended. The name of the Emperor Charles V. has, moreover, been handed down in the annals of the Protestant faith as one of the most formidable, as well as unflinching opponents with whom that faith had at its dawn to contend. The close of the career of that prince was not less remarkable than the most brilliant occurrences of his life; and it is our intention to devote this paper to a consideration of the concluding events, prefacing them by some curious par-

ticulars of two visits paid by him to this country.

The death of the Emperor Maximilian having left the imperial throne of Germany vacant, two candidates presented themselves for the honor of filling it. Of these, one was Francis I. King of France, who had already gained reputation for valor and chivalric bearing in the battle-field, since so celebrated for another desperate fight,—the field of Marignano. The other candidate was Charles V. King of Spain. A significant incident had already proved this prince to be of no ordinary mould. At a grand tournament held at Valladolid, Charles entered the lists, though barely in his eighteenth year, and broke three lances against his master of the horse. This feat was loudly applauded; but the youthful knight, whilst he gracefully made his acknowledgments, pointed significantly to the motto "*Nondum*," (not yet,) on his shield; indicating that he aspired to higher and nobler deeds.

By a majority of the Germanic States, Charles was chosen Emperor to the great chagrin of Francis, who from that hour regarded his rival with feelings of bitter enmity. The coronation of Charles was celebrated with great pomp at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 22d of October, 1520.

Francis and Charles, whilst they entertained feelings of hostility against each other, were very desirous of courting the friendship and support of Henry VIII., the youthful King of England. Francis spared neither flattery, presents, nor promises to secure the good offices of Wolsey, then in the height of

his power; and authorized him to arrange the formalities of a solemn meeting between the Courts of England and France. Charles regarded these proceedings with a jealous eye, and determined to have an interview with Henry previous to his visit to France. It was intended to have been a surprise, but Henry was informed of it by Wolsey, who was secretly intriguing with both the rivals. Accordingly, when Henry was at Canterbury making preparations for his visit to France, "Newes" were brought to the King, that Charles his nephue, elected Emperour of Almanie, would shortlie depart out of Spaine by sea, and come by England to go to Acon, or Aix, (a cite of fame and renowne in Germanie, for the ancient residence and sepulchre of Charlemagne,) where he received the first crowne. Wherefore the King hearing of this determination of the Emperour, caused great provisions to be made at everie haven for the receiuing of his well-beloved nephue and friend; and dailie provisions were made on all sides for these noble meetings of so high princes; and especialie the Queene of England and the Ladie Dowager of France made great cost on the apparell of their ladies and gentlewomen \* \*.

Henry and his Court left Greenwich on the 21st of May, and reached Canterbury on the 25th—a rate of travelling rather different from that of the present day. "On the morrow after," says the old chronicle, "the Emperour being on the sea, returninge out of Spaine, arrived with all his navie of ships roiall on the coast of Kent, direct to the port of Hieth, the said daie by noon, where he was saluted by the vice-admiral of England, Sir William Fitzwilliam, with six of the King's great ships well furnished, which laie for the safe gard of passage betwixt Cals and Dover. Towards evening the Emperour departed from his ships and entered into his bote, and coming towards lande, was met and received of the Lord Cardinall of Yorke with such reverence as to so noble a prince appertaineth.

"Thus landed the Emperour Charles the Fifth at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the Blacke Eagle, all spread on rich cloth of gold. He had with him manie noble men, and manie faire ladies of his bloud. When he was come on land, the lord cardinall conducted him to the Castell of Dover, which was prepared for him in the most roiall manner. In the morning the King rode with all hast to the Castell of Dover to welcome the Emperour, and entering into the castell,

alighted; of whose coming the Emperour having knowledge, came out of his chamber and met him on the staires, where either of them embraced other in most loving manner, and then the King brought the Emperour to his chamber. On Whitsuntide, earlie in the morning, they tooke their horses and rode to the cite of Canterburie, the more to keepe solemne the feast of Pentecost, but speciallie to see the Queene of England, his aunt, was the Emperour his intent, of whom, ye may be sure, he was most joicfullie received and welcomed. Thus the Emperour and his retinue, both of lords and ladies, kept their Whitsuntide with the King and Queene of England in the cite of Canterburie with all joie and solace.\* The Emperour yet himself seemed not so much to delight in pastime and pleasure, but that, in respect of his youthful yeares, there appeared in him a great shew of gravitie; for they could by no means bring him to dance amongst the residue of the princes, but onelie was contented to be a looker on: peradventure the sight of the Lady Mary troubled him, whom he had sometime loved, and yet, through fortune's evill hap, might not have her to wife."†

On the 31st of May the Emperour took his departure from England, and on the same day Henry VIII. crossed from Dover to Calais on his way to that memorable interview with Francis I. immortalized as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Two years after this, another visit was paid by Charles to the British monarch, the particulars of which are even more interesting than the preceding. Henry, at all times fond of display, found in Wolsey a most able coadjutor; and in the present instance their efforts were combined to receive the Emperor on a scale of surpassing magnificence. The old chroniclers love to dwell on these scenes, and the particulars they have handed down to us are full of interest as portraying the manners and customs of the age.

\* The hall of the archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury "was of such a vast amplitude, that once, in the year 1519, it was graced with the presence of the Emperor Charles V. and King Henry VIII. at the same time; together with his royal consort Queen Katherine, whom (being the said emperor's aunt) he came to England to visit. This hall then contained these most royal persons, and all their numerous attendants, wherein they adjusted matters of state between them, exercised their triumphs, and feasted together in a most splendid manner, at the incredible cost and expenses of Warham, then archbishop."—*Strype, Life of Parker*, vol. i. p. 347.

† The Lady Mary here spoken of was the Queen-dowager of France, who was very celebrated for her beauty.

\* *Holinshed's Chronicles*, vol. ii. p. 853.

"King Henry, hearing that the Emperor would come to Callice, so to pass into England as he went into Spain, appointed the Lord Marquis Dorset to go to Callice, there to receive him, and the cardinal to receive him at Dover. The cardinal, taking his journey thither on the 10th of May (1552) rode through London, accompanied with two earls, six-and-thirty knights, and an hundred gentlemen, eight bishops, ten abbots, thirty chaplains all in velvet and satin, and yeomen seven hundred. The five-and-twentieth of May being Sunday, the Marquis Dorset, with the Bishop of Chichester, the Lord de la Ware, and divers others, at the water of Graveling received the Emperor, and with all honor brought him to Callice, where he was received with procession by the Lord Berners, lieutenant of the town. On Monday he took shipping at Callice, and landed at Dover; where the cardinal, with three hundred lords, knights, and gentlemen, received him, and in great state brought him to the castle, where he was lodged. On Wednesday, being Ascension Even, the King came to Dover, and there, with great joy and gladness, the Emperor and he met. On Friday in the afternoon they departed from Dover, and came that night to Canterbury, and from thence next day to Greenwich. Here, to honor the Emperor's presence, royal justs and tournaments were appointed, where the King, the Earl of Devonshire, and ten aids, kept the place against the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis Dorset, and other ten aids on their part."\* The city of London seems to have displayed its wonted hospitality on this occasion, and the chroniclers give the particulars with equal care and satisfaction,—“In this maiours yere (Sir John Milborne), and the fowertene of the Kyng, the Fridaie before Penthecoste, that is to saie the sixe daie of June, Charles the fift, Emperour, was honourably received into the citee of London of the maiour, aldermenne, and comunalte, our Souernaige Lorde accompanying hym. And from London he went to Windore, and sat in the stal of the garter, and from thens went to Hampton, and sailed over the sea into Spaine.”† Another account contains other particulars, which are interesting as illustrating the pride of Wolsey,—“The Emperour was lodged at the black fryers, and all his lords in the new palace of Bridewell. On Whitsunday the King and

the Emperour rode to the cathedral church of St. Paul, where the cardinal sung mass, and had his traverse and his cupboard. Before mass, two barons gave him water, and after the gospel two earls, and at the last lavatory two dukes, which pride the Spaniards much disdained.”\* The worthy lord mayor and aldermen seem to have been so enchanted with the affability of their imperial and royal guests, that they determined to commemorate the visit by an inscription, worded in most courtier-like terms of flattery. We learn that—“In such golden bonds of love Charles and Henry seemed linked, as in London this sentence was set up in the Guildhall, over the door of the Council Chamber, where it still remaineth :—

“Carolus, Henricus vivant, defensor uterque,  
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesiæ.”†

The events of a few years converted this compliment into a satire. Henry, the “*defensor fidei*,” became its bitterest enemy, and the love of the sovereigns was converted into gall.

We have thus seen Charles at the brightest period of his life, when in full bodily vigor and health, and rejoicing in all the energy and hope of youth. Years rolled on; fortune favored him in a wondrous manner. He was at once the bulwark of the Catholic faith and terror of the Protestants. His rival, Francis, had succumbed to his arms at Pavia, and had languished for years in a humiliating captivity. His enterprises had succeeded; and he was generally regarded as the greatest, the most prosperous, and perhaps the most envied prince in Christendom. But the tide turned, and we must pass over those bright pages of his history, and open one which displays him in a different character, and under altered circumstances.

Charles had enjoyed upwards of thirty years of prosperity; but in 1552 he drank deeply of the cup of misfortune, and a series of events occurred which ultimately led to his retirement from the world. At this period the German Protestant church was in a state of great alarm. The Emperor seemed determined at all hazards to compel observance of the decrees of the Council of Trent in his dominions—decrees which struck at the root of the reformed church.

In furtherance of this design, Charles had already commenced hostilities against Magde-

\* A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir Richard Baker, Knt., fol. Lond. 1674.

† The Chronicle of Fabian, black letter, imprinted at London, 1559. See also The Chronicle of John Hardyng, black letter.

\* A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir R. Baker, fol. Lond. 1674.

† Speed's History of Great Britain, fol. 1682.



burg, and general consternation reigned amongst the followers of Luther. But the designs of Charles met with a check from a quarter whence it was least expected, and a storm burst upon him with a suddenness and fury for a time overwhelming. Maurice, Elector of Saxony, was a bold ambitious man, and regarded with alarm the proceedings of Charles against the Protestants; but he owed him ill-will from another cause: his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse, had been detained prisoner by Charles through a fraudulent interpretation of a treaty, and Maurice had endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain his release. It is true that Maurice was bound to Charles by heavy ties of gratitude, but this he overlooked, and proceeded with great caution and secrecy to organize a bold and extensive conspiracy against his benefactor; repeated warnings of the contemplated treachery reached Charles, but he and his minister, Granvella, treated them with contempt.

Great, therefore, was the consternation of the Emperor when he suddenly found himself involved in hostilities with the majority of the German princes, supported by the King of France, at the head of a powerful army. The machinations of Maurice had accomplished this, and Charles awoke from a dream of profound security on the brink of an awful precipice. Maurice had already invaded Franconia, and his forces were augmented by the troops of the Landgrave of Hesse, and those of the Margrave Albert, who was also detained in captivity by Charles. The strong castle of Ehrenberg was taken through the treachery of a shepherd, and Maurice pushed on with all speed for Inspruck, in the hope of surprising Charles, and making him prisoner. Everything promised to crown this design with success, but happily for Charles a mutiny broke out amongst Maurice's troops, which delayed his march a whole day. Most fortunate was this delay for Charles. Intelligence of the approaching danger reached him late in the evening, and notwithstanding that a dreadful thunder-storm raged, and that he was suffering from a severe attack of gout, he placed himself in a litter, and hurried from Inspruck. Such was the emergency, that the captive Elector of Saxony, Ferdinand the brother of the Emperor, and the rest of his suite, fled in the utmost confusion, many on foot, and ill provided against the inclemency of the weather. They made their way by torchlight through the steep and intricate passes of the Tyrol, and in this miserable *plight, the once all-powerful monarch arrived*

at Trent, where he snatched a few hours' repose; but, like Napoleon after Waterloo, harassed by repeated alarms, he quickly resumed his flight, by dreadful roads, to Villsch, in Carinthia.

Here the fugitive monarch, feeling the mockery of retaining the Elector in longer captivity, gave him his liberty. Alas! what a contrast Charles' condition now presented, to the field of Lochau, when the Elector first bowed his knee before him! Then was he in pride every inch an Emperor; vigorous in body and haughty in spirit, the conqueror treated the misfortunes of his captive with insult; he addressed him with reproaches, and spurned him with contempt. Since then five years have rolled away, and we see that proud man broken in spirit and racked with pain, fleeing before Maurice, the man he had delighted to honor,—a homeless fugitive, without money, without friends, without the ordinary comforts of life. *His hour had come*, and the pangs of mortification must be increased tenfold by the recollection of his ungenerous conduct towards that prince to whom he now gives liberty because he can no longer retain him a prisoner.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Early in 1552, when Charles was in his fifty-third year, there were ambassadors from England at the court of the Emperor at Brussels, and we are made acquainted, through their despatches, with the state of the Emperor's health. We find that in March "The Emperor remained very sickly, and in more likelihood to die than to live." In case of whose mortality and departure, the council instructed the ambassadors that it was the King's pleasure that they should use such words of lamentation as might seem fit.\*

At this time it began to be bruited abroad that the intellects of the Emperor were affected, for "The Emperor's own condition was now in April such that he kept himself close, and gave no audience to any man nor was seen abroad. The reason whereof was thought to be that the despite of his ill successes had bred in him a melancholy humor, not much differing from a frenzy."† Again, in May we learn that "Touching the estate of the Emperor's person, the ambassadors sent word to the lords of the council that they could by no means learn assuredly how it was with him; for it was kept so that there was no man came abroad that was able di-

\* Strype, Memorials Ecclesiastical, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 8.

† Op. cit. p. 81.

rectly to say the Emperor is in this or that case.\* He continued in this state of profound melancholy during the whole of May, and early in June the report is, "The Emperor still continued indisposed, so that no access of the English ambassadors could be permitted to him."† However, the interview was now not far distant, for we are informed that "The 8th of June was the day the King's ambassadors had their long-expected audience of the Emperor.‡ \* \* \* They were brought into his privy chamber. There they found him sitting in a chair, with his feet on a stool, looking very pale, weak, lean, and feeble; howbeit nothing so ill as they before believed of him: for his eyes were lively enough, and his speech sensible, so that the ambassadors could not tell what to judge of him; for he had escaped so many perils of sickness, that though his color and flesh were gone, yet he might, they said, endure awhile. Yet to judge him by their sight, they said that he appeared to them a man of a short time of continuance."

"Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know,  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair.  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eyes' bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair!"

Thus it was with Charles; a canker was gnawing at his heart, and eating the green leaves from off the tree of life. Bodily suffering and disease had done much, but mortification, blasted hopes, and disappointed ambition had done more. The combination of these causes had wrought vast changes in his once vigorous mind and powerful frame, and the wreck was total.

A treaty concluded at Passau having relieved the Emperor from the hostilities of the Elector Maurice, he determined to turn his arms, so soon as he was in a condition to make war, against Henry II., then King of France; and one of his first acts was to invest Metz. Though ill with a violent fit of the gout, and so infirm that he was obliged to be carried in a litter, Charles often appeared amongst his soldiers that he might animate them with his presence. But it was all in vain: the utmost efforts of the besiegers were unable to make impression upon the garrison, and the fire of the besieged, together with disease, famine, and the inclemency of the

weather, destroyed thirty thousand of his troops. Under these disastrous circumstances, the Emperor abruptly raised the siege, exclaiming, "Fortune, I now perceive, like other fine ladies, chooses to confer her favors on young men, and forsake those who are in the decline of life."

A religious peace was concluded at Augsburg on the 26th of September, 1555, by which the free exercise of their religion was guaranteed to Protestants throughout the whole of Germany, with possession of all the revenues hitherto received from the ecclesiastical institutions. This was peculiarly offensive to the Emperor, for it absolutely blasted those hopes which he had eagerly cherished during his whole reign, of seeing once more a single and undivided church. Thus, at the time that his mind was enfeebled, and his body worn down by disease, were his sufferings aggravated by the pangs of mortified vanity and bitter disappointment. The fabric his whole life had been spent in erecting was crumbling to pieces before his eyes,—those ambitious schemes, to the realization of which he had fondly looked for years, had been rudely demolished. France, that country which he hated with all the steadfastness of Castilian hatred, was now in the ascendant, and daily increasing in European influence. His armies had been annihilated, his exchequer exhausted, and there did not even remain to him the consolation of being beloved by his people.

Under these afflicting circumstances, and conscious of his increasing bodily infirmities, he resolved to put in execution a project he had long contemplated, namely, to abdicate his throne in favor of his son Philip,\* and to pass the remainder of his life in religious retirement. There can be little doubt that the scheme of withdrawing from the world had occupied the thoughts of Charles for a long period before he was enabled to carry it into execution. Sandoval informs us that "Father

\* Charles was not the first King of Spain who resigned the sceptre for religious seclusion. Alfonso IV., surnamed "El Monge," (the Monk,) in 930 abdicated the throne of Asturias and Leon, and retired to the monastery of Sahagun. He was succeeded by his brother Ramiro II. Scarcely had Ramiro settled himself on the throne, before Alfonso, growing sick of a monastic life, reclaimed his throne, and proceeded with an army to enforce his claim. He was, however, defeated by Ramiro, and compelled to surrender. With a barbarity common in those days, his eyes were put out with hot irons, and he was again consigned to a monastery. Ramiro himself abdicated some time before his death in favor of his son Ordonez, and assuming a penitential garb, passed the rest of his days in monastic solitude.

\* P. 84.

† P. 94.

‡ P. 96.

James, (former confessor to the Emperor,) several years before his majesty withdrew, told the prior he knew he would leave the world could he do it with a safe conscience. The Emperor himself further declared, that, had his health permitted, his design was to be a lay-brother or one of the meanest servants of the monastery." He further subsequently declared to the Prior of Guadalupe that "whilst the Empress was living they had agreed that she should retire to a nunnery, and he to a monastery; but that she dying, he could not perform it sooner without leaving all Christendom exposed to inevitable ruin." Another objection was the tender age of his son, whom he could not think of loading with the government of so many kingdoms until he had arrived at a mature age; Philip had now reached his twenty-eighth year, and had displayed a decided capacity for the important duties about to be imposed upon him.

Thus relieved from the scruples which had prevented the performance of his resolution, Charles proceeded without further delay to carry it into execution. He first summoned Philip from England, where he was leading an uncomfortable life in consequence of the peevish temper of his wife, our Queen Mary. Charles then assembled the States at Brussels on the 25th of October, 1555, with all the pomp required by the importance of the transaction, and seated himself for the last time in the chair of state, having on one side his son Philip, on the other side his sister the Queen of Hungary, attended by a splendid retinue of grandees and princes.

The President of the Council of Flanders explained in a few words the Emperor's intention in convening this extraordinary meeting. He then read the instrument of resignation, which being concluded, Charles rose from his seat amidst a breathless silence, and, leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, (being unable to stand without support,) he addressed his audience with dignity mingled with sadness. He recapitulated the chief events of his life, from the seventeenth year of his age, alluding to the great deeds which had been performed in his time and by his arms. He then proceeded to state the reasons which induced him to perform the act they were that day called together to witness; that now his health was broken, his vigor exhausted, and his growing infirmities warned him to retire; that he gave them in his place a prince in the prime of life, and accustomed to govern; that he earnestly implored their forgiveness if he had committed any material error

in government, and that in retirement the remembrance of their fidelity and attachment would be his sweetest consolation. He then turned to his son Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, and addressed him in a touching speech, concluding with these words, "If the time should ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give mine to you."

During these addresses the whole audience were melted into tears, and, at the conclusion, Charles sank back into his chair ready to faint with exhaustion. A few weeks after this transaction Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, resigned to his son the crown of Spain and all their territories, reserving only for himself an annual pension of 100,000 crowns.

Charles had fixed the place of his retreat at the monastery of St. Justus, in Estremadura in Spain. It was situated in a lovely valley watered by a running brook, and surrounded by hills clothed with lofty trees. Towards the end of August, 1556, he set out for Zuitberg, in Zealand, where a large fleet of Spanish, English, and Flemish vessels were assembled. On the 17th of September he set sail and reached Laredo, in Biscay, on the eleventh day. It is stated by a contemporary historian\* that, although the voyage was most prosperous, there arose such a heavy storm on the very night after he landed, that the ship he had sailed in foundered. As soon as he set foot on the Spanish shore he fell prostrate, and kissing the earth, exclaimed, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

From Laredo he proceeded to Burgos, borne in a litter, and suffering exquisite pain; he then pursued his course to Valladolid, where he took a final leave of his two sisters. Having now severed his last earthly ties, he considered himself thenceforth dead to the world. From Valladolid he continued on his way to Placentia, and thence to his humble retreat at St. Justus.

From an expression in one of the reports sent home by the English ambassadors, it was evidently considered that the Emperor's intellects were unsettled; indeed, there is little doubt that towards the latter part of his life he was not altogether of sound mind. The great bodily suffering he had endured, the

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\* Sandoval.

bitter disappointments he had experienced, and the absolute cessation of activity rendered necessary by his infirmities, would, doubtless, tend to such a result. When a man after many years of activity and excitement is suddenly and wholly withdrawn from it, serious consequences ensue: the stimulus has become necessary, and its sudden withdrawal is hurtful. The attention under such circumstances becomes strongly and continually directed inwards; the mind preys upon itself; it dwells on its own movements and its own feelings until the importance of each is exaggerated, and the result is self-reproach, gloom, and despondency. The mind ceases to respond to its usual emotions, and the reason becomes impaired. Worldly business and salutary occupations are despised or regarded with indifference,—the whole attention is yielded up to the feelings,—the process of self-examination becomes the business of life,—the mental views become distorted, and clouds of gloom settle heavily on the spirit.

Some months before his resignation, Charles had sent an architect to add accommodation for him to the monastery of St. Justus; but it only consisted of six small rooms, four in the form of friar's cells, with naked walls, the other two were hung with old black cloth. There was but one chair, and that "so decayed, that it would not have yielded half-a-crown if it were to be sold." His habit was very poor and always black. In this humble retreat did Charles bury his grandeur, his ambition, with all those vast projects which for half a century had kept Europe in a ferment. His time was almost entirely occupied in devotion; the only exercise he took was in some gardens he had caused to be made, terminated by a small hermitage. He only kept a small gelding and an old mule, and was frequently unable to ride on account of a swimming in his head. When confined to his apartment, he employed his hours of leisure in making curious works of mechanism. Charles had always taken great delight in mechanics, and in order that he might indulge this taste in his retreat, he engaged Turriano, one of the most ingenious artists of the age, to accompany him thither. With him he labored in forming models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments with regard to their respective powers, and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism, in fashioning puppets

which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turriano of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go alike, he is said to have exclaimed, "Behold, not even two watches, the work of my own hands, can I bring to agree with each other according to a law; and yet, fool that I was, I thought that I should be able to govern like the works of a watch so many nations, all living under a different sky, in different climes, and speaking different languages!"

During the first year of his retreat his health and spirits were decidedly benefited; tranquillity seemed returning to his mind, and his bodily ailments troubled him less; but this calm was fallacious, and only a prelude to a darker storm. About six months before his death, the gout returned with increased severity: from this attack his mind never rallied, nor was his constitution in a condition to withstand the shock. Henceforward we have a gloomy picture of superstition and mental terror. Viewing his spiritual condition with horror, he endeavored to appease the anger of the Almighty by inflicting upon himself the most rigid abstinence, the heaviest penances, and severest flagellations. After his death the scourge of cords he used was found stiff and dyed with blood. He debarred himself all his former innocent amusements; his whole time was passed between religious exercises and acts of penance. But even the severest of these fell short of the requirements of his fevered imagination; he determined to expiate his sins by such an act as had never before been attempted,—an act the product of a wild and distempered mind. It was nothing less than to celebrate his own obsequies before his death!

Charles ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery, and every preparation to be made for a funeral. The grave was dug, the coffin made, and Charles was clothed in the habiliments of the grave. In slow and solemn procession did the monks and his domestics wend their way through the cloisters and into the chapel, a dim light being cast on the scene from the black tapers which each carried; after them followed

Charles in his shroud. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined with agonizing earnestness in the prayers which were offered up for the repose of his soul, mingling his tears with those shed by his attendants, as if they were celebrating a real funeral—the event which was soon to follow cast its shadow upon them! At length he was solemnly laid in his coffin, and the offices for the dead being concluded, the ceremony was closed by the coffin being sprinkled with holy-water in the usual form. Then all the attendants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut, and Charles left to his own meditations.

What a moral is to be drawn from this scene! What a lesson for the ambitious, the vain, the worldly-minded! Oh! ye who imagine that unalloyed happiness is to be found in the palaces of kings—who believe that the occupants of thrones bask in the sunshine of perpetual spring—think upon this! The most eloquent discourse of the orator, the utmost effort of the painter's skill must fall far short of the stern reality of the scene before us. There, wrapped in the garments of the dead, in the damp and foul atmosphere of the grave, resting upon the dust which has once been animated with life, surrounded by the mouldering remains of frail mortality, lies Charles! but a short time since owning the titles of King of Castile, Leon, Grenada, Arragon, Navarre, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, &c.: Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Styria, Carinthia, &c.; Count of Flanders, Burgundy and Hainault, Prince of Swabia, Count of Friesland, &c. &c. &c.

There he lies, not a cold, inanimate corpse, but a living, breathing, conscious mortal. What thoughts, what reflections must have passed through his mind during that sad hour; how absolutely he must have felt the nothingness of life, the emptiness of grandeur, the vanity of ambition, the fallacy of human expectations; doubtless the words of the Preacher presented themselves to his mind—"Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

After some time spent in meditation, Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire.

The fatigue attendant upon this ceremony, *the chill of the tomb*, and the impression

made on his mind by the image of death, combined to bring on an ague, and in a short time the rehearsal was succeeded by the real performance. On the day after the scene we have described, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever; the particulars are thus given by Sandoval:—"The gout had left him for several days, and changed into an ague of another nature than what he used to have before, for the cold fit lasted twice as long as the hot; whereupon he was twice blooded, which, instead of lessening, increased it to such a degree that one fit overtook another, and thus he grew weaker; and though he took care of his bodily health, following the physician's prescriptions, yet he was much more solicitous for the concerns of his soul, confessing often, and making his last will and testament. Being near his end, he received the blessed sacrament, and desired the extreme unction might be given him, which was done at night; and the prior thinking the ceremony, as it was used to the friars, was too tedious to him, he being in some agony—all the penitential psalms, litany, and prayers being to be read—he bid Lewis Quexada, who was at the bed's head, ask him whether he should have the ceremony at length, or shortened, and he answered, 'they should oil him like a friar,' which was done accordingly, the Emperor answering to all the psalms, verse for verse, as the friars did, and then he seemed to be somewhat better. The next day he received the blessed sacrament again, with great devotion, saying, 'Thou remainest in me, may I remain in Thee.' That night, after he had received the second time, he grew worse, and about two of the clock the next morning, when all were very still, he said, 'It is now time, give me that candle and crucifix,' and though he was so spent that four men could with difficulty stir him in his bed, he turned upon his side as readily as if he had ailed nothing; then, taking the crucifix in one hand and the candle in the other, he continued awhile looking on the crucifix, without speaking a word, and then, in a voice so loud that it could be heard in the other rooms, he said, 'Oh! Jesus—,' and so gave up the ghost to his Redeemer on the 21st of September, 1558."\*

Charles had left directions that his body should not be embalmed; it was therefore at-

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\* There is a singular resemblance in the circumstances of the illness of Charles V. to that which was fatal to Oliver Cromwell, who died September 3, 1658. The particulars of the death of Cromwell are narrated in an article in the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine" for May, 1848.

tired in the shroud in which he had so recently appeared, and laid in a coffin of lead, which was again inclosed in one of chesnut, covered with black velvet; the funeral procession again wended its way to the chapel, and the remains of the once great Emperor were laid beneath the high altar. They were doomed to be speedily disturbed, however, for two days after the Corregidor of Placentia came to demand the body, and although he was prevailed on, after much entreaty, to leave it where it was, he insisted on the coffin's being opened, in order that he might see the face. The features had undergone but little alteration, and the spectators gazed upon them for the last time, with mingled awe and sorrow.

Thus died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age and forty-third of his reign, the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In his youth, and before he was bowed down by illness, he was a

noble and manly figure, full of majesty and dignity. His countenance was extremely pale, his eyes blue, his hair auburn. His aspect was grave, and a smile but rarely appeared upon his face.

We have thus placed before our readers a brief sketch of some of the prominent features in the career of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, a career not only interesting but in the highest degree suggestive and instructive. We have viewed him surrounded by all the pomp of royalty and attributes of power; we have accompanied him through sad reverses; we have followed him to his retreat; we have traced the prostration of his mind and body, have witnessed the extinction of the spark of life, and seen his remains consigned to the silent tomb.

"En terra jam nunc quantula sn.icit!  
Exempta sit curis, viator,  
Terra sit illa levis, precare!"

## THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

This highly esteemed evangelical minister, now a seceder from the Church of England, is maternally descended from an ancient Scotch family in Kincardineshire, and is, besides, paternally related to the noble house of Hamilton, as will be seen by the following genealogical sketch: The lands of Middleton in Kincardineshire were in possession of the family of Middleton so early as 1094. In 1660, John Middleton was created Earl of Middleton; but the title was forfeited by the second Earl, Charles, in 1695. From him descended Robert Middleton, who married Helen, daughter of Charles Dundas, son of Sir James Dundas, of Arniston, by whom he had two sons. Charles, his second son, born in 1726, entered the royal navy at an early age; and while commander of a 20 gun ship in the West Indies, by his courage and assiduity, took and destroyed a number of French privateers, and afforded such effectual

protection to trade and commerce, that the House of Assembly at Barbadoes voted him their thanks and a valuable sword. In 1758, he was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain; in 1774, Controller of the navy. In 1781, he was created a Baronet, with remainder to his son-in-law, Gerard Noel-Noel. In 1784, he was elected Member for Rochester; in 1787, promoted to the rank of rear-Admiral; in 1795, to that of vice-Admiral; in 1805, Admiral of the red-squadron of His Majesty's fleet; and in the same year he became First Lord of the Admiralty, a Member of the Privy Council, and a Peer of the realm, by the title of Baron Barham, with remainder to his only child Diana, wife of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, great-grandson of the fourth Duke of Hamilton. The fruits of this marriage were a family of eighteen children, of whom the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel was the sixteenth.—*Witness.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Corrected and Enlarged, with additional Notes, Illustrative and Explanatory.* Edited by RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE.

No study is more interesting or important than the study of man. It may be pursued through a variety of means. We may observe his manners, tastes and habits; we may listen to his conversation, and mark the influence he endeavors to exercise over the minds of other men. All these may serve as indications of character, but the means by which we may most surely arrive at the truth is the perusal of the thoughts of the secret pages of the mind. Every other medium may prove false; this alone is unerring.

It is seldom, however, that an individual will allow us to read his soul, or trace his actions to their motive. We must, in general, be content with watching the changing and deceptive surface of events, while the steady undercurrent flows on, concealed from the curious gaze. When, therefore, it is possible to unlock the secret depositories of thought, and reveal the hidden springs of action, the privilege must be considered as eminently valuable, and the more so when we are permitted to investigate the motives of such men as Samuel Pepys, who enjoyed high offices, and fulfilled their duties with distinguished ability, if not with the most scrupulous conscience, and who exerted considerable influence over the affairs of the period. His diary is valuable as depicting to us many of the most important characters of the times. Its author has bequeathed us the records of his heart, the very reflection of his energetic mind; and his quaint but happy narrative clears up numerous disputed points, throws light into many of the dark corners of history, and lays bare the hidden substratum of events which gave birth to, and supported, the visible progress of the nation. We are introduced to the public characters of his time, divested of those deceptive trappings which led their contemporaries and biographers to view them, not as they were, but as

they wished the world to think them. For this, and many other reasons, is the diary valuable; and among the numerous claims it possesses to the attention of the public, is the graphic yet simple language in which the able but simple-minded Clerk of the Acts relates his extraordinary experience.

Born during one of the most eventful periods of our history, educated in the spirit of the times, and thrown by the accidents of fortune into the very centre of political movement, no man could have been better fitted than Samuel Pepys to present us with a faithful picture of the Court, of public opinion, and of the state of society as it existed in his age. Our diarist, while delineating other men, paints also himself, and by mingling the description of his conduct as a public servant with that of his domestic eccentricities, convinces us of his sincerity. We know he is writing the truth, for he never flatters himself nor others, but exhibits, with his abilities, his success, and his virtues, his faults and failings, his follies and his foibles, with the same degree of frankness. Certainly the diary was never intended by him for publication—of this we have undoubted testimony. Indeed, were such not the fact, its value would be immensely diminished in our eyes; and instead of ranking, as it now does, among the most curious and interesting works which the present century has produced, it would dwindle down in our esteem to a mere lively fiction.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23d of February, 1632, whether at Brampton, a small country town, or in London, is a disputed point. The first germs of that varied knowledge which afterwards contributed to carry him so successfully through the world, were planted in his mind at Huntingdon. Thence he was removed to St. Paul's school, and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge.

The early years of his life are enveloped in obscurity. A large portion of them seem to have been passed under the roof of a noble relative, Sir Edward Montague, though what situation he filled in this family is not determined. Indeed, until the commencement of the present diary we can find no authentic account of his life. He began to write it shortly after he was appointed as clerk in some office of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the army; and we propose accompanying him through some portions at least of his experience, and touching on a few of the curious passages of his life.

Pepys introduces himself to us on the 1st of January, 1659, in a garret in Ale Yard, with his wife and servant, living in frugal style; yet, in spite of his humble position, not without influence in high quarters. For a considerable time we find him engaged in public business, an account of which he sets down with scrupulous accuracy, occasionally pausing to describe the good dinners he enjoyed, and the little inconveniences he suffered, in his daily walks to and from the office. This portion of the diary, in addition to its intrinsic value as a record of affairs during the period of the Restoration, is curious in the extreme, when regarded as a picture of the times—a representation of manners and habits which would clash strangely with modern notions of civilization. Pepys describes how he came home with his wife one evening through the Park, when a poor woman offered to race her for a pot of ale, and, moreover, won the wager. Numerous instances of this sort occur; and in every page we discover testimony of the immense alteration which has since taken place in the topography as well as the state of society in the metropolis. We find mention of a little water-brook which traversed the Strand, and found its outlet in the Thames; and of numerous other facts which attest the change that has since come over the aspect of London. But, perhaps, the most engrossing feature in this portion of the diary, is the extraordinary excitement which appears to have prevailed throughout society with regard to the movements of General Monk. For a long time his intentions were hidden in uncertainty; but when it at length became publicly known that he had declared for the King, London appears to have been frenzied with joy. From one end to the other the city was red with the blaze of bonfires, and the incessant chime of bells attested the general feeling. The King's health, hitherto interdicted, was drank in the public streets; and when a rumor went

abroad that some one would rise up in the House of Commons and protest against the restoration of Charles Stuart, a damp fell upon men's minds, which was only dissipated by the assurance that no such protest would be permitted. All the incidents connected with these important movements are related with faithful minuteness. We trace events from their very roots, and see how they branch and give birth to others, which ramify through the whole complicated scheme of public affairs. Taking himself as the centre of the narrative, Pepys describes a wide circle, and makes us intimately acquainted with all who came within its range. The diary is a history both of persons and opinions.

Following the humble clerk in his progress, we find him writing with a steady hand for his own advancement, making friends in every quarter, and conciliating those whom he fancied to be hostilely inclined. It was at once perceived by his friends that he would rise to power and influence, and those who could not hope to step before him, pushed him on, trusting that from his elevation he might lend a helping hand to them. By whatever means, however, the conclusion was brought about, certain it is that, on the 22d of March, 1660, we find Pepys, after passing through much trouble, and smoothing down, by his ability and industry, countless obstacles, receiving his warrant as secretary to the two generals of the fleet. "Strange," he says, alluding to the venality of those around him, "how people do now promise me anything—one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a service. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby."

Embarking on board Sir E. Montague's ship, Samuel Pepys accompanied the expedition sent to bring Charles II. to England. During the many negotiations which attended this movement, our diarist was continually surrounded by those who trusted to profit by his friendship. Each sought to win his regard. One sent him a piece of gold, another a vessel of wine, another some costly ornaments, another assailed his ears with adulation, another courted his friendship by promises, while others endeavored to secure it by unblushing bribery. Nowhere, however, do we find Pepys occupying himself with his own affairs to the prejudice of his duties as a public servant. He pursues his functions with unwearying vigor, writing and reading memorials, receiving deputations, holding counsel with the naval authorities, and de-



spatching an infinite variety of business. His advice appears to have been sought, and often acted upon, by the most distinguished individuals. He was employed to draw up a very important vote relative to the decision of a council of war, and expressing that which was most favorable to the monarchy. Pepys thus describes its reception:—

"He that can fancy a fleet like ours, in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud '*Vive le roi!*' echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it."

On the 14th of May the expedition arrived at its destination, and on the 23d the King embarked amid, as Pepys expresses, an infinite and confused shooting of guns. His Majesty entertained the officers during the homeward passage with the account of his adventures, perils and escapes, and, finally, on the 29th of May, entered Whitehall in triumph. We find this passage of English history thus described in a quaint but curious and rare book very nearly out of print:—

"And it came to pass on the 29th day of the fifth month, which is called May, that the King was conducted in great state to his palace at Whitehall, and all the people shouted, saying, '*Long live the King!*'"\*

The secretary to the two generals is now again in London, where we find him alternately devoting his time and attention to business and pleasure, new suits, and choice dinners. Flattery and bribes attend him incessantly. Now he finds, on returning home from his office, that a packet of chocolate (a rarity then) has been left for him, now five pounds are slipped into his hand, now a silver case is presented to his wife, and now a case of costly liquors comes unordered to his door. About this time it was thought fit in influential quarters that Pepys should be rewarded for his services during the expedition to Holland, and a place was sought for him. The situation of Clerk of the Acts was an important one, and numerous were those who aspired to its dignity and emolument. It was hinted that Pepys was to fill it, and the rumor caused great excitement among those who aspired to the post. One individual offered him £500 to desist from it. "I pray God

direct me what to do herein," says our diarist. But he appears soon to have made up his mind; for on the 20th of June he received the warrant, and his altered position now begins to show itself in a more profuse style of living, in more costly clothes, and greater indulgence of his tastes, at all times eccentric and extravagant. Yet Pepys, though holding a very important civil post, receiving a handsome salary, and mingling in noble society, loved to busy himself with the most homely domestic arrangements, and found amusement in the most trifling incidents. In one page he describes how he caused his servant girl to wash the wainscot of his parlor, and how this afforded him great sport; and in the next relates the entertainment he derived from seeing a gentleman fall into a kennel in the Poultry.

The Duke of Gloucester died early in September, 1660, and caused a great gap at Court. His funeral was celebrated with some pomp, though Pepys, while making much account of the mourning he purchased for himself and his wife, describes little of the ceremony; preferring to ramble on to an account of his drinking wine at the Hope Tavern, eating 200 walnuts, and receiving a barrel of samphire from a friend. Appointed one of the justices of peace for Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Southampton, he confesses, with ingenuous frankness, that though mightily pleased with this honor, he is wholly ignorant of the attendant duties.\*

Pepys was, of course, attached to royalty, and accordingly we find him writing and speaking of King Charles with the utmost respect, paying deference to his slightest wish, rejoicing at the punishment of his enemies, and exerting himself vigorously in his service; but, when describing a visit to Sir W. Batten's house, he lets out the fact that in his earlier years he was a furious enemy of king and crown. Speaking of his meeting with an old schoolfellow, "a deadly drinker," as he terms him, he says: "I was much afraid he would remember the words I said on the day when the King was beheaded—that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be, '*The memory of the wicked shall rot.*'" However, the Clerk of the Acts sufficiently proves, that if he once entertained ideas inimical to royalty, he abandoned them as he grew older, and we find him as staunch and loyal a subject as even a king could wish.

\* "The Chronicles of the Kings of England, by Nathan Ben D. Saggi, a Servant of God, of the *House of Israel*."

\* How strangely the following sentence sounds in these days:—"I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never drank before."

Yet, though courtly in his predilections, he is as homely and domestic as the most humble tradesman. Some strange points of his character show themselves in the following extract:—

"My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me; and yet I am much afraid of her ill nature. I told her plainly, my mind was to have her come *not as a sister but as a servant*; which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy. \* \* \* Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try the oven with, but not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so a little overbake our things; but knows how to do better another time.

"15th (Nov).—To Sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day, and as there was a number of merchants and others of good quality, on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, after dinner we did, and I did give ten shillings, and no more, though I believe most of them did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

"21st.—At night to my violin (the first time I have played on it in this house) in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me."

In the beginning of the year 1661 we find Pepys occupying a handsome house belonging to the navy, and furnished with considerable luxury. His income increases gradually, and he finds himself enabled to indulge in expensive pleasures, and to lavish great sums upon dress and good living. Although burthened with an immense amount of business, and having continual calls made upon his time, he is yet able to walk about and amuse himself in society and at the theatre as often as his inclination turned that way. On the 3d of January he mentions, that he for the first time saw women acting on the stage. Previously it was the custom for boys or young men of effeminate appearance to play the female parts; and one Kinaston is spoken of as appearing in three different characters. Another curious trait of the manners of the period is given, where he says, that being seated in a dark place at the theatre, a lady spat upon him by mistake, "but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled at all."

The King's coronation, which took place on the 23d of April, afforded Pepys a day of extreme enjoyment, for he seems ever to be delighted with gilded show and pageant, with feasting and public demonstrations of joy. Standing on the summit of a lofty building, he describes the aspect of the city at

night, the rejoicing of the dense multitudes, the thronged streets, and the bonfires which surrounded London with a light like a glory. The merry-making and drinking which concluded the day somewhat unsettled his head, but we, nevertheless, find him at the proper hour in his office. He received a message from his uncle a few days after, begging that he would send down to a poor man, named Perkins, a miller, whose mill the wind had destroyed, an old fiddle, "for he hath nothing now to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it by Whitsuntide to play to the country girls: but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one."

Pepys gained the confidence, if not the friendship, of most of those with whom he was associated. The secrets of state were no secrets to him. That which was a mystery to the popular eye was revealed to his favored gaze; and intrigue, and cautious diplomacy, were often regulated by his advice. About the beginning of July, 1661, his attention was somewhat distracted by the news of his uncle's severe illness. He was not well known to the old man, and could not nourish much affection for him; but he entertained great expectations from him, and was, consequently, glad in some respects, though sorry in others, when the intelligence of his dissolution arrived. A special messenger woke him in the morning with the news, and before midnight he was at Brampton, where his father and numerous relatives were assembled. The body lay in the hall, but already gave forth unpleasant evidences of decomposition. "I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night," says Pepys, who then went to bed, greedy, as he confesses, to see the will. In this he was somewhat disappointed. His uncle had left him but little, though on his father's death he was promised the reversion of a large property. However, his uncle's death made some additions to his wealth, and he appears upon the whole to have been well contented with the result. A strange love of the theatre now took possession of his mind, at which he was much troubled, for it broke upon his business and wasted his time. The fascination was too great for him to resist; he was continually either at the opera or the playhouse, and satiety seems not to have diminished his taste for dramatic representations. When we consider how often we meet him in the theatre, in the parks, among gay company, at convivial parties, it seems marvellous how he was

enabled to carry through so vast an amount of public business. Had he applied himself more assiduously to his duties, he might have brought more honor upon himself; as it was, he was pre-eminent for his industry and diligence among the idle *employées* of an administration, energetic enough for ordinary times, but not sufficiently vigorous to press through the portentous multitude of affairs which thronged upon the country in those eventful years.

On the 30th of September an event occurred, which our diarist relates in an exceedingly amusing manner. The French and Spanish ambassadors, on the occasion of the entrance of a Swedish envoy, were to appear in public, and traverse a portion of the city in their carriages. A quarrel concerning precedence arose, and assumed a serious aspect. Threatening intimations were exchanged, and warnings given by each party to the other, that, unless they yielded the point with good grace, it should be carried by force of arms. The thing was made public, and London looked forward with interest to the day.

The conduct of the authorities on this occasion forms a singular illustration of the state of civilization then existing. At present the constabulary force, in case such an affair arose, would merely receive orders to keep the peace, and all attempts at disturbance would be quelled with little or no difficulty. It was different in 1661. The King expressed a desire that the quarrel might be allowed to take whatever course it would, and that no measures should be adopted to prevent a collision. His wish was strictly acted upon, and multitudes thronged out to see the result. The respective embassies presented the appearance of fortresses whence hostile forces were about to emerge. The Spanish coach, with chain harness, and surrounded by fifty soldiers with naked swords, first moved along the streets. Its guards were silent, and bore determination in their faces. The French came out, trooping with shouts and clamor round their carriage, and in a few minutes the public thoroughfare was the scene of a desperate conflict. The Spaniards fought resolutely, and, notwithstanding that they were without fire-arms, and were exposed to the shots of their opponents, succeeded in killing a good many, and eventually carried their position and drove their ambassador's coach on before that of the French minister could be stirred, for they had cut up the harness and stabbed the horses. Immense excitement prevailed in the city, but nothing *more came of the affair.*

Samuel Pepys commences his diary for 1662, by relating how, on waking on the morning of the first of January, he hit his wife a blow in the face with his elbow. Yet the reader must by no means infer from this that the work is occupied in the narration of trivialities, for such trifling incidents as these are only links in the chain which makes us acquainted with so much that is curious and interesting, that we confess to being at a loss what passages to select as most remarkable. This much may unhesitatingly be said of the diary, that, for novelty of detail, interest, liveliness, embodiment of character, and the delineation of events, it far surpasses any work of fiction we ever remember to have read. This is high praise. The creations of the mind may be wrought up to any pitch—they may be painted in the brightest colors, worked into the most startling and exciting combinations; the narration of facts must confine itself within the channel of history, and that admits of no embellishment—but the very truth and simplicity of the diary constitute one of its most powerful charms. To follow Pepys through his whole experience, through a tenth or twentieth portion of it, would be impossible in the limits to which we are confined, and we therefore pass over, with regret, large portions of the journal, that we may not exhaust our space too early. Though the Dutch war did not break out until some considerable period after, England, in the middle of the year 1662, began to be clouded by dusky shrouds of apprehension; the public mind felt strong presentiments of coming hostilities, and ominous precautions woke our dockyards and arsenals into brisk activity. Pepys was engaged more deeply than ever in public transactions. The navy authorities were ordered to fit and equip twenty vessels for an emergency, and every dockyard rang with the notes of preparation. The state of the country was, however, by no means such as to render a bursting of the bonds of European peace at all desirable, or even safe, and alarm and apprehension appear to have weighed upon many minds besides those whose private interest lay in the preservation of tranquillity.

It was about this time that Pepys conceived the idea, then a very unusual one, of studying the rules of arithmetic, his ignorance of which was a great obstacle to the progress of business. We find him working hard at the multiplication table, and engaged with a teacher, after office-hours, in mastering the more difficult portions of the study. In this, as in everything else, our diarist made rapid pro-

gress, and soon acquired sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to reckon with considerable facility. The study of figures did not, however, occupy so much of his time as to prevent him from pursuing his inclinations whenever he wished to take a little pleasure. Seldom did he spend an entire day at the office. Sunday afforded him a rare period of relaxation. He, however, almost invariably went to church:—

“3d (Lord’s Day.) Up early, and, with Capt. Cook, to the dockyard; a fine walk and fine weather. Commissioner Pett came to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his garden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of bread and butter, and sweatmeats, and other things with great choice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoyde making my head ache, though I drank but little. By and by, to church, by coach, with the commissioner, and had a dull sermon; a full church, and had some pretty women in it, among others, Beek Allre, who was a bride’s-maid to a new-married couple that came to church to-day, and, which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride’s, which, we think, should have been taken down. After dinner, the commissioner and I to his house, and had syllabub, and saved his claret, which came short of what I expected; but there was fine models of ships in it, indeed, wherewith I could not judge of. Amongst other things, Pett told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit; and that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the burgomaster, or mayor of the town, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits, with flags, in solemn procession, to the place, and there the burgomaster did give the first blow with his hammer upon the wooden work, and the rest of the masters of the companies upon the works belonging to their trades, that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows work.”

With such little facts as these Pepys interlard his diary, and renders it curious as well as amusing. But weightier matters of state now chiefly occupied his mind. The foreign relations of the country were every day becoming more complicated, and Holland was fast verging towards a war. Yet, with all the rumors that were afloat, with all the anxiety with which the public mind was filled, the author of the diary relates how, one night, being overtaken with darkness while in a boat, he passed up the Thames, and hailed every vessel as he rowed by, but for a considerable time received no answer from either mer-

chantman or man-of-war, all apparently being buried in sleep. He says, and probably with much truth, that had an enemy been enabled to ascend so high, they might have committed incredible damage in the river, and struck a severe blow in the very heart of London, ere the aroused population could have hurried to its defence. Petty plots and factions now disturbed the city, party spirit agitated the councils of state, and altogether the condition of the country was ill-calculated to stand the shock of war. The navy, however, had, partly through the results of Pepys’ measures, risen to great efficiency, and promised to interpose a formidable bulwark between the shores of this island and the assaults of a foreign invader. While the actual condition of society, therefore, was such as to render war a hazardous undertaking, the fleets of England could be calculated on with more than ordinary confidence.

Pepys sums up an account of his worldly condition at this period as follows:—

“Strange to see, having mind to revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine, but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next. I have also made up, this evening, my monthly balance, and find that I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this:—I have long been building, and my house, to my great content, is now almost done. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alterations in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such as I have become as high in reputation as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Cartret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain by all fair means.”

Pleased with the appearance of a new lace hatband, Pepys resolves that for the future his great expense shall be hatbands; and this he expresses in so simple, and withal, solemn a manner, as to make us smile, while the next sentence hurries us to affairs of national importance. Rising in favor with his noble friends, those whom he felt it his interest to please, resented, as an almost necessary consequence, the jealousy of certain other individuals who made it their business to watch his actions and, when possible, thwart his designs. Seldom, however, did their machinations result in success, for the Clerk of the Acts was too securely fixed in Court favor to be easily upset. Some remains of a great treasure which, it was said, lay concealed in the earth, beneath the vaults of the Tower,

set him, with various others, at the task of searching for it, and he complains grievously that he allowed himself to be made a fool of, though during the prosecution of the enterprise, he was among the most enthusiastic, dining on a barrel-head in a cellar, and working with the pickaxe with immense energy. The affairs of Tangier began about this time to attract a considerable share of public attention, and with the preparation for the war, which in the eyes of statesmen was then deemed inevitable, fully occupied the national mind. Pepys, on account of these affairs, was looked upon by the Government with still greater favor, and consequently his patronage was still more sought. Those who could not hope to secure it by the usual acts of friendship, endeavored to buy the favor they could not otherwise win:—

“ W. Warren comes to my door, and left a letter and a box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but opening the box, we found a pair of plain gloves for my hand, and a fair state-dish of silver, and cup, with my arms ready cut upon them, worth I believe about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So, after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed, and I to rest.

“ Mr. Cole sent me five couple of ducks.”

Yet, though those who sought to obtain situations under him were profuse in their promises of diligence when appointed to their new posts, Pepys had much reason to be disappointed with the conduct of his colleagues and those who labored under his direction; for he complains bitterly of the apathy and indolence of the men whose duty it was at that crisis to exert their utmost energies in the public service. Heavy debts weighed upon the navy, and the revenues of the country were far from being adequate to their immediate liquidation. The expenses of Tangier, too, hung like a dead weight upon the executive, and contributed annually to exhaust the national purse. In addition to these sources of discomfort, many others sprang out of the factious spirit of the times, numerous quarrels agitated the Court, and the middle orders followed in the wake of the corrupted aristocracy, an aristocracy which then had better not have been than have been as it was—not as it is now, a proud thing for the country to boast of—but a pleasure-seeking class, living solely for itself, and careless of the welfare of the nation. Many efforts were made to arrange and regulate the balance of public affairs; and had there been a few more such

men as Pepys, the attempt would doubtless have resulted in no small degree of success. As it was, perplexities thickened upon the empire. However, he performed his share, and the country owed him its gratitude, though certainly he contrived all the while to work well for his own advancement also. He seems not so much to have coveted high station as great wealth, though dignity, the pomp of place, and the pride of power were not without their attractions in his eyes.

We must, however, linger but little with political matters. The private life of Pepys is perhaps more interesting, and to that we shall chiefly confine ourselves. He continued to amass wealth with great facility; some of it he stored up in his house, or lent at interest, to provide, as it were, for the winter of his life, and another portion he expended in fitting up and furnishing his house, of which he seemed exceedingly fond, and in increasing his own wardrobe and that of his wife, for of scarcely anything did he make more account than of costly apparel. He comprehended the value of making friends, and was, moreover, partial to convivial society, so that we continually find him at home surrounded by a numerous company who relished his wit, his ready conversation, and his overflowing jocularity, at the same time that they enjoyed his hospitality—hospitality which was profuse and cordial, but the expense of which he nevertheless calculated, and perhaps sometimes regretted. He seems to have been happy enough at this period of his life; and even when death struck a blow at his family and took a victim from it, the event makes little impression on his mind. But when, on Christmas day, his wife, whether by design or chance, began to inquire of him what she should do in case of his sudden decease, he for a moment was thrown into a serious train of thought, and resolves to make a will, that in case of such an event she should not be left unprovided for. At this time he was not more than thirty years of age, though from his manner of writing, his high position, his influence at Court, and in the councils of state, and every other circumstance, the reader will doubtless be impressed with the idea of a man considerably older.

Lord Sandwich, who hitherto had been very intimate with Pepys, and shown great favor to him, now appeared to retreat into dignified reserve, and evince evident symptoms of having experienced offence. Our diarist appears greatly troubled at this fact, and turns over in his mind every imaginable reason for the sudden change. He forms

several projects for again installing himself in his favor, and proposes to invite him to a grand dinner, but checks himself with the idea that it would involve an expense of £12, a serious sum in those days. Formerly Lord Sandwich had always shown much civility to the wife of the Clerk of the Acts; but now his demeanor was changed. For this Pepys cannot account, though after the lapse of a week or two he sets his mind at ease, with the conviction that the regretted coolness existed only in his fancy. We discover, in this portion of the diary, that the hard-worked *employée* is not totally destitute of literary abilities:—

"This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of 'Love a Cheate,' ten years ago I began at Cambridge, and, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein in that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try."

Sir W. Warren, whom we have before introduced to our readers as having presented Pepys with a pair of gloves and a silver dish and cup, again meets our eye under the same circumstances. Dining at the Sun Tavern with Pepys, he slipped a paper into his hand, containing, as he said, a pair of gloves for his wife, and continued the conversation without interruption. Arrived at his own house, the Clerk of the Acts was at much pains to get his wife out of the room, without telling her directly to go, that he might examine the packet, which was weighty, and seemed to contain more than a pair of gloves. At length he succeeded in being left alone, and found that he had been presented with forty pieces of gold, a circumstance which gladdened his heart so much that he lost his appetite:—

"I was at great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money, than yet I was."

The expectation which had for so long a period grown upon the nation that a war with Holland was approaching, now appeared to be near its fulfilment. As the commercial relations of the two countries became gradually more and more complicated, so did it become more and more evident that no amicable settlement could be arrived at. Offences had multiplied on either hand, and the provocatives to hostility continued to ripen and grow fiercer with time. To the already formidable array of causes for quarrel was added the element of popular superstition.

The plague had lately devastated the towns of Holland; ominous fires had been seen to burn in the sky over Amsterdam, and the peasants in the provinces saw with terror the birth of numerous portentous phenomena. The time was come, it was said, when England owed it to herself to assert her power, and vindicate her honor, and it was only left for her to strike a decisive blow. A warlike tone diffused itself over the whole face of society here at home, and every addition made to the national armament was hailed with satisfaction. On their part, the Dutch occupied themselves in concentrating their naval force, and taking up advantageous positions on the high seas. Pepys breaks off in his narrative of these affairs to speak of the following incident:—

"Not being very well, I went betimes to bed. About eleven o'clock, knowing what money I have in the house, and hearing a noise, I began to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rang, and could not, in half an hour, make either of the wenches hear—and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gagged; and then I began to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stairs this evening, by which the thieves meant to try what looking there would be after them, and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all such men that are covetous, and have much money by them. At last Jane came, and then I understand 'it was only the dog wants a lodging, and so made a noise.'"

At length the Dutch war burst forth. The tumult of battles disturbed the European seas, and the whole attention of the country was riveted upon the result. It speedily appeared that the navies of Holland, though bravely manned and well appointed, were no match for those of England; and joyful acclamations shook our towns and cities as the news of each succeeding victory arrived. Pepys became now of more importance than ever; his services were more valuable, and more fully recognized by the higher authorities. This he chiefly valued inasmuch as it led to the increase of his worldly wealth, and the better appreciation of his talents by the public. On the 31st of December, 1664, while the Dutch quarrel was agitating with unusual vigor, and the plague was growing at Amsterdam, he calculates his wealth and finds himself to possess £1,349, having spent £420, and laid up £540, during the course of that year. His family then consisted of his wife, for whom he seems to have entertained much affection, though he had an odd fashion of

showing it; Mercer, her maid; the chamber-maid, Besse; the cookmaid, Jane; a little girl, and Tom Edwards, a boy whom he took from the King's chapel. "As pretty and loving a family I have as any man in England," says he with infinite complacency, "and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think."

He seems to have been in continual alarm lest his house should be robbed, and gives us an account of many nights passed by him in sleepless anxiety, when every sound—the sighing of the wind, the running of a mouse—was construed in his mind to be the noise of robbers. One evening, having lingered until a late hour at his office to finish a matter of business, he received a message from home to the effect that he was wanted, as his wife had heard strange sounds about the house, such as men walking over the leads. The store of money which lay treasured in his chamber instantly raised his fears, and he immediately repaired home, when his alarm was strengthened by the appearance of some suspicious persons lurking in a dark entry. All night he lay breathless with terror, and trembling at every sound, and relieved by the break of dawn only to experience still greater fears when the evening came round again. However, no attempts at robbery were made, and the only real danger he seems to have run was that of being burnt out of house and home by the carelessness of his maid-servant, who allowed a candle to burn all night on the floor close to her bed-hangings.

One fact seems now to lighten his heart to an inexpressible degree. Lord Sandwich became as cordial as was his wont, and came to dine with Pepys, addressing his wife with much familiarity, and assuming all the manners of a hearty friend. A sad and serious national calamity, however, threw a damp upon his spirits. The "London," a magnificent vessel, with an armament of eighty brass guns, and manned with a chosen crew, blew up while passing the Nore, and sunk, a shattered wreck. Twenty-five souls were all that survived the catastrophe, which filled the city at the time with a general gloom. But nothing appears equal to the task of dispelling that jovial spirit which supported Pepys under the most melancholy circumstances. The lightest breath of pleasure or profit served to dissipate the heaviest cloud of gloom that ever hung upon his soul; and while the public mind was filled with misgiving and apprehension, he pursues his joyous *course, happy in his home, his wife, his wealth,*

his consequence, and all the other blessings which fortune had showered upon him. Numerous circumstances combined about this time to raise Pepys in his own estimation, as well as that of the numerous individuals who watched his every action, and hoped or feared as fortune appeared favorable or contrary to him. The King himself held a long conversation with him, asked his opinion on various naval matters, and spoke to him in a familiar manner. The Duke of Albemarle, too, walked alone with him in his garden, expressing great approbation of his measures, and calling him the right hand of the navy, and saying that nothing could be done without him; "at which," says he, "I am not a little proud."

There is an old proverb which says that good fortune is the sure presage of ill-luck. In a limited sense, this was true in the case of Pepys. He was disturbed from his complacent dreams by the reflection that, while extending the power and efficiency of the navy, he had also lavished sums of money for which he was in no way inclined to be called to account. Not that he had dishonestly appropriated these sums, but that occasionally he had not been careful enough in their disbursement, and had been guilty in some instances of reckless profusion:—

"27th April, (1665.) Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will want to know what became of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts and me into a great fear that all my cake will be dough still."

His frequent absence from the office, too, began to be noticed, and he feared that it would incur for him the displeasure of his superiors in power. Walking in the Park one afternoon, he saw the King, and immediately hurried away lest he should be observed, for he knew that there were those who, having the King's ear, and jealous of his attentions to the new favorite, would not fail to turn these trifling circumstances to the disadvantage of one of whose successes they were jealous.

The long-expected plague, which had appeared for a considerable period to hang as a threatening cloud over the metropolis, now began to show itself in London, and daily was the number of those doors increased on which the red cross attested the presence of death. A gloom was shed over the city, and all its inhabitants seemed to feel that the pestilence had only showed itself, prepara-

tory to spreading through the whole population. The dead-carts began to creak along almost deserted streets, and wagons and coaches filled the highways which led from the metropolis, burthened with those whom terror had driven to seek refuge in the country. Seventeen or eighteen hundred perished every week. Friends shunned each other's presence; the father feared the son, the son feared the father—every one fearing that communication brought death along with it. In the last week of August, 1665, the mortality of London increased to 7,000, and in the first week of September it rose to nearly 9,000. The inhabitants knew not what to do—where to seek safety. Thousands would have fled but possessed not the means; thousands had not the energy to fly, and thousands fell victims to the disease almost ere they were aware of its approach. It seemed as if a curse had fallen on the city. Men issued from their homes in vigorous health, and died ere they reached their destination. To-day a family was complete, and to-morrow perhaps most of its members were carried forth to their graves. The social meeting was dispersed by a whisper of the plague, and the few passengers in the streets went out of their way to avoid meeting the cart that conveyed the victims to their unconsecrated graves. Nearly every one holding a public office fled the town, and left the affairs of the nation to be ruled by chance, or by ignorant and inexperienced deputies. This was peculiarly unfortunate in times so anxious and important, and it was then that Pepys enjoyed the opportunity of affording an evidence of his unflinching and fearless character. He remained at his post as a true soldier remains under his standard when his companions have either fallen or fled, and exerted his utmost energies to support the heavy burthen of business which pressed upon his department of the public service. He, however, sent his family to Greenwich, whither he himself also repaired as soon as the calls of business had been satisfied. The Dutch were on the English coast, and threatened a descent upon Margate. Pepys was resolved that for no fault of his should his country lose a particle of its honor, and he applied himself with vigor to the task of regulating the affairs of the English navy; and his steady application counterbalanced many of the evils which would otherwise have resulted from the absence or negligence of the other officials. And all this while the plague was devastating the city, death striking down hundreds of human beings every day; and

all the bells of London tolled in dismal chime, the dull echoes never ceasing to sound in the ears of those who feared every moment to be seized with the frightful disease.\*

"Mr. Marr tells me how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her, who being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having received no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so, who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried; at last, resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which they did, and they got one of the post-coaches and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Broune, with his friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtain drawn close. The latter being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, thrust his head out of his own into her coach to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in as ill dress, who stunk mightily, which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague: which put the young gentleman into a fright that nearly cost him his life, but he is now well again."

We perceive that our limits are rapidly drawing in; we must, therefore, with whatever regret we may do so, pass on rapidly through the diary, and leave unnoticed numerous interesting and curious passages. The plague grew upon the city; the river was deserted, and the silent and melancholy streets were covered with grass. In the beginning of October, however, the bills of mortality decreased, and this fact, together with the intelligence of several victories over the Dutch, contributed to shed a little light upon the general gloom which hung upon the public mind. But this was but a temporary respite, for the disease recovered strength and continued to rage with greater fury than ever; and so the year 1665 ended, and left Pepys in a better condition than he ever was

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\* The pestilence is thus spoken of in the curious work from which we have already quoted:—"But the anger of the Lord was kindled against the King and against the people of England, and he smote the land with a dreadful pestilence, insomuch that there died in one year upwards of sixty and seven thousand persons."



before. He had succeeded Mr. Pary as commissioner for the affairs of Tangier, and had, moreover, been nominated to the post of surveyor of the victualling department. His savings had increased from £1300 to £4400. One fact, however, troubled him. Lord Sandwich had fallen in the estimation of the Court, and was sent as ambassador to Spain, and the Duke of Albemarle had not risen in popularity. The pestilence now began to weaken, and the weekly average of deaths sank to a comparatively insignificant amount. London resumed by slow degrees its wonted aspect, and to his great joy Pepys was enabled to establish his family again in town, and to resume his usual manner of living.

Of his domestic life, Pepys allows us from time to time to catch many detached glimpses, which, however, are too scattered and slight to allow us to form any very accurate idea of his manner and mode of life at home. He appears to have been, after a fashion, fond of his wife, though he never allowed her to express an opinion contrary to his own, or to transact any affairs to which he was not privy. For instance, read the following:—

"12th. I and my wife to her closet, to examine her kitchen accounts, and then I took occasion to fall out with her for her buying a broad-laced handkerchief and a pinner, without my leave. For this we both began to be angry, and so continued till bed.

"13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor yet great enemies, being both quiet and silent."

We find them, however, soon reconciled. We find him one day recording the fact, that she was out of temper on account of his having checked her with some abruptness, for telling long stories in the coach. "She do find with reason," he says, "that in the company of Pierce, Knipp, and other women that I love, that I do not value or mind her as I ought." Nevertheless, his private life appears to have been chequered with few crosses, and he seems to glide on, borne by a smooth current, enjoying a happy and prosperous existence.

The Dutch fleets, about the middle of the year 1666, met with some important reverses, being on several occasions driven to flight by the efforts of the English commanders. But a sudden alarm spread through London upon the news that a great armament, fitted out by Holland, was about to advance upon our coasts, and recover the ground lost in their recent defeats. However, good preparations were made to meet this attack, and some-

thing of the spirit of enthusiasm at last warmed the heart of London. When, however, an engagement at length took place, although the result showed a victory on the English side, yet the success was not so great as to warrant any triumph, and the country was disappointed of its hopes.

We now approach the great catastrophe which struck London, ere it had recovered from the weakening effects of the plague. On the 2d of August, 1666, Pepys was awakened from his sleep, at three o'clock in the morning, by one of his maid-servants, who told him that a great fire had broken out in the city. Rising and looking forth from the window, he saw a mighty flame appearing in the direction of Mark-Lane, and, as it then seemed to him, retreating rather than advancing to his quarter. He then retired to rest again, and at seven o'clock again looked out. The blaze had now reached Fish Street, and was making rapid progress towards London Bridge. Dressing, and walking out, he repaired to the scene of conflagration, and then, for the first time, understood its serious nature. Thousands of people thronged the streets, the inhabitants of the houses were flinging their goods either into the street or into the river, or into the barges that lay ready at hand. The poor clung to their homes until they were scorched by the flames, and multitudes of pigeons, unwilling to leave the houses, circled about them, or fluttered at the windows until they dropped amid the burning mass. All the city was in a tumult. The plague was a silent enemy; it came stealthily, and did its noiseless work, exerting a sickening influence on the minds of the people; but the fire continued its progress, sending forth a loud and prolonged roar. The crowds were wild with fear and excitement. The calamity was as sudden as it was alarming.

As yet none had proposed any measures of safety; none had thought of the possibility of arresting the flames; all alike seemed paralyzed with horror. The mayor of the city wept like a child; and when a command was sent to him, at the suggestion of Pepys, that he should pull the houses down, and thus endeavor to stop the fire, he cried, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

Carts laden with furniture, sick persons carried away in their beds, thousands of half-clothed men, women, and children, pale with fear, and scarcely knowing whither to turn,

filled the streets, some going one way, some another; others rushing wildly, with no object in view save that of escaping with life from the mighty calamity. Pepys now began to occupy himself for the public safety. He went amidst the crowds, directed the efforts of those employed to pull the houses down, encouraged them, assisted them, and labored like a hero wherever he found an opportunity. The scene which presented itself to his view is vividly described :

"We went as near to the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were nearly burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true, for houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire—three or four, nay five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside over against the Three Cranes, and there staid until it was dark almost, and there saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker and darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples and between churches and houses as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a line up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruine."

While working for the public safety, Pepys did not neglect his own stores of gold, and those which were under his charge at the office; but conveyed them, with many valuable papers and much plate, that same night by moonlight to a deep cellar. The next day, he, with several of his friends, busied themselves in digging holes in the garden, where they deposited their wines, with some Parmesan cheeses, and numerous articles of value. But his chief employment during the continuance of the fire consisted in endeavoring to check its progress, and prevent it from extending its ravages to those quarters of the city as yet uninjured. Through his efforts, together with those of the men who took a pride in following his honorable example, it was at length subdued, and by slow degrees died away for lack of food. The city, however, presented a wretched appearance. It looked like an extinguished furnace, and huge clouds of damp smoke rose up from the blackened masses of buildings. St. Paul's stood a shattered ruin, and numerous other public edifices formed its companions in the general scene of destruction. Those, however, who, during the continuance of the fire,

had been too startled, too alarmed, too irresolute to adopt any precautionary measures, now when the devastation had been accomplished, applied their energies to the task of renovation, and a new city began to rise from the ashes of the old.

Compliments and panegyrics crowded upon Pepys. His society was courted, his conversation sought, and every mark of admiration bestowed on him. But these empty honors, though they flattered his vanity, would not have brought much satisfaction to his mind, had they not been accompanied by a continued, though gradual increase of his worldly wealth. At the end of 1666, he finds himself worth £6,200, more than he had hoped for. Himself and his family were in the perfect enjoyment of health, and he moreover luxuriated in the pleasure, great as it was to him, of taking his meals off silver plates. Public affairs, however, were in not so prosperous a condition, and there were even those who prophesied the immediate and entire ruin of the kingdom—"from which," says Pepys "God deliver us!"

Of the following year we cannot pause to make much mention. One curious fact is spoken of as far on as March, when Pepys says he saw the smoke issuing from some cellars that had not been uncovered since the fire. Towards the middle of the year, the city began to grow into shape again, streets were marked out, and the work of renovation was carried on with some vigor. At the close of the year he lost his mother, whose last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!"—words which affected him to tears. Another incident which he mentions as important is a fierce quarrel between himself and Sir W. Penn. "My heart," he says, "is as full of spite as it could hold; but God forgive both me and him!"

And here, until the publication of the remaining volumes, we take leave of Pepys. We have pursued his career from his humble clerkship in the Exchequer to the period when he held one of the most honorable posts in that department. Our readers will have perceived that he was a man of eccentric character, and they will also have observed that the times in which he lived were well calculated to allow a man of his energy and ability to distinguish himself above his peers. While we owe to Pepys a debt of gratitude for the rare and curious information he has bequeathed to us, for the graphic and well-colored pictures which he has presented us of the times and the men among whom he lived, we cannot help regretting the weakness that led him to the commission of

actions which history cannot record otherwise than with blame. But he has written his own character, his own praises, and also his own condemnation. We see him as he was. He has given us a faithful reflection of his mind, and the praise of sincerity is due to him. Those, therefore, who wish to acquire a just idea of him and his period will do well to consult the volume before us. With regard to the form in which this diary has been laid before the public, we shall only remark, that for the care, ability, and judgment with which

its highly gifted editor, Lord Braybrooke, has performed his task, our thanks—the thanks of all who read the work—are due to him. Nothing can be more admirable than the introduction and notes, which have transformed the rough diaries of Samuel Pepys into one large and consecutive, and clear and comprehensive narrative. Pepys has been fortunate in his editor, and Lord Braybrooke's valuable services will, without doubt, be appreciated in the literary world.

## THE COFFEE-HOUSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FOREIGNERS remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head quarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the *smoking more constant* than at Will's. That *celebrated house, situated between Covent*

Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether Paradise Lost ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that Venice Preserved ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers, from Venice and from Amsterdam, greeted each other, and Popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.—*Macaulay's History.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## BRITISH INDIA.

- 1.—“*Mill's History of British India.*” Edited, and now completed, by HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M.A., F.R.S. 9 Vols. London: Madden. 1848.
- 2.—“*The Life of Lord Clive.*” By the REV. G. R. GLEIG. London: Murray. 1848.

IN a paper on the early history of India, published some time ago in this magazine, we commenced our observations by referring to the indifference exhibited by the home public to all topics connected with our Asiatic empire; and we did so, as we then stated, not because the circumstance was either striking or anomalous, but for the better reason of its practical importance. “We could,” as we then expressed ourselves, “little hope for any marked improvement in the social condition of the natives of India, until the people of these countries had such an acquaintance with it, as that a public opinion could be formed on the subject, and was known to exist.” “It was only,” we added, “to such pressure from without that the difficulties which attend the promotion of Christianity in India—the main sanitary provision for all its ills, spiritual, moral, and even industrial—would ever give way, and that one of the first steps towards the formation of this public opinion, was the diffusion of some knowledge of the history and statistics of the country.” In humble aid of this object we then took up our pen, and with like purpose we now resume it. In regard to the fact of ignorance of, and apathy to, Indian interests, we find our views corroborated by what we believe we are entitled to call the highest authority on such a point, the *Times* newspaper, which, in a leading article of two years’ later date—that is, on the 14th of June, 1847, dwells on the circumstance as a woeful truth, and cites the saying of “one of our most accomplished writers and speakers, at this moment a member of her Majesty’s cabinet,” whom most of our readers will easily recognize as the able and eloquent Mr. Macaulay; and who “avowed his conviction that not one in ten of our most highly-educated gentlemen had the faintest conception of those incidents of British Indian history,

which would correspond with the victories of Alfred, or the landing of the Conqueror, in our domestic annals.”

We gladly admit that since the appearance of our previous paper, this insensibility to Asiatic interests has been a good deal lessened. This is partly an effect, and one which we anticipated, of the rapid, regular, and frequent communication by what is miscalled the “overland passage,” which passes over no land except the hand’s-breadth at Suez. This acknowledged improvement must, however, be most of all ascribed to the felt jeopardy to which our Indian empire was exposed by the unexpected aggression of the Sikhs. That taught us for, perhaps, the first time, deeply to appreciate the value of our imperial colony, and our views of interest were blended with nobler feelings in the triumphs which followed. Although India is immeasurably the most important of all our great dependencies, there is not another in regard to which we have an equal tendency to indifference. The philosophy of the cause of this appears to be, that it is the only one with which we are not nationally identified by colonization. Every Englishman who goes there hopes to return; nobody loves to live there; none settle; no one regards it as his home. Hence the lack of personal interest in the country; and hence, again, the general coldness of which we have been complaining. The duties of all in office are performed faithfully and well; but they are performed as duties, and such sympathy as strangers feel is, like their connection with the soil, temporary. We notice the defect, not for the purpose of disparaging our government of India, which is, beyond all question, the best its nations have ever known—one which gives them that great element of social happiness, security of person and of property, and what

we are disposed to regard as of almost equal importance, immunity from agitation. We notice the defect, not, we say, for the purpose of underrating the horrors of anarchy and terrors of misrule, from which our government has saved the people of India; or of depreciating the higher degree of civilization which it has been, to a great extent, the means of introducing; but for the purpose of showing that to compensate for a defect which appears to be inherent in the nature of our connection with India, we are bound the more carefully to consult her interests, and, as a means towards this, to make them more known, in various forms, through the press. Interest and pride seem alone to link us to India—interest in its rich resources—pride in the honors we have won there. We long to be united to that country by a holier tie—by that good feeling which must arise from well-directed efforts to improve the condition and raise the character of its many peoples. Our humble sphere is, to aid in making these known, and our first step an attempt to outline their history.

The India trade was, from the earliest period, looked on in the West as the most magnificent of all commercial objects; and each European nation, as it rose in maritime importance, aspired to a participation in its golden fruits. It is characteristic of the genius of Alfred, justly named the Great, that he endeavored to direct the attention of our merchants to that line of traffic. He, as we are told by William of Malmesbury, sent in the year 883, Sigheleenus, Bishop of Sherburne, to India, under the pretext of making offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas, and the monk adds, that at the date of his chronicle, some of the commodities which the bishop brought back were to be seen in the church at Sherburne. The crusades, in later periods, made us somewhat better acquainted with the usages and productions of the East; but it was not until about the period of the Reformation, when, and much owing to that event, we were becoming a manufacturing people, that the expanding spirit of commercial enterprise began to exhibit itself in vigorous efforts to extend our trade, and then intercourse with India became our first object. The earliest of these attempts was the voyage of Robert Thorne, in the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1527, to discover a north-west passage to India. Then followed the fatal voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, with all his crew, perished on the coast of Lapland. This voyage was in search of a north-east passage, and was made in the reign of Edward

VI., in whose time, and that of Elizabeth, others of a like character were repeatedly undertaken by such well-known navigators as the Cabots, Frobisher, Davis, Hudson; some to seek out a north-west, others a north-east passage to India. These intrepid mariners failed in finding for their country the short track to the gold of Cathay, or to the diamond mines of Golconda; but they taught her a better service, in rendering her sons hardy and accomplished seamen. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, and the actual voyage made to India, by Vasca de Gamo, in 1498, revealed the long sought for course. We have, in our former paper, noticed the steps by which the Portuguese and the Dutch, availing themselves of this discovery, established their connection with the East. It was not until Drake's circumnavigation voyage that our English merchants directed their attention to the course to India by the Cape. Drake, who had passed that promontory in fair weather, disrobed it of the terrors with which it had been invested by the Portuguese and Dutch; and his voyage, which had given new impulse to the enterprise of our traders, was soon followed by an incident well calculated to stimulate their desire for gain—we mean the capture of some Portuguese Indiamen with immense treasure, and with papers affording information of greater value. Besides the details thus made known, there had been a good deal of knowledge on the subject of the Indian trade, collected by an association called the Levant Company, which had been for some years established, and which conveyed goods from Aleppo and Bagdad, and thence by the Tigris to Ormus, on the Persian Gulf. This company succeeded in opening a very extensive intercourse with India; but the expenses of the transit were so great that the returns were not very lucrative. Encouraged by the hope of larger profits, and prompted, as we have said, by the spirit of maritime enterprise, vessels were fitted out, and voyages made to India, some by government vessels, and some by vessels fitted out by individuals. They in all cases partook of a piratical character, and their gains were usually enormous. Still the hazards were found to be too great for private capital, and an application, in consequence of this, having been made to Queen Elizabeth, she, in December, 1600, granted to the petitioning merchants a charter, erecting them into a corporation, under the title of "The Governors and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East

Indies." This charter gave them the privilege of exclusive trade; but the crown reserved to itself the right of resuming its grant, after a three years' notice. The early intercourse of the company was with the Indian islands, and their chief station was at Bantam, in Java. They subsequently found it advantageous to open a trade with the continent of India, which was first attempted at Surat, in 1609. The Portuguese, who were at that time in possession of the trade there, showed every disposition to oppose them; but they quailed before the determination of Sir Henry Middleton, who commanded the company's ships. Our merchants soon made some character with the native traders, and gained no little influence with the nabobs and princes of the country.

On the 11th January, 1612, they obtained from the Emperor Jehanghire a firman, authorizing them to hold establishments in certain places along the shores of his kingdom. Pursuant to this, they, in the course of that year, built a factory at Surat, and thus made their final settlement on the continent of India. This was in the reign of James I., who, about the same period, sent out Sir Thomas Roe as his ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul. This mission supplies us with a most interesting account of the emperor, his court and country, but was not attended with any political advantages. Soon after this an incident occurred, which led our merchants to abandon their connection with the Eastern Archipelago, and to direct all their attention to the trade with continental India. The naval power of the Portuguese was declining, and with it their influence in the East, but the Dutch were our active and powerful competitors. They were deeply jealous of our endeavors to share with them the lucrative trade of the Spice Islands, and evinced this feeling in an act which will for ever stain their annals—known as the massacre of Amboyna. They had in that island a strong fort, garrisoned with two hundred men, and there were eighteen Englishmen residing in the town engaged in trade. These they arrested altogether, with some few Japanese and one Portuguese, on the ground that they had conspired to seize the fort. The statement of the charge exhibits the improbability of its truth, and this is further heightened by the nature of what they called their evidence. Their first information was from one of their own Japanese soldiers, and obtained by the application of torture. They then put all the prisoners to the rack. At first each of them denied any knowledge of such

a plot, but the torture being again applied, they of course confessed all that their accusers wanted. When released from pain, they repeated their denial of the charge, but being tortured anew, were compelled to reconfess it. Nine of the English, including their captain, were put to death, their heads being cut off by a scimitar. They all declared their innocence in the most solemn manner. Nine Japanese and one Portuguese shared their fate, while the remaining Englishmen were pardoned.

The account of this cruel proceeding excited, as might be expected, the greatest indignation in England, and to increase it, the court of directors had a picture prepared, copied and circulated, representing the horrors of the scene. It was not, however, the interest of our government to go to war on the occasion, and negotiations were commenced, which were protracted from 1623, the period of the transaction, until about 1654, in the time of Cromwell, when an adjustment took place. The immediate result was, however, what the Dutch no doubt anticipated—the abandonment of our intercourse with the Indian Archipelago. Our merchants felt that they had neither forces nor forts enough to protect a trade, and thus was this guilty act long attended with all the advantages which its originators had contemplated.

Mill, whose prejudices often mar his work, assumes at times an air of impartiality, which is sadly misplaced. He endeavors on this occasion to excuse the Dutch, by suggesting that, biassed by self-interest, they may have believed their rivals guilty. The fanciful assumption of motives may palliate any crime; but unhappily this is not the only proceeding which taints the colonial conduct of the Dutch. On the contrary, it is only characteristic of their selfish and cruel policy in the East.

Partly in consequence of the loss of trade which ensued directly on this catastrophe, and partly from the large expense incurred by their contests with the Portuguese, the East India Company became at this time a good deal embarrassed; and it was while their finances were thus deranged, that a circumstance took place, which led to their settlement in Bengal, and subsequently proved the main source of their prosperity.

A physician, named Boughton, having been called on to attend the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehaun, in a dangerous illness, was so fortunate as to cure her, and, in consequence, gained her father's good will. With generous feeling, he availed himself of this to

advance the interests of his countrymen, and obtained for them the privilege of carrying on a free trade. The same gentleman was equally successful at the court of the Nabob of Bengal, from whom he procured, in 1636, permission for the company's servants to erect a factory at Hoogley, on the so-named branch of the Ganges. Much about the same time a fort was erected at Madraspatam, on the Coromandel coast, where we had for some time previously had depots. This new station was named Fort St. George; and thus have we traced the commencements of our three presidencies, on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, and in Bengal. But the state of affairs in England precluded the company from availing themselves of these opening prospects, and during the civil wars their existence, as a corporation, was in peril.

The India trade was in fact thrown open, for the five years which preceded 1657, the date at which Cromwell renewed the privileges of the company. The effects of this free trade are very differently stated in works of the period; but the nearest guess we can make at the truth leads us to think that our merchants offered India goods at low prices, and extended their sales to almost every part of Europe, underselling the Dutch even in Amsterdam. In confirmation of this last fact, Sir John Malcolm cites a passage in the "Letters of Thurloe," Cromwell's secretary, to the effect that the merchants of Amsterdam, "having heard that the Lord Protector would dissolve the East India Company at London, and declare the navigation and commerce to the Indies to be free and open, were greatly alarmed, as they considered such a measure would be ruinous to their own East India Company."\*

The prospects of our own East India Company became more encouraging under Charles II. and his brother James. The former renewed and extended their privileges, and made over to them the island of Bombay, which he had received as part of the portion of his queen, the Infanta of Portugal. James added the important prerogatives of levying troops, holding courts-martial, and coining money. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that these high powers were sometimes abused—that merchants with such prerogatives were too eager for gain—that factors, living in what was felt, from its distance, to be a new world, forgot their responsibility. In 1665, Sir Edward Winter, governor of Madras, being superseded for undue prac-

tices, had the boldness to imprison the person who was sent out to succeed him, and actually held the government until 1686, when, by the special direction of the king, he resigned it. Sir John Child seized thirteen large ships at Surat, the property of merchants there, and sailed with his plunder to Bombay, of which he was then governor. It appears, indeed, that this was effected with the knowledge of a sub-committee of the directors at home; but if this circumstance diminishes the audacity of the act, it exhibits the morals of the company as of no very elevated order. Quite in agreement with this view are the sentiments of the chief director, as expressed in a letter to one who was appointed a judge in India. "I expect," says that autocratic trader, "that my will and orders shall be your rule, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense compiled by a number of country gentlemen, who hardly know how to govern their own families, much less the regulating companies and foreign commerce. Having now the power of condemning the company's enemies, or such as shall be deemed so, particularly those that shall question the company's power over all the British subjects in India, I expect my orders from time to time shall be obeyed and received as statute laws."

It was not, as our readers will easily believe, by conduct and principles such as these, that the East India Company advanced in power, but in despite of them. They incurred the dislike and the hostile feelings of the native princes, and Arungzebe threatened to raze their factories to the ground. He seized Surat, sent a fleet to attack Bombay, and at the same time assailed them in other points. The servants of the company made the most abject submission, and the Emperor, only looking on them as traders, and conceiving their commerce to be of some importance to his subjects, forgave them. The enemies from whom the company had most to dread at this time were the merchants of their own country who interfered with their monopoly, and were known by the name of "Interlopers." Their profits were doubtless larger than those of the company, and they became so influential at home, that when, in 1693, the charter of the East India Company was brought under the consideration of Parliament, they actually obtained for themselves the exclusive right of trading with the East. This they acquired by offering to the government an advance on better terms than those proposed by the company. But the latter soon after got a new confirmation of their

\* Malcolm's India, vol. i, p. 19, n.

grant; and thus the nation had at the same time two East India Companies, each with privileges alike exclusive, granted by the crown and confirmed by the legislature, and both expending their gains in corrupting parliament, not only by purchasing seats, but also by directly bribing members of the lords and commons. Wearied by such expensive struggles, they at length combined their stock, under the charter given to the old company, on the 5th September, 1698, and assumed the name under which they have ever since remained incorporated—"The United Company of Merchants Trading to the East Indies." The privileges of the united corporation were confirmed and extended by an act of parliament, in 1708, and the general tranquillity which, a few years afterward, ensued on the peace of Utrecht, was favorable to their interests.

It was a little previously to these last dates that the company seems for the first time to have raised their views from trade to territory. In 1689 they write out to their agents that revenue is for the future to engage their attention, as much as traffic; that they wish to be "a nation in India," and they cite with approval the example of the Dutch, who they say wrote to their governors ten paragraphs about tribute for every one which concerned commerce. But as yet their views in this respect were of the humblest character; they only extended to the acquisition of territory by purchase, and in this manner they became possessed of some districts on the Coromandel coasts, where they built Fort St. David; and the Nabob of Bengal, desiring to replenish his exchequer, in order to enable him to sustain a war, the company succeeded in buying from him the zemindarships of certain towns and districts, amongst which was that of Calcutta, where they erected Fort William, and which was, in 1707, declared to be the seat of a presidency.

From the peace of Utrecht until the recommencement of hostilities in Europe, embracing a period of more than thirty years, the company advanced in commercial prosperity. The date of the war which then took place between England and France, 1744, is a cardinal era in the history of our Asiatic realm; but before we attempt any narrative of its events, we must glance at the relations of the latter power with the East.

In the reign of Louis XIV., and the year 1664, Colbert founded a French East India Company; their capital was £625,000; their charter, pursuant to the views of the

age, was a monopoly, with what were even at that time singular encouragements. They were to have not only an immunity from all taxes for fifty years, but the government bound itself to make good to them any loss they might sustain within the first ten. Their commencing efforts were made in Madagascar, but their settlement was ill-chosen and unsuccessful. They afterwards, with better fortune, took possession of the islands of Ceane and Mascarenhas, and gave them respectively the names of Mauritius and Bourbon. In 1668 they established a factory at Surat, and after failing in other places, they formed a station at Pondicherry. This place, which was well fortified, became the centre of the French trade in India, and they acquired some territory around it. When, in 1744, Walpole was driven from power, and war took place between England and France, the French conceived the idea of destroying our settlements in India, and of extending their own influence. They had at this time some agents there of distinguished ability. One was M. de Labourdonnais, a native of Brittany, who, early in life, engaged in trade in India, and made there a considerable fortune. His talents attracted the attention of the viceroy of Goa, at whose suggestion he entered the service of the king of Portugal, and was for two years the agent of that government on the Coromandel coast. Returning to France, he was selected by his own government to form their new colonies in the isles of France and Bourbon, and by a wise and energetic administration he advanced the resources and civilization of those islands in a very remarkable manner. He made roads, constructed bridges, had the natives taught the most useful trades, extended and improved the cultivation of the coffee-plant, and introduced the culture of indigo, and of the sugar-cane. The character he thus made raised his influence with the ministers at home, and on his return to Europe, in 1740, he suggested a plan whereby he should be prepared, on the first outbreak of hostilities, to attack and destroy the English settlements in the East, before a fleet from Europe could arrive to support them. This we shall see he afterwards attempted. M. Dupleix, who was at this time governor of Pondicherry, and chief of the French in India, was also a remarkable man. He inherited from his father, who was a director of the French East India Company, a large fortune, which he greatly increased by successful speculations in the India trade. He was, in 1720, sent out as first member of the council at Pondicherry,



was afterwards made chief of the French station at Chandernagore, and having in these positions made known his public talents, he was appointed Governor-in-chief at Pondicherry. He was bold, able, unscrupulous, and ambitious. Being largely engaged on his own account in the internal trade of India, he became better acquainted with the politics and relations of that country than any other European of that period. These were the two most prominent Frenchmen in India when the war of the Austrian succession broke out, in 1744. At this time France had undoubtedly more influence in the East than England. Her East India Company was to the full as wealthy, and she had besides extensive possessions in the Spice Islands. She could also command a larger military force, and had besides armed and disciplined the Sepoys. It was, we may observe, from her that we learned the two main secrets of our successes in the East—the superiority of regular troops when employed against Asiatic hordes, and the enrolment and maintenance of a Sepoy force. When the intelligence that war had taken place in Europe reached Labourdonnais in the East, he found himself without the naval force which his government had promised him; but, notwithstanding, he resolved to act on his own resources. He accordingly detained such vessels as touched at his island, manned them with sailors as well as he could, training for this purpose even the natives of Madagascar; and having thus procured nine ships, and mustered a force of 1,100 Europeans, with some 400 Sepoys, and 300 Caffres, in addition to his seamen, he first attacked the English squadron of four ships and a frigate. Night terminated the action, but the English fleet sheered off, and disappeared from the coast. After looking out for it some days, Labourdonnais proceeded to Madras, which was at that time our chief station, and most important settlement on the continent of India. It afforded but indifferent means of defence, and its small garrison exhibited little heroism. They capitulated on the 10th of September, 1746; and after having achieved this triumph without the loss of a man, Labourdonnais proceeded to Pondicherry. His reception there was far different from what he deserved. Dupleix, jealous of his success, maintained that he had exceeded his powers, refused to support him in his views, and compelled him to return to France, where he made such unfavorable representations of his conduct that he was arrested, imprisoned in *the Bastille* for three years, and soon after-

wards died. Freed by this unworthy conduct from all rivalry, Dupleix resolved to follow up the measures of Labourdonnais, which were quite consonant to his own aspiring policy. He looked forward, first, to the destruction of the British settlements, and next to the establishment of a French dominion in India; and his ambition compelled us to adopt that line of action which has led to our acquisition of empire there.

Dupleix, evading the terms of the capitulation of Madras, even exposed that place to plunder, carried off the governor and chief inhabitants, and paraded them as prisoners through the town of Pondicherry. Amongst the English, who now regarded themselves as absolved from their parole, given to Labourdonnais, was a young clerk, Robert Clive, whose yet humble name was soon to be known as foremost of the Europeans in India. He escaped in the disguise of a Mussulman to Fort St. David.

The Nabob of Arcot, who, when Pondicherry was, in the preceding year, threatened by our fleet, had, as prince of the province, interfered to save it, now thought proper to extend a like protection to Madras, and accordingly he sent his son, with 10,000 men, to expel the French and restore it to the English. This proved in its results one of the most important incidents in our history.

The French had 1,200 soldiers, with some artillery, which they managed well; and with this small force they not only repelled the attack of the nabob's troops, but following them for four miles, assailed them in their own position at Mount St. Thomas, and put them completely to the rout.

The spell which upheld the Mahommedan power in India was for ever broken; the Europeans saw in the superiority of their discipline, and their well-served artillery, the secret of their strength, and were not slow in availing themselves of the discovery.

Dupleix next assailed Fort St. David, and while before it, had the address to gain over to his interests the Nabob of Arcot, who was now impressed with a high idea of the prowess of the French troops. Fort St. David was, however, soon relieved by the appearance of an English fleet before it, consisting of nine sail of the line, and having on board a body of 1,400 soldiers, making the largest European force then in India. This circumstance quite changed the aspect of affairs. Pondicherry was besieged by the English; but their arrangements were ineffective, the sickly season set in, and they were compelled to abandon the attempt. Dupleix claimed

our failure as a triumph, and by his artful representations raised his reputation with the native princes.

Such was the state of things in 1749, when the news arrived in India that the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and that Madras was, by one of its conditions, restored to the English. Except in this last particular, this celebrated treaty had but little influence in the East. The Europeans, now aware of the weakness of the native powers, began to interfere in their politics, with a view to the extension of their own influence; and the brilliant successes of Dupleix seemed likely to establish a French dominion in Southern India. This country was at the moment on the eve of a civil war, arising out of disputed successions to its two chief kingdoms—the Carnatic and the Deccan—and Dupleix conceived, that by aiding the stronger claimants to each, he would gain not only wealth, territory, and privileges for his country, but eventually establish its ascendancy in India. The right of succession in the Asiatic dynasties was never much regulated by the principle of primogeniture. Might and management were its more prevailing laws, and this was especially the case in India at the period to which we are referring. Mirzapha Jung, who claimed the sovereignty of the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib, who aspired to be nabob of the Carnatic, were not either of them the actual possessors of, or the rightful heirs to, these thrones. They came forward, however, with large forces, and the French determined to assist them. These Asiatic princes combining, formed an army of 40,000 men, and Dupleix sent M. d'Autenil, with 2,300 disciplined soldiers, to join them—of this last body 400 were Europeans, the rest sepoys. In their first encounter with the army of the reigning nabob of the Carnatic, consisting of 20,000 men, with a strong field of artillery, the French proposed, with their own small force, to storm their line. They were twice repulsed, but their accustomed valor, stimulated by the fact that they were fighting in the sight of three armies, was at length triumphant, and the nabob of the Carnatic was amongst the slain. The conquerors took possession of Arcot, and the son of the late nabob applied to the English for aid.

His offers were of the most alluring character; but the British officers conceived they had no authority to interfere, and though they viewed with jealousy the growing influence of their European rivals, they were unwilling to engage in open war. The French interest was thus for a time paramount in the

Carnatic. Dupleix shared largely in the tribute collected by his allies, and assumed the state and circumstance of an eastern prince. He was, however, soon called to exhibit his energy and resources in contending with reverses. A claimant for the sovereignty of the Deccan appeared in arms, backed by a numerous host. This was Nazir Jung, who was accepted by the Mogul court as the legitimate heir, and was now marching to the frontier of the Carnatic with a force of about 300,000 men, including 30,000 Mah-ratta cavalry.

Seeing that he was acknowledged and supported by the Emperor of Delhi, the English, who had been long anxious to take the field against the French, joined his standard. Their force, which was commanded by Major Lawrence, consisted of 700 soldiers. Dupleix made every effort to aid and prepare his allies. He supplied them with a loan of £50,000, increased the French contingent, and opened negotiations with some Affghan chiefs who were then in the army of Nazir, and who seemed disposed to dethrone him.

When the two great hosts came into view, and appeared to be ready for the fight, Major Lawrence, who had become aware of the weakness and want of discipline of his ally, and who was well acquainted with the better preparations of their enemy, suggested to Nazir to avoid a combat.

This was a course which that haughty prince thought it unbecoming his honor to adopt, and he would probably have been routed, but for a circumstance wholly unexpected by both parties—that was, a mutiny amongst the French officers. A number of them resigned their commissions, because certain demands which they had made were not conceded; and D'Autenil, their commander, having vainly endeavored to recall them to their duty, retired with his division to Pondicherry. Thus deprived of their best arm, the forces of Chunda Sahib, the French nominee of the Carnatic, and of Mirzapha Jung, Nizam, or king of the Deccan, became disbanded. The former of these princes took refuge in Pondicherry, while the latter surrendered to his opponent, and was thrown into prison. Desperate as was now his condition, Dupleix did not despair. He succeeded in negotiating a conspiracy in the army of Nazir—restored order amongst his own troops; and surprising the Moguls at midnight, put great numbers of them to the sword. Meanwhile, Major Lawrence, conceiving that his experience was not appreciated by Nazir, or his advice attended to, was

hastily withdrew his contingent; and the French, pursuing their advantages, took Gingee, the strongest fortress in the Carnatic. They had yet a greater triumph. The Affghans, whose disaffection Dupleix had been encouraging, now made known to him that they were ripe for revolt, and M. Latouche, a distinguished officer who was in command of the French, was directed to act with them against the camp of Nazir Jung. In the well-fought conflict which followed, Nazir was slain, and Mirzapha led forth from prison, and exchanging his irons for a crown, was again installed as sovereign of the Deccan.

Chunda Sahib was likewise restored to power as prince of the Carnatic, or Nabob of Arcot, the title by which he was better known. The French influence was then triumphant in the East, and their ambitious views were likely to expand to the utter ruin of the British interest, were it not for the heroism and genius of Clive, whose first great achievement we have next to notice. As, however, he is most justly regarded as the founder of our Asiatic empire, and as its progress during many years is intimately connected with his personal history, we think it well worth while to notice some few of the incidents of his earlier life, and especially such as elucidate his character.

Robert Clive was born at the manor-house of Styche, near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire, on the 29th of September, 1725. His father was Richard Clive, an attorney, and possessor of the small estate of Styche, of which we find his family were proprietors so far back as in the reign of Henry II. His mother was a Miss Gaskill of Manchester. Robert was the eldest of thirteen children, six sons and seven daughters, and was sent, before he was three years old, to be brought up by a maternal aunt, who was married to a gentleman named Bayley, of Hope Hall, Manchester. Whatever was the reason for this arrangement, he appears to have been treated at Hope Hall with kindness, and to have always looked back to that scene of his childhood with affectionate remembrance. He was of a wayward and impetuous temper, and early showed the boldness of his character. Writing of him in his seventh year, Mr. Bayley describes him as "beyond measure addicted to fighting," and speaks of his desire "to suppress the hero," that he may "bring forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence and patience." This temperament was not improved by the nature of his education, which was desultory, *caught up at different schools, at all of*

which, however, he gained a character for intrepidity.

"It is told of him at Market-Drayton," says Mr. Gleig, "that for the purpose of getting a smooth stone out of a water-spout, with which to make ducks and drakes, he ascended to the top of the church-tower, and let himself down on the parapet-wall, to the distance of at least three feet. He is described as putting himself at the head of all the good-for-nothing lads in the same town, and after a series of petty outrages on the trades-people, compelling them to pay a sort of black-mail, as the price of the discontinuance of the nuisance. Finally, his determination of purpose was shown, when, on the breaking down of a mound of turf, by means of which his banditti were laboring to turn a dirty water-course into the shop-door of an obnoxious dealer, he threw himself into the gutter, and filled the breach with his body till his companions were in a condition more effectually to repair the damage."

These are no hopeful exploits, but they may indicate the energy which he afterwards displayed. Young Robert was destined by his father for his own profession; but seeing that it was ill-suited to his irregular and unsettled spirit, he succeeded in obtaining for him something more nearly congenial, in a writership in the service of the East India Company. This was not, at that period, very difficult to obtain, and indeed was no great prize. The junior clerks were hard-worked and badly paid, and much tempted to get into debt. In the year 1743, and the eighteenth of his age, Robert Clive embarked for Madras. The ship in which he sailed was ill-found, and was detained some months in the Brazils, during which time he applied himself to gain a knowledge of the Portuguese language. He thus did not reach India until 1744, and the consequence of the protracted voyage was, that he had expended all his money, and was obliged to borrow, and at a rate of interest which irritated and distressed him. He was at this time wayward and improvident, and it is therefore no wonder that we find him liable to paroxysms of extreme despondency. It is said that in one of these he attempted suicide. The circumstance is referred to by Boswell and Johnson; and the story, as given by Mr. Gleig, is this:—

"One day he withdrew to his own room in Writers' Buildings, and there shut himself up. An hour or two afterwards one of his companions knocked at the door and was admitted. He found Clive seated in a remote corner of the apartment, with a table near him, on which lay a pistol. 'Take it and fire it over the window,' said Clive,

pointing to the weapon. His friend did so; and no sooner was the report heard, than Clive, springing from his seat, exclaimed—'I feel that I am reserved for some end or another. I twice snapped that pistol at my own head, and it would not go off!'

Mr. Gleig gives the anecdote as apocryphal; but we are inclined altogether to disbelieve it. It is improbable that a pistol which, when twice snapped, missed fire, should go off at last; but what is more material, and to us decisive, is, that though fond of referring to the occurrences of his early life in India, Lord Clive was never known to mention this circumstance. Moody and improvident as he then was, with bad habits, and without religion, we do not believe that he ever contemplated that crime. The following incident rests on better grounds, and is more characteristic. It took place when he fled, as we formerly mentioned, from Madras to Fort St. David:—

"For some time after his arrival in the latter place, Clive appears to have led a life of unprofitable idleness. His services were not required in a factory already overstocked with clerks, whom the progress of hostilities compelled, in a great measure, to suspend their commercial undertakings; and he sought sometimes at the gaming-table that escape from dejection which he could not find either in study, or in the duties of his station. It happened upon a certain occasion that two officers, with whom he had been engaged in play, were detected in the act of cheating. They had won considerable sums of money from various persons present, and among the rest from Clive; but he having satisfied himself of the nature of their proceedings, refused to pay. A quarrel ensued, and one of them demanded satisfaction. The combatants met without seconds to settle the dispute, and Clive, having the first fire, delivered it to no purpose, and stood at the mercy of his adversary. The latter walking up, presented his pistol at Clive's head, and desired him to ask his life. This was done without hesitation; but when the other went to demand an apology, and the retraction of the charge of cheating, Clive refused to give either.

" 'Then I will shoot you,' exclaimed the bully.

" 'Shoot, and be damned!' replied Clive. 'I said you cheated; I say so still, and I will never pay you.'

"The officer, declaring the young man to be mad, threw away his weapon, and there the matter ended; for Clive, when urged to bring the whole case under the cognizance of the authorities, declined to do so, and religiously abstained from referring, even in private society, to the behavior of his late opponent at cards.

" 'I will not do him an injury on any account,' was his answer. 'I will never pay what he unfairly won; but he has given me my life, and

from me he shall take no hurt under any circumstances.'"—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, p. 10.

While at St. David's, Clive volunteered his services in the defence of that fort, and the character he was making for intrepidity, no doubt assisted him in exchanging his writership for a commission in the army, which he obtained early in the year 1747. He was from that moment almost constantly employed in active duties, and gained on several occasions the marked approbation of his commanders, especially at the attack on a fort named Devi Cottah, where he was appointed to lead the forlorn hope.

We now resume our general narrative, and, at the same time, reach the period of an exploit which gave celebrity to the name of Clive, and formed an epoch in the history of British India.

Chunda Sahib, Nabob of Arcot, aided by the French, was laying siege to Trichinopoly, the only stronghold in the Carnatic which was now left to our faithful friend Mohammed Ali; and in order to make a diversion in his favor, Clive conceived the plan of attacking Arcot, the nabob's capital. The force at his disposal was so small, that this attempt at a diversion appeared to be too daring; but as it afforded something like hope for their parting cause, it was adopted. We transcribe from Mr. Gleig's book a short description of the place:—

"Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, at the period when the Carnatic formed a separate province of the Souhbadarry of the Deccan, stands upon the left bank of the river Palar, and, like most other Indian cities of similar importance, consists of a pettah, or tower, and a citadel. The present city is of modern growth, having been built by the Mahomedans in 1716, on or near the site of the Soramundalum of Ptolemy. The citadel, of which the outlines still remain, was accounted, even in the middle of the last century, a place of no great strength. It had the defect, not uncommon in eastern fortresses, of being surrounded on all sides by the town, of which the houses came up to the glacis, and commanded the ramparts. It was very extensive, too, measuring upwards of a mile in circumference; and of the towers which flanked the defences at intervals, several were in ruins, while the remainder were so circumscribed in their dimensions, as not to admit of more than a single piece of ordnance being mounted on each. The walls, badly built at the first, were already loose, and portions had fallen down; the ramparts were too narrow to accommodate a field-piece in action; a low and slight parapet imperfectly screened them; and the ditch, beside being more or less choked up, had a space of ten feet between it and the bottom of the counterescarp, intended, without doubt, for a second

braye, but left unfinished. Finally, the two gates by which the fortress communicated with the town, were placed in clumsy covered-ways, which projected at least forty feet beyond the walls, and opened upon causeways or mounds run through the ditch, without any cut or opening for the span of a drawbridge having been let into them.

"In this place, of which the population might be estimated at a hundred thousand or more, the nabobs of the Carnatic were accustomed to hold their court. They inhabited a gorgeous palace, and looked round from it upon streets, narrow as those of eastern towns generally are, but built with considerable regularity. The bazaars or market-places were good, and well supplied; and a manufactory of cloth, besides giving employment to a portion of the inhabitants, brought in a considerable revenue to the viceregal treasury. All these had fallen into the hands of Chunda Sahib immediately after the battle which cost Anas-u-deer his life, and the place was occupied by a garrison of his troops, of which the strength was represented as amounting to eleven hundred men."

—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, pp. 33-4.

On the 26th of August, 1751, Clive left Madras to assail this celebrated city. His force consisted of two hundred European soldiers, three hundred sepoy, and an artillery train of three light field pieces. As they approached Arcot, they encountered a fearful storm, and the spies from the town seeing them advance in order through it, returned in terror, and made an exaggerated report of their strength. The Mahomedan governor, in consequence, evacuated the citadel, and the English marched into it. Arcot was thus won; but the greater difficulty remained of defending it against the large force which Clive knew would be sent to retake it. He accordingly made instant preparations to resist a siege. He sent to Madras for two 18-pounders, availed himself of light cannon which he found in the place, laid in provisions, and repaired the defences as best he could. During all this time, he was exposed to constant attacks from the Mahomedan force, which, though it had evacuated the town, had taken up a good position in the neighborhood, and was considerably increased. When the guns, for which he had sent to Madras, were on their way, Clive learned that the enemy were watching in a large body to take them, and he accordingly despatched for their protection his whole force, excepting only thirty Europeans and fifty sepoy, reserved to guard the fort. Apprised of his condition, the Moguls, instead of attacking the guns, assailed the citadel, but Clive, with his small garrison, made so bold a defence, that he beat them off, and at daylight on the follow-

ing morning had the happiness to see his troops returning with the guns and stores.

The occupation of Arcot operated precisely as Clive had anticipated. The nabob detached a large force from before Trichinopoly, and his son, Rajah Sahib, approached with ten thousand men, of whom one hundred and fifty were French soldiers, to regain his father's capital:—

"For fifty days he pressed the siege with all the vigor of which an Indian general was capable. A constant fire of musketry from the houses on the glacis swept the ramparts. Heavy guns battered in the breach, until they brought down a wide extent of wall, and the utmost vigilance was exerted in order to prevent supplies of provisions from being conveyed into the place. Clive, on his part, was indefatigable, and the devoted courage of his handful of troops passes all praise. Indeed here, as, in our own time, in the noble defence of Jellalabad, European and native rivalled each other in heroism and endurance. It was during the height of this siege that an instance of self-devotion on the part of the native soldiers occurred, of which the memory can never fade away. The stock of rice beginning to fail, the sepoy waited upon Clive, and besought him that he would restrict his issues to their European comrades. All that they desired, or, indeed, would accept, was the water in which the grain had been boiled; and upon this thin gruel they sustained the labors of the siege for many days."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, p. 36.

An offer was made to Clive, of a large sum, if he would surrender the town; but this was rejected with scorn. The besieged, too, made several bold sallies, and though some lives were sacrificed, which could ill be spared, the spirit of our soldiers was sustained, and the natives were impressed with a high idea of their valor. There was a Mahratta chief named Morari Rou, who, with six thousand horse, was hovering on the frontiers of the Carnatic, waiting the issue of the siege of Trichinopoly, to see which side he would take. Clive contrived to communicate with him, and, struck with admiration of the English, the Mahratta agreed to assist them; and his standards were soon seen from the towers. Rajah Sahib had thus no course but to attempt to take the place by storm, and his assault is well described by Mr. Gleig:—

"The 14th of November is a day kept holy by the worshippers of Mohammed, in honor of the murder of the brothers, Hassar and Hossur, two of the most illustrious of the saints and martyrs in their calendar. The festival is observed in Hindostan with an exceeding fervor, the devotees deepening the sentiment by the free use of bang, an intoxicating drug, of which one of the effects is

either to stupefy altogether, or to inflame the individual who is under its influence into madness. Rajah Sahib fixed this day for his final assault on the citadel of Arcot, in the well-grounded conviction that numbers who, under ordinary circumstances, might have done their duty, and no more, would, when inspired by the combined influence of religious zeal and intoxication, force their way through all opposition, or perish in the attempt. He could not, however, conceal his purpose from Clive, who made every necessary disposition to thwart it, and who lay down to rest only after he had seen that all was in readiness for the storm. It came with the dawn of the morning, and lasted in its fury about an hour. Four columns advanced to the attack of four different points, two assailing the breaches, two endeavoring to force open the gates. The latter process they attempted by driving before them elephants, having their foreheads covered with plates of iron; the former they executed, some by passing over the ruins which choked the ditch, others endeavoring to cross where the water was deep, upon a raft. The elephants, galled by the musketry of the garrison, turned round, and trampled upon their own people. The assailants who endeavored to clamber over the fallen masses of rubbish, were cut down by discharges from behind the parapet; and Clive, directing with his own hand a field-piece at the raft, cleared it in a moment. In a word, the enemy was repulsed at every point, in spite of the frantic efforts of those who led them, and drew off, leaving not fewer than four hundred dead bodies in the ditch, or scattered over the piece of ground which interposed between it and the bottom of the wall.

"Clive's loss in this encounter was very trifling. It amounted to no more than five or six men; and well was it for him that the casualties did not prove more serious. His corps, originally small, had become so reduced by hard service, that there remained to meet this final assault no more than eighty European and one hundred and twenty sepoy soldiers; while the whole of his officers, with but a solitary exception, were placed *hors du combat*. Perhaps, too, he had reason to be thankful that the enemy, discouraged by the extent of their losses, and fearful of an attack from the Mahrattas in their rear, did not renew the attempt. They continued, however, throughout the day, and until the night was far advanced, to harass him with a constant musketry-fire from the houses, which they intermitted only for an hour or two, in order to bury their dead. But this suddenly ceased about one or two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, when intelligence came in that they had retreated; and a patrol sent out to ascertain whether the case were so, brought back a report that not a man remained in the town."—*Ibid*, pp. 37-8.

The immediate results of this achievement were of the greatest importance. It established the reputation of the English, attached to their interest many of the wavering native princes, and led to the rapid overthrow of the French power in the Carnatic. On the even-

ing of his triumph, Clive received a reinforcement from Madras, and, aided by the Mahrattas, he lost no time in following the enemy, whom he again defeated at Arnee. The French contingents suffered severely in that battle; and a regiment of sepoys, six hundred strong, who were in their service, deserted with their arms, and joined Clive. The Mahomedan Governor of Arnee also joined him, with the force under his command. Other successes followed with, as it seemed, hardly the intervention of a halt. Clive also levelled to the ground a column which Dupleix had erected, commemorative of the foundation of the French empire in the East, together with a town which he had built around it, and called by his name. He then advanced to the relief of Trichinopoly, and aided his superior officer, Major Lawrence, in delivering it from a long blockade. M. Law, the French engineer, who directed the siege, retired with the force under his command; but, being pursued, was, after some skirmishing, compelled to capitulate. On one of these last occasions, when attacked at night, in the village of Samiaveram, Clive had more than a single escape. The French, in making the attack, had placed in their van forty English deserters, who answered the challenge of the English sentries, and thus took them by surprise. As Clive sprang from his mattress, a musket-ball struck the chest on which he lay; and at the close of the affair, one of the deserters, while speaking about submission, "fired at him," says Mr. Gleig, "and killed two non-commissioned officers, on whose shoulders he leant, loss of blood having rendered him unable to stand upright."

It is to the honor of Dupleix, that amidst these sore disasters he did not despair. His great ally, Chunda Sahib, had perished; the European force, on which he most relied, was gone; and he was deprived of almost every stronghold which he had possessed in the Carnatic. Still he was not without resources, and he availed himself of them with admirable ability. He had one friend, and he was well acquainted with the courts and politics of India. It is true that the new Nabob of the Carnatic was the nominee of the English; but the ruling prince of the Deccan had gained his throne by means of the courage and military skill of M. Bussy, the agent of Dupleix, by whose influence he was now altogether swayed. Dupleix made every effort to induce the Soubahdur of the Deccan, as this prince was called, to dethrone the new-made Nabob of the Carnatic, who had been heretofore regarded as his dependent. He

also freely expended his private fortune in intriguing with our allies ; and it accordingly became known that he was likely to re-appear with fresh vigor in the field. When this intelligence was conveyed to Europe, the rival companies both expressed extreme aversion to the renewal of a war. Their commercial profits had woefully decreased ; and as, in comparison with this, they cared little for territory or renown, they anxiously applied to their respective governments to have an arrangement concluded which should secure them peace. In consequence of this, a negotiation was entered on, and the result was, that Dupleix was superseded, and a treaty signed which was most advantageous to the English. This abrupt and unlooked-for termination of all his ambitious hopes was rendered the more galling to Dupleix, by his reception in France. He received little acknowledgment for his stupendous exertions, and no remuneration for his large personal losses. It appeared, by his accounts, that he had advanced about £400,000 sterling during the war, being partly his own money, and partly funds borrowed from the French merchants of Pondicherry, on his bonds. This the French East India Company refused to pay, on the ground that he had exceeded his authority ; and when he commenced a lawsuit to enforce his rights, the ministry interfered, quashed the proceedings in the king's name, and awarded to him the iniquitous satisfaction of letters of protection against his creditors. He lived for a while in retirement, and died unnoticed. Such was the career of Dupleix, the ablest of the French in India ; and it brings painfully but forcibly to our mind, that of our own Asiatic statesman, Hastings, whom he resembled in the largeness of his views, in self-sacrifice and energetic zeal, and, we blush to say it, in the character of his fate.

The affairs of the company in India being now regarded as in a highly prosperous condition, Clive returned to England,\* where, though he had but the rank of captain, and had not yet attained his twenty-eighth year, he was received with public honors, entertained at corporation dinners, and presented by the court of directors with a diamond-hilted sword, which, with a becoming modesty, he declined to accept, until his senior officer, the veteran Lawrence, had received another. He had amassed a considerable fortune,† but he

embarked in an election contest, and his habits were in other respects so expensive, that he would in all probability have been soon embarrassed, were it not that, after an interval of two years, he was called on to return to India. War had again broken out between France and England, and the former, repining at the advantages she had lost, was determined to encourage and support her agents in their efforts to restore and extend her influence in the East. The English, too, had a more immediate, and still more formidable enemy, in a first-rate native power, the Nabob of Bengal. Under these circumstances, Clive was given the commission of a lieutenant-colonel by the Crown, and appointed to the command of an artillery and infantry force, with which he embarked for India in 1755. His orders were to act, in the first place, against the French in the Deccan, but soon after his arrival he was compelled to proceed to Bengal, to avenge one of the foulest acts of cruelty which ever stained the annals of mankind, and which, it is well to remark, led almost directly to the establishment of our dominion in India.

The Carnatic had hitherto been the theatre of our Eastern conflicts ; the scene was now to change to Bengal, the richest, most populous, and most powerful of all the subdivisions of the Mogul empire. Suraj-a-Doulah, the young nabob of that province, was rash, ignorant, and unfeeling. He threatened to extirpate the English, and thought it would be as easy to accomplish as to express his wish. "For," said he, "there are not ten thousand men in all Europe, and how can they retaliate ?" On some pretext for being displeased, this prince moved his powerful army towards Calcutta, and as he approached the gates, the governor, the few military, and all who could, fled to the ships in terror, a terror not unfounded. When the last boat had pushed off, the nabob's troops were entering the town, and there were still one hundred and ninety Europeans who had no means of escape. These took refuge in the fort, where they were assailed by the nabob's troops, to whom, after a gallant but vain defence, they were compelled to surrender. Their number was now reduced to one hundred and forty-six, and, as the evening drew on, the guards marched them to a small chamber, which had served as the prison of the fortress, and was called the *black-hole*. It was a room eighteen feet by fourteen, ill-

\* He had just before married, in Madras, Miss Margaret Maskelyne, a sister of the celebrated astronomer-royal.

† His first application of it was to pay off a

mortgage, which pressed heavily on his father's property.

ventilated by two small windows, which were barred with iron, and which opened into a verandah. Mr. Holwell, who was a member of council, and the chief of the English there, remonstrated against the cruelty of forcing them into so small an apartment, but the officer of the guard threatened to cut down any man who refused to enter, and the prisoners, seeing that it was useless to resist, suffered themselves to be packed in, which being done with difficulty, the door was locked. The night was the 19th of June, and was even more sultry than is usual at that time of the year there. Many of the prisoners were suffering from their wounds—some others, soldiers, were inflamed with arrack, which they had been drinking in the fort. The horrors all endured are too dreadful to be detailed. They tried to burst the door, and seek relief from the scimitars of the guards. Mr. Holwell offered one of the inferior officers, who showed some sympathy for their fate, 1,000 rupees, if he could get them distributed into two apartments. He went to try; but on his return said that the nabob was asleep, and that no change could be made. The sum was now doubled, and he tried again, but returning, he said that nothing could be done, that the nabob was still asleep, and that nobody could dare to waken him. There was now no hope. The air was pestilential, some were suffocated, others were trampled to death, and there was a frantic struggle to get near the windows. The officer who had been before appealed to, forced in some skins of water through the bars, but this seemed only to increase their misery. The contests for the liquid were fearful; and the soldiers without, with a demon feeling, held up lights to see and enjoy the gestures of the combatants. Some sought, by incentives, to tempt the guards to fire upon them; others were raving mad; and midst this wailing scene, the only cry that was not one of horror, was that of prayer. At two o'clock, only fifty were alive; and when Sarajah awoke, at six in the morning, and gave orders for the door to be opened, only twenty-three were taken out alive, ghastly and insensible.

It is said that the nabob did not actually mean to cause so dreadful a catastrophe. Possibly he did not much consider all the horrors which would follow; but it is quite plain that he gave the order for imprisonment; for when he awoke in the morning, his first question had reference to the sufferers, inquiring in what condition they were; and even then his hardened indifference to their fate showed his cruelty. When Mr.

Holwell, who was one of the survivors, was brought into his presence, weak and scarcely sensible, he expressed no regret for his sufferings, no sorrow for those who had perished, but proceeded sternly to interrogate him on the far more interesting topic of the treasure which he supposed was concealed in the fort. Mill, with an air of liberality which so often appears in his work, just when it ought not, throws the blame of the transaction on the English themselves, on the ground that they had no business to have so *confined* a prison. It was, no doubt, large enough for all the purposes of the English factory at that time.

As soon as the news of this massacre, and of the fall of Calcutta, reached Madras, it was determined in council there, to prepare an expedition forthwith, to retake the possessions of the English, and avenge their wrongs. After some delay, arising out of personal feelings and jealousies between the company's and the king's service, an armament was fitted out, consisting of 900 Europeans and 1,500 sepoy, with a fleet of five ships under the command of Admiral Watson, and the control of the whole was confided to Clive. The force was small, considering the powerful despot it was destined to assail; but Clive said that his Europeans "were full of spirit and of resentment," and he had no doubt of their success. On the 2d of January, 1757, they retook Calcutta, which had been abandoned by the nabob, who was concentrating his troops at some distance from that town. Although his army amounted to 40,000 men, Clive determined to make a night attack upon his camp. Owing to some errors in the execution of this plan, he was not successful, but was obliged to retire with a considerable loss; still the effort was so daring, and the courage exhibited by his men so remarkable, that the movement had all the influence of a victory. The nabob sought rather to negotiate than to fight; and although Clive had no reliance on his character, he conceived himself bound, in the critical position in which he was placed, to treat with him, if it were practicable. A compact was accordingly made, by which great advantages were conferred upon the English. Clive, however, seems to have relied but little on the stability of this peace; for, in communicating the details of it to the directors, he observes, "that it cannot be expected that the princes of this country, whose fidelity is always to be suspected, will remain firm to their engagements and promises from principle only." There was great



reason for the caution conveyed in these remarks; for it afterwards appeared that the seal had not been put to the treaty, before the nabob was engaged in making overtures to the French, to assist him in expelling the English from Bengal. This was a contingency on which Clive had counted; and his first object after making peace with the nabob, was to march against the French factory at Chandernagore, where they had a thriving establishment, and a force about equal to his own. He claimed the nabob's agreement to this proceeding, on the ground that the English and the French were then at war. The nabob tried hard to evade giving his assent, but, after some correspondence, Clive advanced against this place, and took it by storm. In this expedition he acted on his own responsibility, disregarding orders from Madras, which recalled him there. He was aware of the efforts which the French government were making for the recovery of their influence in the East; he knew that M. Bussy, with a European and a large native force, was at no great distance from Bengal; and he clearly saw that a French and English power could not co-exist in India; he therefore concluded that he was consulting the interest of England, and the honor of her arms, in assailing her ablest enemy, while he could do so to advantage. On effecting this conquest, he made the further discovery that the nabob was actually in treaty with M. Bussy. He then determined to incur the further responsibility of declaring war against this prince, and of taking part in a conspiracy to dethrone him. "He is," said Clive, "a villain, and either he or we must be upset." Suraj-a-Doulah was, as we may easily conceive such a monster must have been, well hated. His tyranny had rendered him unpopular with most of the leaders in his court and camp, and his exactions had set many of the men of wealth against him. There was one feature in the Mogul polity which contributed a good deal to the insecurity of an unjust ruler. While the administration of justice, and every military appointment, was kept in the hands of the Mussulmans, all that related to finance was abandoned to the Hindoos. They were the conductors of money arrangements, the bankers in large towns, the money-lenders in the villages. "I prefer Hindoos as managers and renters, to those of my own religion," said Ameer-ul-Omra, the minister of the nabob of the Carnatic, "because a Mahomedan is like a sieve, and a Hindoo like a sponge. Whatever you put into the one

runs through; the other retains it all, and you may recover it any moment by the application of a little pressure." This pressure, however, very much disposed its victims to aid in conspiracies, and their influence was usually great. Amongst those who had suffered by the fall of Calcutta was a native banker, named Omichund, who was artful and avaricious, and who hoped, by political intrigues, to replace his losses. He was mainly the channel through which Clive communicated with the disaffected in the nabob's camp. Their wish was to set the latter aside, and to make Meer Jaffier, the commander-in-chief of his army, their ruler in his stead. The latter took an undecided part, evidently wishing to adhere to his master until he saw that he could desert him with safety. It was also plain that Omichund was not to be depended on, for after having stipulated for an enormous reward, under the name of compensation, he told the English that unless they secured him the further sum of £300,000, as recompense for his agency, he would go over to Suraj-a-Doulah, and apprise him of the conspiracy. "Promise him," said Clive, "all he asks, and draw up any form of engagement which shall satisfy him, and secure us against his treachery." This was done in a manner, which, if it be at all defensible, certainly shows that Clive was not over scrupulous. The expedient was a fictitious agreement, a proceeding which, in our mind, no emergency could justify.\*

This was the condition of affairs when Suraj-a-Doulah commanded his army, amounting to upwards of 55,000 men, with a large park of artillery, to advance against the English towards the plains of Plassey. The order was at once obeyed; and Clive, who had been assured that Meer Jaffier would come over and join him with his large division, saw no symptom of such a move. He had, moreover, intelligence that Bussy, with a disciplined force, was moving to the nabob's aid. The rains too were at hand, and the council

\* Two agreements were prepared, one written on red paper, promising all that Omichund had asked—the other, on white paper, giving him nothing. Admiral Watson signed the latter, but refused to sign the other, to which, however, his name was affixed by the committee. The Hindoo was deceived, and when, after the battle of Plassey, he claimed his reward, he was told, "The red treaty is a sham, you are to have nothing." The wretched man fell into the arms of an attendant, never uttered a complaint, became an idiot, and shortly after died. It is but right to add, that Clive never could see anything wrong in the transaction, and that his biographer, Sir John Malcom, defends it.

at Madras were imploring him to return, as all there were in alarm, daily expecting to be besieged by a French armament, known to be on its way from Europe. In this predicament, Clive made a false step; for the first and last time of his life he called a council of war. His whole force consisted of 3,000 men, one-third of them English, the rest sepoy, and his artillery consisted of eight six-pounders and a howitzer. The question which he propounded was, "Whether, in our present situation, without assistance, and on our own bottom, it would be prudent to attack the nabob; or whether we should wait till joined by some country power?" Clive spoke first, and voted for delay; he was joined by eight others, and seven were for an immediate attack, so that the council, which was composed of sixteen officers, was nearly divided. The question was regarded as definitely settled, and Clive retired to a grove, where, resting under a tree, he revolved the matter again in his mind for a whole hour, and then, regardless of the decision of the council, and of his own expressed opinion, announced his intention of attacking the enemy. No one describes a battle better than Mr. Gleig, and we therefore transcribe from his pages the triumph of Plassey:—

"At dawn of day on the 22d, the army began to cross the river; by four in the afternoon the last division was safely across. No halt ensued. The boats being towed against the stream with great labor, the infantry and guns pushed forward; and after a march of fifteen miles, the whole bivouacked, about three in the morning of the 23d, in a grove, or small wood, not far from Plassey.

"Clive's intelligence had led him to expect that the enemy were in position at Cossimbogus. A rapid march had, however, carried them on to Plassey, where they occupied the line or entrenched camp, which, during the siege of Chandernagore, Roydullub had thrown up, and scarcely were the British troops lain down, ere the sound of drums, clarions, and cymbals warned them of the proximity of danger. Picquets were immediately pushed forward, and sentinels planted, and for an hour or two longer the weary soldiers and camp-followers were permitted to rest.

"Day broke at last, and forth from their entrenched camp the hosts of Suraj-a-Doula were seen to pour. 40,000 foot, armed, some with match-locks, others with spears, swords, and bows, overspread the plain; fifty pieces of cannon moved with them, each mounted upon a sort of wheeled-platform, which a long team of white oxen dragged, and an elephant pushed onwards from the rear. The cavalry numbered 15,000; and it was observed that in respect both of their horses and equipments, they were very superior to any which Clive and the soldiers of the Carnatic

had seen on their own side of India. The fact was, that this force consisted almost entirely of Rajpoots, or Patans, soldiers from their childhood, and individually brave and skilful with their weapons. But among them, not less than among the infantry, the bond of discipline was wanting; and placing no reliance one upon the other, their very multitude became to them a source of weakness. On the other hand, Clive's small, but most pliable army, stood silent as the grave. It consisted of about 1,100 Europeans, inured to toil, and indifferent to danger, and of 2,000 sepoy, who, trained in the same school, had imbibed no small share of the same spirit. Of these Europeans a portion of Adlercron's regiment constituted perhaps the flower. The name of Adlercron has long since ceased to be had in remembrance; but the gallant 39th still carry with them, wherever they go, a memorial of that day—the word "Plassey," and the proud motto, "*Primus in Indis*," standing emblazoned upon their colors, beside many a similar record of good service performed in Spain and in the south of France.

"The battle of Plassey began at daybreak, and was continued for many hours, with a heavy cannonade on the part of the enemy, to which the guns of the English warmly replied. The fire of the latter told at every sound; that of the former was much more noisy than destructive, partly because Clive sheltered his men behind a mud fence which surrounded the grove, partly because the nabob's artillerymen were as unskilful as their weapons were cumbrous. No decisive movement was, however, made on either side, for Clive felt himself too weak in numbers to act on the offensive: besides, he still expected that Meer Jaffer would come over to him, and until some indication of the anticipated move were given, he did not consider that he would be justified in quitting his ground. The nabob's troops, on the other hand, were such as the ablest general could not pretend to manœuvre under fire, and able generals were wholly wanting to them. Under these circumstances Clive, whom excessive fatigue had worn out, lay down and slept, although not until he had given directions that, in the event of any change occurring, he should be immediately called. Accordingly, about noon, one of his people awoke him, and said that the enemy were retiring. He started up; the day, it appeared, being overcast, a heavy shower had followed, which so damaged the enemy's powder, that their artillery became in a great degree useless; and as they trusted entirely to their superiority in that arm, they no longer ventured to keep the field. In a moment, Clive gave the word to advance. There was one little band attached to the nabob's force which served him in good stead that day. It consisted of about forty French soldiers, European and native, the remains of the garrison of Chandernagore, with four light field-pieces. Against these Clive first directed an attack to be made, and though they resisted stoutly, he drove them from a redoubt in which they were established, and seized their guns. With the apparent design of preventing this, the nabob's people again sallied forth; but they came on this time in a confused

mass, and a well-directed fire from the English guns first checked and then turned them. Advantage was promptly taken of the panic, no respite was given to the fugitives, for the victors entering with them pell-mell into their camp, soon converted the retreat into a flight. In an hour from the first movement of the English beyond the exterior of the grove, a battle, on which may be said to have hung the destinies of India, was decided."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, pp. 81, 82.

As the battle was closing, Clive observed a dense body of troops, on the enemy's left, moving obliquely towards his right. They made no communication, and were fired on as they approached. When the engagement was quite over, horsemen came in announcing that this was Meer Jaffier's corps, and that he sent his congratulations to the victors. On the following morning that chieftain entered the camp; but he was obviously uneasy, and appeared conscious of his duplicity; for he

was observed to change color when the guard turned out to receive him. Clive, however, soon calmed his fears. He received him with open arms, and hailed him as Nabob of Bengal, Bahar, and Ovisia. Such was the battle of Plassey, which forms the first great era in the history of British India. Fought under circumstances of great discouragement, it achieved for us the richest district of Hindostan, established England as a recognized power, and spread the terror of her arms throughout the provinces of the Mogul empire, then tottering to its fall.

Mr. Wilson's work, now completed, meets, we are quite sure, the expectations of the public. We much regret that he did not rewrite the history of the period embraced by Mill; but he has done the next best thing, by correcting the errors and fancies of that much-biassed author, in his well-considered notes.

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## DEATH OF IBRAHIM PASHA.

HIS Highness Ibrahim Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, died on the 10th Nov., and Abbas Pasha, his nephew, succeeds him in the Pashalic, according to the firman granted by the Sultan in June, 1841, at the close of the Syrian war, by which the succession to the Government of Egypt is to descend in a direct line to Mehemet Ali's male posterity, from the elder to the elder among his sons and grandsons. Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet Ali's son, was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in 1789, and was thus at the age of fifty-nine years at his death. His education was similar to what is generally given to Oriental princes; he spoke Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, which he also wrote with facility, and he employed several hours of the day in reading books on history, of which he was very fond; he knew no European language, but he regularly had the newspapers translated to him. Ibrahim Pasha has left only three sons living: Ahmed Bey, born in 1825; Ishmael Bey, born in 1830, both pursuing their studies in Paris; and Mustapha Bey, born in 1835, at present in Cairo. Ibrahim Pasha was buried with military honors, but with little ceremony, on the day of his death, in Mehemet Ali's

family tomb, in the vicinity of Cairo. Abbas Pasha, who succeeds Ibrahim in the government of the country, was born in Arabia in 1813. He is the son of Toussoon Pasha, Mehemet Ali's second son, who died of the plague in the year 1816, and his right to the succession arises from his being at present the eldest living male member of Mehemet Ali's family. Abbas Pasha has hitherto led a very quiet life, and has been for many years Governor of Cairo. He has had, from his own option, little intercourse with the Europeans; he is a strict Mahomedan, and on this account the natives are glad of his accession. Abbas Pasha is well versed in Oriental literature; he has a thorough knowledge of the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages, and he occupies much of his time in reading and writing. It is expected that the new Viceroy will be favorably inclined towards the English, in consequence of the courtesy shown to him at the outset of his new career by Captain Frushard, for whom, and the officers of his steamer, handsome presents, consisting of swords, mouthpieces, and snuff-boxes, have already been despatched from Cairo to Suez.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## ABD-EL-KADER.

EVERY condition of society produces its remarkable men. The savage, who spends his life in hunting wild beasts and in fighting with his brother savage, whose knowledge of the arts scarcely extends beyond the manufacture of war-weapons, and whose civilization has not even yet taught him what we esteem to be the decencies of life, has his hero and *beau ideal* of manly virtue, just as the most refined partisan has. In all the phases of social condition there have been men who may be termed the history-makers—men who have stood out in bold relief from their fellows, and have rendered their nations famous through their own individual activities. If we look into humanity we will find that all national fame has resulted from the acts of a very small number of men in any nation, the spheres and degrees of fame increasing and extending, of course, as the sciences and arts multiply. In savage warlike nations, such as the tribes of North America and those of the Caucasus, oratory and physical daring are the two most famous attributes of a man; indeed they are the only virtues of manhood that are regarded as worthy of cultivation and distinction by primitive nations. Oratory and military skill also maintain a high state of distinction in the most civilized states; but they are not the only elements of distinction, for famous mechanicians and artists are esteemed worthy of great honor amongst those who cultivate the arts of peace, and who have risen from that abnormal condition called savage life, in which the animal nature receives its fullest development, to that higher state of intellectual existence called civilization.

Primitive nations can only produce two sorts of great men, then—their orators and warriors. The fame of the former is never likely to extend beyond his tribe; that of the latter may extend over a wide circle, and come down to a distant posterity. Oratory only operates upon the kindred council; war is a scourge that the stranger feels, and of course remembers; so that the savage war-

rior is generally glorified and exalted, while the savage orator is only esteemed so long as his tongue can be heard among his people. One other cause of the equal estimation in which a warrior is held both in civilized and savage life is that, in these two conditions of society, the warlike capacities are identical. The most inhuman savage on the battle-field is morally on a par with the most skilful and courageous general; so that Schamyl, who leads his dauntless Circassians against the Russians, or Tecumseh, who combined the Indian tribes against the United States, or Abd-el-Kader, who led his Arab hosts against the French, were and are all equal in the high warlike attributes, and certainly far more noble in purpose than the so-called Christian generals with whom they have contended.

Abd-el-Kader was the third son of an old Arab merchant, whose tribe dwelt in the plain of Ghris, to the south of Oran. The ambition of the father, the genius of the son, and the condition of the Arabs of the plain, combined to produce those circumstances which have rendered the young emir illustrious. The old marabout's ambition is said to have been stimulated by prophetic assurances that his would become a most exalted and famous family. The courage, firmness and intellectual energy of Abd-el-Kader pointed him out as the object through which his house was to become great among the tribes, while the tyranny of the Turks, and the growing discontent of the Arabs whom they oppressed, pointed to the means by which this greatness should come. Abd-el-Kader was, from his infancy, carefully educated in all the Mussulman superstitions, and he early discovered that thoughtful and solitary austerity so much esteemed as an evidence of sanctity among the Orientals. In addition to his religious fervor, he was early remarkable for an enthusiastic patriotism; and although small and apparently weakly in form, was distinguished above all his compeers for physical strength and endurance, and the

ease with which he could manage the most fiery steed. Although withheld by religious considerations from rebelling against the Turkish oppressors of his country, he was soon brought into collision with them. No devout Mussulman who is able to make the pilgrimage to Mecca neglects to do so once in his life; so that the young chief and his father, when the former was not yet twenty years of age, set out to visit the tomb of the Prophet, intending to embark from Oran, and proceed by sea. They were seized and insulted by the bey of Oran, and only escaped from being sacrificed to his vengeful fears by the coolness and courage of the young chief. Mahhi Eldin, the father of Abd-el-Kader, and the young man, visited the east, and remained there two years, not only visiting mosques and tombs of saints, but studying politics. The character, designs, and political sagacity of Mehemet Ali are said to have greatly influenced the young Arab; and his success in rendering his pachalic so formidable as a warlike power, and at the same time so consolidated as a nation, operated much to direct his ambition. With the experience deduced from travel and observation, the aged marabout and his son returned home to reflect upon the condition of their nation, and to watch in their tents an opportunity of shaking off the intolerable tyranny of the anarchical military power which sold the pachalics of Algiers, Oran, and the other provinces, to the highest bidders, and, like the Roman prætorian guard, deposed their pachas at will, while they ground and oppressed the Arabs by a system of brigandage.

The conquest of Algiers by the French considerably modified the designs of Abd-el-Kader's father, but it hastened the event which had been so long looked for. Mussulman might not with consistency raise the sword against Mussulman, and for this reason had they borne so long; but now when the Frank had come to conquer their land and to triumph over their co-religionists, it behoved all true Mahommedans to rally round the crescent, and drive the French from Africa. The Turkish beys were no longer able to oppress the Arabs, and these latter had refused submission to them; but at the same time the father of Abd-el-Kader went about from tribe to tribe urging them to combine in one grand confederation, to choose a sultan or supreme chief, and to prepare for a holy war in defence of their religion. The representations and appeals of the old chief were successful, and an immense host of Arabs met, and attacked the French at Oran, but,

as they acted without concert and individual direction, they were repulsed with great loss. This repulse produced the necessity which was to constitute Abd-el-Kader sultan.

On the 27th of September, 1832, a great council was held at Ersebia, in the plain of Ghris, the leading member of which was the old marabout. He presented gifts to all the chiefs, impressed them individually with the necessity of choosing a sultan, and then, rising, he addressed the council upon the necessity of the true believers combining to rescue their brethren from the yoke of the Christians. He painted the future condition of the Arabs of the plain in the most fearful colors, and so operated by his eloquence upon the leaders of the tribes that they unanimously named him sultan. The politic old marabout declined this position, however, pleading his age as an excuse for his refusal, but he named his third son, Abd-el-Kader, as worthy of the honor, saying, "If I propose him in preference to his brothers, it is because I know him to be more capable; he is their superior in knowledge, education, skill in arms, and vigor of mind; and although his body is small and apparently weak, it contains a large soul and an iron will. He is active, cool, and indefatigable, full of ardent love for his country, and of zeal for our religion." The chiefs hesitated to accept one so young, however, even after this recommendation, but superstition completed what policy had begun. An aged chief suddenly declared that it had been revealed in a vision to him that Abd-el-Kader should be sultan; and, as the old man was held in high esteem for courage and probity, the nomination of the young chief was accepted with loud acclamations. Mahhi Eldin, laying hands upon Abd-el-Kader, cried aloud, "Behold your emir!" and the chiefs hastening towards him, threw themselves at his feet in token of submission.

From 1832 until 1847, Abd-el-Kader maintained one of the most unequal and remarkable strifes that are upon record. Sometimes, at the head of hosts of well-appointed warriors, he met and routed the bravest and most skilful soldiers of France; and at other times, with a broken and scanty following, he has eluded the closest pursuit. In all his daring and dangerous enterprises, he was accompanied by his mother, wife, and children; and although foiled by his European foe, deserted by his army, and reduced to the lowest condition that a warrior chief could be reduced, he always preserved those so dear to him safely about his person. He has been hunted like a wild beast for years past, and

his subjugation and death have been predicted times without number, but he again and again re-appeared upon the stage of action, visiting with a terrible vengeance the armies that have seized upon the country of his birth.

Abd-el-Kader is now about forty years of age. His countenance is characterized by a gentle, half-sorrowful expression, which impresses one with the idea that his predominant sentiment is a religious one. His person has something of the ascetic about it, and recalls the appearance of those monks of old who ever preferred the tumult of the camp to the tranquillity of the cloister. His Arab costume, too, which is longish in form, conduces to render his resemblance to the monks altogether very striking. Abd-el-Kader's brow is large; his face is oval in form, little, and very pale. His eyes are black, soft, and extremely beautiful; they are deep sunk, and generally cast down, but their quick and incessant motion offers a striking contrast to the habitual immobility of his other features. His beard is black, thick, and short. He has upon his forehead, between his eyes, a little blue tattooed mark peculiar to his tribe. It is in the form of a lozenge, and is perfectly visible. Abd-el-Kader is very small in stature, but he is well proportioned. His shoulders are a little bent, however, but this is a defect common to Arabs of low stature, in consequence of their carrying their heads much forward on horseback, and bearing heavy garments and shields on their backs capable of resisting sabre strokes. His cloak, according to the fashion of his country, is fastened to the top of his head by a cord of camel's hair. In his hands, which are finely formed and very white, he always carries a chaplet, which he counts, as all Mussulmans do, when he repeats his prayers. In conversation he is very lively and easy; his voice is deep and monotonous, but his delivery is extremely rapid. He frequently repeats a phrase which is very common amongst the Arabs, "In cha Allah," which he contracts to "In ch' Alla (If it please God)." He is sincerely and ardently pious; he is sober in his tastes, austere in his manners, simple in his dress, and devotedly respected and beloved by his soldiers, whose every fatigue he shared, and to whom he gave an example of all the warlike virtues; and so fortunate has he been in entirely escaping even from the most imminent of dangers, that the most superstitious of the Arabs believe him to be invulnerable. Anxiously desirous to justify the promises which his father had made of him when he assumed the command of the

tribes, he hastened to summon them to his standard, and in five days had twenty thousand men at his back, mounted, equipped and ready for the fray. The young emir did not allow time for their courage to cool, but immediately led them before Oran. Mahhi Eldin, with Ben Thami, his son-in-law, and Sidi Haly, the brother of Abd-el-Kader, accompanied him on this expedition, Sidi Haly acting as his lieutenant. Abd-el-Kader's native power was fortified by that of the Emperor of Morocco, whom he had the policy to acknowledge as his sovereign, and who encouraged him in his expeditions against the French.

The cities of Madeah and Miliiana, in the Barbary States, were held in the name of the Emperor of Morocco at the French invasion, and several places were still in the hands of the Turks, while the Moors and Koulouglis (or Turkish militia) held some provinces in conjunction; among others Kemeen, Mostaganene, and Coleah, the three principal divisions of the province of Constantine. Oran alone was in the hands of the French, and against this city Abd-el Kader led his forces. He attacked it with the greatest impetuosity. His own horse was slain under him, but his negro slave, Ben Abon, immediately remounted him, and he dashed headlong once more to the attack. Driven back repeatedly by the discharges of the French musketry, Abd-el-Kader again and again rallied his men, and led them to the walls amidst showers of bullets. He manifested the coolest intrepidity and the most daring hardihood. His clothes were riddled with balls, one of which slightly wounded his right foot, but this he took care to conceal, so that the belief of his invulnerability was augmented, and his fame, instead of being compromised, was strengthened by his two successive defeats. In this affair at Oran many Arabs and French were killed and wounded, and Abd-el-Kader had the misfortune to see fall at his side his courageous and gallant brother Haly, to whom his brother-in-law Ben Thami succeeded as lieutenant.

After the death of his son Haly, Mahhi Eldin, who was at the siege of Oran, did not go forth any more to battle. After having seen his son Abd-el-Kader proclaimed sultan, he was satisfied, and remained at home in his tent for the remainder of his life. He had accompanied the young emir at first, to insure to him by his presence the submission of his new subjects; his mission being accomplished, he retired to his guatna, which was the centre of Abd-el-Kader's hereditary

kingdom, and dwelt thenceforth in the heart of the tribe of Hachan, stimulating their devotion to their young chief. As the power of the emir rapidly increased through the talents and influence of the old marabout and his own transcendent genius, formidable rivals presented themselves to dispute his authority. The beys of Constantine and of Titerly had all along protested against the pretensions of the young sultan, as well as the invasion of the French. These powerful chiefs, divided amongst themselves from motives of personal ambition, now united, in the hope of subduing Abd-el-Kader with the help of the French. But he had anticipated them, by entering into a treaty of peace with General Desmichels, who rejected the propositions of the beys, and, in order to protect his new ally from their treachery, advanced against them with his army. During the continuance of this treaty, Abd-el-Kader returned to the guatna, to render the last tribute of filial affection to his now aged and dying father, who, shortly after his return, expired.

The great influence and accumulating power of Abd-el-Kader with his people began to receive the attention of the French, until at last, in order to consummate a design of permanently occupying Algiers, it was determined to suppress the young emir, and disorganize his power. General Desmichels had entered into a treaty with the sultan, and had recognized his sovereignty, as well as a definite territory, but the French soon found a pretext for breaking this treaty. Abd-el-Kader had crossed the Cheliff, the boundary fixed in the treaty, and General Trezil, glad of the pretext, collected his forces and led them against the Arabs. With an army of two thousand five hundred men, Trezil marched to the plain of Figuier, where Abd-el-Kader had twice before fixed his camp. Finding no Arabs here, he employed a deserter from the emir's forces to lead him upon the enemy. The French set out at four o'clock in the morning, with the hope of taking the emir by surprise and cutting his army in pieces. They found themselves suddenly involved, however, in a swamp, where their horses and baggage sunk so deep as to throw them into confusion, and where the feet of the men and the wheels of the carriages were obstructed by masses of rank herbage. After enduring much fatigue, the army at last passed through this swamp, and began to deploy leisurely upon a plain beyond it; and here it began to be supposed that the guide, to whose fidelity they had trusted,

had proved false, and the whisper of treason had just begun to circulate through the ranks, when suddenly the advance-guard was attacked by the cavalry of Abd-el-Kader, and the whole army was surrounded. The Arabs rushed upon the French with great impetuosity. The carriages, half-buried amongst the mud, could not be removed, and the horses sank under their riders to the stirrups. Confined to a narrow space, and treading upon a loose bottom, the army seemed to be a confused mass of men and horses, which the bullets of the Arabs incessantly mowed down. The battle was fierce and bloody, and the French were at last broken, routed, and obliged to retreat with great slaughter. The Arabs, always ready to give up the chase to pillage, ceased the pursuit, and the broken elements of the French army were collected and re-formed, and began to retreat in order. The flying host was still harassed by the horsemen of the desert, however, until it took up a strong position for the night; but when it began to move upon the morrow it was again furiously attacked. Twelve hundred Frenchmen fell in that expedition, nearly the half of the whole army, and almost all their baggage fell into Abd-el-Kader's hands.

This battle and defeat at Figuier decided the French government to send to Africa a large army and an energetic leader, in order to contend with and crush the bold and able emir. Marshal Clausel was intrusted with the expedition upon account of his courage, firmness, and long acquaintance with the African mode of warfare; and now it was that France began to develop her vast project of African dominion and colonization, by subduing a country whose government she affected to have merely gone to temporarily chastise. This old and experienced French soldier found, however, that he had no ordinary foe to contend with in the young emir. The war which the French had begun with the Dey of Algiers, ostensibly as a war of defence against the piratical practices of that potentate, was now by degrees extended and maintained as a war of territorial acquisition, and treaties were made and broken with the young emir upon the merest pretences, if such suited the purposes of the agents of French aggrandizement. The courage, the skill, the rapidity of his motions, and the suddenness and constancy of his attacks, have conducted to render the Algerine war to France one of the most expensive, deadly, and harassing in which she ever engaged, and has exhibited her in the most heartless, cruel, and savage aspect that ever civilized nation assumed.

She threw all the recognized chivalry of warfare aside, and, trampling under foot all the use and wont of national contention, began to commit those awful wholesale massacres and burnings called *razzias*, the memory of which will disgrace the name of Louis Philippe among civilized nations as long as the history of his reign remains. Men, women, and children were consigned to suffocation, and flames, and the murderous steel, not because they were active enemies of France, but because the armies of Abd-el-Kader were recruited from the *dohairs* in which they dwelt. A cruel, brutal war of extermination was begun, and those who could not conquer the young emir of the Arabs by the sword, sought to destroy all his hopes and his power by annihilating his people. If the object of these *razzias* was the subjugation of Abd-el-Kader, they were successful. He who had refused to succumb to the French power succumbed to the tears and groans of his countrymen. To save his people, Abd-el-Kader yielded, in 1847, to General Lamoriciere, under a solemn promise that he should be allowed to retire to Alexandria. That promise was broken in the most flagrant manner; the confiding chief was kept, in spite of his petitions and entreaties, in a climate which affected his health; and he still remains a prisoner in the Castle of Paris. The Republic has granted some relaxation to the severity of his confinement, but still it remains for them to deal justly with Abd-el-Kader. In his captivity the Arab chief preserves all the dignity that had characterized his freedom. The same patient submission to the will of Allah, and the same calm and heroic firmness, sustains him in a French prison that had raised him above personal submission, when he was mounted on his Arab steed, on his native plain of Ghris. One noble attribute of Abd-el-Kader's character is his humanity. He was never known voluntarily to consent to the execution of a prisoner. He would oppose the whole of his chiefs in divan when such a measure was proposed, and even submit to play upon their superstitious credulity rather than allow the death of a man in cold blood. He has often saved the lives of those who were in great jeopardy, from declaring that Muley (saint) Abd-el-Kader had, in a vision, denounced heavy misfortunes upon the tribes if they slew the prisoners under trial; and as Muley Abd-el-Kader's benevolent protection is supposed to be extended over Jew, Mussulman, and Christian, without exception, the plea has often prevailed.

The life of such a man as the emir is a

wonderful illustration of the effects of an idea, even upon the most darkened and credulous of minds. Impressed with a belief of his invulnerability and semi-divinity, hosts of armed men flocked around the standard of the young sultan, shaking their bright scimitars on high and shouting their war-cries. Living on parched barley and water, sleeping on rush mats, and sweltering in the rays of a burning sun, they came to do the will of a supposed prophet, and they gave themselves courageously and devotedly to the work. Might not Christian men take from these darkened savages an example of courage and earnestness, in exemplifying the faith of peace and love? The fakirs, or professors of divination, in Ghris, still represent Abd-el-Kader as a second messenger of Allah, and his mother Lella Zahara is held in great esteem as the woman announced in the Scriptures as the mother of him who is to deliver the true believers from the power of the infidels.

That Abd-el-Kader's mission is divine is a general belief amongst the Arabs. They are convinced that he exercises an authority immediately derived from God, and that no human power can subdue him. His mishaps are viewed with a perfect indifference as regards his ultimate success. The loss of a battle and the abandonment of his standard by his friends are viewed as accidents from which he will rise more terrible than ever to crush his enemies. If Abd-el-Kader does not partake deeply of the general superstition, he is perfectly subject to the fatalist belief, and the desertion of his soldiers caused him no uneasiness. He speaks of his misfortunes as inevitable. Treachery and defeat are unable to shake his confidence. He yields to his fate without a murmur, assured that his day of success will soon return. It seems now, however, as if the hopes of the emir were completely extinguished, and that he has no other exercise for his faith save resignation. Yet he supports his misfortunes with a dignity which preserves the consistency of his character and puts to shame the policy which would impose restrictions upon that liberty which he voluntarily yielded upon a pledge that it should to a certain extent be secured.

Lella Kheira, the wife of Abd-el-Kader, unlike her husband, is tall, and possessed of a noble carriage, while her features are remarkably beautiful, and her voice soft and musical. Her costume is that of all Arab women; but she generally wears a peculiar cloak, made of red or blue cloth. In 1845 she had had four children, two sons and two daughters.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA HEMANS and the poetesses of England! Such would probably be the form in which the toast would run, if literary toasts were the fashion, or such a mode of compliment the one exactly suited to the case. Not that we would venture positively to assert that Mrs. Hemans stands at the head of our poetesses, the first absolutely in point of genius,—though there is but one name, that of Joanna Baillie, which occurs to us at the moment as disputing with hers that pre-eminence,—but because she, in a more complete manner than any other of our poetesses, represents the mind, the culture, the feelings, and character, of the English gentlewoman. Her piety, her resignation, her love of nature and of home—that cheerfulness easily moved by little incidents, that sadness into which reflection almost always settled—all speak of the cultivated woman bred under English skies, and in English homes. Her attachment to the privacy of life, her wise dislike and avoidance of the *éclat* of literary renown, and the dull, dry, fever-heat of fashionable circles, tend to complete her qualifications as a fitting representative of her fair countrywomen. The cultivation of her mind, in its weakness as well as elegance, savored, perhaps, too much of what we are compelled to call feminine. Alive at all times to beauty in all its forms, to music, to tender and imaginative thought, she seems to have been almost equally averse to whatever bore the aspect of an analysis of feeling, or an approach to a severe investigation of truth. Present her with the beautiful, but spare her all scientific dissection of it. Let the flower live as her companion; do not rend it to pieces to show its conformation. Let but the faith be tender and *true to the heart*, and disturb her not with rude inquiries whether it possess any other truth or not. That too much melancholy (at least for her own happiness) which is traceable in her poems, arose in part from events in her life, but in part, also, from this too partial and limited cultivation of the *mind*. The feelings were excited or refined,

but the reasoning powers not enough called forth: no task-work was therefore given to the active intellect; and a mind that could not be at rest was left to brood over sentiments, either the sad heritage of all mortality, or the peculiar offspring of afflictions of her own. We are not imputing, in this remark, any shadow of blame to her; we make the remark because we think that, eminent as she was, she still suffered much from the unwise and arbitrary distinction which is made in the education of the two sexes.

The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of any one, man or woman, but those who intend to practise the professions; but why, in a good English library, there should be one half of it, and that the better half, which a young woman is not expected to read—this we never could understand, and never reflect on with common patience. Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion for her brother or her husband in his more serious moods of thought as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose anything of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the memory of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end; you tax her memory in every conceivable manner; and at an after-age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which should step between the two—the culture of the reason—this is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages, she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think. Even in her religious library, the same distinction is preserved. Books of sen-

timental piety—some of them maudlin enough—are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her; any work of theology, any work that discusses and examines, is as carefully excluded.

We are not contending that there is no difference whatever in the mental constitution of the two sexes. There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play-hours, in their holiday freedom, when they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment—how much more pleasure does the girl evidently derive from any beautiful or living thing that comes before it than the boy! We have an instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children on the beach. The little girl is in perfect ecstasies, as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds towards them, then springs back as they approach, half frightened and half pleased—she knows not how to express her delight at this great playfellow she has found. Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it—of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect armory to him, and he pelts the graceful waves remorselessly. What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel as she watches a sparrow alight near her upon the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills as this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few; she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely *loves* the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the keenest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unfailing stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unfailing, fortunately, the stone is not; for, if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal-activity seems, at that very interesting age, to distinguish the future lord of the creation.

At an after-period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter,

seeking what he calls amusement in town or country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother who once shocked his little sister by his stupid and cruel amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the sea-side together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer, and bolder, in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, dotes upon the sea, and sits down beside it—to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough—hers is on the distant dust some equipage is making.

But matters are mending, and will continue to mend. There are so many women of richly cultivated minds who have distinguished themselves in letters or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent as well as good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by-and-by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education. It must, we presume, be by leaders of their own starting out of their own body, that the rest of the soft and timid flock must be led.

Yes, we are mending. Very different are our times from those when Madame de Genlis published her little work, *De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Littérature Française comme Protectrices des Lettres, et comme Auteurs*. She had to contend, with the same acrid energy, for the privilege of a lady to write, as a Turkish dame of the present century might be supposed to display, who should contend for the privilege of walking abroad unveiled, or rather unmuffled. And even she herself thinks it necessary to give certain rules to young women who write—as she would to young women who dance—how to comport themselves with consummate propriety; as not to enter into controversy, or use big words—in short, to deal with printer's ink without soiling the most delicate fingers. As to that argument drawn from the supposed neglect of domestic duties—which it seems, in those days just emerging from barbarity, was still heard of—she dismisses it very briefly. “Comme ces devoirs dans une maison bien ordonnée, ne peuvent jamais prendre plus d'une heure par jour, cette objection est absolument nulle.” As there is much implied in that “maison bien ordonnée,” and as Madame de Genlis

did not write for simple gentle-folks, it is to be hoped that the one hour per diem may admit of extension without any forfeiture of literary privileges. In her time, too, there was thought to be a sort of feud between authors and authoresses—a thing which in our day is quite inconceivable—for she writes, apropos of a charge of plagiarism against La Fontaine, in the following indignant strains:—"Quelles que soient le bonhomie et la candeur d'un auteur, il sait que, par une loi tacite mais universelle, il est toujours dispensé de convenir qu'il doit à une femme une idée heureuse. Dans ce cas seulement le plagiat et le silence sont également légitimes."

We have changed all that: we have had too many instances of women of talent and of genius to doubt their ability to excel—we make no exception—in any branch of literature whatever. We give them, on the other hand, no monopoly of elegance or grace, or delicacy of touch, as some affect to do. These qualities they are very likely to display; but they will be superior in them to authors of the male sex, only just so far as they are superior to those authors in genius and talent. There is still a practice in many critics to detect the style feminine from the style masculine. The sooner this is laid aside the better. There are styles which, speaking metaphorically, one may say have a feminine grace, or a feminine weakness. Such an observation has been made, by Sir James Mackintosh, on the style of Addison. But to pretend to say of a given page of composition whether a man or a woman has penned it, is absurd. We often hear it said, that none but a woman could have written the letters of Madame de Sévigné. If Cowper had been a woman, people would have said the same thing of his letters. They are unrivalled, at least in our own language, for grace and elegance, and wit and playfulness. No woman, we believe—and the epistolary style is supposed to belong by especial right to the female pen—has ever written such charming letters as those to Lady Hesketh, and his old friend Thomas Hill. As to the letters of Madame de Sévigné, they so evidently come from a mother to a daughter, that it is impossible to forget for a moment the sex of the writer. But if the qualities which have given them literary celebrity are to be pronounced feminine, half the literature of France is of the same gender. Still less can we tolerate the affectation that pretends to discern a certain weakness, a tremulousness of the hand, when the pen is held by a woman. *There is a grace and elegance, but,*

forsooth, a certain hesitation—a want of vigor and certainty of touch. Nonsense Take *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford, and the *Sketch-Book*, by Washington Irving: they are both of the graceful and elegant order of style; but the lady writes the English language with far more freedom, ease, and vigor, than the gentleman. The poetic element is mingled in her diction with far more taste and judgment. It glitters through her prose as the sunlight in the green tree—throwing its gold amongst the foliage, yet leaving it the same green, and simple, and refreshing object as before.

No—we will grant to woman no monopoly in the lighter elegancies, and presume nothing against her ability to excel in the graver qualities of authorship. We have said that Mrs. Hemans was peculiarly the poetess of her countrywomen, but we do not mean to imply by this that her style is peculiarly feminine—for we do not pretend to know what a feminine style is; we thus characterized her because the sentiments she habitually expresses are those which will almost universally find a response in the minds of her countrywomen.

It seems an ungracious thing to say, but we do wish that the biographical notice of Mrs. Hemans, appended to the last edition of her works, had not been written by a sister. So near a relative may be presumed, indeed, to know more of the person whose life she undertakes to narrate than any one else; but she may not know what to tell us. Her very familiarity with the subject is against her: she cannot place it at a distance from her, and regard it with a freshness of view; she does not think of recording, she does not even remember, what to her has none of the interest of novelty. A sister who should give to any impartial biographer the materials he required of her, would be found to contribute far more to our knowledge of the person whose life was written, than by holding the pen herself. Besides, a sister can have none, and show none, but sisterly feelings; and though these are very proper and amiable, we want something more.

The two or three events which we learn from this biographical notice, and which bear upon the education of *the poetess*, are soon recorded, and they are the only class of events we feel particularly interested in. Felicia Dorothea Browne—such was the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans—was born at Liverpool, 25th September, 1793. She is described as distinguished "almost from her cradle by extreme beauty and precocious

talents." When of the age of seven years her father, who had been a merchant of considerable opulence, met with a reverse of fortune, and the family retired to Wales, "where for the next nine years they resided at Grych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, a large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains,"—a change of residence which was, at all events, highly propitious for the development of the poetic character. "In the calm seclusion of this romantic region, with ample range through the treasures of an extensive library, the young poetess passed a happy childhood, to which she would often fondly revert amidst the vicissitudes of her after-life. Here she imbibed that intense love of nature which ever afterwards 'haunted her like a passion,' and that warm attachment for the 'green land of Wales'—its affectionate, true-hearted people; their traditions, their music, and all their interesting characteristics—which she cherished to the last hours of her existence." A pleasant picture this—the large old house near the sea, and amongst mountains, with Welsh harpers and Welsh traditions, and great store of books, and the little girl ranging at will through all. This, and the picture we have of the young student conning her Shakspeare, her choicest recreation, "in a secret haunt of her own—a seat amongst the branches of an old apple-tree—where she revelled in the treasures of the cherished volume"—are all we learn of her childhood, and all perhaps that remained to tell.

Our poetess was very soon in print. Few have commenced their life of authorship so early. In 1808 some friends, "perhaps more partial than judicious," published a collection of her poems, written at and before the age of fourteen, in a quarto volume. "Its appearance," our fair biographer tells us, "drew down the animadversions of some self-constituted arbiter of taste." We never heard of any critics being constituted by royal patent, or any mode of popular election—certainly not by a committee of authors. Self-constituted! why did not the lady call him a self-conceited knave, while she was about it? Just or unjust, there would have been some meaning in the phrase, at least. We suspect, for our part, that these friends, "more partial than judicious," who published the rhymes of a young girl of fourteen in a quarto volume, were themselves strangely constituted arbiters of taste.

Not long after this first publication of her poems, the next great event of her life took place—her introduction to Captain Hemans.

"The young poetess was then only fifteen in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it." No wonder that so fair a being should excite the admiration of a gallant captain. And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere: it supported the absence of three years; for Captain Hemans, soon after their introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married. Of their domestic happiness, or unhappiness, nothing is said; but six years after, in 1818, we are simply told that the Captain went to Rome—and never returned. The separated pair never met again.

"To dwell on this subject," says her biographer, "would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation; and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

We are not in general anxious to pry into the domestic afflictions of any pair whom wedlock has mismatched. If we feel a little curiosity to know more than the sister has told us, in this instance, it is merely from a wish to learn how far the poetic temperament of Mrs. Hemans could be assigned as the real cause of her matrimonial unhappiness. Did the Captain grow weary of the society of one whose feelings were pitched in too high a key for him to sympathize with? Was there too much of poetry mingled with the daily food of life?

"Men, by St. Thomas! cannot live like bees."

Did he yearn for something more homely, as she, on her side, yearned for something more elevated? Had he been made to feel that he did not approach the ideal of her imagination, and that the admiration she once had given was withdrawn? Or should we say of her, in lines of her own,—

"There are hearts  
So perilously fashioned, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings."

Of this perhaps some future biographer may tell us. There are many passages in her poetry which show an intense longing for the sympathy of other minds; which show that, while her feelings were of a rare order for their refinement and elevation, she yet sought—what for such a one it was difficult to obtain—for the kindred sympathy of others. She could not worship her goddesses alone. This tendency of mind many of her verses indicate; and there is one sweet little poem where, if our fancy does not mislead us, she secretly reproves herself for having exacted too much in this respect from others: we do not say from any one in particular, for the verses bear reference to a brother, not a husband. Yet some personal reminiscence, or regret of this kind, might lead to the strain of thought so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

#### KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers,  
Forbidden here to meet;  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky  
Where the rich sunset burns;  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight!  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night;  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears!  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watched through sickness by thy bed—  
*Call his a kindred heart!*

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister-flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend;  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given—  
Oh! lay the lonely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

We follow no further the events of her biography. We have here all that reflects a light upon the poems themselves. That Welsh life among the mountains—that little girl with her Shakspeare in the apple-tree—that beauty of fifteen, full of poetry and enthusiasm and love—marriage—disappointment—and the living afterwards, with her children round her, in a condition worse than widowhood;—here is all the comment that her biographer affords on her sweet and melancholy verse.

And how vividly the verse reflects the life! How redolent of nature is her poetry! How true her pictures of mountain, and forest, and river, and sky! It requires that the reader should have been himself a long and accurate observer of rural scenes, to follow her imagination, and to feel the truth of her rapid and unpretending descriptions. It is singular how, without the least apparent effort, all the persons she brings before us are immediately localized on the green earth—trees wave around them, flowers spring at their feet, as if this were quite natural and unavoidable. How sweet a part does the quiet charm of nature take in the piece called

#### THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

Oh! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling  
The household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours—  
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide;  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' bright play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.

There is something very touching in the simplicity of these pleasures, contrasted with what imagination immediately suggests of the career and the tastes of the prodigal.

One great spectacle in nature alone, seems strangely to have lost its fascination upon our poetess—she never kindled to the sea. She seemed to view it as the image only of desolation and of ruin; to have associated it only with tempests and wreck, and have seen in it only the harmless waste of troubled waters. More than once she adopts a scriptural phrase—"And there shall be no more sea," as an expression of singular joy and congratulation. We question whether a single reader of her poems has ever felt the force of the expression as she did. The sea, next to the sky, is the grandest and most beautiful thing given to the eyes of man. But, by some perverse association, she never saw it in its natural beauty and sublimity, but looked at it always as the emblem of ruthlessness and destroying power. In *The Last Song of Sappho*, it is singular how much more the dread sea into which Sappho is about to fling herself, possesses her imagination than the moral tempest within of that hapless poetess:—

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea !  
 Sound in thy scorn and pride !  
 I ask not, *alien world*, from thee  
 What my own kindred earth has still denied.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,  
 The laurel-wreath is mine—  
 With a lone heart, a weary frame,  
 O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
 Place in thy darkest hold !  
 Bury my anguish, my renown,  
 With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

And with what an indignant voice, and with what a series of harshest epithet, does she call upon the sea to deliver up its human prey, in the fine spirited poem, called—

#### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?  
 Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,  
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain !

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,  
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
 Torn from ten thousand royal Argosies !  
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !  
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry—  
 Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !  
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !  
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !

They hear not now the booming waters roar ;  
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
 Give back the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom  
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long !  
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,

And the vain yearnings woke midst festal song,  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown.  
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down !  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head—  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;

Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !  
 Restore the dead, thou sea !

But if she loved in nature, pre-eminently, the beautiful and the serene—or what she could represent as such to her imagination—it was otherwise with human life. Here the stream of thought ran always in the shade, reflecting in a thousand shapes the sadness which had overshadowed her own existence. Yet her sadness was without bitterness or impatience—it was a resigned and Christian melancholy; and if the spirit of man is represented as tossed from disappointment to disappointment, there is always a brighter and serener world behind, to receive the wanderer at last. She writes *Songs for Summer Hours*, and the first is devoted to Death! and a beautiful chant it is. Death is also in Arcadia; and the first thing we meet with in the land of summer is the marble tomb with the "Et in Arcadia Ego." One might be excused for applying to herself her own charming song,—

## TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered !  
 Unto feeling deep and strong,  
 Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—  
 I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—  
 But well—oh ! but too well—  
 Thou hast suffered all that woman's heart  
 May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,  
 Thou hast been forsaken long :  
 Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—  
 I know it by thy song !

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
 On each word of grief so long,  
 Oh ! thou hast loved and suffered much—  
 I know it by thy song !

But with this mournful spirit we have no quarrel. It is, as we have said, without a grain of bitterness ; it loves to associate itself with all things beautiful in nature ; it makes the rose its emblem. It does so in the following lines to

## THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

'Twas a dream of olden days,  
 That Art, by some strange power,  
 The visionary form could raise  
 From the ashes of a flower !

That a shadow of the rose,  
 By its own meek beauty bowed,  
 Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,  
 Like pictures in a cloud.

A fair yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom  
 That a flush around it shed,  
 And the soul within, the rich perfume,  
 Where were *they* !—fled, all fled !

Naught but the dim, faint line  
 To speak of vanished hours—  
 Memory ! what are joys of thine ?  
 Shadows of buried flowers !

We should be disposed to dwell entirely on the shorter pieces of Mrs. Hemans, but this would hardly be just. There is one of her more ambitious efforts which, at all events, seems to demand a word from us. *The Vespers of Palermo* is not perhaps the most popular, even of her longer productions—it is certainly written in what is just now the most unpopular form—yet it appears to us one of the most vigorous efforts of her genius. It has this advantage too—it can

be happily alluded to without the necessity of detailing the plot—always a wearisome thing, to both the critic and the reader : everybody knows the real tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers. The drama is unpopular as a form of composition, because the written play is still considered as a production, the chief object of which is missed if it is not acted ; and the acting of plays is going into desuetude. When the acting of tragedies shall be entirely laid aside (as it bids fair to be)—that is, as an ordinary amusement of the more refined and cultivated classes of society—and the drama shall become merely a class of literature like all others, for private perusal—then its popularity, as a form of composition, will probably revive. For there is one order of poetry—and that the more severe and manly—which seems almost to require this form. When an author, careless of description, or not called to it by his genius, is exclusively bent on portraying character and passion, and those deeper opinions and reflections which passion stirs from the recesses of the human mind, the drama seems the only form natural for him to employ.

The opinion we have ventured to express on the inevitable decease of the acting drama—of tragic representations—as a general amusement of an age increasing in refinement, will probably subject us, in certain quarters, to an indignant reproof. Shakspeare, and the legitimate drama ! seems, with some, to have all the sacredness of a national cause. Shakspeare, by all means—Shakspeare for ever ! eternally !—only we would rather read him—if we could creep up there—with little Felicia Browne in the apple-tree. Shakspeare supports the stage—so far as it remains supported—not the stage Shakspeare. And can he support it long ? Consider what sort of amusement it is which tragic representation affords—for of comedy we say nothing—consider that it must either thrill us with emotions of a most violent order, (which the civilized man in general avoids,) or it becomes one of the saddest platitudes in the world. Your savage can support prolonged ennui, and delights in excitement approaching to madness ; your civilized man can tolerate neither one nor the other. Now your tragedy deals largely in both. It knows no medium. Everybody has felt that, whether owing to the actor or the poet, the moment the interest of the piece is no longer at its height, it becomes intolerable. You are to be either moved beyond all self-control, which is not very desirable, or you are to sit in lamentable suf-

ferance. In short, you are to be driven out of your senses, one way or the other. Depend upon it, it is a species of amusement which, however associated with great names—though Garrick acted, and Dr. Johnson looked on—is destined, like the bull-fights of Spain, or the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, to fall before the advancing spirit of civilization.

But to Mrs. Hemans' *Vespers of Palermo*. It was not the natural bent of genius which led her to the selection of the dramatic form; and when we become thoroughly acquainted with her temperament, and the feelings she loved to indulge, we are rather surprised that she performed the task she undertook with so much spirit, and so large a measure of success, than that she falls short in some parts of her performance. Nothing can be better conceived, or more admirably sustained, than the character of Raimond de Procida. The elder Procida, and the dark revengeful Montalba, are not so successfully treated. We feel that she has designed these figures with sufficient propriety, but she has not animated them; she could not draw from within those fierce emotions which were to infuse life into them. The effort to sympathize, even in imagination, with such characters, was a violence to her nature. The noble and virtuous heroism of the younger Procida was, on the contrary, no other than the overflow of her own genuine feeling. Few modern dramas present more spirit-stirring scenes than those in which Raimond takes the leading part. Two of those we would particularly mention—one, when, on joining the patriot-conspirators, and learning the mode in which they intended to free their country, he refuses, even for so great an object, to stain his soul with assassination and murder; and the other, where, towards the close of the piece, he is imprisoned by the more successful conspirators—is condemned to die for imputed treachery to their cause, and hears that the *battle* for his country, for which his spirit had so longed, is going forward. We cannot refrain from making a quotation from both these parts of the drama. We shall take the liberty of omitting some lines, in order to compress our extracts.

The conspirators have met, and proclaimed their intended scheme:—

*Sicilians.* Be it so!  
If one amongst us stay the avenging steel  
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!  
Pledge we our faith to this.

*Raim.* (*rushing forward indignantly.*) Our faith to this?

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it: Can it be?

My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus

That freedom should be won?—Awake!—  
awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,

On the crowned heights, and to the sweeping winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear

The stranger's yoke no longer!—What is he

Who carries on his practised lip a smile,

Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits

Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,

And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and mine—

A murderer! Heard ye?—Shall that name with  
ours

Go down to after days?

*Mont.* I tell thee, youth,

Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst,

Which must be quenched though death were in  
the draught;

We must have vengeance, for our foes have left  
No other joy unblighted.

*Pro.* O, my son!

The time has passed for such high dreams as  
thine;

Thou knowest not whom we deal with. We must  
meet

Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.

And, for our names—what'er the deeds by  
which

We burst our bondage—is it not enough

That, in the chronicle of days to come,

We, through a bright "For ever," shall be called

The men who saved their country?

*Raim.* Many a land

Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds,

And on the open field, before high heaven,

Won such majestic vengeance as hath made

Its name a power on earth.

*Mon.* Away! when thou dost stand

On this fair earth as doth a blasted tree,

Which the warm sun revives not, *then* return

Strong in thy desolation; but till then,

Thou art not for our purpose;—we have need

Of more unshrinking hearts.

*Raim.* Montalba! know,

I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice

Might yet have power among you, I would say,

Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet

As knights, as warriors!

*Mon.* Peace! Have we not borne

Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?

We are *not* knights and warriors; our bright  
crests

Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.



Boy! we are slaves—and our revenge shall be  
Deep as a slave's disgrace.

*Raim.* Why, then, farewell :  
I leave you to your counsels. What proud hopes  
This hour hath blighted!—yet, whate'er betide,  
It is a noble privilege to look up  
Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this is mine,  
And shall be still. [*Exit.*]

Our other extract is from a later scene in  
the drama, which we think very happily con-  
ceived. Raimond, accused of treachery, and  
condemned to die by his own father, is in  
chains and in prison. The day of his execu-  
tion has arrived, but the Sicilians are called  
on to give battle before their gates; he is  
left alone, respited, or rather forgotten, for  
the present. His alternation of feeling, as he  
at first attempts to respond to the consolations  
of the priest Anselmo, and then, on  
hearing of the battle that is being fought for  
his country, breaks out into all that ardent  
love of glory, which was the main passion of  
his soul, is very admirably expressed.

*Ans.* But thou, my son !  
Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared  
For nature's fearful and mysterious change ?

*Raim.* Ay, father ! of my brief remaining task  
The least part is to die ! And yet the cup  
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,  
Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose proud  
name

Is—glory ! Oh ! my soul from boyhood's morn  
Hath nursed such mighty dreams ! It was my  
hope

To leave a name, whose echo from the abyss  
Of time should rise, and float upon the winds  
Into the far hereafter ; there to be  
A trumpet sound, a voice from the deep tomb,  
Murmuring—Awake, arise ! But this is past !  
Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of shame  
To sleep *forgotten* in the dust ; but now,  
O God ! the undying record of my grave  
Will be—Here sleeps a traitor ! One whose  
crime  
Was—to deem brave men might find nobler  
weapons  
Than the cold murder's dagger !

*Ans.* O my son !  
Subdue these troubled thoughts ! Thou wouldst  
not change  
Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams will  
hang  
The avenging shadows, which the blood-stained  
soul  
Doth conjure from the dead !

*Raim.* Thou'rt right. I would not,  
Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,  
Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery spirit  
Into that still and passive fortitude

Which is but learned from suffering. Would the  
hour  
To hush these passionate throbbings were at  
hand !

*Ans.* It will not be to-day. The foe hath  
reached  
Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all  
Her warrior men are marshalled and gone forth,  
Thy father leads them on.

*Raim.* (*starting up.*) They are gone forth ;  
my father leads them on !  
All—all Palermo's youth ! No ! *one* is left,  
Shut out from glory's race ! They are gone forth !  
Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad—  
It burns upon the air ! The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white foam  
Of battle's roaring billows ! On my sight  
The vision bursts—it maddens ! 'tis the flash,  
The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud  
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze  
Of helmets in the sun ! Such things are  
Even now—and I am here !

*Ans.* Alas, be calm !  
To the same grave ye press—thou that dost pine  
Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule  
The fortunes of the fight.

*Raim.* Ay, thou canst feel  
The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee  
All men alike, the warrior and the slave,  
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on  
To the same bourne.

*Vittoria*, who had taken a leading part in  
the conspiracy, now rushes in, bringing the  
intelligence that the Sicilians are worsted—  
are in flight. *Procida* still strives—

But, all in vain ! The few that breast the storm,  
With Guido and Montalba, by his side,  
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

*Raim.* And I am *here* ! Shall there be power,  
O God !

In the roused energies of fierce despair,  
To burst my heart—and not to rend my chains ?

*Vittoria*, however, gives orders for his re-  
lease, and he rushes forth to the field, where  
he turns the tide of battle, and earns that  
glorious death he sighed for.

The failure of the play at Covent Garden  
theatre was attributed, amongst the friends of  
the authoress, to the indifferent acting of the  
lady who performed the part of Constance.  
In justice to the actress, we must confess she  
had a most difficult part to deal with. There  
is not a single speech set down for Constance  
which, we think, the most skilful recitation  
could make effective. The failure of Mrs.  
Hemans, in this part of the drama, is not  
very easily accounted for. Constance is a  
gentle, affectionate spirit, in love with the  
younger *Procida*, and the unfortunate cause

of the suspicion that falls upon him of being a traitor. It is a character which, in her lyrical effusions, she would have beautifully portrayed. But we suppose that the exclusion from her favorite haunts of nature—the inability of investing the grief of her heroine in her accustomed associations of woods, and fields, and flowers—the confinement of her imagination to what would be suitable to the *boards* of a theatre—embarrassed and cramped her powers. Certain it is, she seems quite at a loss here to express a strain of feeling which, on other occasions, she has poured out with singular fluency and force. Constance has no other manner of exhibiting her distress but swooning or dreaming, or thinking she must have been dreaming, and recovering herself to the remembrance of what no mortal so situated could ever have forgotten—the most common, and, to our taste, one of the most unfortunate expedients that dramatists and novelists have recourse to. We are loath to quote anything half so uninteresting as instances of this practice; we shall content ourselves with giving, in a note below, two brief passages to exemplify what we mean.\*

It ought to be borne in remembrance, however, that the *Vespers of Palermo*, although not the “first” with respect to publication, was the first written of Mrs. Hemans’ dramatic works. It was produced in solitude, and away from the bustle of theatres, and, be it also confessed, probably with a very scanty knowledge of what stage representation required. Indeed, the result proved this to be

the case. The *Siege of Valencia*, written on a different principle, although probably even less adapted for stage representation, possesses loftier claims as a composition, and, as a poem, is decidedly superior. Its pervading fault consists in its being pitched on too high a key. All the characters talk in heroics—every sentiment is strained to the utmost; and the prevailing tone of the author’s mind characterizes the whole. We do not say that it is deficient in nature; it overflows alike with power and tenderness; but its nature is too high for the common purposes of humanity. The wild, stern enthusiasm of the priest—the inflexibility of the father—the wavering of the mother between duty and affection—the heroic devotion of the gentle Ximena, are all well brought out; but there is a want of individuality: the want of that, without which elaboration for the theatre is vain, and with which compositions of very inferior merit often attract attention, and secure it.

Passing over *Sebastian of Portugal*, and the two or three sketches in the *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, as of minor importance, *De Chatillon* is the only other regular drama that Mrs. Hemans subsequently attempted. Unfortunately for her, the *Vespers*, although long prior in point of composition, had not been brought out when the *Siege of Valencia* was written; and, consequently, she could not benefit by the fate and failure which was destined for that drama. This is much to be lamented, for *De Chatillon*, as a play, far exceeds either in power and interest. The redundancies in imagery and description, the

\* Vittoria has told Constance that Raimond is to die; she then leaves her with the priest Anselmo—

Con. (endeavoring to rouse herself.) Did she not say  
That some one was to die! Have I not heard  
Some fearful tale! Who said that there should rest  
Blood on my soul! What blood! I never bore  
Hatred, kind Father! unto aught that breathes:  
Raimond doth know it well. Raimond! High Heaven!  
*It bursts upon me now!* and he must die!  
For my sake—e’en for mine!

Is it very probable that a person in the situation of Constance should have to go this round of associations to recall what had just been told her, that her lover was to be tried for his life?

Constance, in order to save him by surrendering herself, rushes to the tribunal, where this mock trial is taking place. Their judges sentence *both*. Constance swoons in the arms of Raimond, and then ensues this piece of *unaffected* bewilderment:—

Con. (slowly recovering.)  
There was a voice which call’d me. Am I not  
A spirit freed from earth!—Have I not pass’d  
The bitterness of death!  
Ans. Oh, haste, away!  
Con. Yes, Raimond calls me—(There he stands beside her!)  
He, too, is released  
From his cold bondage. We are free at last,  
And all is well—away!

[She is led out by Anselmo.]

painting instead of acting, which were the weaker side of its precursors, were here corrected. It is unfortunate that it wanted the benefit of her last corrections, as it was not published till some years after her death, and from the first rough draft—the amended one, which had been made from it, having been unfortunately lost. But, imperfect in many respects as it may be found to be, it is beyond compare the best and most successful composition of the author in this department. Without stripping the language of that richness and poetic grace which characterize her genius, or condescending to a single passage of mean baldness, so commonly mistaken by many modern dramatists as essentially necessary to the truth of dialogue, she has in this attempt preserved adherence to reality amid scenes allied to romance; brevity and effect, in situations strongly alluring to amplification; and, in her delineation of some of the strongest as well as the finest emotions of the heart, she has exhibited a knowledge of nature's workings, remarkable alike for minuteness and truth.

When we consider the doubtful success which attended the only drama of Mrs. Hemans which was brought out, we cannot wonder that she latterly abandoned this species of writing, and confined herself to what she must have felt as much more accordant with her own impulses. The most labored of all her writings was *The Forest Sanctuary*, and it would appear that, in her own estimation, it was considered her best. Not so we. It has many passages of exquisite description, and it breathes throughout an exalted spirit; but withal it is monotonous in sentiment, and possesses not the human interest which ought to have attached to it, as a tale of suffering. To us *The Last Constantine*, which appears to have attracted much less attention, is in many respects a finer and better poem. Few things indeed, in our literature, can be quoted as more perfect than the picture of heroic and Christian courage, which, amid the ruins of his empire, sustained the last of the Cæsars. The weight of the argument is sustained throughout. The reader feels as if breathing a finer and purer atmosphere, above the low mists and vapors of common humanity; and he rises from the perusal of the poem alike with an admiration of its hero and its author.

*The Last Constantine* may be considered as the concluding great effort of Mrs. Hemans in what of her writings may be said to belong to the classical school. She seems here first to have felt her own power, and, leaving pre-

cept and example, and the leading-strings of her predecessors, to have allowed her muse to soar adventurously forth. The *Tales and Historic Scenes*, the *Sceptic Dartmoor*, and *Modern Greece*, are all shaped according to the same model—the classical. The study of modern German poetry, and of Wordsworth, changed, while it expanded her views; and the *Forest Sanctuary* seems to have been composed with great elaboration, doubtless while in this transition state. In matter it is too flimsy and ethereal for a tale of life; it has too much sentiment and too little action. But some things in it would be difficult to rival. The scenery of South America is painted with a gorgeousness which reminds us of the Isle of Palms and its fairy bowers; and the death and burial at sea is imbued with a serene and soul-subduing beauty.

Diminishing space warns us to betake ourselves again to the lyrics and shorter pieces, where so much poetry “of purest ray serene” lies scattered. Of these we prefer such as are apparently the expressions of spontaneous feelings of her own to those which are built upon some tale or legend. It happens too, unfortunately, that in the latter case we have first to read the legend or fable in prose, and then to read it again in verse. This gives something of weariness to the *Lays of Many Lands*. Still less fortunate, we think, is the practice Mrs. Hemans indulges in of ushering in a poem of her own by a long quotation—a favorite stanza, perhaps—of some celebrated poet. We may possibly read the favorite stanza twice, and feel reluctant to proceed further. For instance, she quotes the beautiful and well known passage from Childe Harold upon the spring, ending with—

I turned from all she brought to all she could not bring;

and on another occasion, that general favorite, beginning—

And slight, withal, may be the things which bring;

and then proceeds to enlarge upon the same sentiments. Her own strain that follows is good—but not *so* good. Is it wise to provoke the comparison?—and does it not give a certain frivolity, and the air of a mere exercise, to the verse which only repeats, and modifies, and *varies*, so to speak, the melody that has been already given? Or if the quotation set out with is looked on as a mere prelude, is it good policy to run the risk of the prelude being more interesting than the

strain itself? The beautiful passage from Southey—

They sin who tell us love can die, &c.,

is too long to be quoted as merely a key-note to what is to follow, and is too good to be easily surpassed.

But this is a trifling remark, and hardly deserving of even the little space we have given to it. It is more worthy of observation, that Mrs. Hemans, a reader and admirer of German poetry, contrived to draw a deep inspiration from this noble literature, without any disturbance to her principles of taste. A careful perusal of her works, by one acquainted with the lyrical poetry of Germany, will prove how well and how wisely she had studied that poetry—drawing from it just that deeper spirit of reflection which would harmonize with her own mind, without being tempted to imitate what, either in thought or in manner, would have been foreign to her nature.

We fancy we trace something of this Teutonic inspiration in the poem, amongst others, that follows :—

#### THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

A mighty and a mingled throng  
Were gathered in one spot ;  
The dwellers of a thousand homes—  
Yet midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—  
The mother and her child :  
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—  
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives  
Years had swept darkly by ;  
After that heart-sick hope deferred,  
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died,  
For the deep quiet's sake ;  
Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
Bound in that spell of peace ?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air,  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love !

Or did some burdening passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath ?  
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words ?  
Fear—the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,  
Lay on each lonely heart !  
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,  
Thousands—but each apart.

In any notice of Mrs. Hemans' works, not to mention *The Records of Woman* would seem an unaccountable omission. Both the subject, and the manner in which it is treated, especially characterize our poetess. Of all these *Records* there is not one where the picture is not more or less pleasing, or drawn with more or less power and fidelity. Estimated according to sheer literary merit, it would perhaps be impossible to give the preference to any one of them. Judging by the peculiar pleasure which its perusal gave us, we should select, for our favorite, *The Switzer's Wife*. Werner Stauffacher was one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli. He had been marked out by the Austrian bailiff as a fit subject for pillage ; but it was to the noble spirit of his wife that he owed the final resolution he took to resist the oppressor of his country. The whole scene is brought before us with singular distinctness. It is a beautiful evening in the Alpine valley :—

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,  
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,  
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be  
With some deep care, and thus can find no more  
Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings,  
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him, sad, yet mild  
In her beseeching mien,—he marked it not.  
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child  
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered  
spot,  
But seemed unheard ; until at last the boy  
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy

And met his father's face ; but then a change  
Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,  
And a quiet sense of something dimly strange  
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee  
So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes,  
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;  
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid  
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look  
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and  
said,  
“ What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its  
prey,  
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!

Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,  
Missing the smile from thine? Oh, cheer thee!  
bend

To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!  
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share  
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,  
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band  
Was loosened from his soul.

He then tells how the oppressor's envious  
eye "had been upon his heritage," and to-  
morrow eve might find him in chains. The  
blood leaves her cheek, and she leans back  
on the linden stem, but only for a moment;  
her free Alpine spirit wakes within her—

And she that ever through her home had moved  
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile  
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,  
And timid in her happiness the while,  
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—  
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,  
And took her fair child to her holy breast,  
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might  
As it found language—"Are we thus op-  
pressed?

Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,  
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do;—and be it done!  
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.  
Trust me to heaven, my husband; this, thy son,  
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!  
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth  
May well give strength—if aught be strong on  
earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread  
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,  
My hunter of the hills, thy stately head,  
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!  
I can bear all but seeing thee subdued—  
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along  
The chamois' paths, and through the forests go;  
And tell in burning words thy tale of wrong  
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.  
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—away!  
Bless but thy child and leave me!—I can pray!"

It is ever thus with all her women,—gen-  
tle, courageous, full of self-devotion, and,  
alas! of sorrow and suffering. This is her  
ideal of woman, from which she rarely de-  
parts—a heart overflowing with tenderest  
affection—ill-requited—yet refusing to re-  
ceive any earthly boon as a substitute for the  
returned affection it seeks. Fame is no com-  
pensation—

Away! to me, a woman, bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Genius when she sings to love is made to  
say—

They crown me with the glistening crown,  
Borne from a deathless tree!  
I hear the pealing music of renown—  
O Love, forsake me not!  
Mine were a lone dark lot,  
Bereft of thee!  
They tell me that my soul can throw  
A glory o'er the earth;  
From thee, from thee, is caught that golden glow!  
Shed by thy gentle eyes,  
It gives to flower and skies  
A bright new birth!

*Genius singing to Love.*

It is not often we find the superstitions of  
dark and ignorant ages dealt with in so gen-  
tle and agreeable a manner as by Mrs. He-  
mans. She seizes, in common with others,  
the poetic aspect these present, but diffuses  
over them, at the same time, a refinement of  
sentiment gathered entirely from her own  
feelings. A subject which from another pen-  
cil would have been disagreeable and offen-  
sive to us, is made by her graceful touches  
to win upon our imagination. Witness the  
poem called *The Wood Walk and Hymn*;  
we will quote the commencement of it:—

#### WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

"Move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."  
*Wordsworth.*

#### FATHER—CHILD.

*Child.*—There are the aspens with their silvery  
leaves,  
Trembling, for ever trembling; though the lime  
And chestnut boughs, and these long arching  
sprays  
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture!

*Father.*—Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

*Child.*—No father; doth he say the fairies dance  
Amidst the branches?

*Father.*—Oh! a cause more deep,  
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign  
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!  
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

An eminent critic in the *Edinburgh Review* has spoken of the neatness and perfect finish which characterize female writers in general, and Mrs. Hemans in particular. Now, these qualities imply a certain terseness and concentration of style, which is no more a peculiarity of all authoresses than of all authors, and which we should not pronounce to be peculiarly characteristic of Mrs. Hemans' poetry. To us it often appears wanting in this very conciseness; we occasionally wish that some lines and verses were excluded—not because they are faulty in themselves, but because they weaken the effect, and detract from the vigor of the whole; we wish the verses, in short, were more closely packed together, so that the commencement and the close, which are generally both good, could be brought a little nearer to each other. It is not so much a redundancy of expression, as of images and illustrations, that we have sometimes to complain of in Mrs. Hemans. She uses two of these where one would not only suffice, but do the work much better. There is a very pleasing little poem, called *The Wandering Wind*: we will quote—first, because it is thus pleasing; and secondly, because we think it would have been rendered still more so had there been somewhat more of concentration and terseness in the style. The lines which we have printed in italics, and which contain the pith and marrow of the whole, would then have struck upon the ear with more distinctness and prominence.

THE WANDERING WIND.

The wind, the wandering wind  
Of the golden summer eve—  
*Whence is the thrilling magic*  
*Of its tones amongst the leaves?*  
Oh! is it from the waters,  
Or from the long tall grass?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks  
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices  
Of all in one combined,  
That it wins the tone of mastery?  
The wind, the wandering wind!  
No, no! the strange, sweet accents  
That with it come and go,  
They are not from the osiers,  
Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,  
Nor of the cavern'd hill—  
*'Tis the human love within us*  
*That gives them power to thrill.*  
They touch the links of memory  
Around our spirits twined,  
*And we start, and weep, and tremble!*  
*To the wind, the wandering wind.*

The verses beginning, "I dream of all things free," might also be cited as an instance of this tendency to over-amplify—a tendency which seems the result of a great affluence of poetical imagery. This would be a more powerful poem merely by being made shorter. We wait too long, and the imagination roves too far, before we arrive at the concluding lines, which contain all the point and significance of the piece:—

"My heart in chains is bleeding,  
And I dream of all things free."

Of the measures and the melody of a lyrical poet something is expected to be said. But what we feel we have chiefly to thank Mrs. Hemans for here is, that, in the search after novelty and variety of metre, she has made so few experiments upon our ear, and that she has not disdained to write with correctness and regularity. She has not apparently labored after novelties of this kind, but has adopted that verse into which her thought spontaneously ran. An author who does this is not very likely to select a rhythm, or measure, which is incongruous with the subject-matter of his poem: nor, do we think, could many instances of such a fault be detected in Mrs. Hemans.

We will close our extracts with a strain that fairly exemplifies the serene and lucid current of sentiment, and the genuine natural pathos of our poetess. It is thus she makes the Hebrew mother sing to her first-born, whom she has devoted to the Lord:—

Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver chords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart?

How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late along the mountains at my side?  
And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair  
Beholding thee so fair!

And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turn'd from its door away!  
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-tree thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water urn;

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet  
me,  
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round  
thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms when darkness as a veil hath wound  
thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child ? Will *He* not hear  
thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
Shall *He* not guard thy rest,  
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with  
joy ?  
Thou shalt sleep, soft, my boy.

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, *He* shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell ! I go—my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks.  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me,  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength—Farewell !"

We must now draw to a conclusion. One great and pervading excellence of Mrs. Hemans, as a writer, is her entire dedication of her genius and talents to the cause of healthy morality and sound religion. The sentiment may be, on occasion, somewhat refined ; it may be too delicate, in some instances, for the common taste, but never is it mawkish or morbid. Never can it be construed into a palliative of vice—never, when followed out to its limits, will be found to have led from the paths of virtue. For practical purposes, we admit that her exemplars are not seldom too ideal and picturesque. The general fault of her poetry consists in its being rather, if we may use the term, too *romantic*. We have a little too much of banners in churches, and flowers on graves,—or self-immolated youths, and broken-hearted damsels ;—too frequent a reference to the Syrian plains, and knights in panoply, and vigils of arms, as mere illustrations of the noble in character, or the heroic in devotion. Situations are adduced as applicable to general conduct, which have only occurred, or could only have occurred, in particular states of society, and are never

likely, from existing circumstances, to occur again. Far better this, however, than a contrary fault ; for it is the purpose of poetry to elevate, and not to repress. Admitting that the effervescence is adventitious, still it is of virtuous growth, and proceeds from no distortion of principle. If not the reflection of human nature as it actually is, it is the delineation of the *fata morgana* of a noble mind—of something that occurs to us "in musings high," and which we sigh to think of as of something loftier and better, to which that nature would willingly aspire. We can readily conceive, that to a woman of the exquisite taste possessed by Mrs. Hemans, any attempt at the startling or *bizarre*, either in conception or subject, was a thing especially to be avoided. We do not mean to imply by this, that, as every true poet must have, she had not a manner of her own. To this honor, no author of our day has higher or less equivocal claims. She knew what to admire in others, but she felt that she had a mission of her own. To substantiate this, we have only to suppose her productions blotted out from our literature, and then remark whether or not any blank be left ; for, wherever we have originality, we have accession. We admit that originality is of all shades and grades, from a Burns to a Bloomfield, from a Crabbe to a Clare—still the names of the second and the fourth are those of true poets, as well as those of the authors of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Sir Eustace Gray,"—Parnassus, as Dr. Johnson observes, having its "flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its cedars of perennial growth, and its laurels of eternal verdure." In the case of Mrs. Hemans, this question is set at rest, from her having become the founder of a school, and that only eclipsed in the number of its adherents and imitators by those of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. In America especially has this been the case ; a great part of the recent poetry in that country—more particularly that of its female writers—has been little more than an echo of her *Records of Woman* and *Lays of Many Lands*, and lyrical strains ; and, from Mrs. Sigourney—"the American Mrs. Hemans"—downwards, there are only corroborative proofs of a Cis-atlantic fact, that no copyist, however acute and faithful, has ever yet succeeded in treading on the kibes of his master, far less of outstripping him in the struggle for excellence.

Like all original writers, Mrs. Hemans has her own mode and her own province. In reading the poetry of Wordsworth, we feel as if transferred to the mountainous solitudes

broken only by the scream of the eagle and the dash of the cataract, where human life is indicated but by the shieling in the sheltered holm, and the shepherd boy, lying wrapt up in his plaid by the furze-bush, with his "little flock at feed beside him." By Scott we are placed amid the men and things of departed ages. The bannered castle looms in the distance, and around it are the tented plain—the baron and his vassals—all that pertains to "ladye-love and war, renown and knightly worth." We have the cathedral-pomp, and the dark superstition, and the might that stands in the place of right,—all the fire and air, with little of the earth and water of our elemental nature. The lays of Wilson reflect the patriarchal calm of life in its best, and purest, and happiest aspects—or, indeed, of something better than mere human life, as the image of the islet in the sunset mirror of the lake is finer and fairer than the reality. Coleridge's inspiration is emblazoned by ruins in the silver and shadow of moonlight,—quaint, and queer, and fantastic, haunted by the whooping owl, and screamed over by the invisible night-hawk. Campbell reminds of the Portland vase, exquisite in taste and materials, but recalling always the conventionalities of art.

When placed beside, and contrasted with her great contemporaries, the excellences of Mrs. Hemans are sufficiently distinct and characteristic. There can be no doubt of this, more especially in her later and best writings, in which she makes incidents elucidate feelings. In this magic circle—limited it may be—she has no rival. Hence, from the

picturesqueness, the harmony, the delicacy and grace, which her compositions display, she is peculiarly the poet of her own sex. Her pictures are not more distinguished for accuracy of touch than for elegance of finish. Everything is clear, and defined, and palpable; nothing is enveloped in accommodating haze; and she never leaves us, as is the trick of some late aspiring and mystical versifiers, to believe that she must be profound because she is unintelligible. She is ever alive to the dignity of her calling, and the purity of her sex. Aware of the difficulties of her art, she aspired towards excellence with untiring perseverance, and improved herself by the study of the best models, well knowing that few things easy of attainment can be worth much. Her taste thus directed her to appropriate and happy subjects; and hence it has been, as with all things of sterling value, that her writings have not been deteriorated by time. They were not, like the ice palace of the Empress Catherine, thrown up to suit the whim of the season, or directed to subjects of mere occasional interest, to catch the gale of a passing popularity. Mrs. Hemans built on surer foundations, and with less perishable materials. The consequence is, that her reputation has been steadily on the increase. Of no one modern writer can it be affirmed with less hesitation, that she has become an English classic; nor, until human nature becomes very different from what it now is, can we imagine the least probability that the music of her lays will cease to soothe the ear, or the beauty of her sentiment to charm the gentle heart.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A.*  
By his Son, W. WILKIE COLLINS. 2 vols. Longman.

This is a biography which every one will admire, for not only is it a well-written record of a life fertile in good qualities and pleasing incidents, but it is exactly one of those narratives which, in tracing the fortunes of estimable individuals, seem to mark out that course of conduct by which, in the plan of Providence, happiness, contentment and prosperity are to be attained. In Mr. Collins we recognize the representative of a large class of individuals whose names do not pass beyond the immediate circle of their friends and relatives. He may be taken as a type,—the happiest and the best,—of

that station to which he belonged. We do not mean to say that every man can be a William Collins, can be so celebrated or so prosperous; but certainly every man of ordinary ability and ordinary opportunity may hope to be a William Collins in degree, and may emulate that cheerful industry, that patient and untiring perseverance, that contentment with moderate success, that amiability of disposition, that even uncomplaining good temper, that prudent hoarding of resources, which went so far to give him the eminence he attained, and which certainly constituted, much more than any superior abilities with which he was gifted by nature, the prosperity of a remarkably even, useful and Christian life.—*Britannia*.



*The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon, containing an Alphabetical Arrangement of every Word and Inflection contained in the Old Testament Scriptures, precisely as they occur in the Sacred Text, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word and Lexicographical Illustration of the Meanings; a Complete Series of the Hebrew and Chaldee Paradigms, with Grammatical Remarks and Explanations.* Quarto, pp. 90. Samuel Bagster and Sons. London, 1848.

The publishers of this volume state that it has occupied upwards of seven years of unremitting labor on the part of its author. Any competent person who shall read the above title-page with attention will be aware that the compass of labor involved in the carrying out of such a scheme must have been so great as to have been appalling to any mind possessing no more than the ordinary powers of application. Not only to Biblical students, but even to advanced scholars in this department, the work is a boon of great value. The Lexicon, which extends to nearly eight hundred pages, in double columns, is preceded by a grammatical introduction of nearly a hundred pages. The volume is beautifully printed, and the oversight, to preclude errors of the press, appears to have been most vigilant and successful.

In an analytical Lexicon, the great object is to give the etymology and the signification of words. We can conceive of nothing more complete than the process by which these results are aimed at in the present work. The entire body of words contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, exactly as they are found in the text, have been thrown into alphabetical order; so that each, accompanied by its prefixes, suffixes, and under every modification of form, may be immediately found by the simplest operation. Each word, thus arranged, is concisely but fully *parsed*, and its composition explained, and its simple form and root given; and whatever necessary information is not found in any case in the Lexicon is supplied by a reference to the grammatical introduction and the tables of paradigms. The signification of the words is given under their respective roots, which are always indicated in the analysis of each form. In addition to the various significations of each root, a synoptical list of all the words derived from each is given, to aid the student in remembering the connection between the root and its derivatives. Altogether, it is a volume which should have its place in the library of every man interested in the study of the language which is not only more ancient than any other known to us, but which has been made the vehicle of instruction transcendent in its influence and worth.—*British Quarterly Review*.

*Exact Philosophy. Books I. and II.* By Dr. H. F. HALLE.

The design of this work appears to be to divest natural philosophy of all the terms which it has borrowed from moral science. Dr. Halle wishes to show a disparity between the known qualities of intelligence and the known components of physics,—and to deny the possibility of their analogy. Herein, the author undervalues the office and authority of the imagination. He condemns as “mythical” and “legendary” every attempt at illustrating one by means of the other—and in this way would de-

prive matter of all “life,” “energy,” “action,” “operation,” “property,” or any other attribute that can be predicated of mind. He coins terms of contempt for all useful knowledge forms of literary composition in relation to science—such as ‘Modern Mythology,’ ‘Modern Legendary Pathology,’ ‘The Modern Oracular,’ &c.,—and insists upon a stricter observance of “the laws of exact reasoning.” That there is a want of precision in popular treatises must be confessed; and it is perhaps owing to this, at least as one of the causes, that series of works originally well intended for the education of the popular mind, and for a long period received with encouragement, have lately decreased so much in circulation. They were hastily written, and phrases were, accordingly, adopted and repeated without sufficient thought. Meanwhile, the light of philosophy has been from other quarters shed upon the whole field of intelligence, and has produced discontent with compilations that copied the verbiage of extinct systems. It were well if Dr. Halle had himself written in a style less affected; his work would have possessed greater positive utility in its increased intelligibility. As it is, we have to translate it into our ordinary dialect. Of his earnestness and sincerity, there need be no doubt—and his strictures upon Mill, Lewes and Comte are not without their value.—*Athenæum*.

#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

- Visits to Monasteries in the Levant, by Hon. Robert Curzon.
- Nineveh, its Remains, by Austin H. Layard. 2 vols. The Monuments of Nineveh, illustrated from Mr. Layard's drawings.
- Life, by George Borrow, author of *The Bible in Spain*.
- Original Treatises on the Arts of Painting in Oil, Glass, Mosaic, &c., by Thos. Merrifield
- Notes from Books, by Henry Taylor, author of *Philip Van Artevelde*.
- The Doctrine of the Incarnation, by Arch-deacon Wilberforce.
- Dalmatia and Montenegro, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.
- Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas Shaw.
- The Saxons in England; a history of the English Commonwealth until the Norman Conquest, by J. M. Kemble, M. A. 2 vols.
- Charles Vernon, by Lt. Col. Henry Lenior.
- The Fountain of Arethusa, by Robert Eyres Landor. 2 vols.
- Goals and Guerdons, or the Chronicles of a Life, by a very old Lady.
- A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition, by G. W. Rühner.
- Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon.
- The Victim of the Jesuits, or Piquillo Alliaga, by C. Cocks.
- The Lancashire Witches, a new novel of Ainsworth.
- Austria, by Edward P. Thompson, Esq.
- The Diamond and the Pearl, a new novel by Mrs. Gore.
- Vol. IV. of the Pepys Diary.
- Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, by J. Bernard Burke, Esq.





— 1914年，在柏林的威廉皇帝博物馆，威廉皇帝与皇后合影 —

WILLIAM AND QUEEN VICTORIA, BERLIN, 1914



THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1849.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD MELBOURNE.

*Biographical Notices of Lord Melbourne.* London: 1848.

THERE are some men, of whom, if we value their memory, it is important to produce, as soon as possible after the world has heard that they are no more, a just appreciation. We mean men in whose characters the lights and shadows were in a certain degree vague and unsettled, and whose manner was frequently confounded with a nature or mind of which it was but a false and superficial index.

Certain gentlemen in the House of Commons who get up early, who have always their watch in their hand, who rush from committee room to committee room, and rarely miss any division on any subject, are generally considered by their family, and sometimes by their acquaintances, and even ordinary lookers-on, as men of business and activity. The Peer whom we are now mourning, was not a man of this class: his external habits were, in appearance, those of indolence; he went into society in the evening; he had the air of a loungeur in the morning; he attended indifferently to things of small importance; and consequently he was called idle, and for many years of his life decried as idle, by a vast variety of persons

who were far less usefully employed than himself. During this time he read more and thought more than perhaps any person of his own station and standing. His knowledge of the classical languages rendered their most difficult authors as familiar to him as if they had written in French or in English; and his mind was imbued with, and constantly brooding over those writings which best record the eloquence and wisdom of antiquity. In modern history and literature there was hardly any work with which he was not acquainted; and all the nice points and dogmas of theology were perpetually turned over by his inquisitive and speculative mind. His morning's ride, indeed, was often as serious an occupation to him, as were, to Pliny, the two hours which he passed in a dark room, and which he considered, though he was *merely* thinking, the most important portion of his day's labors. By this quiet process of study and thought he gradually brought his mind to an elevated level, all beneath which he considered mean and worthless; all above, visionary and extravagant. Popular clamor and aristocratic pretension were alike dis-

tasteful to him ; mere honors he despised ; " the grand simple " which the famous Duke of Queensbury, then Earl of March, gave to George Selwyn as the *beau-ideal* of taste, was the characteristic of his understanding.

Such was the statesman whose career and character we are now about to sketch—a statesman whom it was almost impossible for the public to understand from afar, and whom it was even difficult for those who had only casual opportunities of approaching him to judge with correctness.

The late Viscount Melbourne was born on the 18th of March, 1779 ; being at this time the second son of the first Lord Melbourne, a nobleman not particularly remarkable himself, but married to a lady celebrated in her day for the charm of her manners and the strength of her understanding. The eldest son, Mr. Peniston Lamb, lived much in the world, but took little interest in politics. Mr. William Lamb, intended for a profession, was sent in the mean time to Eaton, Glasgow, and Cambridge ; and so distinguished himself at these places by his abilities, that in 1802 Mr. Fox, ever the gracious and politic patron of rising merit, drew the attention of Parliament to the youthful scholar by quoting a passage from one of his university compositions.\*

In 1805 Mr. Peniston Lamb died, and Mr. William Lamb having thus become the representative of his family, was brought into the House of Commons. His talents, as we have seen, were already known there, and as he took his seat on the ministerial benches, he was selected by the Grenville Administration to move the address to the Crown at the opening of the session of 1806. With an appearance strikingly handsome, a delivery bold and energetic, and a style evidently formed with care, but not (as is frequently

the case with young orators) too studied and adorned, he made on this occasion a great impression ; and if the Whigs had remained in power, he would have been named to an important situation under them. As it was, he followed the party into opposition ; and there remained for some time—the bitter and not undistinguished antagonist of the men who had ridden into authority on the old King's prejudices.\*

Many years did not, however, elapse without producing great changes in the state of affairs. The illness of King George III., the appointment of the Prince of Wales as Regent, the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the various attempts which were then made to form a mixed administration, gave a new color to questions, and a new position to persons. Great military successes abroad—serious disturbances at home followed.

Amidst these events Mr. Lamb gradually ceased to act as a party man, and he and Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, became conspicuous for standing, as it were, on the verge of the two contending factions. The latter sat with the Tories, but frequently spoke for the Whigs ; the former sat with Whigs, but spoke frequently for the Tories. Both, then young, were listened to with great attention, and held a high position in the House of Commons, where they were frequently complimented for their great respectability, talents, and independence.† Their principles were the same—an inclination rather to support the prerogatives of Government than to give any great extension to popular power ; but a strong conviction that the Government as constituted should be conducted with justice and intelligence ; that all monopolies, whether in trade or religion, ought to be modified or abolished, and that the general policy of our civil administration at home, and of our affairs abroad, should be in accordance with the character of a great empire, eminently commercial and under the

\* Mr. Fox, March 16, 1802. Character of the Duke of Bedford. The passage is one taken from an essay on the "Progressive Improvements of Mankind," an oration delivered by Mr. Lamb in the chapel of Trinity College, on the 17th December, 1798. Mr. Fox says—"I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator. It may be thought, perhaps, to savor too much of the sanguine views of youth to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry ; but it is at least cheering and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be so exemplified, is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. 'Crime,' says he, 'is a curse only to the period in which it is successful ; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example, as by its immediate effects.'"

\* In 1807, he seconded Mr. Brand's motion relative to the late change of ministry. In 1810. See Mr. Fuller's motion for the abolition of sinecure offices.

† See the debates on the Indemnity Bill, 11th March, 1818, and Lord Brougham's speech, of which the following is an extract : "It was a matter of much regret to him, and to those with whom his honorable friend was generally in the habit of acting, that a person of his (Mr. Lamb's) great respectability—that a person of so much weight in that House and in the country, from his accomplishments, his talents, and his character, should have lent himself to the support of such a measure as that which was now under consideration."

away of free, but not of democratic institutions.\*

These opinions, though not precisely Whig nor Tory, were in reality becoming, about this time, the opinions of the day; and already in men's minds was shadowed out the idea of a new party, as the centre at which the Liberal Conservative and Conservative Liberal were at last to meet. In 1827 such a party was formed, and in power. Mr. Canning was its first leader; Mr. Huskinson its second; and Mr. Lamb, who had accepted the office of secretary for Ireland under the one,† held it as long as the other continued to serve in the Duke of Wellington's administration—that is, until the vote on the question of East Retford in 1828.‡ All the circumstances attending the rupture which then took place, have been so much before the public, that it would be superfluous here to dilate upon them; but we do think it worth while to mention a fact not generally known—viz: that, in the summer of 1830, Mr. Huskinson was asked whether he and his friends would accept office, and returned for answer a declaration that the support thus solicited could not be given to any ministry which did not include Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne. This declaration is notable, inasmuch as it ranged a body of eminent political men, who had of late years stood between the Whigs and the Tories, frankly by the side of the acknowledged Whig leaders. It was also timely. The death of George IV. took place at this moment. It occasioned new elections, whilst the angry feelings created by the bill for granting Roman Catholic emancipation were still at their height. The Tory candidates had their old committees disorganized, and their old speeches thrown in their teeth. A more than usual number of Whigs, but especially a more than usual number of persons neither exclusively Whig nor Tory, and therefore open to the impression of passing

events, appeared on the hustings and were successful.\*

It was when these elections were actually going on, that there arrived the startling news of the revolution in Paris; a revolution made in opposition to a deliberate attempt to put down the constituted liberties of France; and which, being achieved with a heroism and concluded with a moderation rare in history, created, even among the most mild and temperate men, such an enthusiasm, in favor of reforms calculated to extend the principle of self-government, as, since the great revolution of 1688, had not been felt within these realms.

Parliament met amidst the fall on all sides of governments which had abused or over-stretched their authority, and amidst the almost universal rise of constitutions or the extension of constitutional privileges. Nowhere was the cause of the people lost amidst the excesses of the mob. The heart of England swelled with a generous emulation. "Why," said Englishmen, "when men throughout the world are asserting their rights and amending their institutions; why should we not improve and renovate ours?" That a ruined house or a decayed tree or a green mound should have a representative in Parliament, and that Birmingham and Manchester should not, was, in sooth, an inconsistency which, in a moment of general change, might seem well worthy of correction. Our country, it is true, had won its way to wealth and to greatness in spite of such defects or singularities in its form of government. For, in fact, if you establish a public assembly, and give to that assembly the free right of discussion; in whatever way it is created, out of whatever elements it is composed, the heart and mind of the nation in which it resides will become visible in it; and such assembly will assume, in moments of excitement, a popular character, and become, upon the whole, the advocate of popular rights. The council of Castille, the parliament of Paris, the early assemblies of our own warlike barons, are proofs of this general principle. But a great and civilized nation requires not only to have its wants supplied but its reason satisfied; and when a moment comes in which some absurdity in its condition is made manifest, and there appears a probability that that absurdity can safely be removed, no argument drawn from the past will withstand the instant cry for its abolition.

\* See Parliamentary Debates, 1816, 1817, 1818.

† This offer of Mr. Canning's was the more flattering, since Mr. Lamb, who had just retired from the representation of Staffordshire, for which he had been elected member in 1819, was not at the time in Parliament, and had to be returned for a Government borough.

‡ We may mention as a fact that comes within our own personal knowledge, that when Mr. Lamb's resignation was pending, he received a message from a very high authority, stating that the king was very anxious that Mr. Lamb should remain in office, and observing, that in this case he would of course be elevated to a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Lamb had not voted with Mr. Huskinson on the question of the East Retford franchise, but he declined at once listening to the suggestion.

\* A pamphlet by Lord Dover, in 1830, gives a very accurate account of these elections.

Thus, when the new parliament met, the demand for parliamentary reform was overwhelming. The Duke of Wellington felt that his government was not the government which ought to grant such a reform, and he retired. Lord Grey was entrusted with the formation of a new administration. The noble earl desired, at this critical moment, to construct his cabinet on the broadest basis.

Mr. Poulett Thompson, as representative of the Radical party, was made Vice President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Wynn, as representative of the once powerful Grenville party, became Secretary at War; the Whigs of eminence, as a matter of course, had stations allotted to them. Mr. Huskinson,\* unfortunately, had no longer to be provided for: a melancholy accident had not long since deprived England of one of the most illustrious statesmen of the nineteenth century; but Lord Palmerston took the Foreign Office; Mr. Charles Grant the India Board; and Lord Melbourne, who had assumed this title since the demise of his father two years before, became Secretary of State for the Home Department. At this moment, the country was ravaged with mysterious fires; and there seemed all the symptoms of a general agrarian insurrection. The state of the metropolis itself was so alarming that the late premier—a man not given to unnecessary fears—had considered it unsafe, a few days previous to his quitting the government, for the king to attend the lord mayor's dinner in the city. Lord Grey could not safely have chosen an incapable man to guide the course of internal administration at such a time; and the wisdom of his selection soon became apparent. During the eventful period of which we have been speaking, and during the periods, as eventful, which shortly afterward succeeded, the peace of the country was steadily preserved.

In 1830 and 1831, the agricultural disturbances were suppressed. In 1832, the political unions in towns disappeared.

But where excitement has once existed it does not easily or immediately subside. The trade-unions followed the political unions, and in 1834 a petition from these societies was escorted through London by an assemblage of about 100,000 persons. But on its being carried to the Home Office, the petition was calmly refused acceptance, on account of the numbers by which it was accompanied;

\* Lord Dudley, whose health was at this time already affected, was the only important member of Mr. Huskinson's party omitted in this distribution of office.

and the leaders of the procession, who had borne it triumphantly in by the front door of the department, had to beg permission to convey it out again by a back door into a hackney-coach. On this occasion, the resolute indifference of the Government, and the composure of the Home Secretary, who was looking out of the window of his office at Whitehall upon the scene beneath—the very absence from the streets of the soldiery and police, who were known to be prepared though invisible, awed the multitude into a sense of their insignificance; and if among the immense masses of men that were suffered to pass quietly through our tranquil and well guarded city, there were any who had hoped to work out from this demonstration any objects of violence, they went back to their homes and remained there for years under a full conviction of their impotence, and of the absurdity of the schemes they had meditated.

The conduct of Lord Melbourne at the time of which we are speaking, was the theme of universal praise: indeed, we have dwelt upon it at some length, since we know that it weighed considerably with King William when he had subsequently to select a new prime minister.

We return from this digression.

Lord Grey had not been many weeks in office, when his famous Reform Bill was introduced to Parliament. In him this act was one of singular consistency; it closed a long political life, with a proposition almost identical with that with which his distinguished public career may be said to have opened. With many, however, in his administration the case was different. Neither Lord Melbourne, nor those with whom he was most connected, had ever been parliamentary reformers. Lord Melbourne especially had distinguished himself in more than one contest with Sir Francis Burdett on this very subject. Many were curious to see the course that he would now take. It was bold and statesman-like. "I have been against reform,"\* was his argument, "when it was a question of theory; and speculative men were for unsettling the public mind, as to the merits of a constitution, which, however defective, was a noble work, under the benefit of which we have grown to a great eminence among nations; but when I find what was formerly a question of doctrine among a few theorists, has become the prevailing idea among great masses of the English people;

\* We have not space to quote his language, but we give its meaning.

when I know that, no longer satisfied with the general results of our form of government, there is a determination to deal with the particular abuses in it—I cannot deny that those abuses exist. The dangers I apprehended were not from this form of government or that, but from men being dissatisfied with the form of government under which they lived. This evil has now come to pass; and we must deal with it, not as constitutional scholiasts, but as practical statesmen. For the same reason then, that I would have done nothing formerly, I would do nothing small or inefficient now; on the same grounds that I would not, some years back, have encouraged dissatisfaction—on these grounds I would now satisfy.”

Hardly had the Reform Bill passed, when Lord Grey, weakened by declining years, mortified by the loss of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and annoyed and vexed by small disputes and cabals among his personal friends, came to the wise resolution of leaving, unblemished by future chances, the great monument he had raised to his reputation. Lord Melbourne succeeded to the premiership. Some who saw public affairs from a distance might be surprised; but nearer spectators had their expectations realized. We ourselves remember conversing about a year previously with Lord Durham on the possibility of Lord Grey's demise or retirement, and, on inquiring from him who, in such a case, he thought would be named First Lord of the Treasury? Lord Durham, remarkable for his acute and instinctive judgment, said at once, “Lord Melbourne!”

A great change, however, had by this time taken place in the mind of the Sovereign. His reign had commenced amidst appalling events; he had seen a king whose arms had been just crowned by victory, and whose pretensions were upheld by the clergy and nobility of the land, placing himself across the path of political improvement, and borne down by the onward march of his people; and he had witnessed that people after their triumph—not raising up new edifices in politics and morals, of Babel-like height and fanciful construction, but deepening and strengthening the old and recognized foundations of government and society. There was much in all this to excite fear as to resistance, and to soothe apprehension as to concession.

King William, therefore, had allowed the Reform Bill to be brought forward without opposition on his part, and had even sanctioned the dissolution of Parliament, which ensured its being carried. This monarch, however,

whilst meaning well to his country; whilst wishing his people to be free and powerful, had no distinct conceptions of his own, as to the wants of the nation he had to govern, nor as to the state of that public opinion by which he had to be governed. His royal consort, and many of those in his personal intimacy, were beset by the most gloomy fears. The conduct of the Peers could not but influence his mind. As early as 1832 he had misgivings. For a moment there was even then a question of a new administration. The patriotic prudence of the great leaders of the Opposition, as well as the resolute determination of those in power, saved the country from this crisis; but the feeling that had nearly provoked it remained; and, after the retirement of Lord Grey, whose dignity of character and lofty bearing had always exercised great influence over his contemporaries, it very much increased. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that on Lord Althorp's removal from the leadership of the House of Commons, caused in 1834 by Lord Spencer's death, the Sovereign thought he saw an occasion to change the government, in an event which had so much weakened it. At a first glance, the time for this attempt seemed well selected. The spirit of 1830 no longer moved upon the great waters; the storm which, at that period, agitated Europe had subsided; the enthusiasm in favor of Reform in England—what enthusiasm has lasted?—had calmed down. The Liberal party in England was also, in a certain degree, broken up; some of its most eminent members had seceded from it. But though popular feeling had begun to ebb, the tide of reaction had not yet fully set in; and the short-lived administration then formed, only served to show the great temper, extraordinary skill, and infatigable industry of Sir R. Peel as a parliamentary leader. In a few months Sir R. Peel resigned office; and Lord Melbourne, who, on quitting power, had refused the Garter and a higher place in the peerage, now once more became First Lord of the Treasury.

The circumstances under which Lord Melbourne reassumed this position were very difficult and adverse. In the House of Lords there was against the Government a powerful majority, supported by one of the most formidable masters of dignified argument and biting sarcasm that ever shone in that assembly. In the House of Commons there was a powerful minority, led by the most skillful and accomplished debater of modern times, and which had always at its command the



fiery genius of Lord Stanley—the well-considered and impressive eloquence of Sir James Graham. Nor was this all: the difficulties in the legislative assemblies were increased by difficulties at court, and by difficulties yet more serious in the government of Ireland, where Mr. O'Connell was at this period supreme. To great abilities, marvellous activity and energy, and an extraordinary gift of popular eloquence—his eloquence, in our opinion, was not adapted to any other audience than an excited or easily excitable mob—this singular man united a thorough knowledge of, and identification with, the Irish character. By these qualities and by long service in behalf of the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, he had obtained an almost supernatural power over the great body of the Irish people. Almost alone of all demagogues known in history, he was able to re-collect and confine within his Æolian cell the tempest and the hurricane, which anon he could let loose over the minds of his imaginative countrymen.

The time has not yet arrived to judge Mr. O'Connell with impartiality. We believe him to have been a patriot at heart, and to have had noble and wise desires for his country's welfare; but we believe him also to have been careless as to the means for accomplishing his ends. His political life was tinged with the policy of that distinguished but dangerous order in which his religion has found, at times, her ablest but most unscrupulous champions. The truth of his doctrines, we firmly believe, he weighed and confided in; but the truth of his words and sayings, he never for one moment considered. His language, moreover, was as coarse and virulent as that of the early disputants in theological controversy; and his manner cringing or overbearing, according as it suited his momentary objects. Such a character was peculiarly distasteful to an English gentleman, but it was to be turned to good purposes, if possible, by an English statesman. Resistance to "the great Agitator" had been tried by his ablest opponents; but with no other effect than to have ended by his complete triumph in the act of 1829. Conciliation was now essayed; and its evident effects in the sister kingdom were, undoubtedly, the decrease of our army, the increased strength and popularity of our authority, and the diminished importance of the powerful individual whom we, for the first time, treated with consideration. Party spirit and religious prejudice, however, look little at results; and King William died at the moment when the

force of the Government was almost expended. A new reign gave it new strength; but it also devolved on its leader a more difficult and responsible duty than any with which he had hitherto been charged.

A young and female Sovereign inherited the throne; a Princess whose education had been carefully attended to, but whose understanding could not yet have been formed to the science of government. Lord Melbourne had to gain authority over the mind of his young Sovereign, and to exercise that authority in such a manner as should at once satisfy the popular party of which he was the leader, and maintain the rights of the Crown, which he was bound in duty to protect. It was in this new sphere, for which Providence seemed to have created and educated him, that his various qualities, talents, and acquirements were most usefully exercised, and most eminently displayed. Had he been merely a dry, matter-of-fact man of business, or a mere man of book-acquired knowledge, he would probably have wearied instead of gaining the attention of his royal scholar; had he been a mere man of pleasure, he might have amused and captivated, but he could not have instructed one on whose knowledge of her duties depended in no small degree the fate of millions; had he been a violent party man, he would have entered upon his task with a warped and partial judgment. With democratical tendencies he would have lowered the just influence of the monarchy; with monarchical tendencies he might have instilled dangerous doctrines into the breast of the sovereign. But with a lofty equanimity of judgment, he happily combined great charm of manner, great experience of the world, great knowledge acquired from reading and reflection. It was these various endowments,—each of which was required for his office, and all of which united, fitted him so peculiarly for it—that made him at once a minister and a guide so well suited to the beginning of what we trust will be the long, as well as glorious, reign of our present Queen. Indeed, he devoted almost entirely the latter years of his official career to the task of instructing his Royal Mistress in the exercise of her important functions. Well able to bear other responsibilities, the responsibility of this office pressed with great weight upon him; more especially as his devotion to the Crown was rendered more intense by a daily increasing admiration for the growing virtues and abilities of the Sovereign. Nevertheless, though his attention to the palace engrossed so much of his time and consideration, he

sustained with spirit the leadership of the Lords, and kept down the various differences which were perpetually breaking out in his, as they are in every, cabinet. But the genius of representative government is against the long administration of one party; the nation was getting tired of that in power; and Lord Melbourne's government in 1839 had only, on an important question, a majority of four. He resigned his situation.

A misunderstanding, however, respecting the appointment of the ladies of the bed-chamber, caused her Majesty to desist from the idea of forming a new administration under Sir. R. Peel, and to command Lord Melbourne's services anew. His return to office, under these circumstances, was a sacrifice as a politician, though a duty as a subject.

To retain it long was impossible; and that he did so for two years was a singular proof of the tact, temper, and judgment with which the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament carried on the public business.

In 1841, after a strenuous but vain effort to effect some modification in the Corn Laws, Lord Melbourne finally retired from his high post, predicting\* that his adversaries would be obliged to claim as an inheritance, the measure they had successfully opposed; a prophecy these adversaries ere long fulfilled at the expense of their consistency as politicians, but to their honor and glory as true patriots.

In the following year he was first attacked by a partial paralysis, arising from disorder of the vital functions, and especially from fatigue of the brain; a melancholy proof that he had not been the lazy, indifferent person that some have idly supposed. From this attack he rallied to a considerable degree; and though his spirits in the morning sometimes drooped, and his faculties shrank from their accustomed exercise—in the evening, among friends, his former brilliant gaiety, and happy and ready memory, usually returned to him. Up to the very last he continued, when he could no longer read with facility, to have every new work of importance read to him; never ceasing to feel warmly for the well-being of his country, and testifying pleasure at the visits of his old friends, though he could not always sustain a conversation with them. For some time death had been visibly preparing its approach:

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\* Lord Melbourne himself had, in proposing this measure, yielded to what he considered the necessity of the times—acting in opposition to his previous opinions.

he died at his family seat, at Brocket Hall, on the 24th of November, 1848.

As a minister—though not endowed with that determined will and spirit, which gave the two Pitts almost unlimited control over their colleagues and the country—he had still many qualities of a first-rate kind, and which are very rarely seen combined: a temperament cool and courageous; a mind dispassionate and unprejudiced; a manner remarkably good-humored and conciliatory; an intellect of a high order, and which had been improved by incessant, though not forced cultivation. But we can rarely have qualities to an eminent degree, which do not verge towards defects. Accordingly, the extent of Lord Melbourne's acquirements, and the comprehensiveness of his understanding, stood in one sense in his way. They made him so well acquainted with all that could be said on one side or the other of every argument; they presented him so clearly, at the same time, the dark and bright side of every question—that the tendency of his judgment was to underrate distinctions, and to deem differences between opinions less wide and less important than they really were. It is remarkable, however, that this habit of mind, while it gave moderation to his judgment, did not infuse irresolution into his conduct. Aware that if one course is to be pursued in preference to another, it must, whether only a little better or much better than the opposite one, be pursued with energy, he never, after having once adopted a policy, faltered in the execution of it.

Great credit is due to him for the appointments he made of able men to offices. When Home Secretary, the New Poor Law Bill, the Municipal Bill, and that of Commissioners of Inquiry into Public Charities, were introduced; and his appointments under them—free from all bias of party—were directed entirely by views of public interest. In the same manner, when Prime Minister, he was also remarkable for his disinterested use of the patronage of the Crown, taking no honors for himself, nor giving offices to family connections.

As an orator, Lord Melbourne wanted the abundance of expression, the *copia fundi*, the power and fullness of diction which so eminently distinguish his friend and contemporary, Lord Brougham; and which are rarely acquired, except by the continual study and practice of the forensic art. His character and mode of life interfered with his being a rhetorician: he had hardly ever spoken but when thought it absolutely necessary for his

own character or the public interest. His speeches consisted for the most part of short and striking sentences, expressing philosophical views, appealing with energy to the instincts of common sense, and retorting with haughty boldness and gaiety upon an adversary's attack.

In the House of Commons (though this seems now partly forgotten) he was, as we have said, though a very rare, a very effective speaker; and, as he had seldom concluded one of his phrases in that assembly before the pause was covered with cheers, a sort of hesitation which sometimes interfered between one phrase and the other was little noted. In the cold and silent audience of the House of Lords this defect was more visible, especially as Lord Melbourne succeeded to a position which Lord Grey had just adorned with a remarkably continuous and stately flow of eloquence. He soon, however, displayed some of the most useful and shining qualities of a debater;—a thorough knowledge of his audience; a frankness and good-nature which disarmed animosity; a ready wit which was always at hand to encounter an obstinate antagonist; and such sound and statesmanlike views on all important subjects, as gave the tone of wisdom to his raillery, and the air of dignity to his ease.

In the Cabinet, his equable disposition and conciliatory address soothed down all angry discussions; and as he understood all opinions, and could see into all personal motives, he was ever ready to suggest the compromise or offer the satisfaction that was desired.

In society he was perhaps the most graceful and agreeable gentleman that the present generation can remember.

Everything with every body, he was still always himself. He could meet the politician, the man of letters, the man of the world, each on his own ground, and did so naturally and without effort. His mirth was constant and sparkling, and his wit of that best kind, which Dr. Johnson so aptly designates by saying, "We have never enough of it, if we have not too much."

His first impulse in ordinary conversation, was to treat things lightly; he had no idea of wasting seriousness; but when business really presented itself, his elastic mind recoiled immediately to the form required by the occasion. At such times he drew himself up; his head became erect; his eye earnest; his lip compressed; no frivolous word broke in upon what he had to hear or to say; his

attitude and manner, a moment before good-humored, easy and arch, became at once sober and impressive.

His person and countenance were always noble and manly; and with the advance of years the latter gained in dignity. In some parts of his habits and character, he resembled the jovial, good-humored, practical Sir R. Walpole; in others, the studious, the speculative, and refining Bolingbroke: there was a great deal, indeed, in him which took one back to the days of Queen Anne and the ministers of a time when politics and letters were intermingled.

Some peculiarities in his character it is here the moment to notice. His antipathy to all exaggeration and affectation, and the keen glance that he was able to give into the motives of others; his aptitude to detect hypocrisy and to discount false sentimentality, established in his own mind a desire to control or to conceal the real kindness of his disposition; and to smile—as if with the incredulity of a man who is ignorant of the feelings he derides—at enthusiasm or disinterestedness.

Yet, Lord Melbourne's view of mankind was not really a harsh one. In Mr. Wilberforce's memoir, there is an anecdote of this gentleman having once asked Mr. Pitt whether his experience as Minister had induced him to think well or ill of his fellow-men. Mr. Pitt answered, "Well;" and Lord Melbourne, when told this anecdote by a friend, and asked his own opinion, replied—"My opinion is the same as Mr. Pitt's." Nor was he inactive and unambitious, as we have heard it stated, from a feeling that nothing was worthy of action or ambition. The fact is, that many of the ordinary motives which stimulate men, did not stimulate him; he was so utterly without vanity, that he could not even comprehend its influence upon others. He was not, consequently, likely to talk or to act merely for the sake of making a figure. For everything in action which did not seem to him to present a possible, practical, and quick result—for everything in ambition which did not seem to him to hold out a solid and prompt reward—his understanding had no sympathy. The business of office, of government, of carrying on society, pleased him in action and satisfied him in ambition.

For office, therefore, though this was not generally known, he *was* an ambitious man; and in office, though he still wore the easy and careless manner which had marked him in private life, those who knew him well,

knew that his mind was constantly active in considering how its duties were best to be discharged. This point in his character is worth noticing, because it gives more merit to his impartial course in politics to his many refusals of employment; and shows that he was firm in his principles, though they were adopted without enthusiasm.

Upon the whole, without wishing to give this article the air of an eulogy, we think that we may fairly observe, that whilst many have illustrated their career by deeds of greater renown, few have ever gone through a distinguished career more honorably. A member of Parliament during a long period of years, and in the midst of critical and changeful times, his conduct was always marked by moderation; and although his votes were not given to one party alone, he was never accused or suspected by any party of being influenced by self-interest. Now refusing to give up the rights of the Government to the mob; now protecting the interests of the nation against the Government; he was for animating order by activity; he was for maintaining order against agitation. "*Mihi semper in animo fuit*," as he once said, quoting from his favorite author, "*ut in rostris curiam, in senatu populum defenderem*."

First minister of the Crown during the lifetime of William IV, he contrived to vindicate and to advance the principles he represented, in spite of an apprehensive Sovereign, and a hostile aristocracy.

First minister of the Crown under Queen Victoria, he never allowed the solicitations of his supporters, his own passions or interests, to lead him to exercise the almost unbounded influence which, for a time, he held over his youthful Sovereign, in a manner prejudicial to the rights accorded to her authority by our constitution, nor to a degree that was unfair to his opponents.

During his administration, the maintenance of tranquillity and order was made useful

towards the extension of the liberties of the subject, and the prosperity of the empire. Abroad, during the same time, the policy of England was eminently English; viz: prudent, peaceful, liberal.

He died almost regarded as a father by his queen; held in the highest estimation by the most distinguished of his contemporaries; deeply mourned by his relatives and friends; and without leaving behind him an enemy, though ignorance in default of malice may raise him up detractors.\* Of the probability of this, he was himself long since aware; nor would it be possible to write anything on such a subject, more touching or more apposite than the passage from one of his own speeches, with which we will conclude our notice.

"The exploits of the soldier are performed in the light of the sun and in the face of day; they are performed before his own army, before the enemy; they are seen, they are known; for the most part they cannot be denied or disputed; they are told instantly to the whole world, and receive at once the meed of praise, which is so justly due to the valor and conduct that achieve them. Not so the services of the minister; they lie not so much in acting in great crises, as in preventing those crises from arising; therefore they are often obscure and unknown, subject to every species of misrepresentation, and effected amidst obloquy, attack, and condemnation, whilst in reality entitled to the approbation and gratitude of the country;—how frequently are such services lost in the tranquillity which they have been the means of preserving, and amidst the prosperity which they have themselves created."†

\* It is but justice to add, that he has also found defenders where he might not have expected them; and one of the kindest and ablest notices of his life came from the pen of an opponent.

† See Mr. Lamb's speech on the 11th of March, 1818, on the Indemnity Bill.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.\*

THE election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic will naturally excite some curiosity in regard to his history and public character. Hitherto he has only been known through the foolish affairs at Strasburg and Boulogne; his published works, notwithstanding the merits claimed from them by his adherents, having failed to enlarge his reputation. His life has, nevertheless, been somewhat eventful, and he does not lack the advantage of varied fortune and severe experience. Whether he has profited remains to be seen. From such hasty materials as we could procure, we have arranged for the Tribune the following brief notice of his history:

Charles Louis Napoleon, son of Louis, ex-king of Holland, was born in Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. His god-parents were the Emperor and Maria Louisa, and during his childhood he was an especial favorite of the former. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he stood beside him on the Champ de Mars, and when embraced by him for the last time, at Malmaison, the young Louis, then a boy of seven years, wished to follow him at all hazards. When the family was banished from France, his mother removed to Augsburg, where he received a good German education. He was afterward taken to Switzerland, where he obtained the right of citizenship and commenced a course of military studies. After the July Revolution, by which he was a second time proscribed from France, he visited Italy in company with his brother, and in 1831 took part in a popular insurrection against the Pope. This movement failed, but he succeeded in making his escape, and, his brother dying at Forlì the same year, he visited England and afterward returned to Switzerland, where, for two or three years, he contented himself with writing poetical and military works, which do not appear to have been extensively read. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt, in 1832, gave a new impulse to his ambitious hopes. His first revolutionary attempt, at Stras-

burg, in October, 1836, completely failed, but after a short imprisonment in Paris, he was sent to this country. The illness of his mother occasioned his return the following year, and after a visit to Switzerland he took up his residence in England until his second attempt at Boulogne, in 1840.

In this affair several of his followers were killed, and he was himself taken and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Ham. The particulars of his escape in May, 1846, after an incarceration of six years, are well known. From that time until the end of September last, when he was returned as a Deputy to the National Assembly from the Department of the Seine, he has resided in England. A late London journal, in describing his mode of life, gives the following not very flattering account:

"He was unscrupulous in contracting obligations which were wholly beyond his means of repayment; and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher's stone. So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science, at a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory at Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he is said to have actually appropriated his revenue in anticipation, and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains to the payment of the national debt of France, in order to acquire thus an imperial throne by purchase?"

The large majority by which he was elected a Representative astonishes every one, and gave his followers the first encouragement to bring forth his name as a candidate for the Presidency. To defeat the acknowledged Republican party, he received also the support of the Legitimists and Orleanists, and those combined influences have elected him by an immense majority. The rest must be left to Time and Fate.

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\* See Engraving.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE preparation of this biography by Dr. Beattie, the friend and the physician of Thomas Campbell, has been known for some time; and the three volumes now published are the result of his labors. The history of Thomas Campbell is one of an almost entirely literary character. The late poet was strictly a literary man. He followed no other profession permanently, and he was eminently successful in that path whereon he was partly forced. The biographer has endeavored to make the poet tell the story of his own life, by quoting largely from his letters, and often interspersing only such connecting links as appeared to be absolutely necessary. This plan has advantages, and it is not without disadvantages. The public generally prefer to have a history of this nature not in the words of the biographer, but in the letters and papers of the person in whom they are most interested. The "Life of Keats" has been produced in a similar style, but on a smaller scale, by its noble editor. The disadvantages inseparable from this plan are, that we have a redundancy of writing often on trivial matters, and on points evidently considered by the writer of minor importance. In preparing old letters for the press, this course can scarcely be avoided. The plan, however, appears to have been suggested by Campbell himself. Dr. Beattie is not a volunteer in the matter. He was brought under a promise by his late friend to write this work. A number of the necessary papers were put into his possession by Mr. Campbell prior to his death. Dr. Beattie was thus compelled to take the work in hand, which he has now discharged in a style that will be satisfactory to the many friends of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope." The first chapter contains a genealogical statement of Campbell's ancestry. His grandfather was Laird of Kirnan, in Argyleshire. At his death, Robert Campbell, the poet's uncle, succeeded to the estate; and living more extravagantly than the rent-

roll permitted, he was compelled to sell his land to a half-brother, and, proceeding to London, lived as a literary man—a precarious living at any period, and peculiarly hazardous in the last century. He died in London, "in very reduced circumstances." The second brother, Archibald, studied for the Presbyterian Church; and having for some time been minister of a Scotch congregation in Jamaica, he ultimately settled in Virginia, United States. A son of this gentleman afterwards succeeded to the original family estate—a small parcel, in a large property to which he became entitled by the law of entail. Alexander, the third son, was engaged in the mercantile profession. But we quote Dr. Beattie's account of

### THE POET'S FAMILY.

"Alexander, the youngest of the three sons of Archibald Campbell, and father of the poet, was born in 1710. He was educated with a view to mercantile pursuits; and early in life went to America, where he entered into business, and resided many years at Falmouth, in Virginia. There he had the pleasure of receiving his brother Archibald, on his first quitting Jamaica to settle in the United States; and there also, some ten years afterwards, while he was making his way in business very satisfactorily, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Daniel Campbell, a clansman, but no blood relation, of the 'Campbells of Kirnan.' He was the son of John Campbell, and his wife Mary, daughter of Robert Simpson. John Campbell was a merchant in Glasgow, nearly related to the Campbells of Craignish, an old Argyleshire family. The Simpsons had been for many generations residents in the city, or immediate neighborhood, of Glasgow, where they possessed several small estates. An old tradition, still current among the collateral descendants—for Robert Simpson died without male issue—states that the progenitor of the Simpsons was 'a celebrated royal armorer' to the King of Scotland. In that capacity, it is said, he fashioned two broadswords, of exquisite temper and workmanship; one of which he presented on the centenary anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland; the other he retained as an heir-loom in his own family, where it is still

preserved. It is a plain but handsome blade, with the date 1414 stamped upon it.

"Shortly after making the acquaintance of Daniel Campbell, at Falmouth, in Virginia, Alexander Campbell took final leave of the United States; and, in the company of his friend, returned to Glasgow, where they entered into copartnership as Virginian traders, under the firm of Alexander and Daniel Campbell. This connection proved very satisfactory. The partners became more and more known and respected as men of probity and experience; every way deserving the success which, for several years, rewarded their industry, and gained for them unlimited confidence in the trade. Daniel Campbell, the junior partner, had a sister named Margaret, born in 1736, and at this time about the age of twenty. To her Alexander Campbell, though by repute a confirmed bachelor, and then at the mature age of forty-five, paid his addresses; and before another year had expired, the mercantile connection between the two friends was cemented by a family tie. Alexander Campbell and Margaret Campbell were married in the Cathedral Church of Glasgow, on the 12th of January, 1756, in presence of their respective families. They began their domestic cares in a large house in the High Street, which has long since disappeared under the march of civic improvements. In this house the poet was born. From the date of his marriage, in 1756, to the first outbreak of war with America, in 1775, Mr. Campbell continued at the head of the firm; and every successive year added something to the joint prosperity of himself and his partner. But at the disastrous period, when the flag of war was unfurled between kindred people, the tide of prosperity began to flow with less vigor into the Clyde. The Virginia trade, hitherto so profitable, immediately changed its current; and among the first who felt, and were nearly ruined by the change, was the now old and respectable firm of Alexander and Daniel Campbell. Their united losses, arising from the failure of other houses with which they were connected, swept away the whole, or very nearly the whole, amount of forty years' successful industry—in fact the savings of a long life, spent in this branch of mercantile pursuits. Our poet's father, at this time, was in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His daughter Mary, eldest of his ten surviving children, had not completed her nineteenth year; and the difficulties of his present position, greatly increased by the sad prospects as to their future establishment in life, may be more easily imagined than described. The actual loss sustained by the senior partner, Mr. Alexander Campbell, in this unforeseen disaster, has been variously estimated. After a careful examination of the accounts with which I have been furnished by living representatives of the two families, I find it cannot have been much less than twenty thousand pounds—equivalent in those days to what was considered an ample independence—particularly in the west of Scotland, where industry and frugality were leading features in the domestic life of a Glasgow merchant; and when luxury and ostentation were very little known or practiced, even by the wealthiest of her citizens. Dan-

iel Campbell, the junior partner in the firm, always estimated his own individual loss at 'eleven or twelve thousand pounds;' which might also be considered as a liberal provision. But being a younger man, with a smaller family to provide for than his brother-in-law, he could look to the future with more confidence, and take more decisive measures for repairing his ruined fortune. To Alexander Campbell, now well stricken in years, and the father of a very numerous family, the test by which his moral character was to be tried was not more sudden than it was severe. Yet he submitted to it with equanimity, or even cheerfulness; and made such efforts as his age and circumstances allowed for improving the very scanty residue which had been saved from the wreck of his former affluence. In these efforts he was ably seconded by his wife, whose natural strength and energy of character were strikingly developed by the new cares and anxieties in which she was now involved; of the prudence with which, as a wife and a mother, she conducted her domestic affairs during the long struggle that ensued, there is the most pleasing and authentic testimony. To her, indeed, much of the high merit of having supported and educated her family upon an income, that in the present day would barely suffice to purchase the common necessities of life, is unquestionably due. Among her contemporary relatives, she had always been considered as 'a person of much taste and refinement.' She was well educated for the age and sphere in which she moved, with considerable family pride, as the daughter and wife of a Campbell, and with much of a fond mother's ambition to see her young family make their way in that respectable station of life to which they were born. She was passionately fond of music, particularly sacred music, and sang many of the popular melodies of Scotland with taste and effect. With the traditional songs of the Highlands, particularly Argyleshire, she was intimately acquainted; and from her example it seems probable the love of song was early imbibed and cultivated by her children.

"From the moment that the aspects of domestic concerns had changed, all the better features of Mrs. Campbell's character appeared in strong relief; every indulgence which previous affluence had rendered habitual and graceful in the station she then occupied, was firmly, conscientiously abandoned. In her family arrangements a system of rigid economy was so established, that no unreasonable expense on one occasion might increase the difficulties of the next. 'She was,' to use the words applied to her by all who knew her intimately during these years of trials, 'an admirable manager, a clever woman.' It is pleasing to add, that her unwearied exertions to prepare her children, by a good solid education, for a respectable entrance on the duties of life, were crowned with success; and, during the last years of her long life, afforded her matter for great thankfulness, and procured for her great comforts."

Dr. Beattie adds to this statement a long account of Mr. Campbell's family, who bore up against the calamities that ruined their

fortune with great fortitude. It is remarkable that several of his brothers, at different periods, succeeded in realizing considerable property in their mercantile pursuits in the colonies and in the United States, which were always lost by some misfortune. The family consisted of eight sons and three daughters; and the second or family chapter in the biography concludes thus:

"All this talented family—parents, brothers and sisters—it was the poet's destiny to survive, and to find himself at last in the very position which he has so feelingly described—

'A brotherless hermit, the last of his race.'

Thomas Campbell was born on the 27th July, 1777, and died at Boulogne on the 16th June, 1844, in his 67th year. He appears never to have enjoyed a robust constitution, and even at an early age he was sent from Glasgow on account of his health—a practice now followed for some weeks of each summer by all, or nearly all, the families of that city by whom the expenditure can be afforded. The house of the Campbells was in the High Street of Glasgow, not now a healthy locality; and there is no reason to suppose that it was better then. At school, Campbell was distinguished by application rather than genius; although, at an early age, he wrote verses, of which his biographer gives specimens, nothing better than those that every smart lad writes during some part of his school life, and wisely learns. At the Grammar School he became an enthusiastic admirer of Greek; and a passion for the Greek orators and poets distinguished him during life. He does not appear to have engaged often in the warlike pursuits of the school; and when he entered on this field, his efforts were unsuccessful, as appears from his defeat and wounds at one of the many

#### BATTLES OF SHETTLESTONE.

"I had always deemed it a heinous sin to engage in stone-battles, although they were favorite diversions among the Glasgow urchins. But one day there was an expedition fitted out, with slings and round stones, against the boys of Shettlestone, an adjoining village. A spirit of evil seduced me to join in it; although the grounds of hostility, it must be confessed, were scarcely more rational than those of most international wars. I paid dearly, however, for my folly. We were soundly licked, and, from the shortness of my limbs, being one of the last in retreat, I got so sorely pelted that I could not walk home. Some of the bigger Glasgow boys brought me to my father's house; there they gravely stated that we had been walk-

ing quietly in the Shettlestone road, when a parcel of blackguards came suddenly out and attacked us, without the least provocation! A carter, however, who had let me be put into his empty cart, gave a totally different statement of the affair; namely, that the weavers of Shettlestone had only come out to protect their tender offspring from *our* slings and stones! Nor was this enough; the arch-fiend had another victory over me, which I felt more than my bruised bones—namely, in my being exposed before my venerable father, who had always prided himself on my love of truth, for a tacit admission of what my Glasgow seniors in the combat had given as the 'true statement.' The fate of this expedition was what his companions called a 'settler'; a long armistice succeeded, and the Poet was not again 'summoned to witness any fray,' for at least six weeks. The scars and bruises which, as it afterwards appeared, he had received in this inglorious retreat, were so severe as to occasion his being laid up for some time in his own room."

The wounded lad commenced to write verses under his affliction, and succeeded better than on any previous trial. At this time, although not more than thirteen to fourteen years of age, he translated Greek with great facility. The poet's family were educated into a strict love of truth—their household was regulated on religious principles, and the example placed before them was most advantageous; but these influences were insufficient to preserve the poet youth from an untoward occurrence, and his biographer has disclosed the ridiculous consequences attendant on

#### A SERIES OF FICTIONS.

"In the midst of all his preparations for the college campaign, young Campbell did not confine himself so closely to his books as not to take his full share in all the ploys—good, bad, or indifferent—in which the other spirited boys of the school were but too diligently engaged. He appears, indeed, to have eschewed all further intercourse with the 'Shettlestone weavers, or their tender offspring,' and to have taken no further interest, personally at least, in any of the 'stone-battles' that were subsequently fought, in the vain hope of retrieving their disasters. In this 'non-inter-vention,' his father's commands were peremptory. But he had also reasoned coolly, no doubt, when laid up with his wounds, on the evil consequences of such international warfare, and resolved in future to confine himself to the theory. He therefore contented himself with Homer's descriptions, where there was certainly all the sublimity of battles, without any risk from the Shettlestone infantry, whose sudden irruption had given so unexpected a turn to the fortunes of his class. They were a formidable tribe; for although worsted and routed, their retreat—like that of young Parthians—was quite as dangerous as their advance; and besides, there might not be always, as



in the recent engagement, an empty cart for the benefit of the wounded.

"But while the young philosopher cautiously avoided all further skirmishing, he was unhappily not proof against temptations at home, which convinced him in the end that political intrigue is sometimes even worse than open warfare. The trap was set by a wily hand; and, as that hand was a brother's, Thomas never suspected that the well-known waggy of Daniel was to be played off upon himself. 'My mother,' says he, 'had a cousin, an old bedrid lady, of the name of Simpson, about whose frail life she felt great anxiety; but, being herself a martyr to rheumatism, she was unable to visit her personally. She therefore sent, every day, either my brother or myself, a distance of nearly two miles, to inquire 'How Mrs. Simpson had rested last night, and how she felt herself this morning? One day,' he continues, 'that I was sent to fetch the bulletin, which would have kept me from a nice party that was to go out for the gathering of blackberries, I complained, with tears in my eyes, to my brother Daniel, about this deal of an auld wife, that would neither die nor get better.' 'Tut, man,' said my crafty brother, 'can't you just do as I do?' 'And what's that?' 'Why, just say that she's better, or worse, without taking the trouble of going so far to inquire.' This seemed a piece of excellent advice; but a philosopher under 13 could see clearly that some untoward event might throw discredit upon the bulletin. Daniel, however, with his usual gravity, proved to demonstration that there was no risk whatever in the plan, or why should he have carried it on so long? 'Well,' thought I, 'there was something in that.' 'It would certainly be a great saving of time,' said Daniel. I said I thought it would; so having adopted the plan as a great means of saving time, we continued to report in this manner for weeks and months; and finding that a bad bulletin only sent us back earlier next morning, we agreed that the old lady should get better.' These favorable reports of her dear cousin's health were very gratifying to Mrs. Campbell. No suspicion whatever attached to the bulletins, as they were reported every morning:—'Mrs. Simpson's kind compliments to mamma; has had a better night, and is going on very nicely.' And thus the poet and his brother took advantage of every 'nice party' that was made up, either for picking 'blackberries,' or any other ploy of equal interest and importance. But the pleasing deception could not last much longer; truth, that had been so ingeniously defrauded, was about to make reprisals upon the young culprits. This, too, was at the very moment when they were starting to spend a long day in the country. 'But wae's me,' says Campbell, 'on that very morning on which we had the audacity to announce that 'Mrs. Simpson was quite recovered,' there comes to our father a letter, as broad and long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's-head upon its seal, and indited thus: 'Sir—Whereas, Mrs. Jane Simpson, relict of the late Mr. Andrew Simpson, merchant in Glasgow, died on Wednesday the 4th instant, you are hereby requested to attend her funeral on Monday next, at ten o'clock, A.M.'

"Never was evidence more conclusive. Both the culprits would have gladly confessed the trick, and implored pardon, but they were speechless; and in as much consternation as if the grimly ghost of Mrs. Simpson herself had delivered the fatal message. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another; but such were their grief and astonishment that neither of them for some minutes could utter a word.

"At last," says the poet, 'my mother's grief for the death of her respected cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example.'

Although the preceding anecdote says little for Campbell's honor as a boy, or even his respect for his parents and their friends, yet he was, notwithstanding these appearances, a generous lad; and at school, when broils arose, he generally avoided them, or took the weakest side. The little anecdote which we copy will remind many persons of their own school-boy days; when it was an article of scholastic faith, that our countrymen were superior in all qualities whatever, but especially in those of a pugnacious character. The anecdote is quite characteristic of the sad results which were sown by

#### NATIONAL ANIMOSITIES.

"Amongst his favorite comrades were several who afterwards distinguished themselves as men of science and commercial enterprise. One of the latter was Ralph Stevenson, a sworn associate, and now, probably, the only survivor, of that juvenile party of which the young poet was the acknowledged leader. In the school, at that time, as Mr. Stevenson informs me, there was a good deal of skirmishing among the tyros of the different forms; and, being an English boy, he had now and then to vindicate the honor of his country by personal conflicts with the 'Scotch callants,' who could not forgive the 'murder of Sir William Wallace!' But whenever there appeared anything like unfairness, Campbell was always at hand to take his part, telling the 'boy-belligerents' that generosity to strangers was a Scotch virtue, practiced by Wallace himself. 'Besides,' he added, rather haughtily, 'it was a shame in them to speak of his English friend as if he were no better than one of themselves.' If this remonstrance failed to restore peace, or to establish the war on an equal footing, Campbell's arm was at the service of his friend. He was no cool spectator of these bickerings; whenever there was apparent wrong, he insisted upon redress, and in all such cases of petty aggression he took part with the injured. May we not consider these little traits as the marked indication of that generous spirit, which, after the lapse of a

few years, was to awaken public sympathy in behalf of Poland, and to associate the name of Campbell with the friends of the oppressed in every country?"

"The boy is father to the man;" and Dr. Beattie may be right in ascribing the poet's future interest in the Polish cause to the same reason which induced the boy to raise his arm for the English scholar. The tendency to write verses still continued; and it is curious to notice their gradual improvement, although as yet they promised none of those excellencies that afterwards made Campbell the best and most polished of our lyric poets.

#### COLLEGE LIFE.

He entered Glasgow University in October, 1791, having distinguished himself in all the classes of the Grammar School, now the High School of Glasgow. Dr. Beattie says that, even while a student, the poet was not characterized by the virtue of close application. "While a mere boy, Campbell appears to have had the enviable tact of looking into a book and extracting from it whatever was valuable. He took the cream, and left what remained for the perusal of less fastidious readers." This faculty is not however calculated to do more than make a superficial scholar; and Campbell was one of the first Greek scholars of the day. In his first year at college, he gained three prizes; and it may be added that even these prizes were not easily obtained at Glasgow University by any young lad of fourteen years of age.

His college career was brilliant, but might have been more so, if he had not been, as he states, "obliged by his necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads;" and thus "his powers of instruction were exhausted in teaching when he ought to have been learning." Dr. Beattie believes that this process of instructing others "led" a more solid foundation for his own fame; but its general tendency is to fag and discourage the young teacher, who is thus compelled to do double duty. While prosecuting vigorously his classical studies, we find him pursuing his poetical fancies, and working his upward way in the path that was to lead him to celebrity. The following anecdote regarding the foundation of his popular ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," is interesting:—

"Among the notes illustrative of this period, and kindly furnished to me by one of his earliest

friends, I find that Campbell was still very constant in his addresses to the Muses, and furnished a little poem, which he had printed, in the ballad form, and distributed among his fellow-students. 'When he was preparing this for the press,' says a friend, 'he came to my lodging with the manuscript, and we looked it over, with a view to correct whatever might require emendation.' He got it printed on a slip of paper, 'like a bawbee ballad;' and from its resemblance in scenery and subject to 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' it was probably the first form of that ballad, which he afterwards so beautifully recast, while residing in the Highlands. It began with these lines:

'Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite  
That rode upon the storm of night,  
And loud the waves were heard to roar  
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore.'

which, if compared with those in the ballad published, we shall find the resemblance sufficiently striking to warrant such a conjecture—

'By this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith was shrieking,' &c."

At this period, 1791, a number of literary clubs were formed amongst the students at the Glasgow University, and Campbell felt the warm interest of youth in their debates. The oratorical displays of the evening were often prolonged till midnight, and yet they produced comparatively few orators. With the exception of theological students, of whom Glasgow has always had a large share, the professional duties of these young men, in their subsequent life, were not calculated to promote the practice and study of eloquence; and we are not aware that any of them acquired celebrity in that field. The cause and objects of Campbell's first Greek poem is thus narrated:

"It was during the same term at college, and in the Greek class which young Campbell attended with so much acknowledged credit to himself, that another little incident occurred, which brought his poetical talent before the Professor in a rather pleasing and interesting light. Some public ceremony or procession, it seems, had just been announced as about to take place in the city; and being of a very attractive description, the leaders in the Greek class were taking very active measures for securing a 'holiday;' but were sadly puzzled how they should 'memorialize' the Professor, so as to make sure of his indulgence. The 'show' was expected to be even much finer than was at first imagined; and yet, was to be 'all Homer and no holiday!' In this dilemma, young Campbell tacitly took upon himself the office of junior counsel in Greek for the whole class, and soon made himself master of the 'case.' Next morning, when the students had all assembled, much chagrined at the little success that

had attended their deliberations, the Professor took his seat as usual.

"On opening a Greek text-book that lay on his desk, he observed a neatly-folded manuscript respectfully addressed to himself, and 'humbly praying,' &c., as all petitioners do. He took it up, turned it over, as if to throw it aside; but, seeing that it was written in poetry, he was struck with the novelty, and at length read it over with much apparent attention. His class-fellows knew nothing of what was going on; but young Campbell was literally trembling for the fate of 'his first piece,' and the 'holiday!' And while he watched with intense anxiety the rather equivocal smile that played about the Professor's lips, during the perusal, his fears too clearly suggested that it was in contempt of the petitioner. He even thought he could distinctly

'———trace

The day's disaster in his morning face.'

"In a few minutes, however, he was agreeably surprised to hear his name pronounced in the presence of the whole class, with a very handsome compliment attached to it, and followed by the far more captivating announcement, that the 'holiday was granted.' Granted!—the word was electric; the students returned hasty and boisterous thanks, and, rushing forth to the market-place, spent a 'glorious holiday,' with the young Tyrtæus at their head.

"From the date of this petition, young Campbell was honored with marked attention by Professor Young, whose approbation in this instance stimulated him to such increased diligence in his study of Greek, that he soon gave proofs of his proficiency by those elegant translations which still maintain their place among his published poems."

In the next session he entered the Logic class, and was commended for his exercises by Professor Jardine, although not in the warmest terms, and it is not surprising, but annoying, to find that this Greek scholar and poet could not spell and write the English language with propriety. In 1793, while yet only in his fifteenth year, he occasionally attended at a solicitor's office in Glasgow; but he never liked the business. The general opinion that the study of law is inconsistent with the practice of poetry and the pursuit of literature, was confirmed in the experiences of Campbell. His case did not constitute the rule, but rather was, in our opinion, the exception. There are many splendid illustrations of the facility with which law and literature may draw together. The names of Jeffrey and Brougham will occur readily to every reader, as examples of the intimate connection that may exist between the daily routine of legal duties and eminence in general literature. Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer; and many of his novels evince a

keen intimacy with the absurdities and technicalities of Scottish law forms. Samuel Warren, the author of "Now and Then," and other stirring narratives, is a barrister of considerable standing, and author also of "The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys," one of the best books of the past year. Some of the most promising volumes of last year are written by lawyers. Mr. Whiteside's work on Italy acquired a high standing immediately on its publication. The author of "Nimrod," the best poem of 1848, in our language, is a Scottish W. S., practicing in Edinburgh. We should, however, have merely to run up a catalogue of names and works, if we were called on to prove the union between legal and literary studies, although the opposite opinion has become proverbial, and barristers who are bold enough to publish verses in their own name, like the clever author of "Nibley Green," deem it advisable to preface them with an apology.

The duties of the solicitor's office did not suit Campbell. He made no progress with law works; and we think his biographer, in the following verses, needlessly at a loss to know the more congenial pursuits to which he retreated. The last part of our extract explains them:

"During the summer of this year, or, at least, for several weeks after prize-day, Campbell appears to have spent the greater portion of his time in the office of a solicitor, or writer, in Glasgow, a relation by his mother's side, and to have actually commenced the duties of an apprenticeship. This gentleman was the late Mr. Alexander Campbell; but as he informed my correspondent, 'the young poet came to his office only on trial, and, disliking the business on better acquaintance, soon left the office and returned to more congenial pursuits.' What these pursuits were, does not exactly appear; but that he was diligent in his preparation for the ensuing session at college, and in almost daily correspondence with the Muses, is abundantly evident by the translations and original poems which he struck off in the course of the autumn.

"Among the miscellaneous pieces, was one inspired by the most atrocious event of the day—an event 'over which he wept at the time, and the mere recollection of which, after the lapse of forty years, still made him shudder.' It was the following poem on Marie Antoinette. It excited much attention 'on both sides of the green;' met the public sympathy so universally felt at the time, and afterwards appeared in one of the leading Glasgow papers.

"VERSES ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

"Behold! where Gallia's captive queen,  
With steady eye, and look serene,

In life's last awful—awful scene,  
Slow leaves her sad captivity.

"Hark! the shrill horn that rends the sky,  
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh;  
The long parade of death I spy,  
And leave my lone captivity!

"Farewell, ye mansions of despair!  
Scenes of my sad sequestered care;  
The balm of bleeding woe is near—  
Adieu, my lone captivity!

"To purer mansions in the sky,  
Fair hope directs my grief-worn eye;  
Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh,  
Amid her lone captivity!

"Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom,  
Beneath oppression's lawless doom,  
Pines in the solitary gloom,  
Of undeserv'd captivity!

"O, Power benign, that rul'st on high!  
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye!  
Shed consolation from the sky,  
To soothe the sad captivity!

"Now virtue's sure reward to prove,  
I seek empyreal realms above,  
To meet my long departed love—  
Adieu, my lone captivity!"

During his third session at college, the future poet made, according to the late Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, who was his fellow student, several enemies by the severity of his satirical effusions; but many of them were the cause of amusement rather than anger. Glasgow University has been long a haunt of Irish students; but the new colleges, we expect, will do much to retain these winter absentees at home. The Belfast College, founded, in some measure, on classes already formed, is likely to be efficient and popular. In 1793, however, the new Irish colleges were not even talked of, and then, as now, the students from Ulster formed a large party at Glasgow. One morning Campbell "perpetrated a libel on old Ireland," beginning thus:

"*Vos, Hiberni, collocatis,  
Summum bonum in—potatoes;*"

and it answered his purpose, for all he wanted was a seat nearer to the stove, and as the Irish ran to read the attack on themselves rather than on their country, he attained his object.

We come now to the first intimation respecting political matters; and it is a very interesting passage, confirming the views that we have steadily expressed regarding the conduct of the Scottish political martyrs, and the unjust severity of the proceedings by which they were victimized.

"Early in the spring of this year, and in acknowledgment of his exemplary conduct, Campbell obtained a few days' leave of absence from college. He had just completed the first sketch of a prize poem, and laid it aside for future consideration. Another object had taken strong possession of his mind; and the holidays, just granted, encouraged the hope of his being enabled to realize a pleasing and long-cherished object of ambition. This was a visit to Edinburgh, during a time of great political excitement, when the trial of Muir, Gerald, and others, for high treason, was expected to take place. At this trial Campbell was present; and no circumstance of his life ever made so powerful an impression on his mind as what he heard and saw on that occasion. The whole scene within the Parliament-house—the judges on the bench—the prisoners at the bar—their looks—their eloquence—their indignant repudiation of the charges brought against them—their solemn appeals to the jury—their sentence—their solemn protest and despair—all seemed to haunt his imagination in after life, like a reality which nothing could efface. In detailing the circumstance which preceded the poet's visit to the capital, I have again recourse to his own manuscript, in which I find some domestic traits of an interesting nature. It commences with a short sketch of the political aspect of the country at this stirring period, particularly of France, the wretched condition of which Boileau had so briefly but admirably predicted:

"*Déchirant à l'envi leur propre république;  
Lions contre lions; parents contre parents,  
Combattent follement pour le choix des tyrans!*"

"Of the great events which were now hastening to their consummation, and forcing the public mind into the most painful apprehensions as to their results upon the whole fabric of civilized society, Campbell, though comparatively a tyro in the school of politics, was, nevertheless, a keen and attentive observer. 'By this time,' he says, 'the French Revolution had everywhere lighted up the contending spirits of democracy and aristocracy; and being, in my own opinion, a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but, unable to follow his subtleties, or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats that he was a sophist. No doubt my principles—if I may so call my puerile opinions—got a check from the atrocities of the French Jacobins; and my hatred hung balanced between them and the allied invaders of France, who brought forth all the evil energies of that kingdom, and eventually created the salamander Napoleon. But although I wept at hearing of the execution of Louis, and the fate of his Queen and the Dauphin, with the same sincere regret as I now read them in the page of history, I was, nevertheless—boy as I certainly was—possessed, even then, with an opinion which I have retained through life, namely, that the French massacres, and, above all, the death of Louis, were signal calamities to the friends of peace and liberty in

England, and were equally signal advantages to its bitter enemies.

"It was in those years that the Scottish Reformers, Muir, Gerald and others, were transported to Botany Bay: Muir, although he had never uttered a sentence in favor of reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered; and Gerald for acts which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the reform question in Scotland by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments; and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was, how to get to Edinburgh.

"While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind-hearted elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house, if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *molit tempora fundi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, "Oh, mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day!" To my delightful surprise she answered, "No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh, and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in one day"—that was twenty-two miles. "Here," said she, "are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence." She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of Elijah fed by the ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbor, Mrs. Hamilton—whose strawberries I had pilfered—that in case of my father's death, and he was a very old man, she knew not what would become of her. "But," she used to add, "let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens." When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment. His mother's presentiment had its literal fulfillment; every reader will mark and feel the beauty of a passage to which no commentary can do justice. 'Next morning,' continues Campbell, 'I took my way to Edinburgh with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was, and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch Lords did not help me to a conception of it—speaking, as they did, bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good—the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the

walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defense he said, "And now, gentlemen of the jury—now that I have to take leave of you forever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut; and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain." At this finish I was moved, and turning to a stranger beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, "By heavens, sir, that is a great man!" "Yes, sir," he answered; "he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him."

"This visit to Edinburgh, and, above all, the trial he had witnessed in the Parliament house—the strong political excitement evinced by the spectators—the dignified demeanor and glowing eloquence of the prisoner Gerald—made an impression on young Campbell's mind that never left him. It may be supposed, indeed, to have had no little influence in strengthening and confirming those early principles, the strict observance of which, on all subsequent occasions, gave him that title of political consistency to which he so religiously adhered.

"Full of his subject, he returned home to his father's house, and to the prosecution of his studies, with that increased thirst for distinction which had already marked his progress, and was now conducting him to the summit of literary fame."

The sympathy of a young man, possessed of commanding talents, unassociated with those political opinions for which Muir, Gerald, and their companions were punished; educated in the strictest circles of Scotch burgher life, always peaceable, decorous, and loyal to the dynasty; and under the influence of professors who were satisfied with the order of things then existing in this country—the sympathy even of a young man, in these circumstances, and with the acquirements and endowments of Thomas Campbell, was a testimonial, and even a vindication, which posterity will not disregard. The trial made a deep impression on one auditor who had walked to and from Edinburgh, not for the exclusive purpose of being present, but with a view to that amongst other objects. His character was changed. He became more sedate from that glimpse of the world's work. One agitator was made by the trial, and Dr. Beattie says that subsequently, "after the business of the day was over, he would call a few of his comrades together, and read them lectures on the miserable prospects of society—the corrupt state of modern legislation—the glories of

the ancient republics—and the wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus."

During his sessions at college, Campbell's studies were directed towards the Church; but his biographer, unconsciously we suppose, demonstrates the bad working of Church patronage in these days; which probably kept one man out of the Scottish pulpit, whose genius and energy, if they had been directed into that channel, would undoubtedly have placed him, in point of success and utility, on a level with its brightest ornaments. In 1794, however, the party who subsequently opened up the question of patronage, and the circumstances that induced a relaxation of its rigor, had not been developed. The want of any hope of efficient patronage changed the current of Campbell's life. His father, who was a strictly religious man, probably urged perseverance; but the opposite counsel appears to have prevailed, and the poet remained a layman.

"Down to this period of his academical career Campbell appears to have studied with a view to the Church. Among the most intimate of his associates was Hamilton Paul, whose talents were of a high order—a grave philosopher, but a lively poet. In the congenial society of this worthy compeer, and that of a kindred spirit, the late Rev. Dr. Finlayson, with whom he afterwards travelled to Mull, he spent many pleasant as well as profitable hours. And as both his class-fellows were preparing for holy orders—theology, with all the 'weighty matters of the law,' ecclesiastical history, and logic, were the leading studies of the session. Having a warm friendship for those young men, living much in their company, and sharing their sentiments, it is probable that he at length embraced similar views; and, for some time, at least, steadily persevered in regulating his studies by theirs. Circumstances, however, of a domestic or personal nature, appear to have altered his purpose; but these are so indistinctly remembered, or so doubtfully stated, that I cannot take upon me to repeat them with any degree of confidence.

"His prospects of Church patronage could never have been very encouraging. His family connections, on both sides of the house, were chiefly engaged in commerce; and when he looked towards Kirnan, 'the home of his forefathers,' and thought of days when the staunch old 'lairds of that ilk' would have sold their last acre to have placed such a kinsman in the pulpit, the cause was cheerless; 'roofless and wild' was their abode; and under the green sward of Kilmachael kirkyard lay the last 'heritors' who could have lent him a helping hand. All this passed through his mind. But then it was said 'his talents would easily accomplish what family influence could not.' Talents he certainly had—talents of the first order—but of what avail were these?

"*'Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi.'*

Many other such arguments were employed; but they went merely to show that, if he aspired to Church preferment, he must give much more attention to things 'ecclesiastical;' study Calvin, compose homilies, read Mosheim, follow in the steps of those noble ancestors, who, at the peril of their lives and property, had ever clung fast to the interest of their mother Kirk; and take his own words for a motto:

"*'Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
A thousand wild waves on the shore.'*

What effect this friendly exhortation produced on the mind of Campbell is not known."

The confession that talents of the first order were of no avail, is humiliating, when made in reference to an institution where talents are apparently indispensable for success, and where drones can do more mischief than in any other profession whatever, by merely doing nothing.

Medicine and surgery formed the next suggestion; but then they required a greater outlay than the poet's financial condition would permit; and, after attending "some preliminary lectures," this idea also was abandoned. He then entered the counting-house of a merchant, where he remained for some time, still hankering after the Church, whose pulpits were closed against him by the Act of 1711—studying Hebrew in his leisure hours, and writing religious poetry.

At the close of the third session, Campbell carried three prizes; but more pecuniary losses having been encountered by his family, he was induced to seek employment; and found it in the Hebrides. His journey to Mull, where he was to act as tutor to the family of Mrs. Campbell of Sunipol, was made overland; and partly, from want of any other conveyance, on foot. The state of the Highlands, at that comparatively recent period, is shown pretty clearly in the following extract:

"At last, after crossing Cowal, and reaching Inverary, we regained a spot of comparative civilization, where there was a high road with milestones. On that road I remember, we came up with a little boy, in a postman's dress, whose pony was left grazing on the roadside, whilst Red Jacket himself was quietly playing at marbles with some other boys. 'You little rascal!' we said to him, 'are you the post-boy, and thus playing away your time?' 'Na! sir,' he answered, 'I'm na the post—I'm only an *express*!'"

At Mull he found a famine of paper, and apologizes in 1795 to a friend for the irregu-

larity of his correspondence, by saying "there is no paper in Mull." He remained only five months in the island, and returned to Glasgow for his fifth session. In one of his notes he says :

"After my return from Mull, I supported myself during the winter by private tuition. Among other scholars, I had a youth named Cunningham, who is now Lord Cunningham, in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh."

From a letter of his lordship to Dr. Beattie, he appears to have been boarded in Mr. Campbell's family during this session. Campbell was greatly captivated by the lectures of Professor Miller, under whom the late Lord Melbourne studied for some time, and from whom he probably imbibed those constitutional principles to which he was strongly attached. Professor Miller nearly succeeded in making the poet a lawyer, that task in which the solicitor had failed ; and he says :

"At that time, had I possessed but a few hundred pounds, to have subsisted upon in studying law, I believe I should have bid adieu to the Muses, and gone to the bar ; but I had no choice in the matter."

Perhaps it was well for the world that he was so constrained and shut in by poverty on every side. This session closed his college life ; and he began the world as a tutor in the family of General Napier, who was residing at Downie ; but he disliked the profession.

#### LITERARY LIFE.

The poet made many attempts to become a lawyer. He went to Edinburgh—proposed to establish a magazine—found employment, through Mr. Cunningham's recommendation, in the Registry House—was subsequently engaged "in the office of a Mr. Whytt," and being introduced to Dr. Robert Anderson, received through him an engagement for an abridged edition of "Bryan Edwards's West Indies," for which he was to be paid £20. He returned to Glasgow, to meet a brother whom he had never seen, and to finish his abridgment. The idea of publishing a magazine still haunted him, but funds were wanting, and the intention was dropped. At that time he wrote "The Wounded Hussar" and "The Dirge of Wallace," two of his most popular lyrics. At the age of nineteen he was again in Edinburgh, fagging for Messrs. Mundall and Son, the publishers, at a very limited rate of remuneration. Finding his

revenue contracted beneath what he had contemplated, he formed arrangements to proceed to Virginian America, but the state of his health set them aside. He then returned with his family to Edinburgh, worked hard for the booksellers, mixed amongst the literary society of Edinburgh in 1798, and commenced to write "The Pleasures of Hope." He resided at this time in a small house on St. John's Hill ; and of the young men then resident in Edinburgh, with whom he associated, several raised themselves to eminence and consideration. Amongst them we find the names of the present Lords Cockburn and Brougham. The "Pleasures of Hope" were finished while the author was still in his 20th year, and sold to the Mundalls for £60 in cash and books ; "but for two or three years the publishers gave him fifty pounds on every new edition." The poem, although cheaply sold, acquired for the author a standing in literary society which he did not previously possess ; and, perhaps, the publishers made a sufficient risk in giving even £60 in hand for a poem, by "a young man" whose fame still moved within a narrow circle.

Although his famous and spirit-stirring lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," was not published until several years afterwards, when it appeared first in the *Morning Chronicle*, yet Dr. Beattie thinks that it was composed in Edinburgh during 1799, after the model of an old song, "Ye Gentlemen of England." He entered into an engagement with Mr. Mundall for another poem, descriptive of Scottish history, under the title of "Queen of the North ;" and arrangements for its illustration were made with Mr. Williams, a landscape painter, but the work was never completed.

#### THE GERMAN PILGRIMAGE.

In the summer of 1800, the poet and his brother left Leith for Hamburg. The object of the journey, to a young man whose finances were not in a gratifying state, is not rendered clear. His reception amongst the British residents at Hamburg was highly flattering, for the "Pleasures of Hope" had preceded their author. From Hamburg he went forward to Ratisbon, from which he dates on the 10th August, and where he arrived in time to witness the defeat of the Austrians, under Klenau, by the French. His letters describe the German scenery with more enthusiasm than accuracy. He explains the fascination of one valley, as caused from its combination of the wildness of a Scotch glen with the verdure of an English garden.

At that time he had not seen an English garden, and could scarcely be deemed a competent witness. At Ratisbon he lay for a considerable time, while the country around was being devastated by contending armies. He was detained in that city until October, 1800. He heard there of the death of Mr. Mundall, and seems to have entertained great fears that his arrangements with the house would be quashed in consequence. These fears were partially relieved, and on the 4th of November he was writing to Mr. Richardson, from Altona. During his German journey, he professed, at all proper intervals, to be still engaged on the "Q. N." His letters from Germany are not very interesting. They are most frequently addressed to Mr. Richardson, and are full of anticipations regarding their future journeys. From detached hints in the letters, it appears that Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, was, at the time, paying Mr. Campbell for his poems from the seat of war. In his correspondence from Altona, Campbell mentions "The Exile of Erin" in a way that should settle the foolish dispute once raised in Ireland regarding its authorship. Poets have their tricks of trade like publishers and other men. In one of the letters to Richardson, initialed "T. C.," we find him saying, "I request your caution most earnestly, about what I have said about the 'Queen of the North.' *Keep up the public mind.*" From Perry he expected fifty pounds for twenty-four pieces of poetry, to be polished in the best style that a regard for his reputation could induce. Next year he was to furnish twenty pieces for the same sum. The price was to be raised. He calculated that in Hungary he could live with his friend Mr. Richardson at a cost of ten shillings per week for each; and "for four pounds apiece they could walk from Altona to Munich."

Mr. Campbell rebutted the charge respecting the "Exile of Erin," most decisively. The question was conclusively settled by the certificate of Lord Nugent, a relative of the person by whom the song was said to have been composed; and who intimated that, for a considerable period, Mr. Nugent, the supposed author, by the Monaghan version, was quite familiar with the song; knew it in Campbell's Works, and never hinted a doubt of the authorship. The curious charge was chiefly got up by the editor of a provincial paper, in a small Irish town, who professed to draw his information from Mr. Nugent's sister. The circumstances connected with the song were all well known to a party of Irish exiles whom Campbell met in Germa-

ny; by whom it was first sung, and on whose account it had been composed. Campbell passed the winter of 1800 and 1801 at Altona, making occasional excursions into other parts of Germany. His beautiful verses addressed to Judith, the Jewess, were also written in Altona. To his residence in Germany we are indebted for some of his best lyrics—of those splendid compositions whose every line is a household word, and which will live while our language endures. The "Battle of Hohenlinden," and the "Soldier's Dream," were undoubtedly of German origin. The "Wounded Hussar" was written before he saw the banks of the Danube; and he never was in America, although the scenery of Wyoming is said to be accurately described in his "Gertrude."

All his countrymen must regret that his "Queen of the North" never appeared. *She* was the subject of his day-thoughts and night-dreams, in Germany. All his letters refer to his projects in reference to this great work; and we can hardly forbear from quoting the following outline of what he meant to do for Edinburgh in the matter:

"But to finishing my 'Queen of the North.' I have already mentioned how shocked I should be at the idea of leaving my honor unfulfilled. I expect, besides pieces to Perry, to have much done in it before you come out, but for want of matter I cannot possibly perfect it till then. I find this subject fertile in good episodes. The parting apostrophe to Edinburgh is supposed to be from shipboard, by moonlight. The feelings of my heart are still as warm to it as they were when I saw it vanishing. I then mean to transport myself, in imagination, to the castle height, and describe the sensations that would naturally arise from taking in with the eye the most remarkable scenery visible from that point. I mean to describe the view from Queen Street; then if anything romantic or classical can be connected with it, any of the mountain scenery obvious to the eye from that point. The plain pastoral sublimity of Arthur's Seat is next to be noticed—and if any scene be visible from thence, it will find a place in the poem. One of the places of Mary's refuge is to be seen from its top. After a sketch of the murder-closet of Rizzio, and the hall of the Scottish kings, an episode on the college will conclude the poem."

The extract shows that Campbell was not familiar with Edinburgh. "If any scene be visible from Arthur's Seat?" In the absence of a thick fog there is scenery visible from Arthur's Seat sufficient to serve an indefinite number of poets. Early in the spring of 1801 war was declared against Denmark, the English residents were obliged to abandon



Altona, and Campbell sailed for England on the 6th of March. They were allowed to pass the Danish batteries without molestation, and sailed under convoy to England. Thus the poet lost his promised summer tour in Germany; and the world gained, in the language of his biographer, "his noblest lyric, the 'Battle of the Baltic.'" There were only two Scottish vessels in convoy, and they were carried to Yarmouth along with the English fleet. Mr. Campbell's first visit to England was therefore made involuntarily, and it was the cause of great regret to him. He landed in London with only a few shillings in his pocket, for all his resources had been expended in assisting a friend at Altona. In London he found none of his acquaintances, and he had never seen Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was obliged, notwithstanding, to call upon him and to explain his situation. Mr. Perry was a generous friend, to whom many young men were indebted for their advancement in life. Writing to one of his Scotch correspondents, the poet says, "I have found Perry. His reception was warm and cordial, beyond what I had any right to expect. '*I will be your friend,*' said the good man. '*I will be all that you could wish me to be.*'" In reference to this first visit to London, he says, in his own notes, "Calling on Perry one day, he showed me a letter from Lord Holland, asking about me, and expressing a wish to have me to dine at the King of Clubs. Thither with his lordship I accordingly repaired, and it was an era in my life. There I met, in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney, and others." So by accident and mishap he was thrown into the centre of the Whig literary coteries; but an affliction was prepared for him even then; for a friend, meeting him on the streets of London hinted to him the serious illness of his father in such terms as led him to anticipate that parent's death. His worst fear on the subject was realized. His father had completed his ninety-first year; and of his seven sons, who had reached the years of manhood, "not one was present to close his eyes." While proceeding to Leith, by sea, for the purpose of visiting his mother, a lady who had read his poems, without knowing Mr. Campbell, surprised him by expressing her regret that the poet had been arrested in London on a charge of high treason, was confined in the Tower, and would probably be executed. On arriving at Edinburgh, he found his mother acquainted with, and greatly troubled by, the rumor. He therefore deter-

mined to wait on the sheriff, Mr. Clerk, and report his position. That worthy functionary frankly told him that they were aware of his guilt; but they did not want to see him. He asked the grounds of their charge, and was told that "it seems you have been conspiring with General Moreau, in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland. \* \* You attended Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and you came over from thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of the rebels at Vinegar-hill."

A box, with a number of his papers, had been seized at Leith, in the expectation of finding treasonable documents amongst his manuscripts. "The Exile of Erin" would rather have been against him at this pinch, but "Ye Mariners of England" was also found in the arrested box, and turned the scale. The end of his examination is told by himself. "The sheriff began to smoke the whole bubble, and said, 'This comes of trusting a Hamburg spy. Mr. Campbell,' he said, 'this is a cold, wet evening—what do you say to our having a bottle of wine during the examination of your democratic papers?'"

The fate of Donovan was fortunate, and his story, as told by Mr. Campbell, is ridiculous:

"A twelvemonth afterwards I met Donovan in London, and recognized my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. 'Ha! Donovan,' said I, 'I wish you joy, my good fellow, in getting out of the Tower, where I was told they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.' 'Och,' said he, 'good luck to the Tower—black was the day—and it was only a week ago—that I was turned out of it. Would that any one could get me into it for life!' 'My stars! and were you not in confinement?' 'Tschach! ne'er the bit of it. The Government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a State prisoner. The Tower gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me go out to walk where I liked all day long, perfectly secure that I should return at meal-times. And then, besides, he had a nice pretty daughter.' . . . 'And don't you go and see her in the Tower?' 'Why, no, my dear fellow. The 'course of true love never yet ran smooth.' I discovered that she had no money; and she found out that my Irish estates, and all that I told her about their being confiscated in the Rebellion, was sheer blarney. So, when the day arrived that your merciless Government ordered me to be liberated as a State prisoner, I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to one of the newspapers.'"

Mr. Campbell's domestic concerns bore heavily upon him at this juncture. His

mother and sisters were dependent on him for support. His brothers were either too far away or unable to share the debt; but the poet nobly met this duty; and through his lifetime never shrunk from any expenditure necessary to secure the comfort of his relatives. No man ever better discharged in these respects the duties of a son and of a brother. The companionship of gay and wealthy friends never dazzled him into forgetfulness of his humble but esteemed relatives; although often the means necessary to secure their comfort were obtained under great privations—to them, and to many of the friends amongst whom he moved altogether unknown.

During the food riots at Edinburgh, in the year 1801, Mr. Campbell began part of a poem, entitled "The Mabiade," which was never printed until it appeared in this work, although it was in a style different altogether from his other poems. He seems to have been at the time unfavorable to monopolies—to have been living before his age; and he might have effectually aided the Corn-law Rhymer, if his engagements and circumstances had permitted him to turn his mind in that direction.

Our extracts are neither from the beginning nor the end of this curious poem:—

"Thus, when Monopoly's briarean hands  
Had dragg'd her harrow o'er a hundred lands;  
    ut chief, the terrors of her gorgon frown  
Had scared Edina's faint and famished town;  
Then want, the griffin, champ'd, with iron claws,  
Our shuddering hearts and agonizing maws;  
Chased from our plunder'd boards each glad regale  
Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale!  
Ah me! no strept goose at Christmas tide,  
Hiss'd in the strangler's hand, and kick'd and died!  
No trembling jellies, nor ambrosial pie,  
Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye—  
Red sunk December's last dishonor'd sun,  
And the young year's-day pass'd without a bun!"

The poet runs on in the half-satirical, half-pleasant vein for some time, till he reaches his own wishes on the subject:

"Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours  
Had shook fair fancy from her throne of flowers;  
And o'er my heart's emotions, less divine,  
Imperious warn'd th' esurient hard to *dine*!  
Yet—when my bell its awful summons rung,  
And menial Mary heard its iron tongue—  
Not in plebeian prose I spoke aloud,  
'When mortal wants th' immortal spirit bow'd,  
Ill would it suit to ask a *poet's* food  
    in vulgar phrase, ignobly understood!  
Then stood the culinary maiden dumb,  
And slowly twirl'd each circumvolvent thumb,  
Astounded—list'ning to the voice sublime  
Of oral thunders, and Iambic rhyme:—

'Bring me the beef—the dulcet pudding bring;  
Or fry the mud-lark's odoriferous wing;  
Or simmering greens with soft rotation turn,  
Champ'd in the luscious treasure of the churn!  
Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran  
From Balder's horn, or Edin's creamy can!  
Blest in that honest draught, let none repine  
For nect'rous noyeau or ambrosial wine;  
But—lest my waning wealth refuse to raise  
So fair a feast, in these degenerate days—  
Take from this splendid shilling, what may find  
Some sweet refection of a sober mind,  
Yon earth-born apple, vegetable grace  
Of Erin's sons—a blunder-loving race;  
Well could that food of bulls delight me now,  
Mixt with the mantling beverage of the cow;  
My vaccine milk on 'tatoes sweet should pour,  
And fruit and liquor charm our fairy-footed bower!"

Lord Minto, who had been employed on an extraordinary mission to the court of Vienna, and was acquainted with Germany, met Mr. Campbell, by his own desire, at the house of the late Dugald Stewart, and afterwards treated the poet with great respect. The Minto family are always engaged special missions. They have a turn for that work. The present Earl has had his share of it in Italy during the present year, to very little good purpose. His father was a Tory—Campbell was a Whig or a Radical—but it is greatly to the nobleman's credit, that in times when political differences ran high, he did not permit them to interfere with his private friendship, to which Campbell refers in the following extract:

"My history since I left you has not been much brighter than many other spots of my life. I was attacked again at Liverpool with a resurrection of my winter complaint. The remedy has been an obstacle to what I ought principally to have been employed in cultivating since I came to London, namely, my numerous introductions. I have not delivered above one half of my letters; nor have I found myself in spirits to call upon the generality of those persons whose acquaintance I have formed. I began letters to Graham and to Brougham, all of which I threw into the fire; for, unless one has pleasant thoughts to communicate, what is the use of correspondence? Horner would inform you of my present residence. Lord Minto has shown me great kindness, and conferred that kindness with delicacy. At an early period of our acquaintance I had a conversation with him on the ticklish subject of politics, in which it was my design that he should have my confession of faith; and if that were inconsistent with his good opinion, that our acquaintance should drop. I told him that my principles were Republican; and that my opinion of the practicability of a Republican form of government had not been materially affected by all that had happened in the French Revolution. I added that my oldest and best friends were even of the same creed, and attributed my opinion in politics to my

attendance on the lectures of John Miller. Lord Minto is a Tory of the Burke school. He censured the opinions of the opposite sect very strongly; but said that he never cherished an illiberal dislike to young and candid errors of judgment. I see him but once a day, at breakfast, for he is abroad the rest of the day. His conversation is very instructive, from his intimate acquaintance with political facts and characters; and, though his creed is not favorable to political liberty, it has no mixture of personal asperity."

"Lochiel's Warning" was written at Minto House, during the night. It has the character of an inspiration. The poet's evening thoughts had been turned to the wizard's warning, and in course of the night he awoke, repeating the idea for which he had been searching for days, rung for the servant, had a cup of tea, and produced "Lochiel's Warning" before day-dawn. Of that poem Mr. Telford wrote—"I am absolutely vain of Thomas Campbell. There was never anything like him—he is the very spirit of Parnassus. Have you seen his Lochiel? He will surpass everything ancient or modern—your Pindars, your Drydens, and your Greys. I expect nothing short of a Scotch Milton, a Shakspeare, or something more than either." There are some interesting particulars in the following extract regarding "Lochiel's Warning:"

"It was justly remarked by a late physician of much experience, that vigorous bodily health and great aptitude for poetry are rarely united in the same frame. The rule has many exceptions; but the disposition to study is generally in an inverse ratio to a state of physical strength, the tone of which may be lowered without prejudice to the highest operations of the mind. Health and elastic spirits have a natural tendency to carry their possessor into active pursuits, away from study; whilst delicate health and a languid circulation have the opposite and necessary tendency of inducing habits of thought and meditation. Some of the finest compositions in our language appear to have been written while their authors were suffering from habitual ill health. It may be observed through the whole of Campbell's letters, that whenever his mind is actively engaged on any new theme, languor, lassitude, and all those ills that a parturient fancy is heir to, are subjects of frequent complaint. And so it turned out on the present occasion; for, while in one of his letters he says that, in London, his health was so depressed, that he 'had not even power to transcribe two or three pieces which Lord Minto requested for his own keeping'—he had composed both 'Lochiel' and 'Hohenlinden,' which afford abundant proof, that however depressed in physical health, his intellectual powers were in full and perfect vigor. As soon as these poems were finished, his health revived; and, returning to Edinburgh,

he again took up his residence with his mother and sisters in Alison Square. The list of subscribers to the quarto edition of his poems could now boast of the most distinguished names in the kingdom; but to give the volume a new title to their patronage, it was agreed that it should contain several recent pieces, to which he was to give the finishing touches during the summer.

"In answer to a letter, repeating the invitation to Roxburghshire, Campbell thus writes:

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD MINTO.

Edinburgh, June 29th, 1802.

"My Lord,—It gave me much pleasure to learn by your lordship's letter of the 28th, that the fever is now banished from your amiable family. I congratulate your lordship upon your happy retirement among your paternal woods and mountains, and wish that I had the muse of Minto beside me, to indite that congratulation in numbers worthy of the scene.

"I returned to Edinburgh—not, to be sure, with all the satisfaction that one would feel in retiring to a paternal house and estate, but not without sincere delight in visiting the scene of so many friends and favorites. I have seen the worthy family of Lothian House; and, immediately on receipt of your lordship's letter, communicated to them the agreeable news of your young one's being recovered. Nothing could be so agreeable to me as to embrace your lordship's invitation to set out to Minto immediately; but my fear respecting my health having rather increased than diminished, and my spirits being in consequence subject to alarm and depression, I should wish to continue a little longer under that advice in which I confide so implicitly; and to come a strong and doughty wight, before I set off for Minto, to enter the lists with Bruce and Wallace.

"I have shown Lochiel to several friends here, and have found your lordship's idea of the vulgarity of "hanging" more than once suggested. I own, however, that I am not so lost to paternal affection as to have my eyes opened to the defects of my youngest fugitive. As to hanging, I have still a strong hankering after that punishment, from having learnt accidentally that Lochiel's brother actually suffered that death. Whether it might be proper to describe the process of hanging or not, I certainly think that some advantage might be taken of the above fact, in heightening the horror of the wizard's address. As soon as I have put the piece into its regenerated state, I will send it to your lordship, probably in two or three days. With sincerest and respectful compliments to all the family of Minto, I have the honor to be, your lordship's very grateful, humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPBELL."

"Having been criticised and approved in the circle of his private friends, the new poems of 'Lochiel' and 'Hohenlinden' were pronounced to be worthy of his reputation. Calling one morning to consult Mrs. Dugald Stewart on a point of some family interest, he took out his manuscript of Lochiel, and read it to her. She listened in

mute attention. But as soon as he had closed the last couplet, she rose gravely from her chair, walked across the room, and laying her hand gently upon his head, said, 'This will bear another wreath of laurel yet!' and, without another word, returned to her seat. But she was evidently much moved; and 'this,' said Campbell, 'made a stronger impression upon my mind than if she had spoken in a strain of the loftiest panegyric. It was one of the principal incidents in my life that gave me confidence in my own powers.'

"'Lochiel's Warning' and 'Hohenlinden' were intended for the new quarto edition only; but, at the request of his friends, they were printed anonymously, and dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Alison."

On the 10th September, 1803, Mr. Campbell was married to his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, a lady whom the Turkish ambassador at Paris, who should have been competent to form an opinion on the subject, pronounced to be the most beautiful woman in Europe.

#### MARRIED LIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell led a happy life in London and its neighborhood. The lady was too wise to be extravagant; and Campbell wrought hard, and was successful in obtaining lucrative employment, with which his name was not connected. His correspondence at that period was cheerful, yet cares harassed him even then. His house in London, and his house in Edinburgh, drew hard upon the means of a literary man, living exclusively by his own labor, constrained to dine out frequently, and to enact the lion. The passion for military exercises was then, in 1803, in full bloom; and although Campbell, like "Maunsie Wauch," was the father of a small family, yet he was compelled to become a volunteer; in some corps a costly proceeding. The following extracts show the points of the thorns among the roses, and how he bore them:

"In the volunteer corps to which the Poet belonged, some verses were handed about, which show that he lost no occasion for maintaining, in all its native vigor, the glorious spirit of independence. 'They were suggested,' he said, 'by the gallant promise made by our beloved Monarch, that "in case of invasion, he would be found in the hour of danger, at the head of his troops!"' The stanzas are among the *rejected pieces*, and, perhaps, long forgotten; but as they embrace an interesting point of history, I have ventured to reprint them from the original:

"ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE  
BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

"'Twas HE that ruled our country's heart  
With more than royal sway,  
But Scotland saw her JAMES depart,  
And sickened at his stay;

She heard his fate, she wept her grief,  
That JAMES—her loved, her gallant chief—  
Was gone for evermore!  
But this she learnt, that ere he fell—  
Oh, men—oh, patriots! mark it well—  
His fellow-soldiers round his fall,  
Enclosed him like a living wall,  
Mixing their kindred gore!  
Nor was the day of Flodden done,  
Till they were slaughtered one by one!  
And this may proudly show,  
When *kings are patriots*, none will fly!  
When such a king was doomed to die—  
Who would death forego!

T. C.

"The poet was very regular in his attendance at drill; and, after a great field-day, thus writes to Mr. Richardson:—'December—Ont on St. Andrew's day at the muster of the North Britons. But oh! what a fagging work this volunteering is! Eight hours under a musket! Nor was this all, for he adds, 'Bensley, the printer, with all his 'devils,' is upon me for an account of £100, besides boxes, portage, and Heaven knows what. It gives me the nightmare to think of it. . . I had a debt of £30 from one bookseller alone, when the 'braw' uniform of the North Britons, first estimated at £10, has swelled to £25, with dress and undress, haversack, accoutrements, &c.; and as I made them a speech I could not be off! . . I wish earnestly you could save me from Bensley, for he sends me home in low spirits every time I meet him! . . The sum you stated is a very plentiful production from the Edinburgh payments. Would that I had such treatment in London! . . I am sea-sick of it.

"I will settle in Edinburgh whenever my quarter of the lodgings is out; in a cottage or any box such as I spoke of before marriage. I still adhere to one acre, if I can't have more. How happy, happy I should be, to see you and my dear little Matilda smiling like the two cherubims in the temple—one on each side of me. I am sure you will like her, and that is more than admiring. The only bar to our being perpetually together must be, that I am determined to have my dear one in the country—out of the reach of "family" interference. . . But a place to your mind may surely be got, and we should always have a spare bed for you and yours. . . Fortasse hæc olim meminisse juvabit. God bless you, the Mills, and the Grahames!

T. C.

"These extracts afford some notion of the cares, hopes, and perplexities alternately passing through his mind; but anxiety regarding pecuniary matters was soon removed by the active co-operation of his friend. 'Bensley and all his devils' were speedily exorcised by a cash remittance from Edinburgh; and now, relieved from his late apprehensions, the poet falls into a pleasant dream of the future, which he thus interprets: 'I received your welcome letter yesterday. I wish to Heaven I could answer it. It is long, interesting, and like yourself, the good old boy! But no—I am asleep! Nod I go; dead asleep. \* \* \* Here I dream a dream of *futurity*.—"Bring the mocha. My dear, will the pipes offend you?" "Oh no; not at all. I like the smell of Oronoko." Well, puff, puff. "But pray, my dear, do spare my

beautiful grate. [pause.] \* \* \* "Well, I do declare, Mr. Richardson, times are very bad; one can't have a family of daughters without amazing expense; and sons are so extravagant!" "To be sure, Mr. Campbell, but your wife is a notable woman, and your daughters are so accomplished!" "Why, yes, poor things; but they want portions—that is, until my next epic poem is out." \* \* \* [Long pause: enter divers persons in male attire into the dreamer's brain, whom the poet calls his friend's sons.] "John, you are too young to marry!" "Sir, my father married younger!" "Ah, eh bien! foolish children! Let Matilda have him."

"The poet then awakes from his dream of future intermarriages, and remembering that his friend's letter contained an important announcement, thus concludes: 'I wish you joy, my friend! Give my kiss by proxy to the fair intended. She will like the representative better than the constituent. \* \* \* I delight to tell secrets. Frank Clason has published a large political tract, called "An Appeal to the People of Great Britain, on Buonaparte's Ambition"—Motto, "Tros Tyriusve," &c. I want to surprise him with a review of it \* \* \* ; and it shall be done in three weeks. T. C.'"

A singular purpose crossed Mr. Campbell's mind at this time—nothing else than taking service under the Russian government as a Professor at Wilna. He seriously entertained the proposal; and yet his conduct was inexplicable after the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope," and the promulgation of his extreme opinions on the Polish question. He could not retract these opinions; and if he could have forgotten them, their memory would have been preserved by others. The negotiation was, however, seriously entertained and progressed in the following fashion:

"It was desirable, however, that the wishes of Campbell should not be published until his election was secured. Any report of his being likely to quit the country would cancel his literary engagements, bring down his small creditors upon him, and expose him to various difficulties, from which it would be impossible to extricate himself at a day's notice. But what weighed more with him, perhaps, than any other consideration, was the dread of being unsuccessful; and, as his rivals could cite passages from 'The Pleasures of Hope,' which would be no recommendation to him as a Professor in Wilna, he was far from being sanguine as to the result. It was hardly to be expected that the Russian censor would be more indulgent to the poet than he had been to his poems; and, as the weapons he had formerly discharged in the service of Poland might now be returned with interest, he became less anxious to push the question.

"In the mean time, however, the secret transpired; and the petty vexations to which he was consequently exposed, gave a painful interest to

his letters. 'Mr. —,' he says, 'hearing, I suppose, of my outlandish appointment, refused my mother twenty pounds at my demand. Will you, my dear fellow, give her ten; for it requires five to make up her half-year's annuity, and she will require five more to send to Glasgow. . . . That name calls up the bitterest feelings of reflection, occasioned by an event which I mention to you in *confidence*. I have this day received a letter, anonymously written in a female hand, signed by a member of the "Glasgow Female Society," upbraiding me in the grossest terms, for abandoning a near relation to poverty and distress. "This relative," it says, "has none to support her." . . . Now, if this letter be written at the instance, or founded on the complaints of that relative, it is the very person with whom I have, year after year, divided my last guinea! . . . As to my mother, it is hard to blame her for not supporting others, when she cannot support herself. And me, who, in laboring for scanty bread, can barely afford an income to my mother, it seems still more ungenerous to load with claims and reproaches so entirely overwhelming. It is not, as God is my witness, possible for me to answer for a double annuity, and the little I give to my mother will not bear division. All this I must explain to the edification of the Glasgow society, before I can wrest my name from the reproach of being unnatural; but one feels reluctant to publish one's poverty, even in vindication of character.

"*Nihil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*"

Even thus early Mr. Campbell had some embarrassments, it appears; but they arose from a benevolent disposition, and the discharge of duties that he could not wish to avoid. The negotiations for the Wilna professorship went on; but—

"Shortly after the date of this letter, his ardor in the canvass was rather damped by 'fears of an involuntary trip to Siberia.' He foresaw that if installed in the University of Wilna, he could never, without dereliction of principle, inculcate any opinions but those to which he had already given emphatic utterance in his poems. Before he had weighed the question maturely, he thought otherwise; he imagined that if once fairly seated in the chair, he might have promoted the 'regeneration of Poland,' and thus realized the wish nearest his heart. But a little reflection taught him that such a cause might have involved him in certain ruin. All further negotiations were therefore discontinued; he preferred the honor of advocating at home the cause of an oppressed people, who could only thank him in their prayers, to the emoluments of this, or any other post in the gift of Russia. In this resolution he was confirmed by the approbation of his friends, through whose influence he had the offer of another academical chair, which would have amply indemnified him for the loss of Wilna; but with improving pros-

pects in London, and a growing relish for domestic retirement, the offer was gratefully declined."

At this period of his life, the poet's happiness, says his biographer, was most complete, and his "good-heartedness" unbounded; but he confesses to a considerable share of anxieties in the following note respecting a disagreement with his Edinburgh publisher:

"July 14, 1804.

"A poet is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. I have only one consolation, and that is the idea of having yourself in Edinburgh to act as my friend in a business that requires both secrecy and trouble. The bare mention of the word secrecy may perhaps alarm the delicacy of a mind so little prone to concealment; but it is really necessary, and not dishonorable. . . . The fact is this: I have got into a literary scrape: I am dealing with a bookseller in Edinburgh in a business where he can hurt me much. But at this distance, and corresponding with me, he answers no letters. About the time when I was agog after my wife, I engaged to write a 'History of England.' It was to be in three volumes—a sequel to Smollett. I have nearly finished it. The bargain was that I was to do it plainly and decently—but as the price they could afford was but small, it was to be anonymous. Now, in the course of performing this task, some ideas of which at first did not appear to me, have given me no little uneasiness. . . . The last time he wrote, it was a blunt demand, without either offer or terms, for a volume of new poems, which I had not to give him. . . . About half a year ago, expecting (as hitherto) a largeness on the eighth edition of my book, which his partner, Mr. Mundall, promised on every edition in consideration of what I gave him in addition to the second part of the 'The Pleasures of Hope,' I sent my mother a draft on Mr. Doig. But, although this premium on each edition is due to me, and although I was even working for him at the time, he refused the demand!"

The negotiations with his Edinburgh publisher do not appear to have been altogether successful; and he was advised, at the same time, on account of the delicate state of his health, to remove to a quarter of the town deemed more salubrious than Pimlico. Precarious health prevented him from accepting situations requiring close attention, which were placed within his power.

"London was now the only field that promised any permanent and profitable exercise of his talents. One of his distinguished friends, indeed, had generously offered him one of the highest literary appointments of the day; but its laborious duties and delicate responsibilities were such as to render the undertaking so formidable, in his precarious state of health, that the tempting offer was reluctantly declined. But he was deeply sensible of the compliment; and, although he

could not profit by the offer, it had the happy effect of giving him more confidence in his own abilities, and a better opinion of human nature, than his recent trials had led him to form. Another circumstance—which had much weight in his decision to remain near London—was a situation which he had just obtained in connection with 'The Star' newspaper, and which produced an income of four guineas a week. His contributions to periodical literature were still a source of emolument; but ill health supervening, literary composition was usually followed by great mental depression—the inward struggle to resist outward pressure. But his hopes were still sanguine; his friends were kind, and better prospects seemed to be opening. Of his private life and feelings, at this moment, the following letter, though rather sanguine, presents an animated picture:

"Will you also call and see how my mother is? I am easy now about her. Don't mention anything of bad health—but only words of comfort! She has now, in all, £70 a year. Pray tell me, as expenses stand in Edinburgh, if you think it is enough. I am anxious to know how expensiveness has risen with you; for here, everything is dreadfully dear. Although my wife is a notable economist, yet the week's bills are enormous beyond what they would have been a few years ago. Now, indeed, I begin to live somewhat more bravely than at first. I advise you, however, to marry, to know the value of life's comforts. I never take my poor Matilda a jaunt to Kensington, or indulge in the slightest luxury, without wondering that happiness—which before I could never get for love or money—was now to be got by industry and the virtue that purifies love, and makes money wealth indeed.

"I have succeeded in getting my house well furnished. We have a most elegant little drawing-room, and furniture enough for a parlor and study, when we get into a larger house. I have bought also some important maps and books, and hope soon to attain to a good library. All this comes of being happy at home. I should have been poor to this day if I had not got a wife. I must not omit, in my catalogue of comforts, that I have secured a good store of port wine; and yet I assure you, by the orders of my grave list, and from better motives, I have laid aside every propensity to take one glass more than does me good—to which I was sometimes addicted in Edinburgh. But who could resist such good fellows?

. . . I only mention all this, to show you how regularly and comfortably I have now brought myself to live. All this would be nothing with regard to the flattering of my own feeling—no; but I have scribbled and blinded myself, reading and copying night and day, to show my dear, patient partner that, although our first outset in matrimony was poor, the continuance was not to be so. This inset year I am preparing for innovations, which she resists as Jacobinical! I have banished the *runner* toddy, out of which she used to drink her solitary glass, with as pleased a face as if it had been Tokay, or a better beverage. . . . I shall have a large and well-aired house in the country, a stock of fowls, and a good garden; and,

though Matilda's extreme caution is a guaranty against profusion, yet I find comfort a fine support to industry.

"My mother will now be comfortable, and, in a few years I shall be able to add another fifty, to be an annuity to the two more dependent of my sisters; that, however, must be deferred for a little time, until I can scrape up as much as will bring me a share in some literary work, and secure me a good income. . . . Give my love to Grahame—dear, worthy companion of ours. He is the man who must be the intimate associate of our trio for life. . . . Adieu. I am giddy to an excess with this vestal fire-like vigilance. Believe me, yours truly,  
T. C."

Anxiety for the comfort of his mother and sisters is a most agreeable feature in Campbell's character, and appears in all his correspondence. The removal to Sydenham cost money; but it was a pleasant residence, and enabled him to indulge his desire for a cottage and suburban life. His retrospect furnishes many curious particulars regarding his private habits, which are not to be found in his letters. The annoyances of authors are well described in the following lines:

"From Edinburgh," he says, "I came back to London a perfect adventurer, having nothing to depend upon for subsistence but my pen. I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them. I have observed that authors, and all other artists, are apt to make similar mistakes. The author—and I can speak from experience—sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of a day; but innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day, may require to be re-written to-morrow; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including three-pence of profit, into the till of his counter, has a more surely gainful vocation than the author."

"In my married state," he adds, "I lived a year in town, and then took and furnished a house at Sydenham, to which I brought my young wife and a lovely boy."

His cottage at Sydenham was not quite up to the picture that he had drawn of an Edinburgh cottage; but it was the next best residence, and pleased him exceedingly:

"Externally, the new situation had much to soothe and interest a poetical mind. From the south a narrow lane, lined with hedge-rows, and passing through a little dell, watered by a rivulet, leads to the house, from the windows of which the eye wanders over an extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like enclosures, hamlets, and picturesque villas shaded with fine ornamental timber; with here and there some village spire

shooting up through 'the forest,' reflecting the light on its vane, or breaking the stillness with the chime of its 'evening bells.' Ramifying in all directions, shady walks, where he was safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses, enabled him to combine healthful exercise with profitable meditation."

Want of money was his grand torment at this period. If he had been richer, abler to work hard, or had fallen into more profitable engagements, he believed that he would also have been happier; but his incapacity to work hard conferred on him that leisure on which his happiness greatly depended:

"I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. On the contrary, it was rather the fear, than the substance of it, which afflicted us. But I shall never forget my sensations, when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother in America, stating that the casual remittances, which he had made to my mother, must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances; and that I must undertake alone the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent. . . . Here now, I had two establishments to provide for—one at Edinburgh and another at Sydenham; and it may be remembered that in those times the price of living was a full third part dearer than at present. I venture to say that I could live at the time I now write, as comfortably on four hundred pounds a-year, as I could have lived then on an income of six hundred. The war prices put all economy to flight and defiance."

The difference between war and peace prices was certainly a most important matter with persons enjoying a fixed income.

The character of his engagements with the "Star" newspaper, are explained in the following extract:

"I accepted an engagement to write for the "Star" newspaper, and the "Philosophical Magazine," conducted by Mr. Tilloch, the editor of the "Star," for which I received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year. But that sum, out of which I had to pay for a horse, on which I rode to town every day, was quite inadequate to my wants; so I betook myself to literary engagements that would allow me to labor all day in the country. Dispirited beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor—and of course at an humble price."

"It is always a misfortune for a literary man to have recourse to anonymous writing—let his motives be never so innocent. And if there be any excuse more admissible than another, it is when his poverty and modesty conspire against him. But it lowers a man's genius to compose that for which his name is not to be answerable. I wrote on all subjects—even including agriculture—and smile, but hear me, for odd as it may

seem, I tell you the truth in saying, that by writing on agriculture, I acquired so much knowledge on the subject as to have been more than once complimented on that knowledge by practical farmers.”

Writing for the press was not Campbell's walk; at least he does not seem to have shone in that department, although his fondness for magazine literature brought him often into trouble.

Many of his friends expected that some situation would have been offered to him by the Government at that period; but a government has always more applicants than offices to be filled, and Mr. Campbell was not likely to make a good dun. He met his “noble friends” on something like a footing of equality; and while he was often compelled to solicit and receive favors from Mr. Richardson, Mr. Telfourd, and Mr. Rogers, he was too independent, probably, to remind his friends in the Government that he had claims on their consideration.

“During the autumn he continued to work at intervals upon the ‘Annals;’ he wrote papers for the ‘Philosophical Magazine;’ translated foreign correspondence for the ‘Star;’ attended at the office in town; and, by a daily journey of ten or twelve miles, going and returning, his strength began to improve, and he looked around for some popular theme on which to make another trial of his powers. Nothing, however, turned up to his satisfaction; neither his own inventive genius, nor the suggestions of his friends, could hit the mark; and for many months he continued in the same ‘inglorious employment of anonymous writing and compilation.’ At length, his case having excited particular attention in one or two influential quarters, he was encouraged to hope that he should not be overlooked by a liberal Ministry, when supported by the good word of Lord Holland and Lord Minto. In what form their patronage was to be expressed was still uncertain; but a situation under Government, unshackled by conditional service, was that to which he aspired, and to which he was entitled by his talents and character. With these fair and reasonable expectations, which his friends were all anxious to see realized, time flew by; and if it did not find him prosperous, it found him supporting his adversity with a fortitude that commanded respect.”

His poems continued to be a sure source of income; and regular remittances were forwarded by Mr. Richardson, who managed the sale of his quarto edition—the only edition then productive. Mr. Campbell, like many other poets and literary men, was a bad calculator. He could not keep money. Real sovereigns even went from him as if in a dream; and he would not take the trouble

necessary to reckon how they came or where they went. Dr. Beattie says:

“Any minute calculation of money received or disbursed, was an exercise for which he had neither taste nor patience; and of the real state of his finances, his friends, in general, knew much more than himself. ‘I am always ready to shoot myself,’ he says, ‘when I come to the subject of cash accounts;’ and it will be seen, in the course of these letters, that he sometimes imagined himself rich when he was poor, and on one occasion thought himself *penmiless*, when, in fact, he had a good sum of bank notes in his pocket. This however happened at a time when the aspect of his fortunes had much improved; but a rooted disinclination to balance his expenditure and income drew him into many difficulties, which a very little calculation and forethought might have prevented.

One half of the difficulties by which “men of genius” are involved are traceable to the same source. They do not make their incomes stretch over their expenditure, and leave a margin. The consequent and bitter feelings of dependence destroy their energy; and no small portion of the misery that they sustain is caused by deficient arithmetic. But the charge should not be recklessly made against literary men alone, although that is commonly done. The rolls of commercial embarrassments will show, we suspect, similar neglect. Men whose business is in arithmetic will be found to be equally prone to miscalculations in that respect. A literary man has, generally, a small income, comparatively, from which he is expected to maintain a vague, indefinite, but costly position in society. Country gentlemen, with large estates, often exhibit corresponding ignorance of arithmetic, and yet that is not charged against them as a class. At Sydenham several of Campbell's best lyrics were finally polished off—some of them that had been known and appreciated for one or two previous years.

“Of the poetical pieces cautiously elaborated in the course of this year, three only were permitted to see the light. These were, ‘Lord Ullin's Daughter,’ ‘The Soldier's Dream,’ and ‘The Turkish Lady;’ all of which had been sketched among the scenes to which they refer—the first in the Island of Mull, and the two latter in Bavaria—but were not revised and finished until he had retired to Sydenham. The next on the anvil was, ‘The Battle of the Baltic,’ which was composed at short intervals during the winter, and finished in April, but reduced, before publication, to nearly one half of the original stanzas, as preserved in his letter to Sir Walter Scott. This piece, like the two former, had passed the ordeal of private criticism with great *eclat*, and as soon as it came before the public, was set to music



and sung with applause by the great vocalists of the day."

A considerable portion of Campbell's time at Sydenham was passed in devising and executing great schemes—some of them well known to the world—and in the accomplishment of works on which he was from time to time engaged. He met many disappointments, and was often crushed down by the fear of want, not so much for himself as for those who were dependent upon him. A desponding letter to Sir Walter Scott is closed with the following gratifying announcement: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year upon me. God save the King."

This pension placed him for ever after above the fear of wanting means to assist his friends, and to educate his son. It was a great relief to his mind, and contributed, we have no doubt, to the improvement of his health. He at once made a division of the pension, reserving one portion for himself, and dividing the other between his mother and his sisters. Great efforts were made by his friends to procure extensive subscriptions for another quarto edition of his poems; and they were successful. From this period his circumstances were not bad; his position in life was most respectable; he was connected with all the leading men of the Whig party; he had a perfect command of the trade for his literary productions, and except continued weakness, which seems to have arisen from nervousness to a very considerable extent, he might have been a happy and a useful man. His correspondence shows rapid ebbs and flows of temperament. He was far from being an agreeable man—but easily decomposed, and, like many other authors, nervously afraid of his publishers.

A terrible calamity occurred in the insanity of his son, on whom he fondly doted, and whose mind was pronounced to be at last permanently impaired. This event formed the severest trial of his life to that date; and yet in his correspondence it was mentioned with more resignation than other features in his character might have led us to anticipate. As years wore on, he became connected with various public movements in London. He had travelled on the continent, and studied educational proceedings in Germany. The opinions formed in these journeys, induced him to take a warm interest in the establishment of the London University. Indeed, he might, with some propriety, be considered its founder. In 1826 he was elected to fill

the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, after a severe opposition on the part of the Professors. He went down to Glasgow, delivered an inaugural address, and was received with great warmth, both there and in Edinburgh. The election is in the hands of the students, and they repeated it three years in succession—an honor rarely conferred in Glasgow. In the month of September, 1828, Mrs. Campbell died. Their boy was lost. The youngest sister of the poet and his mother died some time previously. These calamities fell heavily on a nervous and sensitive mind. Indeed, from Mrs. Campbell's death may be dated the poet's declension into indulgences which though light, as compared with those which men pursue habitually without censure or reproach, were yet calculated to throw a shade over the lustre of a noble name.

#### THE POLISH CAUSE.

Although stunned for a time by these bereavements, yet Mr. Campbell, for several years, continued to throw his heart and soul into those objects, with which he considered himself intimately connected. The Poles had always found him a warm, zealous friend. He was a firm believer in the truth and justice of their cause. He fervently anticipated the day when Poland, won back by her sons from their conquerors, would rear her head amongst free nations. He wrote splendid verses for Poland; he spoke eloquently in behalf of the exiles; but he also wrought most vigorously in carrying forward every detail with which their cause was associated. The following statements evince his activity:

"St. Leonard's, January 17, 1832.

\* \* \* "I went to town more than a fortnight ago, partly to pay my respects to the worthy Prince Czartoryski, and partly to look after our American legacy. The Prince I found, if possible, a more interesting man than I had imagined. He has lost £70,000 a year, with the near prospect of being King of Poland. \* \* \* But he is as calm and undepressed as if he were in his palace. Now and then, when I have sat beside him at dinner, I could overhear a stifled and deep sigh; but his gentleman-like self-command, suavity, and dignity, are most striking. He is now sixty-one, but looks much younger, and is a great deal handsomer than his portrait.

"As president of the Literary Union, I invited his Highness to dine with thirty of our members, and, at the same time, asked Prince Talleyrand to meet him. Talleyrand sent me a note in his own hand, extremely regretting an express engagement to dine elsewhere, and mentioning the place.

But in spite of all his "regret," the old fox went immediately to Prince Czartoryski, and told him that he, Prince C., should not join "any political dinners at a London club!" Prince Czartoryski sent for me, but being confined to bed with a cold, I could not go out. His friend then came to me to ask if the dinner was meant to be "public and political?" I assured him not, but only an expression of private regard for his Highness. "In that case," said his friend, "the Prince assures you that he will come." \* \* \* I was well enough to preside at the dinner. The Prince thanked us in French for drinking his health, and the party went off with great harmony and good feeling.

"I dined with the Prince next day at a private party, and before leaving town had several interviews with him. \* \* \* He was in mourning for his mother, the venerable old princess, who died last month in her eighty-ninth year, and I believe of a broken heart more than old age. The Prince asked me, 'Have you not got a letter from my mother?' I said 'No;' but shrinking from the touch of so tender a chord in his feelings, I dropt the subject. \* \* \* His question was explained to me this morning, when I received a letter from the now departed princess, which must have been written a few days before her death. It is written, signed, and directed with her own hand. T. C."

"Writing a few days later, he says:—'It turns out that the aged and august princess is still alive, in her eighty-ninth year. May God preserve her!'

"The news that waited Campbell's return from Chertsey threw him into great distress. To be compelled to witness misery, which he had no adequate power to relieve, was a constant burden upon his mind; and to contemplate its probable increase was still worse. By letters, and personal applications to his friends, he collected funds just sufficient to relieve the more urgent cases; but as the number of exiles increased, the duty and difficulty were, how to increase the number of contributors. With this object, an appeal to British philanthropy was drawn up, and the liberality with which it was responded to by the public, was the subject of grateful admiration.

"A lady, to whom the poet had written, having requested his answer to a question respecting the actual amount of suffering among the exiled patriots, he sat down to his desk, intending to give her one instance which had just come before him. Mr. Back was in the room with him. After writing a short time, his friend observed that he became more and more agitated—sobbed and wept like a child—and then, starting up, began to pace the room with a hurried step, and an expression of mental agony. Alarmed at the violence of his emotion, Mr. Back imagined that he was laboring under acute bodily pain. 'No,' he said, 'it is more than bodily pain; it is the thought that so many gallant patriots are starving! \* \* \* What is to be done?' and turning earnestly to his friend, waited for an answer.

"The question was difficult. At length, said Mr. Back, 'What would you say to an associa-

tion?' 'Association?' said Campbell—'association of the friends of Poland! That is the very thing. Let us set about it directly.'

"They went out together, called upon Lord Panmure in Cockspur street, explained their object, and received from him twenty pounds as a first contribution to the funds of the association.

"Anxious to profit by so auspicious a commencement, meetings were held, a committee was formed, and in a short time the society was in full operation.

"To Mr. Gray, his liberal advisor in all philanthropic schemes, he writes:

"MARCH 7th.—Let me consult you about a project that is very near my heart—an association—a literary one, for collecting, publishing, and diffusing all such information respecting Poland as may tend to interest the public mind, and keep alive in it a strong interest with respect to that brave but ill-used nation. The Germans are in a highly excited state; their patriots are forming—or rather have formed—associations of the same nature; though, as I learn from them, they have to work up against the wind and tide of despotic governments. \* \* \*

"Forty most respectable individuals have pledged themselves in London to support me in forming this Philo-Polish Association. We subscribe but a pound apiece; and shall publish, respecting Poland, such tracts as, by dragging into full light all the black and horrid facts of Russian cruelty towards her, may arouse public sympathy. \* \* \* With regard to the Autocrat's treatment to Poland, he concludes, his 'sceptre is a knout; and his councils,' to use the words of Æschylus, are 'embalmed in corruption.'

#### MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

We have repeatedly remarked Mr. Campbell's attachment to magazine literature. His first device in literature was a magazine. At every stage of his life we find him connected with some work of that description. He wrote for the "Philosophical." He edited Mr. Colburn's "New Monthly." Finally, he first edited, and then purchased an interest in, the "Metropolitan." The history of the transaction is curious and interesting, reflecting honor on no man more than the venerable author of the "Pleasures of Memory."

"11, Waterloo Place, October 17, 1831.

"All is well. I have seen my son, and I have been agreeably surprised. I have got a share in the "Metropolitan!" I am ten inches taller than when you saw me! And my regret now is that I showed so little pluck under my late misfortune, as to throw a shade of the slightest uneasiness over your reception of me. I don't believe the traditional remark, that it is best for us not to foresee future events. How much happier I should have been at Stoke, if I could have foreseen future events! Had I known what I know now, I should have been happy at your house, in-

stead of being the weak and dolorous man which I fear I was.

"I came to town just in the nick of time to prevent an injudicious visitation of my dear boy. I spent Sunday with him. No doubt all my ideas of his recovery are to be set aside. I will cherish that delusion no longer. But he is better. The last time I saw him, his complexion was pale and sadden. It is now restored, and he is beautiful. His beauty may, perhaps, give me a deeper grief for his case—but still it takes off the horror which his bad looks inspired. All the time I was at Stoke there was a suspicion blistering or rather canisticating my mind, that I had done wrong in allowing Dr. Allen to remove him—on account of some waywardness in his temper—from being a parlor-boarder, to live in a house where the keepers have patients. But imagine the relief that came into my heart, when my son told me that he liked his *new* residence better than his old one.

"When I was with you, I was uncertain of being one of the proprietors of the journal—"The Metropolitan"—which I conduct. Let the name of my brother poet, Rogers, be for ever sacred. He has bought me a share in the partnership; and, with noble generosity, has refused even the *mortgage* of my Scottish property, as security for the debt. But *mortgaged* my Scotch property shall be in order that he may be secure.

"All this time I am an egotist. But egotism is, after all, a compliment to those for whom we may be believed *bona fide* to bear a regard. In the midst of all my egotism, your Derbyshire has a pleasant hold over my imagination. You are with me, and your music. Never did I surrender to any one but to you my verses on—. They were too sacred (as to my feelings) to be given to the printer. My mind and heart are full of Derbyshire. \* \* \*

T. C.'

"The first notice of a 'Polish association' occurs in the following passage:

"Oct. 18th. To-morrow I am obliged to stop in town, out of compassion to the poor Polish poet, whose grief in his old age may well be imagined. I am forming an *Association* which will support the good old man, and, I dare say, all the other Polish exiles.

"Turning from that horrid subject, let me tell you a piece of good luck. Captain Chamier, the principal proprietor of "The Metropolitan," who is very much attached to me, has always been pressing me to take a share in the work; but as it could not be got without money, and as I had given all my money to the Poles, I told him it was in vain to ask me to take a share. \* \* \* I went to Rogers and said I would insure my life, and hand over my library to him—which has been valued by an impartial bookseller at £700 at least. He said, "you shall neither insure your life, nor hand over your library; you shall have the *money* when you want it." Noble, generous, beautiful conduct! I am to get the £500 to-morrow; but in spite of his prohibition, I have insured my life, and I have got a legal instrument

by which my library and furniture will be at his disposal till the debt is repaid.

T. C.'

"Under this pleasing delusion, he calls upon his sister to congratulate him on his good fortune, and adds:

"My partners in the concern are Mr. Cochran, the publisher, and Captain Chamier, author of "The Life of a Sailor," in "The Metropolitan," and several other amusing papers. He is one of the merriest and dearest souls in existence, and though diametrically opposite to me in politics, is the best literary partner I could possibly have got; for I laugh at his *Toryism*, and make the publication *Whiggish*, in spite of his teeth. And as my editorial power is absolute and dictatorial, I often threaten to make personal attacks upon him, by name and surname, in "The Metropolitan," if he presumes to interfere with me! But Chamier, though the merriest joker in the world, is a shrewd, active, and business-like man. I expect great gains from our co-operation. So God save our gracious King William the Fourth! preserve my sister Mary! and speed the sale of "Metropolitan!"

T. C.,"

"Dec. 21st. \* \* \* I mentioned to you having been enabled by my worthy friend Rogers, to purchase a third share of a periodical. Imagine how foolish I looked when I found the concern a bubble. After weeks of agitation and many a sleepless night, I got back the money by dint of remonstrance, and Rogers has got it again, though he kindly offered to let me have it for another purpose. It was not till the business was settled, some ten days ago, that I could retire with an easy mind to my cabin here, where I am fallen once more in love with the sea; and I have now set myself down in earnest, and with my heart and hand disembarassed, to 'Mrs. Siddons' Life.'"

Mr. Rogers' money was repaid, and Mr. Campbell's connection with the "Metropolitan" ceased. He probably escaped a bad bargain, and saved himself from annoyances that he was ill able to meet.

Mr. Campbell was desirous for the formation of unions of literary men, to avoid the expense of publishing. Booksellers he considered extravagant in their profits, and selfish in their transactions. And yet, no living man was less competent to do without them. The trade, we suspect, are not too well paid—and from no class of men did Mr. Campbell experience more kindness and consideration. Mr. Moxon, the publisher, and Dr. Beattie, his biographer, were the only English friends who followed the poet to Boulogne, where he had gone in search of health; but only to die. They were with him for some days previously to the 10th June, 1844; and with him when he died on the afternoon of that day. The last years of his life cannot

be contemplated without regret. Eminently domestic in all his habits and manner of thought, he was ill able to bear solitude in the world, which, except for the kindness and attention of a young lady, his niece, he would have felt most severely. In looking over his life, also, we are apt to think that he should have risen higher in the world, with the genius and the general talents that he possessed. But the want of patronage was his first obstacle, and clung to him in some measure through life. He was fitted to render greater public services than were ever required at his hands, but he was not qualified to push him-

self before the public. He was diffident—willing to work, but waiting to be called. His private correspondence exhibits noble points in his character. No man could have been more generous and self-denying to all who had the slightest claim on his regard. He was actuated by the purest patriotism; and in his death the country lost its first lyrical poet, and one of its most attached and enlightened citizens.

Dr. Beattie has executed his late friend's commission with the greatest care, and produced one of the most interesting biographies of our time.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE NARROW WAY.

BY ACTON BELL.

BELIEVE not those who say  
The upward path is smooth,  
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,  
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road  
Unto the realms of joy;  
But he who seeks that blest abode,  
Must all his powers employ.

Bright hopes and pure delights  
Upon his course may beam;  
And there, amid the sternest heights,  
The sweetest flowerets gleam.

On all her breezes borne,  
Earth yields no scents like those;  
But he that dares not grasp the thorn  
Should never crave the rose.

Arm, arm thee for the fight!  
Cast useless loads away;  
Watch through the darkest hours of night;  
Toil through the hottest day.

Crush pride into the dust,  
Or thou must needs be slack;  
And trample down rebellious lust,  
Or it will hold thee back.

Seek not thy honor here,  
Waive pleasure and renown;  
The world's "dread laugh" undaunted bear,  
And face its deadliest frown.

To labor and to love,  
To pardon and endure,  
To lift thy heart to God above,  
And keep thy conscience pure,—

Be this thy constant aim,  
Thy prayer and thy delight;  
What matters who should whisper blame,  
Or who should scorn or slight?—

What matters, if thy God approve,  
And if, within thy breast,  
Thou feel the comfort of His love,  
The earnest of His rest?

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE PROGRESS OF MECHANICAL INVENTION.

1. *The Patent Journal*. Nos. 1—100. London: 1846—7—8.
2. *The Mechanic's Magazine*. Vols. XLVII and XLVIII. London: 1846—7—8.

PROSAIC and business-like as the contents of these volumes appear, there are perhaps few works that would be found upon examination to contain more of the elements of tragedy. Not the 'rejected addresses' of suitors for royal favors—not the scrolls which despairing lovers hung in the temple of Leucadia before they took the all-curing leap—could exhibit a more melancholy record of profitless labors and disappointed hopes! And to arrive at this conclusion, there is little need to inquire into the subsequent history of the inventions, or the inventors. The simple perusal of their own specifications, aided by a very moderate degree of scientific knowledge, will suffice to prove that, nine times out of ten, all the labor and expense that have been lavished upon the production of these cunningly devised engines could result in nothing but total failure. Nor do the inventors appear to profit by example. In spite of the abundant warnings held out to them in the fate of their predecessors, they persist in adopting the same inefficient means, the same defective constructions; or in hopeless attempts to extort from some natural agent the performance of tasks for which it is manifestly unfitted. Nay, the identical mechanism, that has broken down a dozen times in other hands, is once more made the subject of new patents, by men who are not only ignorant of the simple, scientific principles which would have taught them their folly, but who do not know the fact that the self-same ideas have long since been worked out, and abandoned as impracticable. Without skill to shape their own course, they cannot perceive the scattered debris that might warn them of impending shipwreck. Is it credible that ingenious men, who have seen or heard of the suspension tunnel, and the electric tele-

graph, should still waste years in a search for the perpetual motion? Yet such is the fact; and one such machine, at least, may even now be seen in London, by those who have more faith than knowledge, pursuing its eternal revolutions.

In the majority of instances, we apprehend that these inventors are but little acquainted with the practical details of the branches of art or manufacture whereon they exercise their ingenuity. They attempt to do better than other men, things which they do not know how to do at all. And if, perchance, some remark be hazarded as to their want of experience, they consider it sufficient to reply, that Arkwright was a barber, and Cartwright a clergyman; that Sir William Herschel taught music before he became the celebrated astronomer, and Sir Michael Faraday passed the earlier years of life in practicing the handicraft art of bookbinding.

Considering that the state of the law renders the privilege of a patent both expensive\* and difficult of attainment, and that the whole cost, in addition to that required for completing the invention, must be incurred before any benefit can possibly be derived; it becomes an inquiry of some interest to trace the motives that lead men, many of whom are sufficiently needy and busy already, to embark upon enterprises so hopeless. One chief cause may, perhaps, be detected in that propensity to gambling which is unfortunately so prevalent in every stage of civilization. In literature, as in manufactures—among members of the learned, the military, and even the clerical professions, as

\* In England, the first expense of a patent for the three kingdoms is 845*l.* in fees alone, which must be paid beforehand. In France, every article that is *breveté* pays an annual sum for the privilege as long as it lasts.

among mechanical inventors and merchant adventurers, the rewards of industry are divided into great prizes and blanks. Success admits the aspirant within the dazzling circles of wealth and fame; failure condemns him to oblivion, and too often to penury. Whatever may be the effect upon individuals—and to him who has aimed high, even failure is not without its consolations—there can be little doubt, that in a national point of view the results are advantageous. The general standard of excellence is raised. When more men 'dare greatly,' more will achieve greatly. A larger amount of talent is allured to engage in active careers, and to endure in patience their inevitable fatigues and disappointments; while from time to time, discoveries and works of magnificent novelty and utility are contributed as additions to the stores of national wealth.

Projectors, since the days of Laputa, and long before, have provoked the ridicule of the wits. It was not till Adam Smith had added the gravity of his censure, that Bentham, writing from Crichoff in White Russia, and full of fellow-feeling for them, interposed in their behalf in a letter of remonstrance, the justice of which Adam Smith admitted. In proof of their national importance, (for Manchester was then but in its cradle,) Bentham relied on Adam Smith's own examples: "Birmingham and Sheffield (he replies) are pitched upon by you as examples, the one of a projecting town, the other of an unprojecting one. Can you forgive my saying, I rather wonder that this comparison of your own choosing did not suggest some suspicions of the justice of the conceptions you had taken up to the disadvantage of projectors? Sheffield is an old oak, Birmingham but a mushroom. What if we should find the mushroom still vaster and more vigorous than the oak?\*" Not but the one as well as the other, at what time soever planted, must equally have been planted by projectors; for though Tubal Cain himself were to be brought post from Armenia to plant Sheffield, Tubal Cain himself was as arrant a projector in his day as even Sir Thomas Lombe was, or Bishop Blaize."

The earnestness with which he returned to the subject in his "Manual of Political Economy,"†

\* The present state of Sheffield is a painful answer to Bentham's question. We read (Dec. 1848) in the *Sheffield Times*, "What is to become of Sheffield? The introduction of a new trade alone will save us."

† First edited from Bentham's MS. in the third volume of his works, printed at Edinburgh, 1843.

shows the value which he attached to it. "As the world advances, the snares, the traps, the pitfalls, which inexperience has found in the path of inventive industry, will be filled up by the fortunes and the minds of those who have fallen into them and been ruined. In this, as in every other career, the ages gone by have been the forlorn hope, which has received for those who followed them the blows of fortune. There is not one reason for hoping less well of future projects than of those which are past, but here is one for hoping better. Nothing would more contribute to the preliminary separation of useless from useful projects, and to secure the laborers in the hazardous routes of invention from failure, than a good treatise upon projects in general. It would form a suitable appendix to the judicious and philosophical work of the Abbé Condillac upon systems. What this is in matters of theory, the other would be in matters of practice. The execution of such a work might be promoted by the proposal of a liberal reward for the most instructive work of this kind.

"A survey might be made of the different branches of human knowledge; and what each presents as most remarkable in this respect might be brought to view. Chemistry has its philosopher's stone; medicine its universal panacea; mechanics its perpetual motion; politics, and particularly that part which regards finance, its method of liquidating, without funds and without injustice, national debts. Under each head of error, the insuperable obstacles presented by the nature of things to the success of any such scheme, and the illusions which may operate upon the human mind to hide the obstacles, or to nourish the expectation of seeing them surmounted, might be pointed out. Above all, dishonest projectors, impostors of every kind, ought to be depicted; the qualities of mind and character, which they possess in common, should be described. But throughout the whole work, that tone of malignity which seems to triumph in the disgraces of genius, and which seeks to envelope wise, useful, and successful projects in the contempt and ridicule with which useless and rash projects are justly covered, should be guarded against. Such is the character, for example, of the works of the splenetic Swift. Under the pretense of ridiculing projectors, he seeks to deliver up to the contempt of the ignorant, the sciences themselves. They were hateful in his eyes on two accounts: the one, because he was

unacquainted with them ; the other, because they were the work, and the glorious work, of that race which he hated ever since he had lost the hope of governing part of it."

Abstract science, until within a comparatively recent period, was the almost exclusive occupation of all men claiming to rank among the "sect of the philosophers." With the brilliant personal exception of Watt, they appear to have considered it beneath their dignity to carry out their learned theories into any practical or profitable employment. Great mechanical ingenuity they no doubt displayed ; but it was devoted to the construction of instruments adapted to scientific research, some of which, it is true, have since been found of utility to the general public. A few investigations were diligently prosecuted which promised to be of national benefit, such as those relating to the longitude, chronometers, and the lunar theory ; but they were entertained rather as favorite scientific puzzles, inherited from past generations, than as problems whose solution would prove a vast commercial good. Davy's safety-lamp was almost an exception, at the time it appeared ; and people wondered to hear that Herschel had made anything in the vulgar way of money by his telescopes, or Wollaston by his platinum. "Their bays are sere, their former laurels fade," is the sentence pronounced by Byron upon the poets ; but it was recorded also at that period against all laborers in the field of intellect, who might "descend to trade." Byron can have little thought that it should appear in the posthumous edition of his works, that he lived to receive for copyright from Mr. Murray 23,540*l*.

The tendencies of the present age are, perhaps, too much the reverse of this ; and have become too exclusively practical. In science, as in politics, it may be an empty pedantry to recur too constantly to first principles, but it is worse than pedantry to attempt to do without them. Yet this attempt is made every day by persons who will not undertake, or cannot appreciate, the incessant labor by which the pioneer of discovery must consolidate his progress. When men of science hardly dare to assert their comprehension of the elementary principles of some novel theory, the inventor rushes in with his prospectus and patent, to turn it to account. As a matter of course, failure and loss are the result ; and science itself will sometimes share the inevitable discredit, or the calm philosopher may be turned away from the investigation, which only he can follow duly, by the atmosphere

of fallacy—or, to use a plain word, *humbug*—that has been thrown around it. Before the very alphabet of the electro-magnetic action was accurately understood, contrivances were busily placarded whereby its agency was to supersede the steam-engine. Whatever truth there may be in the facts of Phrenology or the theories of Mesmerism, has been fatally obscured through the eager determination of empirics to "work the idea" profitably. Those who have been disgusted with the puff, or pillaged by the charlatan, are not unlikely to pass upon the whole subject a hasty sentence of transportation beyond the pale of philosophical inquiry.

The "curiosities of the Patent Rolls" would furnish materials for a copious chapter in some work devoted to an exhibition of the eccentricities of intellect. Even the titles affixed as labels to a multitude of inventions suggest very curious reflections. In a list of patents registered during a few months of 1846 and '47, given in the works mentioned at the head of this article, we find, along with a numerous family of contrivances for personal and household uses, one for an "anti-emergent rat-trap ;" others for "improvements in bedsteads"—in piano-fortes, saddles, and pen-holders ; for "a new fastening for shutters ;" for securing corks in bottles ; and for "certain improvements in the manufacture of spoons." Articles of dress supply their quota. We have improvements in "sewing and stitching ;" "a new mode of applying springs to braces ;" improvements in "hats, caps and bonnets ;" an "improved apparatus to be attached to boots and shoes in order to protect the wearer from splashes of mud in walking ;" and a long list of inventions connected with the application of gutta serena.

The military and naval professions appear rather out of fashion. Nevertheless an improvement is registered "in the manufacture of bayonets ;" and another for "warping and hauling vessels," the inventor being designated Commander R. N. For the literary profession an improved ink has been invented by "M. J. B. Reade, Clerk ;" and a Birmingham merchant registers some "new and improved instruments or machines for effecting or facilitating certain arithmetical computations or processes." The medical profession is enriched by "a new apparatus for the treatment of distortions of the spine ;" improvements in "artificial palates ;" in the manufacture of epithems ; "the cutting of lozenges ;" and "a means or apparatus for administering certain matters to the lungs for medical or surgical purposes ;" by which

vague description it was intended to specify the instruments used in the inhalation of ether.

The arts follow naturally the professions; and we observe that the peculiar branch of art which owes so much to the genius of M. Soyer holds a deserved rank in the estimation of inventors. They have furnished us with improvements in "the mode of making comfits," of "preserving fruit and vegetables," of "storing beer, ale, and porter;" with a "new apparatus for hatching eggs," and a "collapsible tube for sauces," made by "placing a solid piece of tin upon a properly shaped matrix, when a rod of steel being forcibly impressed thereon a thin tube is formed. The sauces are enclosed in the tube and expelled by squeezing, so there is no waste or leakage, and no air admitted to corrupt the purity of *gout*." This invention, however ridiculous it may sound, has been found useful in other arts besides cooking; and has been adopted as a reservoir of colors for painters, and generally when it is required that substances should be preserved in a moist state and secured from atmospheric influence.

Inventions of grander aim are of course almost innumerable. Some are vaguely described as "new modes of obtaining motive power;" others as rotary, locomotive or marine engines. A large number refer to our staple manufactures: as "machines for spinning and weaving," or for "preparing, slubbing, and roving cotton and other fibrous substances." We find one invention for "aerial locomotion;" and several for "making roads and ways."

For the agriculturist there are machines for "cutting, slicing, or otherwise dividing hay, straw, or turnips;" several improvements in "tilling land;" and one of very comprehensive character, for "certain carbonic compounds, formed of earth, vegetable, animal and mineral rubbish, fecal substances, and waste of manufactories, and certain acids and alkalies, which compounds are applicable as manures."

A few inventions are of American origin, and sufficiently characteristic. One is for improvements in finishing raw-hide whips; one or two more for the manufacture of cigars; but the most curious of all is described as the "Patent Enunciator; being a substitute for the usual suit of bells in hotels." It consists of a highly ornamental rose-wood frame, on which two hundred numbers are conspicuously arranged, each ordinarily marked by a sector card delicately

hung on a pivot connected with the machinery. When any one of the two hundred pulls is started, a hammer strikes on a delicately toned bell, and the figures of the corresponding number are unmasked, the vibration of the card continuing for some seconds to indicate the numbers last brought into view. The inventor, a Mr. Johnson of New York, was stated to have on hand more orders than he could supply.

It is a theory rather in favor with inventors, that many of the most brilliant discoveries have been made by accident; and indeed the examples are sufficiently well known, of apparently fortuitous occurrences giving birth to very wonderful realities. But if we could inquire more accurately, we should probably learn that the lucky accident had but set in motion a certain train of thought in an already prepared mind; while by far the majority of cases exhibit to us the new discovery elaborated by reiterated trials and improvements from its rude original. A word dropped in casual conversation, suggested an idea to the mind of a clergyman (Cartwright) of practical and benevolent tendencies; which, under the influence of contradiction, became hot and strong enough to absorb all his energies for the production of a power-loom. On the other hand, we hear of a practical manufacturer (Radcliffe) becoming convinced that it was possible and desirable to effect a certain operation by machinery instead of manual labor; and shutting himself up with workmen and tools for many months, until he emerged from his seclusion with a *warp dressing* machine, to testify to the success of their prolonged exertions.

Even the simplest looking contrivances require knowledge, especially mathematical knowledge, of no ordinary degree at every step. The mere calculation, for example, of the best *form* to be given to the teeth of wheels, which are intended to transmit motion reciprocally, requires a process of analysis beyond the competence of ninety-nine in the hundred even of educated men. In more primitive stages of the mechanical arts great nicety was not required. The cogs were rudely notched in the peripheries of the wooden wheels by the saw or chisel. But now that more perfect workmanship is necessary, the mechanist must form the surfaces of the teeth into such a curve, that they shall roll instead of rubbing on one another as they successively come in contact, and the friction and wear of material be thus reduced to a minimum. It is true that many of these calculations are already prepared and published in tabulated forms, and therefore the inventor is not called upon to



calculate them for himself. But few can hope to become successful improvers, who are not at least competent to understand their nature, and able to determine the particular points of every new contrivance where such considerations become important.

But was fear that what is called the Inventive Faculty is a quality far more cheap and abundant, than the patience that can trace, or the understanding that can comprehend the delicate theorems which ought to guide the inventor, and can alone shield him from failure. Ambition too perpetually misleads him, and beguiles him into attempting the grandest achievements of science, with insufficient means and imperfect knowledge. Artists who could command a decent livelihood as sign-painters, still heroically starve amid their unsalable canvass daubed with pictures of the historic order! Johnson has immortalized the folly of a man who announced himself to the occupants of an inn parlor, as the Great Twalmley, inventor of the new Floodgate Iron. But so innocent a vanity hardly deserved to be treated with so much contempt. Mr. Twalmley had, at all events, obtained success and fortune, to justify his self-conceit. Ridicule would far more justly be bestowed upon those half-informed mechanicians, who aspire to change the whole aspect of our national industry or our system of warfare, by the application of abilities which, at best, might be usefully devoted to domestic purposes, or the invention of instruments ranking with the Floodgate Iron.

Were it not that no exercise of tyranny would be more fiercely resented than any attempt to interfere with the true-born Englishman's privilege to throw away his time and money at his own pleasure, we could suggest the appointment of certain boards of examiners, whose approval should be first secured before any invention, purporting to be novel, could be admitted to the expensive honors of a patent. We well know, however, how distasteful the suggestion would prove, and how jealously an inventor would regard the opinion of any men competent to judge of the matter referred to them. A writer in the Patent Journal expresses upon this point only the prevailing sense of the public when he observes:—

"Hogarth said that he would allow all the world to be judges of his paintings, except members of his own profession; and, in general, scientific men would submit their ideas to the approval of all, with the exception of men of their own pur-

suits. No man is a prophet in his own country, and men of science are too often the least qualified to form an estimate of an invention in their own branch of knowledge. To submit a novelty for the approval of men accustomed to the routine and forms in present use, is oftentimes to ensure its rejection."

The writer then proceeds, according to the invariable rule, to invoke the overworked shades of Harvey and Galileo as illustrations of his statement. A more popular suggestion has been made, that every patentee should be required to deposit in some public museum an accurate model or specimen of his invention; which would thus prove highly useful as an object of interest and instruction to others, as well as by rendering more easy of determination any litigated question of priority. We should anticipate this further advantage from the plan—the attempt to construct his model would often leave the inventor self-convicted of the inutility of his scheme and save him much disappointment. Even the preparation of an accurate drawing often has a salutary effect. Mr. Babbage relates that in the construction of his calculating machine, not one single portion of the works, although these were of extraordinary complication, required any alteration after it was once made, owing to the admirable care which had been bestowed upon the drawings.

It is not, however, solely with the view of saving a few inventors the pain of disappointment, that we would have the conditions and limits of practical attainment accurately traced out. Still less is it in the spirit of the ancient geographers, who drew the lines that marked the boundaries of their known world upon their maps, and then wrote "nil ultra" outside them. For to us, who have learned that the universe is inexhaustible, the time will never come when we shall believe, of any field of research, that there is nothing more to be discovered in it. But we conceive that to ascertain the precise nature and place of the obstacles which at present retard our advance, is the surest preliminary to any attempt at their removal. To know *where* the barrier lies, will instruct us also where lie the domains of richest promise, not yet rifed by discoverers. To know *what* it is, will guide us to the selection of those aids and appliances by which it is to be broken or overleapt. Dr. Hooke has remarked, that whenever in his researches he found himself stopped by an apparently insurmountable difficulty, he was sure to be on the brink of a valuable discovery. In his

day the world was so little explored, that its richest prizes might still be stumbled upon by mere chance. The philosopher upon his voyage of discovery, like Genseric upon his voyages of conquest, might abandon the helm and let his bark sail "whithersoever the winds might carry her;" trusting that fortune would lead him within sight of some region wealthy and unknown, of which he could claim possession by the prior right of occupancy. But such happy casualties are now barely possible; the harvest has been too well gleaned for mere adventurers. Within the limits of the nearer horizon, science has left, in the words of the old feudal law, "Nulle terre sans seigneur;" but it must not be forgotten that she has at the same time afforded aid and means to furnish us forth for more distant enterprises. And we are enabled also to save ourselves the trouble of many a profitless voyage; for we have, by her help, in several instances accomplished that most difficult task, whether in law or physics, of proving a *negative*. We may feel sure that nothing more is to be done, at least in certain directions, with our present means and instruments; as their range has been already ascertained and their powers tasked to the uttermost. On another side we can determine without the necessity for costly experiments, and indeed often by the application of theory alone, *which* of two or more possible arrangements of mechanism will prove most efficacious for the accomplishment of the desired purpose.

In fact, the votary of science is now able to proceed towards discovery with sure and certain steps. He knows whither he is going; and he allows nothing to escape him unnoticed on the road. Every new phenomenon as it comes within his ken is duly compared with his previous experience, and is not admitted to assume its title until it has been examined and tested with the most minute accuracy. In the same manner, every deduction to which he arrives is scrutinized with jealous care, and not until it has undergone every trial that ingenuity can devise, is it permitted to take rank among the links destined to compose the great chain of his theory. The end of all his researches is indeed always kept in sight; but he never jumps at a conclusion, nor suffers his impatience for a result to hurry him into a neglect of those precautions which can alone secure for that result the certainty and precision on which its value depends. By no meteor of the marsh must the traveller be

guided, who would penetrate the trackless expanses of the Unknown!

The subject we have here traced out is far too extensive for us to attempt, within our allotted limits, to fill up its outline at every point. We can but endeavor to indicate, by a few precepts and examples, the peculiar nature of the problems which every inventor will have to work out for himself, whenever he wishes to determine the limits between the *possible* and the *impossible*.

The liminary principles (by which term we purpose to specify everything, whether quality or accident, which tends to limit our progress towards perfection) may be divided into two great categories—including, first, those derived from the natural properties of matter; and secondly, those arising from the construction or arrangement of the mechanism necessarily employed. The higher importance of the former class is at once manifest. Difficulties which arise from construction may be overcome or eluded; but the task is very different where we find that Nature herself raises the barrier in our path. Man has succeeded in rendering almost every quality of every various form of material substance available for some purpose of utility. On certain occasions only, and for certain purposes, some one or other of those qualities will be found to stand in the way of his success.

Chemistry has gone far towards establishing the hypothesis that all natural bodies are susceptible of assuming three forms—the solid, fluid and gaseous—according to the degree of HEAT by which they are affected. At all events it is certain that heat exercises, in various proportions, such an influence on the constituent atoms as to destroy or diminish their mutual attraction; and even when the mass does not subside into fluidity, it loses its strength and cohesive properties, and becomes disintegrated. The uses to which this property of matter has been applied are infinite. Let us see how it may become a *liminary principle*.

It is supposed that the possible heat of a burning atom (in which of course we shall find the theoretical limit) is very far above the highest known temperature attained in our furnaces; and it would consequently follow that we might more nearly approach that limit by varying the arrangement of the fuel and the supply of air for combustion. This has been accordingly done, until we have found our progress stopped by the impossibility of discovering any substance, whereof to build our furnaces, which will

*bear the heat.* Porcelain, firebrick, and plumbago, in various combinations, are adopted; but they either crumble, or sink down into a pasty mass as the fire is urged. The qualities of matter itself here act as a complete "estoppel;" and if we would experimentalize further upon the phenomena of caloric, we can operate only upon a minute scale by means of the gas blowpipe, or the heated arch evolved from charcoal points interposed in a galvanic circuit. But for this limit many useful purposes might be accomplished by the mutual actions or changed form of material bodies when subjected to the intense action of heat. For instance, in the case of *platinum*—we might then separate it from its ores by the ordinary methods of smelting and fusion, in place of being compelled to adopt the laborious and costly process of solution in acids. The steam-engine offers an example nearly parallel. The power of a steam-engine depends primarily upon the area of surface in the boiler exposed to the action of the fire, and the intensity of the fire itself. In marine and locomotive engines, where space must be economized, the practical limit is fixed only by the degree of heat; and this of course must be kept below the utmost limit which the material of the boiler furnace will endure. As yet, there has not been discovered any material better fitted for this purpose than iron; and we have made our fires as fierce as the melting point of iron will permit; even now, the fire-bars are destroyed sometimes upon their first journey.

Farther than this we obviously cannot go, so long as we use water for the power-producing agent. Attempts have however been made to conquer the difficulty by taking advantage of some other properties of matter in its relation to heat; based upon the fact that the "evaporating point"—that is, the degree of heat at which fluids expand into vapor—is found to differ considerably in different liquids, just as does the melting point of solid bodies. It would, therefore, appear probable that, by filling the boiler with alcohol, which boils at 173°, or with ether boiling at 96° Fahrenheit, the tension of the vapor and consequent power of the engine could be increased without increasing the heat of the furnace. As both of the above-mentioned fluids are expensive, it was first requisite so to contrive the machine that no loss should be experienced, but the whole vapor be recondensed and returned to the boiler. For this purpose a variety of ingenious contrivances have been suggested,

the earliest of which, and one perhaps as effectual as any other, was patented by Dr. Cartwright in 1797; while new forms of mechanism, with the same object in view, are even still appearing on the patent rolls from time to time. Whatever the ingenuity of man could do, has probably therefore been done; but the practical utility of all these contrivances was destroyed by the influence of other properties of matter altogether overlooked, although of necessity involved in the question. These regard the relative bulk of the vapor produced from corresponding quantities of different fluids, and the proportion of heat absorbed or rendered *latent* in each during the process of vaporization. The calculation is sufficiently simple, and the result effectually annihilates all hope of advantage, either potential or economical, from the ethereal or alcoholic engines. Thus, to convert a given weight of water into steam, 997 degrees of heat are required as what is called "caloric of vaporization." The same quantity of alcohol will become vapor with 442 degrees, and sulphuric ether with only 302°. But to set against this apparent gain, we find that the specific gravity of steam (air being=1) is .6235; vapor of alcohol 1.603; ether 2.586; and the result may be thus tabulated:

	Caloric of Vaporization.	Spec. Grav. of Vapor.	Useful effects of Caloric.
Water - -	997°	.6235	10,000
Alcohol - -	442°	1.603	8,776
Sulph. Ether -	302°	2.586	7,960

The disadvantage of the latter fluids will be farther enhanced by the circumstance that, being lighter than water, a larger boiler will be required to hold the same weight of vaporific fluid; i. e. a pound of water, when evaporated, will form about 21 cubic feet of steam; while a pound of ether will require a larger boiler to hold it, and will only form 5 cubic feet.

Weight is one of the properties of matter which in practice we encounter chiefly as an obstacle or inconvenience, tending to increase friction, to resist motion, and generally to crush and destroy. Meanwhile, the limits of its range are comparatively narrow—that is to say, on one side. We can, indeed, rarefy a gas until its weight disappears in infinite tenuity; but we very soon find ourselves at the extreme verge of any possible *increase* of specific gravity. The most ponderous substance known is not quite 22 times heavier than water. And yet there are many purposes for which bodies of greater

weight might be made useful. If, for example, closer or deeper search amid the stores of the mineral kingdom should lead to the discovery of some substance bearing the same proportionate gravity to platinum that platinum does to cork, how many possibilities of improvement would be placed within our power! A thin sheet of such a substance, interposed among the keel timbers of a ship, would give stability and other sailing qualities at present unattainable. Blocks of it would afford sure foundations for piers, bridges, and all marine works. It might then be found no longer impossible to establish a light-house on the Goodwins. As a regulator, or reservoir, of power—for counterpoises, pendulums, and fly-wheels; for all purposes where percussive force is required; and in steam-hammers, pile-drivers, and shot of long range, the utility of such a substance would be enormous. In each and all of these objects we are limited by the limits of specific gravity in our materials.

By an incidental quality, in some measure associated with the specific gravity of bodies, we find that while all substances, without exception, undergo condensation when subjected to pressure, they do not all resume their original condition when the pressure is withdrawn. As might be supposed, the lighter bodies exhibit this peculiarity in the highest degree. Wood, for example, after having been submerged in the sea to a depth of two or three thousand feet, is found to be no longer light enough to float; the hydrostatic pressure, exceeding half a ton on every square inch, having both compressed the fibrous mass and injected the pores with water. By this peculiarity, the usefulness of an otherwise admirable instrument—the Sounding Machine—is much restricted. Its apparatus consists of a series of vanes, with attached clock-work, to denote the depth of water through which it has sunk. A buoy or float is fixed on the upper part, and the machine being loaded with a sufficient weight descends until it strikes the ground; on this the weight becomes detached and the instrument returns to the surface, bringing back a faithful record of the perpendicular distance traversed. For ordinary depths the float consists of a hollow copper sphere; but as the metal must necessarily be thin, it is crushed in by a comparatively slight pressure. A wooden float is therefore substituted, which is able to command a more extended range of soundings, until the limit is reached at which the pressure already spoken of destroys the buoyancy of the wood; when the machine, if

thus committed to the deep, will never return. It is possible that a buoy composed of a light hollow sphere, filled with alcohol or one of the lighter oils, might be able at once to resist the pressure of the water and retain its levity at every depth. We are not aware that the experiment has been tried; but it appears to offer the means of successfully exploring the most profound abysses.

The “strength of materials” is an element that enters into almost every calculation of the mechanist; and it is found to constitute not only an absolute limit to all possibility of advance in certain directions, but also a relative limit universally, when we attempt to reduce, beyond certain proportions, the size, weight, and cost of our mechanical erections. Its variations also are extensive, both in degree and in condition. Some bodies offer strong resistance only to certain modes of attack. Impervious on one surface, they will yield and splinter into laminæ under a slight blow upon another. Some will bear pressure to an enormous extent, but are easily torn asunder; others resist the divellent forces, but crumble under a light weight. A very extensive variety of substances possess a fibrous texture, and are endowed with vast strength to resist a strain in the direction of their length, but are much weaker against a lateral or transverse force. This difference is found to vary to an infinite extent; from that of certain metals where the advantage is only four or five per cent. in favor of the direct resistance, to the vegetable and animal fibres, such as flax or silk, which possess enormous tenacity, combined with most complete flexibility.

The variations in the natural properties of bodies have given infinite scope for the exercise of human ingenuity. In the erection of engineering works, and in a still higher degree in the contrivance and construction of moving machinery, the combination of theory and practice is perpetually exhibited in surprising perfection. By nice calculation of the opposing forces, together with great practical skill in the mechanical details of construction, we can now attain a result in which abundant strength is united with the utmost possible economy of space and material. There is no waste; no addition of useless and cumbrous weight: all irregular strains are skillfully counterbalanced, and the greatest pressure distributed over the points of greatest resistance. Experience has entitled us to place implicit confidence in the scientific precision of our engineers. Every day we trust our lives and fortunes, without misgiving, into

situations where a slight error in the calculations, or a slight defect in the workmanship, would inevitably lead to some terrible catastrophe. How little do the crowds who throng the deck of a Thames or Clyde steam-boat, or who allow themselves to be hurried along at fifty miles an hour in a railway carriage, reflect upon the delicate conditions which must have been fulfilled—the complicated mechanical problems which must have been solved, in order that they might accomplish their journey in security! A multitude will gather upon a suspension bridge without fear or danger, although the rods by which the massive roadway and its living freight are sustained appear as mere threads in comparison with the mass they have to support: while, if any one reflects at all upon the matter, it is to assure himself that every possible amount of pressure has been theoretically provided for; and that, practically, every separate bar and joint has been severely tested, so that no single flaw in the material, or defect in the workmanship, can have passed without detection. Fribourg, before the civil war of the Sonderbund had given it a political notoriety, was celebrated chiefly for its wire bridge, hung at an altitude of nearly one hundred feet between two summits. "It looks," says a recent traveler, "like a spider's web flung across a chasm, its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky." Diligences and heavy wagons loomed dangerously as they passed along the gossamer fabric.

In works of similar construction to the Fribourg bridge, the *limit* of magnitude is of course found in that proportion, where the erected mass is only just able to sustain its own unloaded weight without fracture. Practically testing the strength of the various metals, we find that a regularly shaped bar or column of steel, if suspended perpendicularly by its upper extremity, will be torn asunder by its own weight at a length of 44,350 feet: iron would break at about 25,000; copper, at 9500; gold at 2880; and lead at only 180 feet. The processes of annealing and wire-drawing will modify to a considerable extent the tenacity of all metals; but the above proportions may be taken as a general average. Hence we arrive at an absolute limit of possibility; which no ingenuity of construction can enable us to evade, and which is to be conquered only in the most improbable contingency, of our discovering some new material of still greater strength among the stores of nature.

*The force that enables a suspension bridge*

to sustain itself, is what we have called the *cohesive* force, and is due, we must suppose, to some variety of the attractive principle among the corpuscular atoms which causes them to resist a separating or divellent strain. In ordinary bridges and among the usual erections of architects, on the other hand, the pressure to be considered is that which crushes the parts together. To resist this, the piers of the bridge must have strength sufficient to support the loaded arch; and the pillars of the cathedral to sustain the fretted vault that rests upon them. In this case we find that the strength which arises from the cohesion of the atoms between themselves is increased by that due to another quality of matter, namely, its incompressibility. When any solid body yields to a crushing weight, the consequent effect must be, either that its particles are actually pressed into a smaller space; or that, being made to exert a wedge-like action upon one another, the exterior layers are forced out laterally. The addition of a band or hoop will then bring the incompressibility of the atoms more fully into play; and bodies that are endowed with slight powers of cohesion may thus be rendered enormously strong. Indeed we find that fluids, in which the cohesive force is practically at zero, cannot be crushed by any pressure we can exert, provided the hoop or tube that surrounds them can be secured. Now the interior atoms of every substance under pressure are more or less thus hooped in and strengthened by the exterior. To the strength from cohesion is added that from incompressibility; and this effect is produced in a rapidly increasing ratio as the sectional area of the body is enlarged. A cube of lead suspended from its upper surface and held together only by cohesion, will break down if larger than 180 feet to a side. If standing upon one side as a base, it might be made of infinite size without danger of fracture from its own weight.

We may conclude, therefore, that the total force of resistance is amply sufficient to answer any call we are likely to make upon it. It is certain, at all events, that we have not, as yet, built up to the strength of our actual materials. Our marble and granite columns will sustain ten times the weight of any edifice the present generation can wish to erect. Or if not, they will use iron. The theoretical limit to the span of our bridges is that only at which the *voissures* of stone or iron would crumble under the intensity of pressure. The cost and inutility of even approaching to such a limit, will always assign them

much narrower dimensions; though large enough, nevertheless, to admit of the accomplishment of that magnificent project—of which the first design is due to the genius of Telford—for spanning the Thames at Westminster by a single arch. Such a work would be worthy alike of the age and the site; and we see no reason why it should not be undertaken, and completed at least as soon as (supposing promises to be kept in future only as heretofore) the last stone is laid upon the Victoria Tower.

The tubular bridges now in course of erection by Mr. Stephenson, upon the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, will probably remain for years unsurpassed, as specimens of science and engineering skill. While we write, the success of the experiment is verified only in the smaller of the two, known as the Conway Bridge. But the result is even now sufficient to guaranty the success of its larger companion, to be thrown across the Menai Straits. In Telford's celebrated suspension bridge over these straits, the problem was already solved of constructing a safe pathway for the transit of heavy burdens. But the new fabrics were required to have something more than strength; perfect rigidity was in this case necessary, both as regards the lateral oscillations produced by the passage of the enormous trains at high velocities, and the perpendicular undulations so perceptible in ordinary bridges built upon the suspension principle. This requisite is obtained by forming the massive iron beam into a hollow rectangular chamber, 25 1-2 feet high, 15 feet wide, and (in the Conway tube) 412 feet in length, in the inside of which the trains are to travel along the rails. It forms, in fact, a long gallery, whose sides are composed of iron plates half an inch thick, and its ceiling and floor are formed of compound plates, consisting each of two laminae of metal kept apart at a distance of about 21 inches, by a series of plates of that breadth extending the whole length of the tube, dividing the top and bottom strata into a series of longitudinal cells, and aiding greatly in the resistance offered to the weight of the passing trains. The whole mass of iron employed is sufficient to form a solid beam 412 feet long from pier to pier, and 46 inches or nearly 4 feet square. Employed in this form, the beam would possess ample strength; but it would have been drawn down by its own weight into a catenary curve, dipping several feet in the centre, and altering in shape upon the passage of a few tons along its surface; while even the action of a high wind would

have impressed on it a considerable lateral or horizontal vibration. The same metallic mass distributed into the compound parts of the gallery we have described, was fashioned into a curve rising only 7 inches in the centre, which the action of its own weight (1,300 tons) drew, as was intended, into perfect horizontality; and which has been proved to sink not more than a single inch by the added pressure of 100 tons. A number of ingenious contrivances were brought into use during the process of construction. The compound tube consists of many thousand separate pieces, with every joint secured by covering plates, and T angle irons, fastened together with rivets, all driven red-hot. In drilling the rivet holes, more than a million in number, a curious machine was used, imitated from that employed in making the perforated cards for Jacquard looms, by which the work was done with beautiful regularity. The foundations of the supporting piers are laid upon piles driven by Nasmyth's steam pile-driver—an engine which seems to have been invented just in time—as by the old-fashioned “monkey,” the same task would have occupied many months' additional labor. The huge structure was floated from the temporary stage whereon it was built, upon caissons which the tide lifted; and was elevated to its destined place by hydraulic pressure. So extreme is the accuracy of this wonderful work, that the thermometric change of shape produced by an hour's sunshine upon one side, or on the top, becomes readily perceptible; and one end of the tube is left loose upon the abutment to allow for this expansion.

The hypothesis that the force of cohesion is proportional to the area of section, leads us to the ordinary rule of practice—that as the magnitude is increased, the strength increases as the square, and the strain as the cube of the dimensions. The proportions consequently which offer abundant strength in a model, must be materially altered when the design is executed at full size. When any of the parts are intended for motion a new element is introduced, from the inertia of the moving masses; and thus both the size and the velocity of our machinery are confined within definite limits. To extend these limits, it is often necessary to solve the most complicated problems of dynamics, and to follow the train of motion through an intricate series of action and reaction. We must simplify and reduce the number of moving parts, and so adjust the *momentum* of the inertia, that the resulting strain shall

be neutralized, or reduced to a minimum; and where it is necessary that the direction of motion should be reversed, we must accomplish this object with no such sudden or violent shock as would dislocate the machinery. The difficulty of this attempt in many instances is proved by the heavy motions and hideous noises that accompany the working of almost all newly-invented mechanism, and of the simplest machines found among nations less skilled than we are in the arts of construction. The approach of a Mexican wagon is announced at a distance of three miles, by the creaking of its wheels. It is only after repeated trials and improvements, that we reach the perfection of which so many striking examples are presented in our various manufactories and ateliers. When the first steam-printing machine was "working off" the impression of the "Times" newspaper at the rate of 2500 copies per hour, the noise could be heard through the silence of early morning nearly across Blackfriars bridge. At present,\* conversation proceeds in the very room where the type-loaded frame, of far larger dimensions than heretofore, is travelling to and fro beneath the cylinders, and perfecting between 5 and 6000 double sheets in the same time. Dr. Cartwright describes his first power-loom as requiring the strength of two men to work it slowly, laboriously, and only for a short period. We may now enter a single apartment in a Lancashire mill, and see 250 looms at full work, each throwing 150 threads a minute; while a single shaft carried along the ceiling communicates motion to the whole, and with a noise by no means overpowering. In the manufacture of needles, the slender bars of steel are forged out by a succession of hammers, each one less in weight and quicker in stroke than its predecessor. As the motion of the hammer is necessarily alternating, the dislocating effects of its momentum when thrown into rapid vibration would be enormous, but for the contrivance of giving the hammer a double face, and causing it to strike every time it rises against

a block of steel placed above, from which it is thrown back upon the anvil. The vibration is thus produced by a series of rebounds, between two opposing surfaces; five hundred strokes can be made in a minute, while the power is materially economized, and the strain upon the stalk and axle nearly annihilated. But it is needless to multiply examples.

It is equally unscientific, and almost equally dangerous, to give too much strength to our constructions as too little. No machine can be stronger than its weakest part; and therefore to encumber it with the weight of a superfluous mass, is not only to occasion a costly waste of material, but seriously to diminish the strength of the whole fabric, by the unnecessary strain thus produced upon the parts least able to bear it. This fault is one which is most frequently discoverable in new machinery; and which, when once adopted in practice, retains its hold with the greatest inveteracy. It requires no common powers of calculation, and not a little faith, for men to trust to the safety of structures which have apparently been deprived of half their former strength.

There can be no better proof of the difficulties which oppose the adoption in practice of any new principle of construction or configuration, than that exhibited in the history of ship-building. In no creation of human labor was it more necessary to secure the greatest possible strength from the minimum of material; as none were required to possess such vast bulk in proportion to their mass of resistance, or were exposed to more violent varieties of strain and shock, in the natural course of their service.

The men who superintended the public dock-yards were often well versed in mathematical science; and were certainly acquainted theoretically with the common axiom, that, among right-lined figures, the triangle alone will preserve its form invariable by the rigidity of the sides, without depending upon the stiffness of the joints. Yet none, until a recent period, worked out the axiom into its very obvious practical development. For centuries were our ships constructed on principles which caused the whole frame-work to be divided into a succession of parallelograms. Every series of the timbers, as they were built up from the keel to the decks, formed right angles with their predecessors and with their successors; so that the whole fabric would have been as pliable as a parallel ruler, but for the adventitious firmness given by the mortices, bolts, and knee-pieces. At least

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\* While these sheets are passing through the press, Mr. Applegarth has succeeded in effecting a new improvement in the steam-printing machine. The "chase," or type-frame, no longer travels to and fro, but is curved into the segment of a circle, and the whole "form" is placed round a cylinder, and works off the sheets by a circular and uninterrupted motion. This machine already completes 9,600 double sheets per hour; and, with additional steam-power, which is in preparation, is expected to accomplish at least 12,000.

three quarters of the available strength of the materials was possibly altogether thrown away. The safety of the whole was made to depend upon its weakest parts; and when decay commenced through process of time or the action of the elements, every successive stage in its advance made the progress more rapid, since the wear and friction increased in double proportion as the fastenings became weak and loose.

Sir Robert Seppings at length succeeded in vindicating the claim of the ship-builder to be ranked among the members of scientific professions. By the introduction of the "diagonal truss," the innumerable parallelograms formed by the hull and frame timbers were converted into triangles; and the limits of the magnitude, the strength, and the durability of the wooden walls of England were thus largely extended. The faults of "hogging" and "sagging," which had formerly revealed the weakness of the fabric, often at the first moment of its launch, were almost annihilated; and the huge machines no longer bent under the strain of their masts or the weight of their batteries. But Seppings, after all he had done or projected, could have formed no conception of the vast advance which was ere long to be effected in his favorite art by the introduction of a new material. No possible combination of science and skill could enable him to give to his timber-built ships the magnificent proportions of the Great Britain, together with strength sufficient to encounter the billows of the Atlantic. Still less could he have conceived it possible that such a vessel might be consigned, through a series of mistakes and mischances, to the inhospitable keeping of a storm-vexed Irish beach throughout an entire winter, and yet afterwards be dragged from its shingly bed, and towed into port with only a net result of very reparable damage.

Among the properties of matter are some that we may term subsidiary or incidental: qualities which we may be said to discover rather than to comprehend; and whose agencies are of a secret, and as it were stealthy character, so that we cannot always predict their recurrence or calculate their force.

Fluid and gaseous bodies present many instances of these perplexing phenomena. While investigating the conditions under which solid substances enter into solution; the rise of liquids through capillary cavities; the motions of camphor and other bodies when placed on the still surface of water; the phenomena of crystallization; the condensation of gases in charcoal; or the inflam-

mation of hydrogen when in contact with minutely divided platinum—in these and similar cases, we encounter on every side a series of anomalies which as yet baffle all our efforts to group the incoherent facts into a consistent theory. For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with the functions of empirics and registrars. We must observe and collect the facts which may hereafter furnish a clue to the labyrinth; confident that when that clue is once seized, every step will not only bring us to some result of practical utility, but will reveal yet another example of the divine symmetry of Nature.

Upon this point, Paley has allowed himself to be betrayed, by his course of argument, in his "Natural Theology," into a singularly false assumption. In his day the four ancient elements, earth, air, fire, and water, still "in quaternion ran," although philosophers had already seen that it was high time that this category should be reformed. Notwithstanding which, like so many other benevolent writers, he was anxious to console men for their ignorance; and consequently he declared that of these elements, as it was not intended so it was not necessary, and might not be useful, for us to know anything further. Referring then to one of them, water, whose decomposition and constituent elements were at that moment making some noise in the world, he says: "When we come to the elements, we take leave of our mechanics; because we come to those things of the organization of which, if they be organized, we are confessedly ignorant. This ignorance is implied by their name. To say the truth, our investigations are stopped long before we arrive at this point. But then it is for our comfort to find that a knowledge of the constitution of the elements is not necessary. For instance, as Addison has well observed, 'We know water sufficiently, when we know how to boil, how to freeze, how to evaporate, how to make it fresh, how to make it run or spout out in any quantity or direction we please, without knowing what water is.' The observation has even more propriety in it now, than at the time it was made; for the constitution and the constituent parts of water appear to have been in some measure lately discovered; yet it does not, I think, appear that we can make any better or greater use of water since the discovery, than we did before." Or, in other words, that the discovery of the chemical constitution of the fluid would not prove useful, because it had not been immediately followed by any me-



chanical application of extended and striking use. It should not have required the splendid contradiction which time has given to this assertion, to have satisfied such a man as Paley how unphilosophical was his deduction, even from his own assumed premises.

The various questions which suggest themselves relative to these properties of fluid and solid bodies, are finally resolvable into a single inquiry, touching the absolute nature and condition of a constituent atom. Hitherto the ultimate atoms of bodies have eluded all our attempts at identification. Our most powerful microscopes have failed to render them perceptible; nor are we able, by any process or contrivance, so to separate an individual from the mass as to be entitled to pronounce positively that it possesses any definite form, weight, color, or magnitude; or indeed any single quality, either chemical or mechanical. Not one of its properties can we discover directly. A few we have inferred; but even of our inferences we assume neither their certainty nor their correctness. Hypothetically we speak of the atom as a minute sphere; perfectly indivisible, and consequently unchangeable in form, and incompressible in substance; because the deductions from a multitude of observed facts render the supposition of these properties a matter of necessity. We must moreover conclude that in no known substance are the contiguous atoms in absolute contact; because we have never yet ascertained the limit of condensation from decreased temperature or mechanical pressure.

To follow out this hypothesis, we must then imagine every atom to be surrounded with no less than three consecutive strata or atmospheres of antagonistic forces, extending nevertheless in the aggregate to a distance altogether inappreciable. The innermost stratum consists of a force of repulsion so enormous in its strength that no two atoms can be forced into actual contact; around this is a stratum of attractive force, of very finite action; giving their power of cohesion to all the visible particles of matter; and, last of all, is an outside stratum of repulsion, which prohibits the parts when once separated from again cohering (except under particular conditions) even when forcibly pressed together. The extreme tenuity of these strata may be inferred from the fact that two surfaces may be brought so closely together as to render the interval imperceptible by any of our senses; and yet as no cohesion takes place, it is evident that

the atoms cannot have been brought within the circle of the exterior atmosphere of repulsion.

Under the influence of an increasing temperature, the two external strata of repulsion and attraction appear to become modified and diminished until, when a certain point of heat is reached, they both suddenly and simultaneously disappear. The body then loses its solidity, the attraction of cohesion having become extinct, and sinks down into a fluid; while at the same time the atoms are not separated beyond the distance at which that attraction would be developed when the temperature is again reduced; and the fluid will, therefore, upon cooling, again become a united mass.

Such complicated paraphernalia of forces must we assign to the integrant atoms, in order to explain even the simplest of their mechanical actions. When we attempt to follow up our atomic hypothesis into higher conditions, we find ourselves utterly bewildered as we seek to grasp in idea the complication of forces and principles which must affect the atoms upon their expanding into elastic gases, undergoing solution in fluids, or entering into the innumerable combinations and transformations of the chemical affinities. The imperfection of our present struggles to realize the primary conditions of the material atoms is too apparent. A theory must be singularly at variance with the *lucidus ordo* of Nature, which obliges us to explain each successive variety of mutual action by the introduction of a new force; just as in the old Greek mythology, every natural phenomenon was placed under the guardianship of a separate divinity; or upon Ptolemy's map of the heavens, every motion of the planets required the inscription of another epicycle.

The limits that are set to improvement by difficulties of CONSTRUCTION, or the arrangements of mechanism, require a very different species of analysis from that which has for its object the properties of natural substances; and the terminal problems are susceptible, in general, of merely relative solutions. Seldom or never may we be able to say absolutely, So far can we go, but no farther. But we are often enabled to decide among the great objects for which machines are intended—economy, rapidity, and safety—how far the necessities of each can be accommodated, so as to produce the result of most advantage. Yet even here our verdict can seldom be considered as final. The introduction of a new material, or the

suggestion of a new combination of parts, may at once render easy the improvements that have baffled the ingenuity of man for generations. The history of invention is full of such examples. It would be a curious inquiry to trace how many contrivances have been delayed for years from the mere want of knowledge or skill to execute the works; and obliged as it were to lie fallow until the cunning of the workman could sufficiently correspond with the ingenuity of the inventor. When Hadley first constructed the quadrant still known by his name, for a long period it was perfectly useless in the determination of the longitude, as the indications could not be depended upon to a greater accuracy than fifty leagues. But after Ramsden had invented his "dividing engine," the graduation was so vastly improved, that, even in the commonest instruments, an error of five leagues was seldom to be feared. The minute measurements of angular distances by the micrometer were long subject to similar difficulties. The instrument waited, as it were, for Wollaston's discovery of the means to procure platinum wire so fine, that 30,000 might be stretched side by side within the breadth of an inch. The limit which was reached by this discovery was followed by another pause. Then came a new advance, owing to the beautiful invention of an eye-glass composed of double-refracting spar, so mounted as to revolve in a plane parallel to the axis of refraction, and give, by the gradual separation of the two rays, a measurement susceptible of almost infinite delicacy.

So in the history of the steam-engine. Bolton and Watt had been long partners, and the theory of his great machine was almost perfect, when Mr. Watt still found that his pistons fitted the cylinders so ill, as to occasion considerable loss from leakage. In 1774 Mr. Wilkinson, a large iron-master, introduced a new process of casting and turning cylinders of iron. Watt at once availed himself of them; and in a few months the inaccuracy of the piston "did not anywhere exceed the thickness of a shilling." The wonderful perfection since attained may be seen in a rotary steam-engine patented within the last few months. The steam-chamber presents a sectional plan somewhat resembling five pointed gothic arches set round a circle; the outline being formed by ten segments of circles all referring to different centres. The piston has to traverse round this singularly formed chamber, preserving a steam-tight contact at both edges;

and such is the accuracy of the workmanship, that the leakage is barely perceptible.

Steam, as applied to locomotion by sea and land, is the great wonder-worker of the age. For many years we have been startled by such a succession of apparent miracles; we have so often seen results which surpassed and falsified all the deductions of sober calculation—and so brief an interval has elapsed between the day when certain performances were classed by men of science among impossibilities, and that wherein those same performances had almost ceased to be remarkable from their frequency—that we might be almost excused if we regard the cloud-compelling demon with somewhat of the reverence which the savage pays to his superior, when he worships as omnipotent every power whose limits he cannot himself perceive. It is not surprising that inventions, designed to improve the forms and applications of steam-power, should constitute a large percentage of the specifications which are enrolled at the Patent Office. Even in France we learn, that within a period of four years the following number of patents, connected only with railway construction, had been obtained: in 1843, 19; 1844, 22; 1845, 88; 1846, 131; total 260. Of these we are told that not above three or four have been carried out, so as to realize advantage to the inventor; and all of those were of English origin.

The number of English patents is of course considerably greater. But we doubt whether the proportion of successful ones has been at all higher. Ingenious men have never expended their energies upon a subject where the splendor of past, or possible, successes has so effectually dazzled their imagination, and rendered them unable to perceive the great difference between the relative and the absolute limits of possibility. Because science had failed to predetermine the point at which higher performances became impossible, they too often began to consider it superfluous to invoke her aid at all; forgetting that the problems are quite different ones, to decide between the relative merits of two modifications of mechanism, and to define the ultimate capabilities of either. There is no more striking example of this tendency than is exhibited in the controversy between the two great systems of railway traction—the locomotive and the atmospheric. This controversy has already cost the public incredible sums; and has, moreover, been so dextrously managed that even now, if the money-markets were to re-

turn to a very possible state of plethora, a plausible prospectus and a new patentee would find it no difficult task to organize another company, and to get subscribed fresh hundreds of thousands towards carrying out an experiment which ought never to have required more than a few months' trial and a short length of working line for its final settlement. For the principles according to which the experiment must succeed or fail, had been determined long since; and it is a fact equally sad and strange, that among the very numerous patents relating to the atmospheric railway, there is not one that touches upon the real turning-point of the question. What was called the "longitudinal valve" or opening, through which was established the connection between the piston travelling within the exhausted tube and the train of carriages, formed the *pièce de résistance* for the inventors; and very many and clever are the contrivances we find specified for improving or dispensing with this valve. And yet the valve itself entered but as a subordinate function into the equation by which success or failure was to be determined. Granting that its construction was theoretically perfect, and all friction and leakage annihilated, the main principle, which depended upon the laws that govern the motions of elastic fluids, was left wholly untouched. The history of science, nevertheless, contained records which should have prevented this mistake. One hundred and sixty years ago, M. Papin, one of the earliest inventors of steam machinery, invented a motive apparatus involving this identical principle, and which, when tried, was found wanting.

The machine alluded to was described by the inventor as "an engine for pumping the water out of mines by the power of a moderately distant river." His plan was to erect upon the stream or waterfall a series of force-pumps, by which air was to be condensed into a reservoir. From this reservoir a close tube, some miles in length, was to be carried over hill and valley from the brink of the river. It was supposed that the condensed air would travel along this tube, and could be applied at the mine, through appropriate mechanism, to keep the pumps going. M. Papin is said to have tried his invention upon a large scale in Westphalia; and it is certain that a similar engine was erected in connection with one of our own Welsh mines; and and in both cases with equally ill success. The machines at the useful end could never be got into motion. The condensers on their

side worked powerfully, but the blast of air at the distant extremity would hardly blow out a candle; and although it had been calculated that the condensation would be transmitted along the tube in less than a minute, it was found upon trial that the slight impulses, which arrived at last, had been three hours on the road. As a last attempt, the motion of the air-pumps was reversed, and the effect tried of employing an exhausted tube. But this mode proved as inefficacious as the other; and the experiments were finally abandoned.

The mechanical details, both of the atmospheric and the ordinary railway, are sufficiently understood to exonerate us from the necessity of explanation previous to proceeding to indicate the elements involved in a comparison of their advantages. Looking solely at the chief object with the inventors, *economy*, we start with the recognized fact, that horse power for horse power, a stationary engine can be built and worked cheaper than a locomotive. This margin of gain—and it is not a very wide margin—is all that can be claimed to the credit of the atmospheric principle; and against this must be set as an account *contra*, whatever loss or disadvantage may be incidental to the employment of the exhausted tube.

The economy in the first construction has to be debited with the cost of the valved tube. This is generally estimated at 10,000*l.* per mile; and is enough to neutralize the advantage on the other side, even with the addition of some incidental saving in the weight of rails, space for engine sheds, &c.

In the cost of working, it is evident that the advantages of the atmospheric system will be much restricted through the invariability of the power. The area of the travelling piston and the power of the stationary engines must, of course, be sufficient to accomplish the heaviest tasks they may ever be called upon to perform; and when the loads are light, the expense can be but little diminished. The same unaccommodating maximum rules also with regard to the frequency of the journeys. Five trains a day will cost nearly as much as fifty, and the gross expense will thus continue irreducibly at the highest point, whatever variation there may be in the performance. It is different with the locomotive system. When the trains do not run, the engines laid up out of use cost little or nothing.

Again: the patrons of the atmospheric railway had calculated probably, in the first instance, like M. Papin, that since the velo-

city with which air of the ordinary density rushes into a vacuum is 1332 feet per second, or 15 miles a minute, such may be the ultimate velocity of a piston within the exhausted tube. Very slight consideration of the real nature of the forces in action necessarily suffices to show, that the conditions of the column of fluid are completely changed as soon as it enters the tube, and that the velocity of impulse will gradually decrease as the column lengthens, until, as in Papin's experiment, it becomes almost imperceptible. To obviate this disadvantage, the tube must be shortened; and in the lines of railway laid down on this plan, a maximum length of a mile and a half has been fixed; thus requiring the stationary engines to be not more than three miles apart. But this increases the original, as well as the current cost; while, by a singular perversity, the operation of the same pneumatic principle impedes the motion and diminishes the power of the tractive piston, and also hampers the efficiency of the exhausting pumps. There is, therefore, at both ends a waste of power sufficient to cover all the margin of economy with which we set out.

There is yet another disadvantage attending the use of the longitudinal tube. The faster the piston yields before the column of air—that is, the faster it travels—the less is the active pressure it sustains. In the atmospheric railway the piston moves just as fast as the train; and consequently, to obtain an increased velocity, the load must be lightened in a more than corresponding ratio. But in the locomotive engines, the pistons, with a stroke varying perhaps from sixteen to twenty-four inches, act upon driving wheels of six or eight feet diameter, and will, therefore, recede before the impact of the steam, with only one ninth or one sixteenth the velocity of the train. A far larger proportion of the force exerted by the elastic fluid is thus rendered available. Now that the experiment lately carrying on in Devonshire seems finally abandoned, the great “atmospheric railway question” may be regarded as settled.\* We only instance it, as a fair ex-

ample of the fact already referred to, that it is their *relative* solution, with which problems, involving difficulties of construction, are chiefly concerned. For of the mechanical possibility of the machine there never was a doubt. With a certain area of exhausted tube, and a certain power working air-pumps not placed too far apart, all the ordinary necessities of locomotion could be fully satisfied. And if we had known no other means of conveying trains at fifty miles an hour, this would have been sufficient. But the question was not only one of mechanical limit—it put in issue the comparative advantages of rival systems. The atmospheric tube must work better—that is, more cheaply and more usefully—than the locomotive engine, to entitle it to supersede the latter in the public service.

On computing the relative limits of power in the locomotive engine, with reference to the three objects of economy, velocity, and safety, we discover that it is not the consideration of cost, nor the practical difficulties of construction, but the necessity of safety alone, which has assigned to our working velocities their present limits. So long as the chances of collision remain at their existing average, we cannot in prudence increase the rapidity; for even if we could construct our dead mechanism of strength sufficient to endure the concussion, the human machine will not bear it uninjured. Already, fatal results have supervened from accidents of that description, occasioned not by the effect of external injury, but simply from some internal disorganization or shock to the system, produced by the sudden stoppage of rapid motion. But supposing that by better arrangements and more careful watching—even without resorting to the extreme measure of hanging a director or two—we could reduce the danger of collision to the condition of a remote contingency, there are dangers and causes of disorder in the engine itself, and arising during the ordinary course of work, which must be taken into account. In a Report presented during 1846 to the French Minister of Public Works by M. de Boureuille,

\* Our calculations, given above, appear to be fully borne out by the facts disclosed at the recent meeting of the South Devon Railway Company. It then transpired, that although upon the evidence given before Lord Howick's committee in 1845, the anticipated cost of the atmospheric tube has been estimated at 4 or 5000*l.* per mile, the expense really incurred was 11,184*l.* The working charges also were reckoned as certain to be far below those of the locomotives. By the test of some months' trial,

over 35 miles of road, before the system was discarded, the relative cost appeared to be—locomotives, 2*s.* 6*d.*; atmospheric, 3*s.* 1½*d.* per mile. The chairman, however, stated that by means of various improvements and items of economy, the expenses of the tube might be reduced to 3*d.* per mile below those of the locomotives. But even upon this estimate it would require a traffic of 99 trains *per diem*, or nearly one every quarter of an hour, running day and night, to pay 4 per cent. upon the additional outlay.

the chief of the railway department, and who had been commissioned to inquire into the means of ensuring safety in railway transit, we find the sources of danger thus indicated :

"On analyzing the strain upon the axles it was found to consist—first, of a vertical strain, due either to the portion of the weight of the engine bearing upon that point, in consequence of the position of the centre of gravity, or to the action of the springs of the hinder axles in the six-wheeled engines. This strain being thus defined, even supposing that the parts upon which it acts are as near as possible to the *point d'appui* formed by the wheels, it tends nevertheless to bend the axle in a vertical direction. Secondly, a tension arising from the conoidal form of the peripheries of the wheels, and inequalities in the inclination of the rails; from which it happens that the peripheries of two wheels fixed upon one axle never touch the rails at the same point at the same time, and consequently each of the wheels will slip alternately upon the rails. If the twist resulting therefrom is not too violent, it keeps all the molecules in a constant state of vibration. Thirdly, shocks arising from inequalities in the road caused by the undulations of the rails at their points of junction, on the passage of a train. These shocks increase in violence in proportion to the speed, and act in a direction at right angles to the axis of the axle. Fourthly, a strain of another description, arising from the oscillations of the carriages, acts upon the axles both in the direction of their length and at right angles thereto; increasing in force in proportion to the diameter of the wheels."

Some of the dislocating forces here described increase as stated, in direct proportion to the increase of velocity; others in a much higher ratio. The great cause of disturbance may be traced to the mode in which the expansive power of the steam is transmitted, through the axle, to the driving wheels, by means of a pair of piston-rods working upon cranks in the axle, and placed upon opposite sides of the line passing through the centre of gravity. Of necessity the two cranks cannot lie in the same plane, but must form a right angle with one another. Their forces, therefore, can never be in counterpoise. While the right-hand piston is at its dead point, the left-hand will be at a maximum; and while the axle is pushed forward on one side, it is pulled back on the other; and these interchanges of impulse, when at high speed, recur several times in every second. Enormous tendency to oscillation is thus produced,

and the irregularity of motion, when once evolved, tends by the natural relation of the several parts and actions, to cause or to increase every other variety of eccentric force. The improvement, if such be possible, which should throw the axle of the driving wheels into revolution by some continuous and symmetrical impulse, will remove by far the largest part of the sources of danger, and open wider limits to the possibility of greater speed.

In the process of weaving by the power-loom we find an analogous example of velocity limited by the broken or alternating motion of the acting forces. The rapidity with which the shuttle can be thrown from side to side between the threads of the warp, is limited by the strength of the woof-thread it carries across. When the strain is so great as to cause more than a certain average number of breakings, the nett product of the machine will be increased by working at a lower velocity. By a recent improvement, the shuttle is made at every vibration or "shot," to commence its motion slowly and and increase in velocity as it proceeds; thus diminishing the strain upon the thread, and economizing time, even in the four or six feet that constitute the average extent of each "shot." And by this means the looms are sometimes worked at a rate of 180 threads per minute, or 3 in every second. This will constitute the absolute limit of speed, under the existing form of construction. To extend it we must introduce a new principle, and discover some method of weaving the tissue in a cylindrical web; when the oscillation of the shuttle might be transformed into a continuous revolution, and the strain upon the woof, arising from the perpetual stoppage and change of motion, be annihilated.

The history of the first invention of the power-loom contains a curious proof, how much more difficult is the discovery of any absolutely new principle, by which the old forms and processes of manipulation are entirely superseded, than the mere contrivance of means to imitate by machinery what has been already done by hand. The latter requires only a very common endowment of the inventive faculty; the former demands the presence of creative genius. More than a hundred years before the invention of the steam-loom, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for August, 1678, there was given some account of "a new engine to make woollen cloths without the help of an artificer"—being a communication from a M. de Gennes,

"an officer belonging to the sea." Much ingenuity is exhibited in the mechanical construction of this 'engine,' considering the time when it was produced; but in those days the only method of passing the woof-thread through the warp, was by the fingers of the weaver, assisted occasionally by a notched stick. And accordingly M. de Gennes, or whoever was the inventor of the machine, could hit upon no better plan than a complicated imitation of the human hand and arm, by which his shuttle is carried from side to side. Long afterwards, a common weaver invented the 'fly' shuttle, which is shot to and fro by springs; and modern inventors, having the benefit of this capital discovery, started from a high vantage-ground, and have succeeded in bringing the power-loom to its present state of excellence.

But the difficulty with which a novel idea is caught or worked, is not the only one that stands in the way of the inventor. Improve our mechanism as we may, the human operator will always form an important element in our combinations; and will often prove by far the most intractable of our materials. Once let the workman be inured to the routine performance of duties on one machine, and it becomes a work of much time and cost to transfer him to another. The dearly acquired skill which constituted his chief capital is rendered useless, and the apprenticeship to his new tasks must be completed at much labor to himself and expense to his employers. We are assured by high authority that little short of a whole generation must expire, before the change can be thoroughly established. When some of the more remarkable inventions, like that of Arkwright's spinning jenny, were first introduced, it was found necessary to discard the whole of the trained operatives, and to intrust the attendance upon the new machines either to young children, or to recruits drawn from rustic neighborhoods, who had never touched a spindle. It was no wonder that the "skilled laborer" of the old system denounced and resisted the new; just as the old English archer resisted the introduction of the musket, after having acquired by incessant practice from earliest childhood his unerring skill as a marksman, and so great muscular power that he could be recognized a mile off, merely from the size of his arms. The spinning jenny, indeed, presented such an enormous increase in speed and economy, that the old workers gave in without a struggle. But the weaving machines did not at

first appear so hopelessly superior. The hand-loom weavers found themselves able to "live in the race" with the steam-engine, although at a terrible sacrifice. The competition has been persevered in, with melancholy pertinacity, to the present day; until society has the burden and the scandal of a numerous class of individuals, industrious but ill-judging, who have, even in good times, to battle for a bare subsistence against fearful odds; and who, in the frequently recurring periods of depression, present the most afflicting spectacles.

The machine maker, in his turn, will endeavor to frustrate the innovations that tend to render his capital and experience, like the skill of the operative, in a great measure valueless. If some new power should be discovered and trained to do for us more efficiently what steam does now, its adoption would be impeded by all the improvements in the steam-engine, which four generations of engineers have combined to perfect. The most proper proportions of size and strength; the simplest arrangement of parts; the best form and construction of every valve and joint—even the machines that *make* the machines—have been long since ascertained and provided. The new power must be gifted with advantages very great and undeniable, if it can supersede, in all the rudeness of its primitive condition, the elaborate perfection of the established engines.

The common *watch* is in many of its parts a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheel-work which transmits the motion of the main-spring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practiced mechanician. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among 40 trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be re-learned, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised, and the majority of the workmen to begin life again. During this interval the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of "winding

up their watches" as a token of their wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of "vested interests," which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.

Looking back on what we have written as to the limits of improvement, we come to the conclusion that it is impossible to lay down any general law upon the subject. Every invention must be judged by its own merits, and according to the special object in view. Nine times out of ten, probably, the object will be nothing more than economy, in a reduction of cost. In the tenth case, it may be for increased safety, simplicity, velocity, or power. But each case requires to be calculated for itself; and some of the elements for such calculations we have now endeavored to give. These elements are sometimes simple enough; yet it is astonishing how often they are overlooked. To give a familiar illustration. The art of *flying* has more or less occupied the inventive power of man, since the days of Dædalus. Here we may allow that cost and even danger may be left out of consideration, and that the question is one of simple practicability. The balloon offers the nearest approximation to a successful solution; since, though we could not properly fly, we might float suspended to those buoyant spheres; and efforts to steer balloons have accordingly been innumerable. Now a very simple calculation will show that a wind of fifteen miles an hour would exert, upon any sphere of useful size, a pressure greater than the weight it could sustain in the air. The power consequently which would be required to retain the machine stationary against such a wind—or, what is the same thing, propel it at a like rate through a still atmosphere—must be greater than that which would keep it up in the air without a balloon at all. A good three-fourths of prospective *aéronauts*, therefore, surrounded their task with unnecessary difficulty. And the remainder, who devised so many varieties of imitative plumage and pinions, might have saved their labor if they had but reflected that, before they could use their ingenious apparatus, they must possess some motive power which could support its own weight and something more, for a reasonable time. They were constructing new wings, while the thing wanted was a new steam-engine.

In many branches of manufacture mechanical improvement has been so rapid, that Mr. Babbage estimated the average duration of the machinery at only three years; by the expiration of which time it was superseded

by new apparatus. This ratio was of course temporary and accidental. Many of the large manufacturers in Lancashire and the West Riding find it worth their while to employ skillful mechanics at high salaries, for no other purpose than to suggest improvements in the machinery. The result is that their factories contain specimens of contrivance surpassing any other in the world. Some of the mechanism used in cotton printing, or in the "differential box" for supplying cotton to the spinning frames, is beyond comparison superior in delicacy and ingenuity to the most complex movements of a chronometer. And the human operative, in imitation and by the aid of the machine, acquires a perfection little less marvellous. The rapidity of his motion, the acuteness of his perception, render him a fitting companion for the intricate mechanism he employs. In astronomical observations, the senses of the operator are rendered so acute by habit, that he can estimate differences of time to the tenth of a second; and adjust his measuring instrument to graduations of which 5000 occupy only an inch. It is the same throughout the commonest processes of manufacture. A child who fastens on the heads of pins will repeat an operation requiring several distinct motions of the muscles one hundred times a minute for several successive hours. In a recent Manchester paper, it was stated that a peculiar sort of twist or "gimp," which cost three shillings making, when first introduced, was now manufactured for one penny; and this not, as usually, by the invention of a new machine, but solely through the increased dexterity of the workman.

To the inventive genius of her sons England owes the foundation of her commercial greatness. We will not go the length of asserting that she retains her proud pre-eminence solely upon the condition of keeping twenty years ahead of other nations in the practice of the mechanical arts; but there is no question that a fearful proportion of our fellow-subjects hold their prosperity upon no other tenure. And quite independently of what may be done by our rivals in the markets of the world, it is of vast importance to our increasing population that the conquest over nature should proceed unchecked. Towards this object we have thought we might contribute some slight assistance by indicating some of the principles upon which the warfare must be conducted, and the mental training of those engaged in carrying it on. That there should be so little provision for this training among our ordinary establishments for education, shows a neglect, at which, if

any anomaly of the sort could surprise us, we might well be surprised. With the exception of the College at Putney, confined to a few aspirants to the honorary degree of C. E.—for practically the profession is not limited to such—the scientific education of the young mechanist must be self-acquired, or, at best, irregularly obtained in the classes voluntarily formed among the members of literary institutions. Yet every day the necessity for practical and technical instruction is becoming more manifest. We see it marked as strongly in the success of the few who succeed, as in the failure of the many efforts of ignorant and mistaken ingenuity.

Blind intuition has now little hope of success in the work of invention. Mere chance has still less: it never, indeed, had so much as popular reputation gave it credit for. Chance might have set in motion the chandelier suspended in the Pisa cathedral; but if chance also suggested to Galileo the laws of the pendulum, it must have belonged to that multitudinous order of casualties, by which ideas are ordinarily propagated in fit and fertile minds. Two generations ago Mr. Watt observed, that he had known many workmen who had suggested some improved adaptation of mechanism, but never one who invented an instrument, involving a principle, like that of his centrifugal 'governor.' Machines that do *not* involve a principle are now grown so rare, that the range of invention is almost annihilated for the mere workman. On the other hand, we observe how singularly, when

the principle is once fairly studied, mechanical inventions are simultaneously made in many places at once. The honors of the electrotype processes, of the Daguerreotype, the electric telegraph, the screw-propeller, and a host besides, are disputed by a hundred rival claimants. Chance, we thus perceive, did not produce those discoveries; and from the same facts we obtain a gratifying assurance that it could not have prevented their production. Well directed education will make the creations of the human mind more abundant, as printing has already secured their indestructibility.

Of the *legal* aids or hindrances to invention, it is not now our purpose to speak, although the anomalies of the laws in relation to the subject are confessedly flagrant. One suggestion for improvement we have already referred to. It is that every petitioner for a patent should deposit in a gallery or museum, accessible to the public, a working model, drawing, or specimen of his invention, whether in mechanism, art, or manufacture. Museums of this description would prove of infinite assistance towards that scientific education in which we are now so lamentably deficient. The public would then obtain some countervailing advantage from a system, of which it is hard to say whether it is more injurious by the monopoly that it confers or the privileges it denies; by the difficulties it imposes on an inventor who seeks to profit by his discovery, or by the hinderances which it puts in the way of his successors, who have devised improvements on the first invention.

## SALE OF HAYDON'S WORKS.

On Thursday a valuable collection of chalk drawings, by the late unfortunate Haydon, was disposed of by public auction at the rooms of the Messrs. Robins, Covent Garden. The collection consisted chiefly of sketches from the ancient masters, unfinished sketches of heads of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the late Mr. O'Connell, Lord J. Russell, and other eminent individuals. It also comprised the celebrated "sleeping head," exhibited at the British Gallery in 1822, which is considered by the *cognoscenti* to be one of the most exquisite specimens of native art; an unfinished gallery painting of Uriel and Satan, upon which the artist was engaged until a short time previous to his decease; a painting of Napoleon and hat for the studio of Sir Robert Peel; a finely sculp-

tured marble bust of General Washington, and a large number of miscellaneous sketches. Several *virtuosi* were present. The bidding was tolerably brisk, and, considering that the drawings were in a very crude and imperfect state, the prices they realized were extremely good. Five finished heads of Lord Melbourne, Lord Stanley, Earl Grey, Lord Althorp, and Sir F. Buxton, were sold for 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* A head of Lord John Russell brought 2*l.* 10*s.*; and the "sleeping head" was sold for 5*l.* 5*s.* Several anatomical studies, presented by Sir David Wilkie to Haydon, were sold at respectable prices, but many of the sketches realized very small sums. The whole of the proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the family of the lamented artist.



From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LATE JOHN STERLING.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

*Essays and Tales by John Sterling.* Collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by JULIUS CHARLES HARE, Rector of Herstmonceux. London: Parker. 1848.

THE removal of a young man of high performance and still higher promise is in all circumstances melancholy. It is more so, if with the youth has expired either a new vein of poetry or a new view of truth; and it is scarcely less so when the youth has been unconsciously the type of a large class of cultivated and earnest minds, and when his partial successes, baffled endeavors—his admitted struggles, and his premature fate—have been in some measure *ricarious*.

These three short and simple sentences appear to us to include, positively and negatively, the essence of the late John Sterling, and shall form the leading heads in our after remarks on his genius and character. He was, in the judgment of all who knew or had carefully read him, a person of very distinguished abilities, and of still more singular promise. He did *not*, in our view of him, exhibit indications of original insight or of creative genius. But he has, from his peculiar circumstances, from his speculative and practical history, from his exquisitely-tuned and swiftly-responsive symphonies with his age and its progressive minds, acquired a double portion of interest and importance; his experience seems that of multitudes, and in that final look of disappointed yet submissive inquiry which he casts up to heaven, he is but the foremost in a long, fluctuating, and motley file.

The external evidences of his powers and acquirements are numerous and irresistible. In his boyhood he discovered striking tokens of a mind keen, sensitive, and turned in the direction of those high speculations from which his eye, till death, was never entirely diverted. While barely eight, "he distinctly

remembered having speculated on points of philosophy, and especially on the idea of duty, which presented itself to him in this way—"If I could save my papa and mamma from being killed, I know I should at once do it. Now, why? To be killed would be very painful, and yet I should give my own consent to being killed." The solution presented itself as "a dim, awe-stricken feeling of unknown obligation." When about nine, "he was much struck by his master's telling him that the word *sincere* was derived from the practice of filling up flaws in furniture with wax, whence *sine cera* came to mean *pure*, not vamped up." This explanation, he said, gave him great pleasure, and abode in his memory, as having first shown him that there is a reason in words as well as in other things. When a boy, he read through the whole "Edinburgh Review," of which his biographer says, "a diet than which hardly any could yield less wholesome food for a young mind, and which could scarcely fail to puff it up with the wind of self-conceit." We doubt the validity of this dictum. We conceive that, to a fresh elastic mind, the crossing of such varied territories of thought, the coming in contact with so many vigorous minds, the acquiring such stores of miscellaneous information, the mere reading of such a mass of masculine English, as the perusal of the entire "Edinburgh Review" implies, must have been beneficial, and tended to awaken curiosity, to kindle ambition, to stifle mannerism of style, and, as the likely result of the many severe criticisms in which the book abounds, to allay instead of fanning the feeling of self-conceit. Who but commends the industry of the boy who reads all the English

essayists—a course of reading certainly much more dissipating; or the youth who reads all Bayle's "Dictionary"—a course of reading much more dangerous than the "Edinburgh Review?" Let the boy *read* at his pleasure—the youth will *study*, and the man *think* and *act*.

At Cambridge, Sterling did not greatly distinguish himself, nor did he bear any violent affection to his *alma mater*. For mathematics he had little taste; the classics he rather relished than thoroughly knew. He early commenced the study of philosophy, deeming it at once the key to a scientific theology and to a lofty literature, although latterly he all but left the cold and perilous crags of speculation for the flowery meadows of poetry and æsthetics. At the feet of Coleridge no one ever sat with a feeling of more entire and childlike submission; the house at Highgate was to him the shrine of a god, and his biographer regrets that he "did not preserve an account of Coleridge's conversations, for he was capable of representing their depth, their ever-varying hues, their sparkling lights, their oceanic ebb and flow." He began soon to empty out his teeming mind, in the forms both of verse and prose. In the course of his short life we find him connected, more or less intimately, with the following periodicals: the "Athenæum," "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Quarterly," and the London and Westminster "Reviews." The "Athenæum," when he and Maurice wrote in it, was not the stale summary of new books and gossip which it has since become; it had still some life, genius, and principle; and his "Shades of the Dead" are valuable as beautiful versions of Coleridge's spoken "Hero-worship." At a peculiarly dull period in the history of "Maga" he appeared, amid a flourish of trumpets, as a "new contributor," and did succeed in shooting a little new blood into her withered veins. In the "Quarterly" he wrote a paper on Tennyson, which was attributed at the time to Henry Nelson Coleridge. Differing as he did in many material points from the new school of Radicals who conducted the "Westminster," he seemed more at home in their company than in that of the knights of the Noctes; and his contributions to their journal are all characteristic. These articles have been reprinted by Dr. Hare, and, along with the poems, his tragedy of "Stafford," a few letters, and other remains, constitute all his written claims to consideration.

He has certainly in them raised no very great or compact basis for future fame; but

we are entitled to adduce, in addition, the testimony of his friends, who all speak with rapture of the possibilities of his mind—of his talent as a debater—and of his ready, vivid, and brilliant talk. In him alone Thomas Carlyle met his conversational match; he alone ventured to face him in single combat, and nothing like their rencontres seems to have been witnessed since those of Johnson and Burke. Even in his "Remains" we may find faint yet distinct indications of all the principal features of his intellectual character. These, we think, may be classed under the three general characteristics of *sympathy*, *sincerity*, and *culture*. We do not mean that these sum up the whole of his idiosyncrasy, but simply that they are the qualities which have struck us most forcibly in the perusal of his works. He had, besides, as a writer, a fine inventiveness, a rich and varied stock of figures, a power of arresting and fixing in permanent shapes the thinnest gossamer abstractions, and the command of a diction remarkable more for its copiousness, flexibility, and strength, than for grace, clearness, or felicitous condensation. Perhaps his principal claim to reputation rests on his criticisms, and their power and charm lie in genial and self-forgetting *sympathy*. It is too customary to speak of this as a subordinate quality in a critic, as a veil over his eyes, and nearly inconsistent with the exercise of analytic sagacity. Those who talk in this manner are not so much guilty of a mistake as of a stupid blunder. Sympathy we regard as closely connected with sight. It is a medium which, like water poured into a bowl, enables you to see objects previously invisible. It, and it alone, opens a window into the breast and the brain of genius, and shows the marvellous processes which are going on within. It is not merely that the heart often sees farther than the intellect, but it is that sympathy cleanses and sharpens even the intellectual eye. Love, and you will understand. Besides, the possession of powerful sympathy with intellect and genius, implies a certain similitude of mind on the part of the sympathizer. The blind cannot sympathize with descriptions of scenery, and the lively motion and music of a mountain-stream sound like a satire to the lame who limp beside it. To feel *with*, you must always *find yourself in*, the subject or the person. Adam Smith doubtless was wrong when he explained every moral phenomenon by sympathy; it were a more probable paradox to maintain that a man's intellectual power entirely depends upon the depth, width, and warmth of his sympathies,

and that Shakspeare was the greatest of men because he was the wisest of sympathizers.

Waiving, at this stage of our paper, such speculations, we claim a high place for Sterling, as possessed of catholic and clear-headed sympathy. Merely to copy the names of a few of the characters whom he has analyzed with justice, and praised with generosity, is enough to prove this. He has painted Alexander the Great and Wycliffe, Joan of Arc and Gustavus Adolphus, Milton and Burns, Columbus and Coleridge, Simonides and Carlyle, Napier and Tennyson. We find him, too, on friendly terms at once with "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Westminster Review;" writing in the "Quarterly," and calling Shelley a "generous, heroic being;" and in his "Tales" and "Apologues" imitating the imaginative peculiarities, now of the Gothic, now of the Grecian, and now of the German school. We love this spirit much, not merely as proclaiming a warm heart, but as evincing a wide, keen, and open intellect. We contrast it favorably with a portion of the very class to whom Sterling belonged, whose fastidiousness is fast becoming frantic, who are loathing literature itself, although it is by it alone that themselves have risen, and whose hasty, splenetic, and contradictory judgments tend to exert a damping and discouraging influence upon youthful aspirants, who will ask, if such authorities tell us that nothing has yet been done, how can we expect ever to do anything? Sterling, on the contrary, loved literature for its own sake, and had a true appreciation of its infinite worth and beauty. He was not like Byron, and one or two others we might name, who looked upon literature partly as a means for gratifying an ambition to which other avenues were closed, and partly as an outlet for the waste energy and superfluous fury of their natures, when their passions had not entirely exhausted them, and who, upon the first disappointment and chagrin, were ready to rush into another field; nor did he resemble a class who have mistaken their profession, and expended powers which might have led them to the highest distinction, in action, in travelling, parliament, or arms, on gaining a dubious literary success, which is despised by themselves; nor did he rank with the men whose love to literature is confined to an appreciation of those who resemble, or who follow their peculiar style. His circumstances saved him from the miserable condition of a hack author, and from all the heart-burnings, jealousies, and disgusts which degrade the noble pursuit of literature in his eyes, and

turn the beautiful moon into the clouded lantern of a low, lurid, precarious life. Sterling, in his wide and trembling sympathies with literary excellence, and in his devoted enthusiasm for the varied expressions of the beautiful, as well as in the hectic heat and eagerness of his temperament, bore a striking likeness to Shelley, although possessing a healthier, happier, and better balanced nature.

While freely conceding him such qualities, we protest against some of his critical commissions as well as omissions. We are astonished at his silence in reference to John Foster, whose sturdy genius ought to have been known to him, and whose mind was moving more slowly and uneasily through the same process of speculative change with his own. We cannot at all understand his admiration for Montaigne, who appears to have been a very slight sublimation of sensual indifference, and not more honest than the sensual-indifferent wealthy usually are. How grossly unjust he is to Rousseau and Hazlitt, when he calls them "declaimers and leaders in rhetorical falsehood!" Grant that Rousseau was personally a poor scannel, tortuous, and broken pipe, who can deny that a power, call it his genius or his demon, discoursed at times upon him sweet and powerful music, to which nations listened because they could not refrain, and which no term like rhetoric, or even oratory, nor any inferior to poetry, touching the verge of prophecy, can at all measure? No such utterances have come from Hazlitt, but if he resembled Rousseau in occasional bursts of vanity, he was certainly, on the whole, a sincerer man: he egotizes at his proper cost—his absurdities seem given in on oath. For downright honesty, and for masses of plain sense and native acuteness, we are not afraid to compare and prefer many of his essays to those of the old Gascon, and, with all his faults and deficiencies, his match as a masculine and eloquent critic has yet to be made. What verbose affairs do even Jeffrey's criticisms, when collected, appear beside the lectures of Hazlitt, who often expresses the essence of an author by the scratch of his pen, and settles a literary controversy by an epithet.

Initiation into the mysteries of German philosophy and literature produced in Sterling a considerable degree of indifference toward the English classics. To Addison's essays—those cool, clear, whispering leaves of summer, so native and so refreshing—he never alludes, and we cannot conceive him, like Burke, hushing himself to his last slum-

ber, by hearing read the papers in the "Spectator" on the immortality of the soul. And against Dr. Johnson he has committed himself in a set attack, of which we must speak more particularly. An author of celebrity maintains that no person can be a man of talent who does not admire "Dr Johnson, and that all men of eminent ability do admire him." Without pressing the application of this assertion, we do think that those who, in the present age, find in him a hero, discover both candor and penetration—candor to admit and pass by his bulky faults as a writer, and penetration to see his bulky though disguised merits as a writer and a man. For one to call him a mere "prejudiced, emphatic pedant," is simply to write down one's self an ass. For Coleridge to call him "the overrated man of his age," (how could the age avoid rating him highly, since he was, save Burke, the greatest man it had?) is for Coleridge to prove himself a privileged person, who said whatever he chose. Sterling's charges may be classified thus: Dr Johnson's productions are "loud and swollen"—he could say nothing of poetry, and has said nothing of Shakspeare "worth listening to"—he had no "serene joy"—and he wanted it because he had no "capacity for the higher kinds of thought." To the proof:

1st. His language was "loud and swollen." Granted. So is a torrent, or a river in flood. So are Thomson's "Seasons," Young's "Night Thoughts," Schiller's "Robbers," Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc" and "Religious Musings," Sterling's "Lycian Painter" and "Last of the Giants," all productions of genuine merit and meaning, and yet all stilted either in style or manner, or both. Johnson is often loud, but seldom *boss*—he can beat the drum, but he can shiver the castle-gate with his axe too. If his arm be sometimes "swollen" with indolence, it is often swollen with heavy blows aimed, and not in vain, at the heads of his enemies. His very yawn is thunder—he swings in an easy chair, which many that mock him could not move. You may laugh at the elephant picking up the pin, but not ejaculating *you*, brained and battered, toward the skies.

2dly. He has said nothing of Shakspeare or poetry worth listening to. What! Is his dissertation in Waller on sacred poetry, be it true or false, not worth listening to? or his panegyric on the "Paradise Lost?" or his character of the "Night Thoughts?" or his comparison between Pope and Dryden? or his picture of a poet in "Rasselas?" or his unanswered overturn of the unities in his essay

on Shakspeare? or several other portions of that "ponderous mass of futilities?" or his famous lines on Shakspeare? Mark, we are not asserting that all such passages are of the highest order of philosophical criticism, but we are asserting their intrinsic value, and their immeasurable superiority to the vague, empty, pointless, misty, and pseudo-German disquisitions which stuff many of our principal magazines and reviews in the present day. We are not prepared to sacrifice the poorest passages in the "Lives of the Poets"—nay, not even his notes on Shakspeare, (which make Fanny Kemble swear—off the stage,) for such a piece of elaborate and recondite idiocy, as recently was permitted to appear in a celebrated Scottish review, as a paper on Tennyson's "Princess," and was yet not the worst specimen of the kind of criticism referred to.

But Sterling accuses Johnson of wanting "serene joy;" an accusation, alas! too true. But, how could he have attained this, in the first place, under the pressure of that "vile body"—that huge mass of disease, bad humors, and semi-blindness, which he carried about with him, and under which he struggled and writhed like a giant below Etna? In the victim of old, yoked consciously to a putrifying carcass, we may conceive stern submission, but hardly serene joy. We can account for a man like William Cobbett, high in health, clear in eye, and with a system answering like the crystal mirror of a stream to every feature of his intellectual faculties, reproaching Johnson with gloom, but must think it a sad mistake, if not an affectation, on the part of a philosophic valetudinarian like John Sterling. Besides, as it has been said that the laws of disease are as beautiful as those of health, the *intuitions of disease are as true as those of health*. In none of them is the whole truth found; but even as the jaundiced view is only a partial rendering of the creation and of man, so the view of one in perfect health and strength, with a sanguine temperament, and in circumstances of signal prosperity, is equally imperfect. The one may be called a black or yellow, the other a *white* lie. Surely the Cockney we have elsewhere commemorated as sitting with Carlyle in a railway carriage, rubbing his hands, and saying to the grim stranger—"Successful world this, isn't it, sir?" was as far astray as the author of Sartor glaring through the gloomy, bile-spotted splendor of the atmosphere which usually surrounds his spirit. And whether are more trustworthy, the feelings of the man standing before his fire,

watching the parturition of a pudding, and the simmering of a pot of mulled porter, and exclaiming, "How comfortable!" or those of a traveller perishing among the midnight snows? There is truth, and equal truth, in all such angular aspects; there is the whole truth in none of them, nor even in any conceivable mixture of them all. And it were difficult to imagine a man in temperament like Johnson forming essentially another view than what rushed in on him from every orifice of his distempered system.

There is a cant in the present day—a cant which Sterling was above—about health, healthy systems, healthy views, healthy regulation of body, as producing a healthy tone of mind, as if the soul and stomach were identical, as if good digestion were the same thing with happiness, as if all gloomy and distressing thoughts sprung from bile, as if one had only to lie down under the "wet sheet" to understand the origin of evil, to solve all the cognate, tremendous problems of the universe, and to obtain that "reconciliation" after which all earnest spirits aspire. Easy the process now for obtaining the "peace which passeth understanding!" Poor John Bunyan, why didst thou struggle, writhe, and madden, wade through hells of fire and seas of blood, to gain a result to which cold bathing and barks would have led thee in a month? Foolish Thomas Carlyle, why all that pother about everlasting noes and yeas, instead of anticipating Bulwer in the baptismal regeneration of the cold-water cure? This is a free translation of the doctrines propounded by our modern utilitarians, who hold that if they had had Dante and Byron in their hands they would have made them happy men, and writers so sweet and so practical, and who can hardly credit you when you tell them that John Foster observed all the "natural laws," and was a gloomy "son of thunder," and that others break them daily, and are as merry as the day is long. It is vain to speak to them of temperament, of hereditary melancholy, of mental penetration so piercing as to amount to distemper, of visions of evil so vivid as to haunt every movement of the spirit, of hectic sensibility, of doubts so strong as to threaten to strangle piety and render devotion at times a torment—let the man but give up tobacco, and he will and must be happy! Foster evidently did not take enough of exercise, Carlyle smokes, and Cowper went to excess, it is well known, in the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." *Hinc illa lachryma!*

Now it is of course conceded that a well-

regulated physical life will in some measure modify both mental views and mental happiness. But, in the first place, there are constitutions for whom a well-regulated means a generous mode of living. Such was that of Shelley, who, according to the testimony of his friends, was never so well or happy as when at rare intervals he departed from his usual fare of vegetables and water. Secondly, "Because thou art virtuous," is there no more vice in the world, no more misery—is every dark problem solved—are the old enigmas of death and sin made one whit plainer? nay, in proportion to the degree of personal purity is not the feeling of sorrow and disgust at the follies and foulnesses of the world likely to gain strength? Ah! the utmost that the cleanest outward life can do is to produce in some minds a feeling that they have evaded, although not met, the grand difficulty, to produce in others a selfish self-complacency and forgetfulness, springing from a state of health so unnaturally constant as to be in reality a disease, and on minds of the higher order to produce little *permanent* effect at all. From another source must help come. From above, from the regions of spiritual truth, must descend that baptism of fire which confers ardent hope, if not happiness—that blessedness which is higher and better, even in its imperfection and chequered light, than the unthinking calm or mechanical gladness of the best regulated animalism. But Johnson, according to Sterling, wanted serene joy, not merely from the peculiarity of his temperament, nor merely from the state of his age and the degree of his culture as affecting his impressions, but from his incapacity for the higher kinds of thought—as if all possessed of this capacity, as if Coleridge, for instance, or Schiller, or Carlyle, whom Sterling always ranks in the first class, have been serene, and as if this explanation of Johnson's want of peace were not disproved by a hundred instances of men who, less entitled than he to the praise of the highest original or inventive genius—for example, Hall, Southey, Chalmers, and the lately deceased Hamilton of Leeds—have been distinguished by buoyant and child-like felicity. No; we are persuaded that from no defect in Johnson's intellect, but from constitutional causes, sprung his morbid melancholy; nay, that the strength of his intellect was proved by the control which it exercised over his temperament. A giant maniac required and obtained a giant keeper. Had he possessed the culture and shared in the progress of our age, we are not sure if

more than three or four of its literary heroes would have overtopped him. Peace to his massive shade! He was one of the best, greatest, wisest, and most sincere of men.

While we are engaged in finding fault, we may notice our author's opinions on the connection between intellect and heart. Carlyle had maintained that a truly great intellect must always be accompanied by a noble moral nature; he had not asserted the converse, that a noble moral nature implies a great intellect. Sterling in his reply, commits, we think, two mistakes. First, imagining that Carlyle had asserted this untenable converse, he presses him with the names of Newton of Olney, Thomas Scott, Calamy, Swartz, and Jeanie Deans, and asks if these were people of high intellect? But although the day includes the hour, the hour does not include the day. Carlyle's idea is, that while the moral nature has been found high and the intellect small, the intellect has never come to its true elevation without the correspondence of the heart. It is a question of facts. In the second place, Sterling and Carlyle attach different meanings to the word intellect. With the one it signifies the understanding, and he shows triumphantly how it has wedded wickedness or heartlessness in Tiberius, the Duke of Guise, Lord Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Talleyrand. With Carlyle it means the higher power of intuition, genius, or reason, which, according to him, while often attended by a train of error-impulses, or even big burly vices, never exhibits profound and radical depravity, and is never unattended by a sense of the good, the true, the generous and the just. It is obviously impossible to settle a controversy where there is a preliminary misunderstanding as to the terms, but we certainly incline to Carlyle's opinion—holding it, however, only as a general rule, and noting two distinct species of exception which we may call the mad and the monstrous case. There is, first, the *mad*, in which, as with Rousseau, and perhaps Mirabeau and Byron, a diseased organization has divided those principles of head and heart which are usually joined in the marriage chamber of the brain of genius. There is, secondly, the *monstrous* case, where, as in Bacon, the moral sense, if not omitted entirely, seems to exist in an inverse proportion to the intellectual power—where an intellect vast, varied and weighty as the globe is balanced by a heart, hard and small as a pin-point. Ought we to add Napoleon as another instance of this second most rare and appalling formation?

We mentioned as the second general qual-

ity of Sterling, his sincerity. Those much abused and desecrated terms, truth-seeker and beauty-lover, assumed too often by the selfish and the vain to distinguish them from the common crowd, came of their own accord and rested on his head. And if he did seem towards the close to relax somewhat in his devotion to truth, and to be smitten with a fonder affection for the beautiful, it was because, while the latter melted into his embrace, the former fled ever before him into her awful shades. He turned from the haughty Rosalind of truth to the fair young Juliet of beauty. But his love in both instances was as pure as it was ardent. You do not see him in the death-wrestle of Arnold, who, like Jacob at Peniel, appears panting as he cries to the mysterious form, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me; rather crush me by thy weight than tell me nothing." For such painful and protracted struggle Sterling was unfitted by temperament and by illness; but if not a rugged athlete, he was a swift runner in this great chase. His mind wrought less than Arnold's by research—more by rapid intuition. With less learning and perseverance, he had incomparably more imagination and more philosophic sagacity. Health and circumstances prevented him from effecting so much as Arnold, or leaving on the age the same impression of fearlessness, truthfulness, and moral power. More than even Arnold was he caught in the meshes of uncertainty, and to both death seemed the dawning of a light which they had yearned after but never reached on earth. Both died too early for the world, but in time for their own happiness. It is clear that Arnold could not have remained much longer connected with the English church, nor probably with any. Whither the restless progress of Sterling's mind would have led him we cannot tell, but it had conducted him to quaking and dangerous ground. Both, while in deep doubt upon many important questions, exhibited on the verge of death a childlike Christianity of spirit and language, which it is delightful to contemplate; and both through their moral likeness to each other, through their position and the progress of their thought, will, notwithstanding many mental dissimilarities, be classed together by posterity as two of the most interesting specimens of the enlightened minds of our strange transition period.

Sterling's culture was of a peculiar kind. His mind was not ripened under the stern and scorching sun of science, but under the softer and more genial warmth of philosophy

and literature. We are not sure if he had ever thoroughly mastered the original works of the German philosophers, or if his metaphysical reading was of an extensive range; we incline to think that he acquired much of his knowledge of Kant and his brethren from the extempore versions of Coleridge, and that it was with the poets and such moral and religious writers of Germany as Schleiermacher that he was familiar. His historical knowledge was rather wide than accurate, and from severe personal research he shrunk with all the reluctance of a sensitive and nervous nature. With the classics of all polite literature he was intimately conversant. His theological attainments were respectable—there is no evidence that they were more; and latterly, indeed, he became deeply prejudiced against the present pretensions, and forms, and modes of investigating that science. His culture, altogether, was rather elegant than strict, rather *recherché* than profound; and from this, we think, in part proceeded the uncertainty of his theological views. His clerical profession and his early feelings created an intense interest in theological subjects and a yearning for a deeper insight into them, but his tastes and his powers adapted him for a different pursuit. Theology, if we would find aught new in it, requires digging. Sterling could not dig, he could only fly; his verdicts, therefore, are valuable principally for their sincerity; they are rapid first impressions, not slow, deliberate, last judgments. The very power which rendered him a consummate critic of the fine arts, and often an exquisite artist, disqualified him for those laborious and complicated processes which go to build up the great idea of God's relations to mankind. Here he is a tongueless orator, a blind painter, a dumb musician, his powerlessness of execution being proportionate to the strength of his desire.

A man of genius John Sterling has often been called, nor are we disposed to deny him the precious but indefinite term. His sympathies, his temperament, his mode of thinking, all the moods and tenses of his mind, were those of genius. If not a man of genius, he was a most startling likeness or bust of one. Nevertheless, we have our doubts as to the originality or greatness of his vein. We argue this not, as some would absurdly, from his wide and generous sympathies: great genius implies a great genial nature, as necessarily as a great river a great channel for its waters, and a broad nature, like a broad river, must reflect many objects. We argue it not from finding no extensive or profound

work in the list of his writings—this his short life and his long duel with death sufficiently explain; and still less from his non-popularity (in the popular sense) as an author; as he never spoke to the empty echo of popular applause, he never expected to receive a reply. But we imagine that we notice in the various productions he has left a sort of *tentative* process, as of a mind distracted by various models and attempting different styles. We observe this not merely in his earlier but in his later works. We never from the beginning to the end of his career find him in a path so peculiar and lonely that we cry out, "Let him prosecute this, if he can, till the crack of doom." He never gives the impression, amid all his individual brilliancies of thought, invention, and figure, of a new, and whole, and undivided thing, leaving such influence on us as is given by the sight of a new comet in the heavens, or of a Faust, a Festus, or a "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" upon the earth. His genius rather touches, dances, on a brilliant and shapeless fire-mist, than constructs it into fine or terrible forms. He has all the variety, vividness, truth and eloquence which constitute an artist who *has* genius, but not the possession, the self-abandonment, the gigantic monotony, slowly evolving itself out of the wide circle of early sympathies, and wielding them all to its purpose—the one great thing in nature to tell—the one great thing towards man to do, which distinguish a prophet whom *genius has*.

There are two lights in which to regard Sterling's writings—either as trials of strength or as triumphs of genius. It is in the former light that we are disposed to regard them. They are of almost every variety of style, subject, and merit. We have poems, apoloques, allegories, a tragedy, criticisms, novels, and fragmentary relics. Seldom do we remember the steep of fame scaled on so many sides by one so young. He resembled a captain who, waiting for the ultimate order of his general, keeps his troops moving hither and thither in what seems aimless and endless ubiquity. So Sterling hung around all the alleys and avenues of thought, tarrying for the word "march, and secure this or that one"—a word which never came. Yet assuredly his talent, tactics, and earnestness were of no ordinary kind. How much mild pathos has he condensed into the "Sexton's Daughter!" What fine though dim condensations many of his poetical lines are! How tenderly and truly does he touch what we might deem the yet sensitive and shrinking

corpse of Wentworth! Napoleon, too, he has resuscitated; and it is at the touch of no earth-worm that he springs aloft, gigantic if not triumphant, from the tomb. And throughout the tales and apologues, which principally compose the second volume of his "Remains," there are sprinkled beauties of thought, sentiment, and expression, for which forty volumes of modern novels might be searched in vain.

On his "Thoughts" and "Letters," as in some respects the most interesting of his writings, we propose to pause for a little. Always are such writings, if from a sincere man, the most direct and genuine issues of his spirit; they are just the mind turned inside out. The naked man that can bear inspection must be handsome; the naked thought which delights must be beautiful and true. A very good and very clever divine has written, "Adams's Private Thoughts." We are thankful to him; but what would we give for the private thoughts of Shakspeare, Milton, and especially of Burke, since he, less than most men, "hung his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." Were but some one wiser and greater than Rousseau to shrive himself as honestly as he! An honest account of his inmost sentiments and his entire history, held up in the hand of any intellectual man, not insane, would stop almost the motions of society till it had been read and pondered. Autobiographies being in general the falsest of books, the exception would be the more prized. And thus, too, we should find that one fearless man had uttered feelings and thoughts participated in by the whole human race, and was the mouth of a dumb humanity.

Sterling's "Thoughts" are evidently sincere, but as evidently a selection. They are the collected cream of his mind. He does not open his soul *ad aperturam libri*. He gives us elegant extracts, and some of them might have been better entitled, "How I ought to have thought at such and such a time." The whole collection is not so much of "thoughts" as of "after-thoughts." They were published, let us remember, before his death, in "Blackwood's Magazine." Had they been thorough-going utterances and written in blood, no periodical would have printed them. As it is, many of them are very beautiful and profound. We quote a few:—

"There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies; and there is no man who believes only lies.

One dupe is as impossible as one twin.

To found an argument for the value of Christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars.

The religion of all Pagans indiscriminately has often been written of by zealous Christians in the worst spirit of Paine and Voltaire.

Lies are the ghosts of truths, the masks of faces.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing. The weak falters although it be standing on a rock.

Goethe sometimes reminds us of a Titan in a court-dress.

The prose man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him.

No man is so born a poet but that he needs to be regenerated into a poetic artist.

There are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus.

Those who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men except those who make a trade of honoring him.

An unproductive truth is none. But there are products which cannot be weighed even in patent scales, nor brought to market.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time cut the sinews at the wrist.

Better a cut finger than no knife.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that."

Sterling's letters are plain, unexcited, and unpretending. Their style, so much simpler than that of his essays and tales, suggests the thought that he must have elaborated the latter. They interest more from their good sense and information than as discoveries of character. They are full of generous and quiet criticism. Thus, of Lamb he says—"I have been looking over the two volumes of his letters, and I am disposed to consider them the pleasantest in the language, not excepting the best of Cowper's, nor Horace Walpole's. He was a man of true genius, though on a small scale, as a span-gle may be gold as pure as a doubloon." Speaking of his own poems, he says—"When I think of Christabel, and Herman, and Dorothea, I feel a strong persuasion that I deserve the pillory for ever writing verses at all. The writings of Schelling, Fichte, and some others, give the same uneasy belief as to prose." Again—"Lately I have been reading some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius. There seems to me to have been more epic power in Keats, that fiery, beautiful meteor; but they are



two most true and great poets. When one thinks of the amount of recognition they have received, one may well bless God that poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind or left alone in its own magic hermitage. It is true that what new poetry we have is little cared for; but also true that there is wonderfully little deserving any honor. Compare our present state with twenty years ago, when Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Scott as a novelist, were all vigorously productive. Carlyle is the one great star that has arisen since, and he is far more prophet than singer." He gives a striking anecdote of Thorwaldsen: "Did you ever hear the story of his being at a party at Bunsen's, whose house was on the Capitoline Hill, on the site of the temple of Olympian Jove, and where the conversation, as often, under Bunsen's guidance, took a very Christian turn, till Thorwaldsen remarked through the window commanding a noble prospect of Rome, the modern city, the planet Jupiter in great glory, and, filling his glass, exclaimed, "Well, here's in honor of the ancient gods!"

It is an extremely important and serious aspect of Sterling's history at which we must now look. It is at his *religion*.

So far as religion can be called constitutional, John Sterling was constitutionally religious. The union of ardent temperament, high intellect, and pure morals, generally in this country generates a strong religious aptency, which was manifest in him. Dr. Hare has not traced so minutely and clearly as had been desirable the entire progress of his thoughts and feelings on this momentous topic. Indeed, there is throughout all his memoir a shrinking, skulking, and want of plain speaking on the subject, unworthy of such a man writing on such a man, and this, we know, some of Sterling's warmest friends feel; but we think we can map it out with considerable accuracy, and in very few and very plain words. From the early piety of genius, he seems to have passed into the early scepticism of genius. While sounding on his dim and perilous way in those troubled waters, the great beacon-light of Coleridge attracted and seemed to save him. He became in theory, as he had been in feeling, a Christian. Influenced by his marriage and other circumstances, disciplined by various grave events, and not, he trusts, unguided by the Holy Spirit, he entered the work of the Christian ministry, labored for six months with exemplary diligence, and was only prevented by illness from prosecuting the calling.

Afterwards, the change began gradually to pass over his mind. Loosened from professional ties—burning with a hectic speculation—impatient of the cant, and commonplaces, and bigotry of ordinary theologians—sick of the senseless controversies of his church—and attracted ever more and more by the learning and genius of Germany, his orthodox belief in Christianity was shattered, though his childlike love for it remained the same. At last he died, it must be told, more than doubtful of the divine origin of Judaism, unsatisfied of the evidences of Christianity, and yet ravished with the unutterable beauty and moral grandeur of the latter; and his almost last words were a request to his sister to hand him the old Bible he was wont to use in Herstmonceux (where he had been curate) among the cottages.

Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of Sterling's religious career. It is a very painful, very interesting, and very instructive narrative. We must be permitted to methodize our impressions of it under the following remarks:—First, it is not, alas! a singular case. Secondly, its causes are not very recondite. And thirdly, it teaches some momentous lessons.

First, the case is not uncommon. Without alluding to innumerable private instances, the process through which Sterling was passing is almost the same with that less fully undergone by Foster and Arnold, and which, in Newman and Parker, in Carlyle and Emerson, may be considered perfected. In Shelley, it was different. In the first place, he unfortunately never enjoyed, we fear, the opportunity of seeing real religion incarnated in living examples; with that noble moral poem, sublimer far than a "Paradise Lost," a meek and humble disciple of Jesus, he seems never to have come in contact. Secondly, he was early repelled from just views of the subject by the savage stupidity of university tests and treatment. And, thirdly, the motion of his mind was accelerated by that morbid heat and misery which made his life an arm of Styx and rendered his entire character and history anomalous. Shelley is the *caricature* of the unsatisfied thinker of the times; and while, as a poet, admired by all for his *potential* achievements, his creed, which creed was none, unless a feverish flush on the brow be a fixed principle of the soul, has only influenced those who are weak and morbid through nature, or raw and incondite through youth. Sterling, on the other hand, was the express image of such a thinker, in his highest and purest form.

Ere inquiring into the causes of that strange new form of scepticism, which has seized so many of our higher minds, let us more distinctly enunciate what it is not, and does not spring from. It is not, as some imagine, a mere disguise which the scepticism of Hume and Voltaire has assumed, better accommodated to the tastes and the progress of the present age. It is not the same with it, even as Satan towering to the sky was the same with Satan lurking in the toad. It differs from it in many important respects. 1st. It admits much which the unbelief of Paine and Voltaire denied; it grants the beauty, the worth, and the utility of our religion—nay, contends that, in a sense, it is a divine emanation; the divinest ever given to man. It does not sheathe, but tosses away the old poisoned terms imposture, fraud, priestcraft, cunningly devised fable. 2dly. It approaches religion with a different feeling and motive. It desires to find its very highest claims true. It has no interest that they should be false. The life of such an one as we describe is modelled on the life of Christ; his language is steeped in the Bible vocabulary, as in burning gold. Prayer and its cognate duties he practices, and his heart is ever ready to rise to the swells of Christian oratory and feeling, as the war-horse to the sound of the trumpet. He teaches his children to prattle of Christ, and weeps at eventide as they repeat their little hymns. He gives to the cause of the Gospel, and his cheek glows at the recital of the deeds of a Williams or a Waddell. The sceptic of the eighteenth century first hated religion, because it scowled on his selfishness—then wished it untrue—and then, generally with the bungling haste of over-eagerness, tried to prove it untrue. Thus Paine felt the strong right-hand, which, in the "Rights of Man," had coped worthily with the giant Burke, shivered to splinters when he stretched it forth in the "Age of Reason," against the "ark of the Lord." The doubter of our day (we speak, of course, of one class) loves religion, wishes it true, reverences every pin and fringe of its tabernacle, tries to convince himself and others of its paramount and peculiar divinity, and if, at last, the shadow of a cloud continues to hang over his head, it fails to disguise the fast-flowing tears wrung from his disappointed spirit. 3dly. It approaches religion, not only with a different feeling, but from a different direction. The sceptic of the eighteenth century approached it from the platform of matter—a platform in itself mean, even when including the whole material universe; the

doubter now looks at it from the lofty ground of the ideal and the spiritual. "It contradicts the laws of matter," said the one. "I cannot, in all its parts," says the other, "reconcile it with the principles of mental truth." "It is something greater than matter," said the one. "It is something less than mind," says the other. "I cannot grasp it," said the one. "I can but too easily account for much of it," says the other. "It surpasses my standard," said the one. "It does not come up to mine," says the other. "Its miracles to me seem monstrous things, which I cannot swallow," said the one. "To me," says the other, "they appear petty tricks, not impossible to, but unworthy of a God." "Its prophecies seem to me all written after the event," said the one. "To me," says the other, "the objection is that they tell so little that is really valuable. What comparison between the fate of a thousand empires and one burst of pure truth?" "The whole thing," said the one, "is too supernatural and unearthly for me." "To me," says the other, "it bears but too palpable marks of an earthly though unparalleled birth—God's highest, it may be, but not his only or ultimate voice." "I wish I could convince everybody that it was an imposture," said the one. "I wish," says the other, "that I could convince myself that it is what the world professes to believe it." "It is strange," said the one, "that, superstition as it is, it wont die." "It is far stranger," says the other, "how, if it be *par excellence* true, it is dying, and has become little else than a *caput mortuum*." "But, then, it must be confessed," said the one, "that its external evidences are imposing, though not irresistible." "To me," says the other, "these seem its weakness, not its strength; and as to its vitals—its internal evidences—is it not, like Cato, day after day, tearing them out with its own suicidal hands—is it not rapidly becoming a worldly and mechanical, if not a carnal, sensual and devilish thing?"

Such is a fair statement of the difference between the two scepticisms. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to refute the conclusions of the second variety. We now come to its causes. 1st. We may name the over-stress which was long laid by the defenders of Christianity upon its external evidences. The effects of this have been pernicious in various ways. It could not, in the first place, be disguised that many who defended with the most success the external evidences were, if not secret sceptics, strangers to the living influence, and disbelievers in the peculiar

doctrines of the Gospel. Such were Lardner, Watson, Priestley, Wakefield, and Paley. They first threw away the kernel of Christianity, and then did desperate battle in defense of the empty shell. Never were walls and bulwarks containing *nothing* more heroically defended. The school of Warburton and Hurd, indeed, were of a more Christian class, but their polemical bitterness and personal arrogance were intolerable. 2dly. Even the successful defense of the evidences seemed a poor exploit, when it was confessedly considered inadequate to impress the vital principles of Christianity upon the mind—stopping, it might be, the mouths, but not opening the hearts of its adversaries, whom it drove away from, instead of drawing into the city of God; and the loud cheers, which followed each victory over a desperate but unconvinced foe, sounded harsh and horrible, as were one to encore the plunge of a lost spirit into the abyss. 3dly. If external evidences were the principal, if not sole proof of Christianity, what became of the belief of the majority of Christians, to whom these evidences were unknown, or who, at least, were quite incapable of estimating the true nature and weight of the argument founded upon them? If their belief was worthless, must not their Christianity be baseless and worthless too? If it was not, what a slur on those elaborate evidences, which in no instance could reach a result which was daily attained by thousands without any external evidence at all! 4thly. What was the *utmost* value of external evidences? Not to produce demonstrative conviction of the truth of Christianity, but only a very high degree of probability. But is the soul, with all its eternal issues, to depend upon a question of degrees, of less and more, of a few grains above or scruples below? Is there no straighter, higher, nobler road to conviction? May there not be a voice within us, corresponding with a voice in Christianity, changing a faltering “perhaps” into a loud, confident, and commanding “it is, it must be so?” Thus felt Pascal, and this is the true history of his faith. He did not, as Cousin pretends, in order to avoid the gulf of universal scepticism, to which his thoughts and researches were leading him, and where he knew perdition weltered at the bottom, turn back and throw himself into the arms of implicit faith, which like a nurse a child, had followed him to the brink. No, but dissatisfied with the common evidences of Christianity, as *demonstrative*, he leaned down and listened to the hidden river of his own spirit, echoing the voice of inspiration, and it

became to him an oracle—a proof unutterable, an argument unstateable in human terms, only to be fully written out in soul-cypher, and to be fully read by the eye of the soul.

Pascal, we must observe, felt the utmost value of external evidence; he believed that it made the truth of Christianity highly probable—nay, probable in the *highest* degree, though the highest degree of probability is still, of course, remote from absolute mathematical certainty. But there are others who look upon the evidences *pro* and *con* as nearly balancing each other, and what for them is to turn the scale? Nay, there are some who conscientiously think that, after all Paley and Watson have written, the evidences *con* outweigh the evidences *pro*; and what can our boasted external argumentations do any more for them?

Thus has external evidence in a great measure failed of securing its object, and has by this felt failure produced in many of our present thinkers the form of scepticism we now describe and deplore. In our humble judgment, instead of miracles being the principal proof of Christianity, Christianity is a much stronger proof of miracles. A book intrinsically so divine, so simple, so far superior to all others, and so adapted to the wants of human nature, cannot be imagined to be deceived, or to deceive others in the relation of facts. The quantity and singularity of such facts is itself an additional circumstance in their favor. A wise imposture would have sprinkled them more sparingly and artistically, and brought down, in no case save in that of necessity, its *Deus ex machina*. The great purpose of miracles at first was to compel attention to the new system, by the glare of grandeur it threw around it—a finger of supernal light must touch the head of the bashful boy-God and mark him out to the world; their main use now is to corroborate a belief which has been formed upon quite independent grounds. “Culture,” cries Strauss, “cannot believe in miracles. Culture however can and has believed in Christianity, and will not recall its belief, because she wears on her breast and forehead those mysterious ornaments which speak, not more forcibly than her whole dress and bearing, of a foreign and unearthly origin. Miracles must not be considered as splendid tricks—as mere mighty bravados, which whoso could not equal or explain was compelled to believe, as well as to believe whatever was said in the lecture that should follow or accompany those experiments. They were rather, in Foster’s grand thought, the simple tolling of the great

bell of the universe, to announce the great sermon that was to follow; and as the sermon continues after the bell has rung out, and becomes of its sound a memorial and testimony, so the marvellous words have outlived, and do testify of the marvellous works.

A second cause of our recent refined scepticism may be found in the narrow, bigoted, and unworthy notions of Christianity which prevail, in the obstinacy with which they are retained, in the fury with which they are defended, and in the contrast thus presented to the liberal and fluent motion of the present age. This is a large text, and opens up a field which we have not at present time to embrace. Religious authorship may be taken as a correct index of the general state of religious culture and progress. Now this has decidedly improved since John Foster wrote his first essays, where he so sternly characterizes a large proportion of its writings, where he speaks of "one writer who seems to value religion as an assassin his dagger, and for the same reason—of another, who in all his motions is clad with sheets of lead—of a third, from whose vulgar illuminations of religious themes you are excessively glad to escape into the solemn twilight of faith—and of a fourth, who represents the Deity as a dreadful king of furies, whose dominion is overshadowed by vengeance, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of his creation." For such, perhaps, we may now search our religious literature in vain; but we could point out some curious specimens still extant; here a writer who would sacrifice all the records of the creation to the arbitrary interpretation of a Hebrew particle; there another, who, in order to prove Christianity the most excellent of the sciences, raves like a maniac against all science, and cares less for the sun, moon, and stars, than for a farthing candle glimmering in the corner of a conventicle; a third propounding the horrible doctrine, that if you are not immersed in water you must be immersed in everlasting fire; a fourth turning the Bible into a padlock on the chains of the slave; a fifth seeking to excommunicate from fire and water here, and from water hereafter, one of the most gifted and amiable, albeit, misled men of the age, who came an invited and unassuming stranger to our shores; a sixth hanging around the majestic form of Christianity a dirty finery, picked up from the cast-off clothes of second-rate poets, and sinking the mother-tongue of heaven into the

sickly whine of a mendicant, as though Isaiah had become an old Jew clothesman; a seventh indulging, while defending religion, in the worst of human passions and language, as if rancor, and want of charity, and spleen, could be baptized and consecrated to Christ's service—as if the raven perched in Noah's ark were not a raven, a bird of foul feeding and bad omen still; an eighth, peppering bad poems with religion to make them sell; and a ninth, talking of the fearful secrets of future punishment as coolly as if he was not also in danger of the judgment, and who perhaps goes smacking his lips from the side of the great universe-darkening sacrifice to the Lord Mayor's feast! Add to this the deluges of commonplace, issuing in the form of religious pamphlets and periodicals of the day, and the thousand narrow and fierce controversial productions which each month spawns, and conceive of the three-piled disgust, which in so many of the refined and intellectual darkens into a deeper feeling, and provokes the cry, "If this be religion, better scepticism, pantheism, atheism itself."

This indeed, thank God, is *not* religion. But it must bear the reproach of having turned away many who otherwise would have come near and seen this great sight, and found how vast the difference between those crackling, whizzing, empty and transient fireworks, and the low light of the wilderness uneclipsed by the noonday ardors, clear, innocuous, but piercing as the eye of the Inspired, kindled from, and pointing above—the bush ever burning and never consumed.

Thirdly. The divided and unhappy state of the church must bear its full share in accounting for the evil, and this the more especially when at present both letters and science are approaching closely the ideal of a commonwealth—when the associations of the scientific and literary are the order of the day—when rancorous personalities and jealousies are dying out—when an appeal made in behalf of the family of a deceased poet is responded to with such promptitude by men of all politics and creeds, as to show that an electric cord of communication is fast binding the literary world into one. And yet alas! alas! for the divisions of Reuben, and rents in the seamless garment of Christ. Where any real love between various parties? Where aught but ill-considered armistices? Where any broad, comprehensive plan of union? Where a genuine *esprit du corps* among Christian churches? Where any actual unions consummated, except in cases where the parties had come so near before, that

their union lost much of its romance—where it seemed more a shaking of hands in the market-place than a marriage, and where, as at the peace of Amiens, everybody on both sides was *glad*, but nobody proud? What philosophical examination of principles, conducted by wise and impartial men, such as should precede a great scheme of permanent union, has ever been talked of; and are even the meanest and basest of old arts of polemical depreciation and abuse altogether obsolete? It were long to trace the causes of this sad spectacle, which just amounts to—the church inferior to the world, in culture, in gentlemanly feeling, in Christian charity; but such is the fact, and prodigious the mischief which is springing from it. There are other causes which might have been illustrated, such as the contempt and prejudice entertained by many Christians for science and letters—the piece of well or ill adjusted mechanism to which the office of the ministry has been reduced—the superiority which the press has acquired over the pulpit—the political spirit which our churches of all kinds have been led to cherish—and the infection of German, and, in general, of Continental modes of thoughts and speech. But prominent above all stands the enemy within the camp—the ghastly fact that Christianity has not the vital hold over men which it formerly possessed—that we are now rather haunted by its ghost than warned by its presence—that formality, mechanism, and a thousand other evil influences have crushed and choked it—and that its extension, however wide and rapid, will in all probability extend its evils at even a greater ratio than its advantages—propagate more tares than wheat. We unite our feeble voice with that of Chalmers, James, and Thomas Binney, in proclaiming this alarming state of matters. It cannot now be concealed that a great proportion of the mind of the country—of those who make our laws, who distribute our justice, whose eloquence fills our courts, whose talent informs our press, whose energy inspires our business, whose genius animates our higher literature, whose benevolence supports our charities, and whose *beauty, taste, and accomplishments*, decorate and refine our society, have travelled away from churches, and resigned faith in creeds, and that this they have done principally because the charm and the power which were wont to detain them there have departed. Were a dance of the living suddenly turned into a dance of the dead, though there remained the same splendor in the decorations, and the

same lustre in the lamps, and even the same grace in the movements, would there remain the same delight in the spectators? Would they not rush forth in confusion and shrieking dismay at the sight of this ghastly mimicry of life, enacted where its pulse was beating highest and where its stream most richly and tumultuously ran? Thus feel many to our deserted churches—deserted not of the dead but of the living, not of the worshippers but of God. Pathetic the unseen Ichabod inscribed on the fallen cathedral—more pensive still the “Here God once dwelt,” visible through the moonlight of meditation on the chambers of the soul in ruins; but, most sorrowful of all, the sight of a large assembly of professing Christians, where all the elegance, splendor, light, decency of deportment, eloquence of speaker—where sympathetic thrill, awful shadow, heaving breasts, and bursting tears themselves, will not disguise the fact that one is absent, and that this place is no more “dreadful” with his presence, nor glorious with his grace.

The statements thus made must be somewhat qualified. In the first place, we must not be understood to hold that all our modern sceptics are actuated by such motives or influenced by such causes. Many, we fear, like their brethren in times past, just “hate the light because their deeds are evil;” while others are stimulated to scepticism by vanity, pride, or ignorance. There is another class still, very intelligent but very inconsistent, of whom Miss Martineau may stand as a specimen, who, not merely doubting, but absolutely denying all the supernaturalism of Scripture, express their respect and reverence for the writers, although on their own showing those writers were either fools or rogues. But the class whom Sterling typified, while sorely perplexed about the supernatural part, and even the genuineness and authenticity of many of the documents, are smitten to a passion with the grandeur and heavenliness of the system, even to its peculiarities of atonement, spiritual influences, &c.

Secondly. We must not be understood to homologate the train of thought which we have ventured to put into the mouth of the Sterling-sceptic, except so far as that relates to the insufficiency of external evidence, nor to insinuate that the causes we have mentioned excuse his scepticism. Prophecy, as well as miracles, we look on as powerfully corroborative of the divinity of religion; and the fate of nations, besides, not being the sole object of prediction, is very important when taken in connection with that system which they

opposed, and which proclaimed their destruction, as well as in itself. The internal evidence of Christianity seems complete, notwithstanding the fact of a partial decline; and the genius of our religion seems absolutely to forbid its contentedly taking its place at the head of other faiths; it must be all or nothing—a devil's lie or divine. And if it does not answer to the sceptic's idea of a unique and solitary emanation from heaven, may not the blame lie not with it, but with the nature of his idea—with himself?

Thirdly. We do not wish, from these giddy heights, to "waft a lesson of despair" to any one. We are sorry for the position of such men as Sterling, but it were to be weaker than old Eli, on their account to tremble for the ark of God. The lessons we do mean to draw are as follows: 1st, of charity; 2dly, of warning; 3dly, of shame; and 4thly, of courage.

1st. We have need of much charity at the present crisis. It will not do now to skulk from the field under a flight of nicknames. It will not do to call our opponents miserly ants and monsters. Here, at least, in Sterling, Arnold, Foster, we have to do with mist-severed brethren upon one great common march, with sincere lovers of mankind, with practicers of the Christian virtues, with men who diligently discharged the duties of the Christian ministry, and whose latest death-bed murmur was of Christ. While we blame their doubts, let us pity the pain and sorrow, amounting almost to distraction and despair, which attended them, and let us inquire, if we have no difficulties, may it not be because we have never thought at all? and let us envy them the resolution of their doubts, to which they have now attained, we trust, in that land where the strength of light is not measured by the intensity of shade—where amid all the constellations which may garnish that upper firmament, that of the "Balance" vibrates no more—where the inhabitants bask in spotless love, and see in perfect vision.

No such charity, however, can we or dare we extend to those half-fledged children of impudence and conceit, or else of pride and profligacy, in whom this age abounds, who at the finding of each new difficulty (one, perhaps resolved for centuries) raise a noisy Eureka, as they rush out with their filthy treasure—for those who cull from such writers as Shelley the blood-red stones of his blasphemy that they may wreath them into a necklace of ruin for themselves—nor even for those miniatures of Giant Despair, who seat

themselves in we know not what churches of doubters or Doubting Castles, to confirm those misconceptions which they cannot or seek not to cure. The charity which would extend to such must verily be of that sort which covers a multitude of sins, and of sinners too.

2dly. We must take up anew a voice of warning—the voice of him who saw the Apocalypse. There is coming up the church a current of doubt, deeper far and darker than ever swelled against her before—a current strong in learning, crested with genius, strenuous yet calm in progress. It seems the last grand trial of the truth of our faith. Against the battlements of Zion a motley throng have gathered themselves together. Unitarians, atheists, pantheists, doubters, open foes, secret foes, and bewildered friends of Christianity are all in the field, although no trumpet has openly been blown, and no charge publicly sounded. There are the old desperadoes of infidelity—the last followers Paine and Voltaire; there is the soberer and stolid Owen and his now scanty and sleepy troop; there follow the Communists of France, a fierce but disorderly crew; the commentators of Germany come, too, with pickaxes in their hands, crying "Raze, raze it to its foundations!" Then you see the *garde mobile*—the vicious and the vain youth of Europe; and on the outskirts of the fight hangs, cloudy and uncertain, a small but select band, whose wavering surge is surmounted by the dark and lofty crests of Carlyle and Emerson. "Their swords are a thousand"—their purposes are various; in this, however, all agree, that historical Christianity ought to go down before advancing civilization. Sterling and some of his co-mates the merciful cloud of death has removed from the field, while others stand in deep uncertainty, looking in agony and in prayer above.

3dly. Of shame. While thus the foeman is advancing, what is Zion about? Shame and alas! her towers are well nigh unguarded; her watchmen have deserted their stations, and are either squabbling in her streets with each other, or have fallen fast asleep. Many are singing psalms, few are standing to their arms. Some are railing at the enemy from the safest towers. The watchman who first perceived the danger and gave the alarm, almost instantly fell back in death.

4thly. Of confidence. Shall, then, these old and glorious battlements be trodden down? Between the activity of their foes and the supineness of their friends must they perish? No; vain is perhaps the help of

man, but we, too, will look above. We will turn our eyes to the hills whence our aid is expected. Our grand hope as to the prospects of the world and the church has long lain in the unchanged and unchangeable love of Christ. As long as his great, tremulous, unsetting eye continues, like a star, to watch her struggles, as the eye of love the tossings of disease, we shall not fear. And whenever

the time arrives for that "bright and morning star," starting from his sphere to save his church, he will no longer delay his coming, whether in power or in presence. To save a city like Zion, there might fall the curtain of universal darkness. That curtain shall not fall, but there may, in lieu of it, burst the blaze of celestial light; and who can abide the day of that appearing?

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*From Fraser's Magazine.*

## MY BIRTH-DAY GUESTS.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

### I.

Why cloud with gloom  
The day that sees me one stage nearer home!  
What shall forbid me taste  
Joy on this day, of these, perhaps the last!  
Go, get me garlands—flowers that soonest fall—  
Let us have mirth and melody, and all  
The dainty things that appetite may whet;  
Let us have more—much more  
Wine than you did before,  
More we shall need—more have we to forget.

### II.

Come now, my friends, come all,  
Come uninvited, come without a call—  
Ye have dwelt in my heart  
Many a long night—nor with the dawn to part.  
Companions good and true! You would not soon away,  
Nor in the sleepless night, nor long-desponding day,  
Nor in the lonely wild, or lonelier crowd would fail—  
Nor once deny  
Your choice good company—  
Unwelcome and unbidden guests all hail!

### III.

My old friend, Time!  
Still hearty—wearing bravely—in the prime  
Of thy four thousandth summer dost appear,  
Thy hand, my friend, draw near.  
Look well into my face. See'st on this brow  
The deepening traces of thy furrowing plough—  
Say, to thine own handwriting canst thou swear!—  
Long since didst thou begin  
My once luxuriant curls to thin—  
There!—take thy last year's gift—this handful of gray hair!

## IV.

I would not grieve  
Thee for this night to spare, with thy good leave,  
My old familiar CARE !  
He comes in mockery—Mirth, be of my side,  
High crown the bowl, and in its rosy tide  
Drown the soul-sickening monster—down—~~down~~—down !  
Alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
He struggles up again,  
Triumphant rides the bowl. Demon ! thou wilt ~~not~~ drown !

## V.

As coffin lead,  
FRIENDSHIP ! thy once warm hand is cold and dead ;  
Thy sickly grin  
Seems as if smiled the confined dead within.  
Envy and gold, malignity and pride,  
Have torn thee, unreluctant, from my side.  
Thou com'st as the ghost  
Of my old friendships lost,  
And hid'st the unworthy thought my foes would blush to hide.

## VI.

Love !—art thou there !  
Lingering at distance, treacherous boy and fair.  
When earlier thou didst come,  
Alas for me that I did take thee home  
So soon to be undone.  
I tell thee 'tis too late for tears and sighs—  
Woman's exacting humors, lover's lies—  
Thou seest it comes to pass,  
I am not as I was :  
“ I go,” he cries, “ be wretched and be wise.”

## VII.

Who comes so late,  
With knock portentous, thundering at my gate—  
Why burn our lights so dim !  
Chill runs the sluggish blood—shakes every limb—  
Care looks aghast, and Friendship hies him home—  
Time only blanches not, but bids him come.  
Let's rise and welcome him.  
Welcome my friend unknown ! Come, kindly come.  
What means that hollow moan !  
DEATH comes not yet. He will be here anon !

## VIII.

HE WILL BE HERE ANON !  
I doubt him not—I never knew him fail.  
Time ! part we fair and friendly. I but go  
To pay a debt I would no longer owe.  
My best beloved, and lost, whose ashes burn  
Bright in this broken heart's funeral urn,  
I come !—I come !—welcome me home !  
Why stays my only friend,  
When I his steps attend—  
HE COMES NOT YET—HE WILL BE HERE ANON !



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## JELLACHLICH, BAN OF CROATIA.

THE Ban Jellachlich! the very name plunges us into the midst of wild reminiscences, barbarous heroism, strange irregular grandeurs! Slavonic history is rich in all these half savage, but fascinating glories. See how they stride out before us, the two Nicklas Zrinyi, the hero of Szigeth and his descendants, Czerny Georg, leader of the Servians in their war for freedom, and a whole host of others! The Ban!—the very title is full of romantic mysticism. It is as if we heard that the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order or of the Swerd-Brüder was encamped before the Brandenburg gate at Berlin. We thought all these mediæval magnificences had disappeared under the perukes, Austrian as well as Prussian, of the eighteenth century. We knew of nothing more venerable than Frederick the Great's pig-tail and Kaiser Franz's jack-boots. But it seems all this not only lives, but lives very energetically and effectively. People are beginning to ask not only what is a Ban, but who is the Ban? And both are very proper questions and well deserving to be answered, as we hope to show before we have closed this paper.

A Ban is a very respectable and a very real dignitary—something like our Lord Warden of the Marches, or more resembling still, the old, not new Italian Marchese, or German Margraf, but somewhat higher than all these—a sort of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as he was wont to be in the times of Henrys and Elizabeths, when he had Desmond insurrections to attend to—or in the time of Charles, when the Puritans of the North in fierce revolt against Charles represented the Hungarians as the Catholics under Ormonde for the moment, the Croats and Slavonians. In olden times there were many of these marches, or borders, or Banats, in the west and southwest provinces, until by successive absorptions they were reduced to one, the united kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, which held watch and ward for the Austrian empire, on its

most dangerous frontiers, against the still more barbarous Turks. The "Ban" or "lord," as the name signifies, is the third of the Hungarian barons of the empire, holds in his own land the rank of Palatine and presides at the "Bantafel," or Ban council at Agram, as the Hungarian Palatine at the royal council at Pesth. And high as is the honor, it has been raised still higher by the great men, (some of whom have been just noticed,) who have held it. Of these none perhaps is even now more famous than the present bearer. And yet we are only at the first or at most at the second chapter of his history.

Jellachlich is a Croat—a Croat to our ears sounds something like Cossack.

We see a horde in the act of burning their way through defenseless villages, or marching through towns from which their inhabitants had fled, no grass growing where their horses' hoofs once had trod; famine before, and pestilence behind, more dangerous to friend than foe, only a few massacres off from the exploits of the Turcoman and Tartar. The leader of Croats, to keep Croats together, must be the worst Croat of them all. Jellachlich, as a sort of army-elected chief, could only have gained their hearts by much the same qualities as gave Alaric and Attila their soldier sovereignties, daring, active, cunning, cruel; the more barbarian, the more likely to be successful. Such certainly has been very much the Magyar coloring of his portrait, and from old predilections in favor of Magyars, partly owing to that magnificent acclaim, "*Moriatur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresia*," and partly, we believe, to their heroism, or at least heroic dress, we are inclined to trust ourselves implicitly to their accuracy. Till lately, we candidly confess, we saw in the Ban little more than a stipendiary of absolutism; hired by the Kaiser, much as Goth or Dacian freebooter was hired and converted into a patrician or consul by the Cæsars of old to bring back, when the empire was crumbling around

them, some rebellious fly-away kingdom to a sense of unity and allegiance. The Sclavonic version is of course different; it comes from the hand of an admirer. But there is a third, which is neither Magyar nor Sclavonian, without favor as without hate. Many of the features in the following outline come from one who stood near enough to see, but was clear enough from race-partialities to see rightly.

The Ban is an European prince, in the decent European sense of the word; equal to any in refinement, above most in energy and genius. And it is a singular phenomenon, not less attractive to the philosophic historian than to the poet, the contrast which these broken-down monarchies present to the young democracies. The impulse of progress seems to have worked less wonderfully, to have thrown up less mind, if more minds, than the despair of dissolution. What has come forth from the cauldrons of France, Italy, and Prussia? Yet Austria has made a new *Æson* out of an old; in her agony she has given birth to Radesky, Windisch-Grätz and Jellachlich.

Jellachlich—to begin with the man himself—is no Francesco Sforza, no Condotiere, no bucaner of fame. He is of a noble, almost of a Ban family. Joseph Jellachlich, (Jellacic,) Baron Jellachlich de Buszin, is the eldest son of the Baron Franz Jellachlich de Buszin, who, as retired field-marshal and proprietor of the 62d regiment of infantry, now Turszky, died at Agram in the year 1810. Of Croatian parents on both sides, Joseph was born at Peterwardein, on the 16th of October of the same year, on the anniversary of the birth of the celebrated Czerny Georg, thirty years before. In the child, the characters of father and mother were blended; under the latter, during the prolonged absence of his father in the French war, the earlier part of his education was passed, and from her gentle teaching were drawn all those soft and kindly affections, that early passion for poetry, and devotion to intellectual pursuits, which so mark him out from his fellows; his indomitable activity, his frank and firm spirit, his unaffected, dashing cheerfulness, he inherits from his father. In his earliest infancy he was remarkable for the quickness of his perception, and the accuracy and tenacity of his memory; as years rolled on, he gave indications of great precision in all he applied to; already indications were visible of that eloquence for which he has since been distinguished. His self-control and presence of mind were far beyond

his age. When eight years old he was presented to the Emperor; Kasier Franz, struck by his intelligence and vivacity, took a particular liking to the boy, and had him forthwith placed in the Theresian Academy, which, despite of its cloistral and even ascetic character, has, somehow or other, turned out, in both the military and civil departments, some of the highest ornaments of the Austrian name. In this school, Jellachlich developed those powers for the acquisition of languages, which at a later period evinced themselves in the facility with which he spoke German, Italian, French, Magyar, and the several idioms of the Sclavonic. His predilections, however, were military. Military tactics, with their accompanying sciences, history, especially ancient, and modern literature, were his favorite studies. With these he combined the usual corporeal exercises, and became an expert fencer, a good rider, and a first-rate shot.

At the age of eighteen, his physical and intellectual preparation being completed, he entered the army as sub-lieutenant in the dragoon regiment of his maternal grand-uncle, the General of Cavalry and Vice-Ban of Croatia, the Baron Kneserich, of St. Helena, then under the command of Colonel Olah von Nanas, and was sent to join whilst it was still in garrison at Tarnow in Galicia.

In this service he soon acquired the love and esteem of those around him. Just and humane to his inferiors, true-hearted to his equals, punctual and submissive to his superiors, he was at once regarded in every respect as an excellent officer. The Austrian army abounds in small societies, fraternities "*auf Noth und Tod*;" they go far to maintain that military spirit and good fellowship which still keeps the army together. He was their very soul. His gay and intrepid bearing, his wild and vigorous enjoyment of life, his invincible good temper, his sparkling wit, fascinated and informed as with one spirit every circle in which he moved. Of an iron constitution, he was last at the table at night, first on horseback in the morning; in every freak, in every exploit always foremost. And under all this, which so marked the future free-chosen chief of a bold, adventurous people, he concealed sources of the purest and gentlest poetry, a soul melting with tenderness, a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, almost absolute, to his own. Though often in female society, he is said to have scarcely noticed the passions he awakened; his whole being hung upon his companions in arms, and the charities of his own

home. Over his mother and sister, of whom he was early deprived, the latter in the full flush of youthful beauty, he still mourns; to his two brothers, one, colonel in the Carlstadt border regiment, the other Chef d'Escadron in the dragoon regiment of the Archduke Franz Joseph, he was ever most devotedly attached. But this somewhat dissipated life could not be continued long with impunity. After five years his vigorous constitution began to give way. He was attacked with a serious illness, accompanied with much suffering; at any moment it might have terminated in sudden dissolution. Those who saw him at that period on his bed of sickness, and possibly, as they then thought it, of death, speak with admiration of the unaltered composure, and almost defying serenity with which he met the visitation. And then, too, it was, that he composed most of his poems. They well preserve the temper of mind in which they were written. They breathe the daring and lofty aspirations of a young, unsatisfied mind after a nobler future, bitter sighs over his abruptly broken existence, and a thirst and hunger for the energetic and useful in deed and word; should Providence vouchsafe him an hereafter. And so it happened; Providence proved merciful. In 1825 he began gradually to recover; his convalescence soon proceeded rapidly; before the year was over he was enabled to rejoin his regiment, then quartered at Vienna. It would be difficult to describe the joy, the jubilee with which he was received by his fellow officers. He was at once chosen by Major General Baron Geramb as his adjutant of brigade, and so serviceable did he render himself in this capacity, that on his regiment moving under Colonel Count St. Quentin for Poland, he was retained in the capital, nor allowed to follow till a year after.

When once more among his old comrades, he resumed all his old habits; he was the beginning, middle, and end of all proceedings. Jellachlich was everywhere in demand; nothing could be thought of, nothing done without Jellachlich. No one more precise, or even pedantic, in the performance of his military duties; but no sooner was the sabre thrown aside, than he was sure to be found at the head of his fellow-officers, in some desperate chase, through thick and thin, night and rain, after amusement. After passing a joyous day in the stations near, he and his detachment were often in the habit of riding back miles together, to be in time for the parade of the morning. Jellachlich

was a reckless rider. On more than one occasion horse and rider escaped from pit and morass by his presence of mind, or the timely aid of his companions. In the tumult of these wild expeditions it was that he composed most of his war and soldier songs, and in particular the "Garrison's-Lied," or "Garrison Song," so well known and so heartily sung through the whole of the Austrian army. A joyous chant it is, a biting satire on the old antiquated martinet system of Austrian tactics, but withal full of right good hope for the future, a hearty inspiring cheer, like the call of a trumpet, to good fellowship, brotherly union, and an honest soldierly maintenance of military spirit and discipline.

And now the French Revolution of July broke out, and great was the bustle on every side. In the apprehension of immediate war, augmentations, advancements, promotions, a general stir showed itself through the whole empire. Jellachlich profited with the rest. Through the patronage of the then new President of the Council of War, Baron Von Radosserich, an old and grateful friend of his father's, he was promoted to the rank of captain-lieutenant in one of the Hulan border regiments. The separation from his old fellow-officers was on both sides a severe trial. Nor to this day is it forgotten. Eighteen years have now passed, but the evidences of his attachment are as strong as ever; whilst he is now, as always, their favorite. His "Garrison's-Lied" they claim as their especial property; no joyous occasion is ever allowed to pass without thundering it out, as of old, in hearty chorus. Nor was this confined to them; he soon added new friends to old; everywhere loved as soon as known, he succeeded in winning, as no other officer had yet done, the sympathy of the entire army. In the beginning of 1837, Jellachlich advanced another step. We find him major of the Gollner regiment of infantry, now the regiment of the Archduke Ernest, and adjutant general to Count Vetter of Lilienberg, then military governor of Dalmatia.

From this period forth we must look on Jellachlich as a new man: the turbulence of his youth began to settle down; he gradually assumed the more earnest passions of manhood. In his new situation, and under the guidance of his gifted chief, he applied himself with eagerness to the study of the character and position of Dalmatia: a poor province, but to Austria of incalculable importance, as was well seen by the sagacity

of Napoleon. On the death of Lilienberg, Jellachlich, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, was appointed to the first Border regiment of the Banat, and in 1842 took its command as colonel. At the head of this distinguished corps he repelled the incursions of the Bosnians, and by his courage and judgment at the affair at Posvid, gave already promise of his future military glory.

But military glory and talent were only means to an end. Jellachlich was soon to appear in a higher position and character than that of a mere successful commander.

The revolution of March, 1848, opened altogether a new era to the Austrian empire. Rights, which had been well won by many a bloody and prolonged war, long claimed and long promised to a devoted people, were at length conceded, when they could no longer be refused, to all his states by the Emperor Ferdinand. In the time, in the manner in which these concessions were made, there were many elements of confusion. The court was reluctant, the people distrustful. There had been a long inward struggle, under outward appearances of stagnation, not merely between sovereign and subject, but, as it is now known, between court and cabinet. Even Metternich, behind the country, was far in advance of the Camarilla. For some time past, at least wise, if not liberal, he saw, and warned, and would have effected as he had advised, many changes, as indispensable as they were just, not so much through love of reform as through fear of revolution. No wonder then that with this consciousness—nations in these moments and matters have a sort of instinct—Hungary should have endeavored to secure, beyond the contingency of a reaction, her own liberties, and, as the most effectual mode, should have resolved to separate from the empire, and to set up for herself. Not so Croatia—her object was the same as that of Hungary, but the means sound policy pointed out for its attainment widely different. Had Hungary been an homogeneous community, with no antagonism of language, race, and religion, the course for each of the three states which compose her kingdom ought in policy and patriotism to have been the same. But such is not the case; and here, as elsewhere, the results, naturally flowing from such diversity, have followed. Apprehension of the future, resentment for the past, soon produced a total opposition of thought and action. The possessors of power feared to share their power; the excluded from power claimed and proceeded to enforce its par-

ticipation. A Magyar ascendancy was established; not in the sense of the common interests of Hungary, but of those of a faction in Hungary: like all factions, unjust and unwise, it claimed all for itself, and would share nothing with its fellow-subjects and fellow-countrymen, the Slavonic races of Croatia and Dalmatia. There was no excuse for this. These races in number are superior to the Magyar, nor was there any other ground more tenable to justify such assumption. In a mere brute conqueror such course might have been consistent; in men who demanded rights for themselves, who justified their efforts for separation on the ground of these rights, who went so far as to attempt to enforce them against Austria in favor of Italy, it was an absurd and unendurable atrocity. It will best be understood by English readers by referring to similar hypocrisies in Irish history; to that cry of the Irish Protestant Parliament of 1782 for independence from England, in the name of Ireland, at the same time that they were disdainfully shutting out a large portion of Irishmen, the whole of the great Catholic masses, from its enjoyment; clamoring for a free constitution, as if a constitution for a party, and not for a country, could by any possibility be free.

Whilst in connection with Austria, as a dependent member of the empire, as one only of the three united kingdoms, this monopolizing and excluding policy was hardly practicable. To leave full range for the injustice, the Magyar must, in the first instance, be left to himself. To oppress Slavism there must be no monitor German or Tzeckian; no empire, no head, to control or command. Hence, as the obvious preliminary, separation from Vienna became necessary, not so much from hostility to the Kaiser, as through detestation of the fellow-subject Slave. Not equality or freedom, but right to rule, and not be ruled, was their demand. And there soon could be no mistake about the means. Short only of a state of open revolt to her still recognized king was the condition of Hungary from the month of April on. She sent her ambassadors to Vienna, and later to Frankfort, as if altogether to a foreign power; she claimed the right of raising and disposing of her own troops, bound not by the general but special Hungarian oath; she used every effort to divert from their allegiance troops till then devoted to the emperor; she expressed her sympathies openly and unequivocally with the insurgents of Italy; she recalled her regiments from Lombardy, and refused all

further aid for the continuance of the war; she repudiated all share in the imperial debt, all joining in the imperial contributions, all help of blood or money, "were the monarchy itself thereby to fall to pieces;" in a word, in terms as plain as deeds could speak it, she declared her fixed determination to have nothing henceforward in common with the empire. In this emergency Croatia saw herself a serf still, in a free country, involved in a life and death struggle for right and equality, in a furious contest for home and altar—the worst of all civil wars. Aid had she none against the menaced wrong, but in her own right arm and the protection of the empire, which, however weak it might be against all, was all-powerful against each. To the empire, then, and to its head she flew. The emperor and the monarchy, one and undivided, was her battle-cry along the whole of her borders, a cry which burst the bonds which for 800 years had bound South Slavonia to Hungary, and let loose on that devoted land, against the will and in despite of the remonstrances of Croatia herself, the wild hordes of the Raizes and Servians.

It was at this moment, pregnant with the destinies of their country and the integrity of the monarchy, that a Croatian deputation arrived at Vienna. They came to lay at the foot of the throne the expression of their fears—of their devotedness. They pledged "Gut" and "Blut" for the maintenance of the Imperial crown, the union of the empire. But they implored the emperor to give them means and opportunity to redeem this pledge. They prayed him to place at their head a chief who could lead them, and whom they would follow. They solicited him to nominate a man equal to the emergency, to appoint as their Ban the Colonel Joseph Jellachlich.

The emperor was not insensible to the dangers which were fast gathering around him, and sympathized in their apprehension and resentment at the proceedings in Hungary. He granted the prayer. Jellachlich was appointed Ban of the three united kingdoms, and in a few days after covered with honors. He was successively created privy counsellor, field-marshal, proprietor of two regiments, and general commandant-in-chief of the Banat, Waradin, and Carlsstadt districts.

The new Ban at once comprehended the weight and responsibility of his position. They were not ordinary times; it was not an ideal dignity. A great Slavonic movement had begun; not volunteered, but provoked, therefore more likely to be passionate and

perilous. He was called on to master and guide it. Thereby only could the rights of his own race, religion, and land be vindicated, the rights and power of the emperor maintained, the freedom, with the order of the whole community consolidated. "My lot," says he, writing confidentially at this time to a friend, "is cast. I take the straightforward path, the frank and open course; if I stand, well; if I fall, I fall as a soldier, a patriot, and a faithful servant of my emperor and lord!"

But this was no easy task; to master the movement, it was first necessary to master the sympathies of his countrymen, to penetrate himself with the fullness of Slave nationality, to seize and wield the common heart. But this he sought not by blind fanaticism to the phantom of Panslavism, as the German papers have asserted, nor by servile submission to the pretensions of the Czar, its assumed head, as was echoed from the Tribune of Pesth to the Aula of Vienna, still less by any miserable coquetry for a momentary popularity with all parties. Jellachlich was the idol of his nation, but his secret was simple and honest. He was so by force of character and virtues; he was so because quick and bold in the hour of danger; with iron hand he seized and worked the rudder of the state, and over surf and rock bore the laboring vessel gallantly and safely into port. Indefatigable, universal, everywhere present, and on every emergency, haranguing the people, admonishing the authorities, adjuring the clergy, in the street, at the council, from the altar, praising and punishing, conciliating and organizing, he was the very man for the times, as the times were the very times for him. Nothing discouraged him; nothing daunted him. He met the popular tumult and the enemy's charge with the same boldness, the same composure. A turbulent meeting had just disputed some of his orders; he entered it without notice or attendants; the murmurs, every moment growing louder, rang along the benches, till at last one who seemed to act as spokesman for the others, relying on their numbers stepped forward and exclaimed,

"No! though at the head of ten thousand bayonets thou shalt never intimidate us."

Jellachlich struck his sabre calmly aside, and replied—

"And without arms, the Ban keeps order and quiet in the land."

The resistance of the crowd was changed into admiration; enthusiastic "Zivios!" burst forth from every side.

And thus it was that he succeeded in breathing into the South Slavonic movement one feeling and one will. Every heart clung to him as to the only champion of his country's rights, or preserver of her good order and peace. Croatia was not without its ultra-democratic party; even among the Slaves there were sympathizers with the Hungarians, but whatever may have been their opinions or views, their numbers were few. The great mass of the nation, beyond all question, had but one political creed—union with the empire, maintenance of their nationality, full development of its resources and liberties, on a perfect equality with every other portion of the state.

In the excitement naturally resulting from the collision of two such powerful elements, it could hardly be expected that the decencies and proprieties of literary warfare would be much regarded. The arrows shot forth from the Hungarian press against the Ban, whose crime, after all, was not more than endeavoring to obtain for Croatia what the Magyar looked for for Hungary, and who in a juncture of general weakness and faithlessness gave a signal example of energy and devotedness to his country and sovereign, were sent back, it is true, by the Croatian. But there was this difference between them; the Croatian press did not intermeddle with the domestic affairs of Hungary; it acted on the defensive, it defended the cause of the Ban and the country, and however provoked, always replied with dignity and self-control. But the time was past in which such weapons could much avail.

Newspaper invectives were no longer adequate to repress his growing power. Recourse was had to other expedients. It was sought to render him suspected in the eyes of the very sovereign whom he was laboring to serve.

Sick and feeble lay the emperor in the royal palace at Innspruck. It was a remote and retired spot. Many of his best friends were absent; he was surrounded by an Hungarian ministry. Through all the borders the irruption of the Raizes and Servians had produced alarm; the cry of "the country is in danger"—that tocsin cry which creates so much of the danger it affects to apprehend, was heard on every side.

The Ban, it was represented, might easily have prevented or repressed this inroad; he allowed the torrent to grow, to advance, to burst all bounds; the cause of this apathy was obvious; the movement originated from himself. It was not less easy to connect him with the

Panslavist attempts in Prague. In a word, the object at which he aimed was no longer to be concealed, the ascendancy of the Slave at the expense of the other races of the empire. These representations had their effect; the conspiracy succeeded. The emperor declared the Ban *destitué* from all his offices and dignities; but, fearful still of the consequences, required that public effect should not be given to the edict, unless in case of his refusal to abide by the decisions of the Hungarians. A more signal instance of court intrigue and short-sighted as well as ignoble policy—dangerous not less to the Magyar than to the Slave—one more calculated to bring liberty as well as monarchy into contempt—could not have been devised. Jellachlich was forthwith put to the test. He was enjoined not to attend the approaching meeting, on the 5th of June, of the Diet of Agram, and summoned to appear instead at Innspruck to answer the charges preferred against him. This injunction, inspired by Hungarian influence, was well calculated for its purpose. It was an important occasion and meeting, that which was about to take place; deputies from all the Croatian provinces were about to assemble at Agram; grave affairs, nay, the greatest which could affect the feelings and interests of a people, were on the point of being discussed. It had another object. The session was to be preceded by the solemn installation of the Ban. An ordinary man might have obeyed the mandate; the Ban knew at whose suggestion it had issued; he set at naught the summons, and on the appointed day appeared at Agram, and not at Innspruck. Enthusiastic was his welcome; great the jubilee with which he was received by all classes of his countrymen. His installation was performed amidst universal acclamations by the Greek or non-united Bishop and Patriarch of Karlowitz, partly in consequence of the Bishop of Agram being absent, partly from a wish to give evidence in his own instance, that, even in Croatia, religion and church were now free. And strange the contrast the proceedings of that day presented to any one acquainted with the secret machinations and duplicity of the court. In the very moment in which he was denounced as traitor by his sovereign, stood Ban Jellachlich in the Diet Hall at Agram, doing all that in him lay to rouse, by his eloquence, the affections and energies of his hearers to loyalty and devotedness to that same prince; and so unconscious, or so doubtful of the real opinions of the emperor did he feel, that but a few days

after, (the 12th of June,) at the head of a deputation composed of Colonel Denkstein, Count Nugent, Count Ludwig Erdödy, Baron Franz Kulmer, Count Karl Draskovich, and several others, he set out, without hesitation, for Innsbruck. His progress through the Tyrol, in the midst of Alpine songs, patriotic music, festal arches, popular cheerings, was one brilliant triumphal march. The Tyrolese sympathized with the Croats; they were distinguished by the same spirit of devotion to the Imperial House; they had beside some old reminiscences; the name of Jellachlich was not unknown amongst them. Many an old rifle in those mountains had fought in the victorious field of Feldkirch under his father. On his arrival, no communication was made to him—not a word spoken of the edict sanctioned by the emperor but six days before. Prince Paul Esterhazy, the then Minister of Hungary for Foreign Affairs, had received instructions from Pesth not to allow of any interview between him and the emperor. On this being communicated to the deputation, it determined at once on instantly returning, the Ban first conveying in clear terms to the emperor, that he did not hold it to be consistent with the dignity of his majesty, nor with his own, to submit to the control of an Hungarian ministry.

But whilst the empire was thus divided against itself, the court gave proof of being scarcely less separated into different parties. The same man who was refused all approach to the sovereign, was received not only without difficulty, but with open arms, by the Archduke Franz Karl and the Archduchess Sophia. An audience, through their intervention, was, at last, obtained; but apprehensive of its results, Esterhazy and the Hungarian ministry, no longer able to prevent it, required to be present. The archduke endeavored to meet this new difficulty; the Ban still remained firm in his resolution; he would make no advance to the Hungarians. A middle term was at last found; a public was substituted for a private audience. On the appointed day, (19th of June,) the deputation, with Jellachlich at their head, appeared before the assembled court. All then at Innsbruck—emperor and empress, archdukes and archduchesses, the whole of the corps diplomatique, the usual cortège of state officers, lords, and ladies attended. The Hungarian ministry likewise appeared. It was a remarkable scene—Jellachlich stood out before his Croats, before the élite of the nation, and addressed, in his and their name, the emperor. In glowing language he

placed before the sovereign the perilous state of the monarchy; the devotedness unto death of a true and valorous people. He spoke of the rights of both, of the interests of both, eloquently and courageously. It was not fitting that faithful servants should be trodden into dust, or passed away with the stroke of a pen to others at the very moment they were laying at the foot of the throne their urgent prayers, that the bonds which held them to the empire should be rendered more indissoluble than ever. Croatia was its right arm—the border provinces its bone and muscle; though not forming more than the five-and-thirtieth portion of the monarchy, they furnished not less than one-third of its infantry, and could, when necessary, make it double. Such a land and people—such hearts and arms were not, in an hour like this, of danger, recklessly to be cast away. The effect was striking; the court was moved, many shed tears. It was something new to see a man of genius, vigor, and intrepidity, addressing a weak and sickly sovereign face to face, before friend and foe. It carried the mind back to times when individuality, still strong, broke down all barriers of rank or position, and ruled by the force of personal prowess and mind. The charges were no longer pressed; the intervention of the Archduke John was sought and employed, with a view to remove the imputations of the Hungarians.

The act of dismissal was not formally cancelled, but the Ban was allowed *de facto* to continue in the full exercise of his high trust. Every one felt assured that the emperor looked only for the favorable moment to withdraw an edict which it was now clear had been extorted from him against his will. The Archduke John addressed him an autograph letter of congratulation in the most affectionate terms, “An meinen lieben Banus”—“To my dear Ban.” The audience was scarcely over when he was received by the Archduke Franz, and the Archduchess Sophia, in the most friendly manner. The Prince Esterhazy seemed to expect a visit; this not taking place, he visited the Ban. It is said they remained closeted for more than an hour; and that the prince on leaving the apartment, apparently much excited, was heard to exclaim, in passing through the Croats assembled in the antechamber, “What a man! I must myself go to Pesth; this matter must henceforth take another direction.”

And thus he left Innsbruck, in the midst of the caresses of the court, the defeat or

reconciliation of his enemies, the exultation of his friends, and the jubilee of the people. His return was a festival! And all this was an illusion—a fraud—a snare!

He had now reached Lienz, a small village on his way homeward, when taking up the papers of the day, amongst them the "*Wiener Zeitung*," the first thing which struck his astonished and indignant eye under the date of 19th of June, the very day of his audience with the emperor, was the edict for his dismissal—the edict which was not to have been acted on, and of the existence of which not one single tongue had ventured to utter to him a syllable during the whole of his stay at Innspruck! Nor was this all; as if the court could be true to none, the document reluctantly yielded was rendered by a ruse inoperative; it was published without the counter-signature of an Hungarian minister. The Ban was insulted and derided; the Hungarian was duped and foiled. It is hard to say how such a government could inspire or deserve confidence. But this was only one step in that labyrinth of follies and duplicities, which render this page of Austrian history as contemptible as it is mysterious.

At this news, as may well be imagined, the whole of South Slavonia was in a flame. Through all their bounds and borders there was but one cry of sorrowful and scornful indignation at the ignoble treachery of the court. The Ban was silent. None of the papers of the day contain one single word of reproach or resentment from him. But looking back to time and place, to men and circumstances, bitterly must his true heart have felt and deplored this wound so prepared and so struck. His reception by the emperor, the deep concealment, on every side, of the hostile edict, the friendly advances of the archduke and archduchess, the selection of the Archduke John as the mediator; all these matters taken together showed how little he could, in future, count on such a government—how little it was intended that their mandates should be respected or obeyed. The Ban was silent, but not so the Croatian Diet. They bore not the wrong with the same meekness or humility. In bold, but just phrase, they represented to the emperor their veneration and love for their chief, their grief at the injury which had been perpetrated against him. In his wounds they had been wounded; in his interests their interests had been sacrificed. Their allegiance and union with the empire still remained unshaken, but they asked how was it that

while the light of freedom had arisen over every other land in the empire, they alone should be bowed down under the yoke of a foreign dominion. To Hungary and Hungarian intrigue they traced this edict, and in proportion to their attachment to the Ban, was their indignation at such interference. These sentiments were re-echoed by the troops along the frontier. They were the sentiments, indeed, of the whole nation.

Under these circumstances the Ban considered himself justified in paying no regard to the Imperial edict. He knew how unreal it was in every respect, and trusted to future events for his justification. He returned at once to Agra, where he was met with unbounded enthusiasm, and so far from retiring into a private capacity, as was intended, he employed to the utmost every means which his official position gave him, redoubled every exertion, took every measure to put the country in a state of defense, to win still more the confidence of his compatriots, to rouse and prepare for the uncompromising maintenance of their nationality. Neither the mandate of the sovereign nor the Austrian and German press, (then by no means favorable,) nor the fierce denunciations of the Magyar orators and writers, neither private intrigue nor public attack had any effect in diverting him from this purpose. No longer confined to Croatia, he journeyed through all Slavonia, and everywhere found the same reception, everywhere the same determination to support and defend him in the coming emergency.

Events soon proved how just and wise were these precautions. So far from visiting this contumacy with chastisement, the court of Vienna found itself reduced to try other means for the accomplishment of its purpose. It was thought that by mutual explanations an arrangement might still be devised acceptable to both, and sufficient to tranquilize these angry elements. A conference was proposed to take place at Vienna. Bathiany, the Hungarian minister, was there; Jellachlich was invited to meet him; he acceded; his reception in the Imperial capital was encouraging; immense multitudes came out to meet him. He had scarcely reached the Badener Bahnhof, when cries resounded on every side, "Where is Jellachlich?" During his stay in the city his residence in the Kärnthnerstrass was surrounded by crowds of admirers. The officers of the garrison honored him on the 29th of July with a serenade and a "Fackelzug." Nor had the slight interruption



attempted by the Hungarian party any other effect than to furnish him with an opportunity of addressing the Viennese from his window, in a speech terminating with these words: "My cause is the cause of honor; therefore am I ready to lay before you frankly all my feelings and intentions. I am no foe to the noble Hungarian nation, but to those only who, hurried on by their separation tendencies, for their own selfish ends, would rend Hungary from Austria, and thus render both weak. I, my brothers, I wish a great, a strong, a powerful, a free, an undivided Austria. Long live our beautiful fatherland! and long live Germany!"

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, the conference of Vienna produced no peaceful result. It was soon obvious that all compromise was impracticable. Jellachlich did not indeed require the political separation of the Slavonian border territories from the Hungarian united kingdom, but he did require a due recognition of the national and local interests of the Slavonian races, and in that view the suppression of the Hungarian ministries of war and finance, which by establishing an altogether independent action of the Magyar element, left the Slavonic more or less at its mercy; in a word, he demanded the surrender of that independence which had been set up by Hungary since March, 1848, and a re-entrance into the relations of the other provinces of the Austrian monarchy.

This, as may be easily imagined, was resisted with no less obstinacy by the Hungarian minister. In a country which aimed at total separation, and had accomplished it in part, it was a question of life and death. The negotiations were broken off—the Hungarians on their side, in greater difficulty than ever, with their position exposed through the apathy of the imperial troops; Jellachlich, on his, more than ever conscious of his advantages, hastened respectively to make immediate preparations for war. Notwithstanding the two battalions sent from each of the frontier regiments to Italy, he had still left in each district from 4000 to 5000 volunteers. "With God, and be heroes!" was the old cry of departure of the Borderers, whenever the emperor called them to join his standard in war—"With God, and be heroes!" arose from the sick and the sound, the young and the old. "With God, and be heroes!"—our women and children will guard our borders from the Turks;" greeted him on every side. Croatia and Slavonia imposed and submitted to the heaviest bur-

thens; as by the stroke of a magician's wand, arms, artillery, provisions, magazine stores, sprung up in profusion—none of the munitions of war were wanting. This was attributed at the time to the secret aid of the Austrian minister of war; it may be doubted whether he then contributed anything beyond sympathy; later, indeed, determination and success may have attracted or compelled such aid. Such indeed was the whole policy of this vacillating cabinet; following events instead of guiding them, determined by temporary expediency instead of eternal justice, to friend and foe equally dissimulative, attempting to keep together the fragments of the empire, and every day infusing new solvents calculated to loosen and divide.

Jellachlich had now completed his arrangements. With the fervent support of his own Croats, and the warm wishes of many Austrian regiments, and no very determined opposition on the part even of the Hungarians themselves, armed at every point, he stood ready to pass the frontier of Hungary.

Civil war was imminent; a few still looked (they were very few) to the mediation or control of the emperor. In this crisis, on the 4th of September, 1848, appeared in the *Agramer Zeitung*, an imperial edict in open recantation of all former measures on the subject, restoring the Ban to all his public honors and functions, in recognition "of his wise and patriotic services!" But this, too, was without the signature of an Hungarian minister. It thus looked little less than a formal declaration of war against Hungary. It was so interpreted. The ferment, the consternation it produced is well known. An Hungarian deputation hastened to Schönbrunn; it was received, but none but the most evasive answers returned. The court would enter into no explanation, no discussion, until the Kossuth ministry had been dismissed. This was complied with. A Bathany ministry was formed, but to no purpose; the old Kossuth spirit still breathed through it. Neither the court nor Jellachlich gained by the alteration. New complications succeeded. The Archduke Stephen had at first attempted, in quality of viceroy, to conduct affairs; this he soon found to be impossible; a semi-provisional government, a species of Kossuth and Szemere dictatorship was appointed; it had given way to the Bathany ministry, and this now had failed. In the mean time the dangers which threatened Hungary every day increased. Jellachlich had already passed the Drave on the morning of the 11th of

September, with the main body of his army, and was now advancing towards the capital.

The "Landwehr" was called out, and the very same Diet which had refused the archduke more extensive powers, now called on him to do his duty as Palatine, and to place himself at the head of the insurrection. For a moment he hesitated, and appeared disposed to take the command of the troops, but, on the 17th of September, instead of appearing, as was expected, at their head, he escaped to Vienna, on the plea of making one more effort for conciliation. This last link with the court being broken, Hungary now stood in open revolt. Every exertion was made, but the means and chances were unequal. The national guard, the army of the Drave, were for the most part composed of raw recruits; a feeble force against the 30,000 or 40,000 men of Jellachlich, who now stood at Great Kanisa ready to strike the decisive blow.

But in this moment of suspense, Vienna gave a new direction to events, the flight of the emperor to Olmütz left little doubt what course it was now intended to pursue. The rural population had never forgotten their traditional attachment to the House of Hapsburg, and the emperor still maintains something in all his weakness of that good-natured homeliness, which smoothened down with the peasant so much of the harsher form of absolutism in the time of his predecessors. On the way they crowded out from villages with song and shout to meet their Kaiser. Woe to the "Studiosus" who on that day dared to show himself with red cap or red handkerchief, albeit of the national guard, amongst them.

At Eggenburg the whole neighborhood gathered round the Imperial carriage. The emperor had way made for them, and addressed them in the old paternal tone of Kaiser Franz—"Children! what I've promised I'll keep. Robott, tithes, and all those other matters have ceased. I've sanctioned and signed it, and so it shall remain. Your emperor gives you his word for it, and you may believe your emperor. I mean well towards you, but in Vienna there are people who do not mean well towards me, and who wish to seduce you. As I can no longer help myself, I must, unfortunately, send military amongst them to make them act better," &c. &c.\* These words were received with

more applause than would have been the most studied oration. The old spoke of the late "blessed" emperor, and the women hung out "schwartz-gelbe" handkerchiefs, the imperial colors. The Austrian peasant is conservative, and looks with something akin to detestation on the unintelligible theories and wild uproar of the towns. So long as he is allowed to reap what he sows, the patriotism of the Aula appears to him incomprehensible. The court saw enough to convince it, that it could rely on the country, in case of any measure against the towns; no aid could come to them from that quarter; no *landsturm* cry would be obeyed. The movements of Windisch-Grätz and Jellachlich were now safe.

And day after day, closer and closer drew the lines—move after move, until tower and pawn were shut in by bishop, king, and knight; and the issue of the great game no longer appeared doubtful. Few sieges in modern times have been so fraught with the wild and wayward, with huge and harsh contrasts of men and things. A sovereign with outstretched arm and uplifted sword over his own capital; his Parliament sitting within its walls; his subjects within, as without, protesting allegiance; without, as within, proclaiming freedom; resisting in despite of their allegiance the still constitutional head of the state; in despite of their protestations in favor of liberty, ready to crush it; nationalities of all kinds (even Hungary has several) under new banners, the very opposite to those under which they had at first set out. "Deutschthum" in alliance with "Slaventhum;" Slaventhum at variance with itself, witness the letter of the Ban to his Bohemian brethren, and their expostulations in answer from Prague—surely there were never joined in more tangled web so many and such various views and passions. At night might be heard on the Rother-Thurm bastion, the bivouac of the Windisch-Grätz grenadiers, chanting, with might and main, in the Leopoldstadt near—"Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?" whilst the university, "Fuchsalied"—"Was kommt dort von der Höh," was converted into a "Soldaten-Lied" for the occasion, and every now and then the burthen—"Vom ledernen Jellachlich," mixed jovially with Slavonic lay and music, the

dabei bleibt's: eure Kaiser gibt euch sein Wort darauf, und glaubt's dem Kaiser; ich mein's gut mit euch; aber in Wien giebt's Leut' die's nicht gut mit mir meinen, und die euch auch verführen wollen: und da kann ich mir nicht helfen ich wird leider Militär hinschicken müssen," u. a. w.

\* The very words of the emperor, if we are to trust the report: "Kinder was ich versprochen hab' das halt' ich; Robott, Zehend, und das andere hat aufgehört; ich hab's sanctionirt, unterschrieben und

Aula imitated ludicrously and fantastically by the camp.

The day, long certain, though long delayed, at last arrived, and the short, pregnant telegraphic dispatch, "The Imperial troops are in possession of the city," told all. With them entered Jellachlich—not into a conquered, as many hold, but into a liberated town. It looked as if the capital had drawn in by some singular convulsion the blood from the extremities to the heart. All its far-off and heterogeneous elements were that day pressed together, visibly represented, written down in broad and flaring line and color, in its streets; strange sights, uncouth sounds; the many-handed and party-colored power, there for the first time self-conscious, actual and acting in one narrow sphere. Jellachlich entered, but not before he had driven back the Hungarians from the frontier, which he had passed in defiance of the people as he had sat at the "Bantafel" at Agram in defiance of the sovereign, in obedience as he held it to a higher order and wiser policy than that of either. At three o'clock on 2d of November, he entered at the head of a regiment, of cuirassiers, preceded by a division of the Sereschener corps—a wild and fierce mass, the famous "Red Mantles." Red caps, red cloaks, with dagger, and pistol, eastern-wise in belt, carbine, or rifle, or sabre in hand; "never saw I," says an eye-witness, "a set of more thorough-looking bandits, in the whole course of my life." And in the midst of these, amongst them but not of them, rode the Ban, in his gray hussar cloak—a noble-looking personage of right gallant and knightly bearing. No sooner had he passed the Burgthor than salutations and vivats greeted him on every side; handkerchiefs waved from fair hands, men joined their shouts; while with that courtly and joyous grace which has always distinguished him, he returned the compliments with bows to the windows above, and with responding cheers to the crowds below. "Blushes of burning shame," says one who stood near him, "flushed up my cheek at the sight, familiar as I was with the versatility of the people, and taught not then for the first time to despise them."

Yet there was some excuse for all this, both in those who knew the man, and in those who for the first time beheld him irrespective of all cause and purpose for which he came. No harsh deeds of blood, no reckless squandering of human life, no brutal trampling on the rights and fruits of civilization have been laid to his charge. He seems

taken from the bosom of its most favored recesses, not to rouse or urge on barbarous hordes to the destruction of its glories, but to guide and control them as far as he can. He bears even in his externals the indications of this refinement. Jellachlich is scarcely of the middle size, not coarsely, but muscularly built, a man more of moral than physical power. His high and clear forehead, bald nearly of hair; his black, keen, and easily kindled eye, a grave yet friendly expression of countenance, but above all a singularly gentle melancholy about the mouth, mark a man in whom very opposite elements are favorably blended. Those best acquainted with his habitual existence, bear testimony to the accuracy with which these physical characteristics express the moral man. Kindliness and sociability are interwoven in his whole nature, always ready with word and deed, always equal, always accessible, he throws unreservedly his heart and door open to every sorrow, every wrong. Eager for all action, intellectual as well as bodily, distinguished as a statesman, not unknown as a writer, he is a stranger to no department, but his paramount, his true vocation is war. In character and conduct noble, of the most chivalrous valor and honor, generous, liberal, a true son, an ardent lover of his country, a soldier, poet, patriot combined, master not of the arms only but of the inmost hearts of his countrymen, he seems to stand out from the general mass of historic personages of our day, as destined to perform not merely a romantic, but a great part, in the history of a mighty futurity. And to this, not his own will alone may lead him, but the very necessities by which, as by Greek fate, or Mahomedan fatalism, he seems to be borne on. "Vienna is in the hands of the Imperial troops," is not the whole of this history; the epoch closes not here. Who will say that the rude expression of the Frankfort orator—"The Austrian empire is a black-yellow lie" (*eine schwarzgelbe lüge*)—be false or true? Who will say, that it is a heap of fragments, or an incorporation of states? Who will say that the object which kept together the assailants during the moment of attack being now gained, it will no longer prevent them from breaking out into discord again? The Vienna, and the Diet, and the Aula questions, may be settled, but is it not only to make way for the Magyar, the Slavonian, the Serbian, the Tzschian, and the Italian, lowering gloomily behind? Should Hungary succeed, straight snaps asunder the last link which binds her to the empire. Should the empire

succeed, should Jellachlich at last be enabled to humble or restrain her, who can answer even in his despite, for the justice or the wisdom of the Imperial Camarilla, after such proofs of the puny intrigue and Stuart-like faithlessness with which it played with events and nations, even against him? Is Austria prepared to listen to the call of Prague, and to set herself up as the Slavonic empire of Europe, expurging herself of Germanism and Magyarism at the same time? Who in the midst of such repellants working inwardly, can look with hope abroad for the iron hand of some Otho or Frederick to compress and consolidate her anew? Cohesion wanting, what other energy can supply its place? Where the centripetal is not, and the centrifugal is in such furious action, who can doubt, sooner or later, of the inevitable result? And in the breaking loose of this planet from its orbit, in the breaking up of this Austrian world into fragments and smaller worlds of its own, in the resolving into kingdoms what now is empire, who may say how much, or what may fall to the lot of any nation or of any men? Here, as elsewhere, mind will command matter, and people, for their own sakes, re-arrange themselves under some

symbol, some guaranty of order, of permanence, of certainty—under chiefs or kings. Half of those who have become such in the history of mankind, have been long masters in the hearts of the people before they were written down in document or title—sovereigns. As Hapsburg began, so may Jellachlich begin. The Ban-viceroy of Croatia is not stranger in sound or fact, than the Pasha-viceroy of Egypt, in a decaying monarchy, first its officer, then its rival, then one of its monarchs himself. In such a parcelling or promotion, an Illyrian, a Croatian, a South Slavonian crown is quite as natural as a Prussian, a Westphalian, or a Hanoverian. Margraves and Electors are not better stuff for such dignities than Bans. And, above all, it should be remembered, the cause has been, and is, Slavonic and the head of Panslavism; the Czar will take care that a member of the race, and virtually, if not nominally, his feudatory—"aura toujours droit."

"Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux!" says the poet. Few periods are more likely to give a new illustration of the aphorism than the present, few soldiers more fitted to justify it, than the Ban Jellachlich.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## OLD MUSIC AND PICTURES.

THIS old-world music sounds to-night, within the dear familiar room,  
As a haunting strain of memory weaving shadows 'mid the gloom;  
The pictures hang upon the walls, well-known from early childhood's day,  
Ah! could they mirror forth the past, what changeful scenes they might display.

Of mirthful hours and careless hearts, of fair young faces they would tell,  
And of the gentle mother's love presiding o'er with kindly spell;  
And they would breathe of death and woe—within the self-same chamber sped  
Life's fleeting hours—and here repose her honored, coffined head.

Old pictures! ye have seen far more than mortal ken may ever know,  
Of agony and dark despair—and days, and weeks, and months of woe;  
And when this simple music weaves sweet melodies of other years,  
The heart is far too full for words—and thought is far too deep for tears.

Beloved ones were listening then, cheered by the well-known homely strain—  
Fond hearts throbbed that never more may clasp me to their own again;  
Old pictures, gaze! as ye were wont in the careless days of yore—  
But alas! for the melody of heart which has fled for evermore.

From the English Review.

## HUMORISTS—DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

1. *Domby and Son.* By CHARLES DICKENS. Bradbury & Evans. 1848.
2. *Vanity Fair.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Bradbury & Evans. 1848.

Avoid "foolish talking and jesting," says the Apostle, "which are not convenient;" and the inspired preacher hath taught us, "sorrow is better than laughter." Nevertheless, there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh." "To the pure all things are pure." The jesting of the heathen world was profane and unclean; to Christian ears "it was altogether abominable." Even like sinful were its "banquetings" and "revelings," though our blessed Lord scrupled not to prefigure the rejoicings in heaven over "one sinner that repenteth" by earthly feasting, dancing, and merriment, and has thus indirectly sanctioned all of these. For, though the world be nothing out of Him, yet in Him it may be much to us, and the Christian rule is to cultivate, innocently and freely, "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure and lovely." Now, laughter, in itself, is innocent; in childhood, it is often "lovely." Inconsistency and imperfection, the consequences of sin, are undoubtedly the sources of the ludicrous. In heaven there can be nothing incongruous, nothing out of place, nothing, therefore, it should seem, provocative of laughter; for it is the imperfect realization of the mind's ideal which alone appears absurd; as where great pretensions are combined with small performances, or good intentions with silly and inadequate deeds. The laughter of childhood might be supposed derivable from another source: it seems to well forth from an inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment; the pure overflowings of delight, which take this channel of expression: and yet childhood, even, is liable to those perceptions of the ludicrous which arise from manifest incongruities. But if an habitually grave, or indeed any elder person, contort the features and make wry "faces," in playing with a child, that child will almost invariably fall into ecstasies of laughter: or, if the nurse, or "papa" or "mamma" pretend to be afraid and runs away

from a little one, bursts of glad merriment will surely be elicited. Nay, it is oddity and incongruity with the quietude of other things, which makes the very infant clap its hands and crow when the silver bells are made to sound before it.

Many other equally familiar instances of the influence exercised by incongruity over childhood might be enumerated, but we think we have said enough to prove our point. Certain it is, however, that if the mirth of very early years is sometimes the mere ebullition of animal spirits unconnected with any perception of the ludicrous, the laughter of maturity is almost invariably, if not invariably, prompted by imperfection of some kind, which is the concomitant of evil, and might therefore seem, in one sense, more worthy of tears than merriment. Puns, "jeux de mot," and that entire class of sayings which pertain to the category of wit, are rarely provocative of hearty laughter. It is humor which stirs the inner man to mirth. We may smile at Ben Jonson, but Shakspeare makes us "roar." Sometimes, however, humor may blend with wit, even in a pun, through the incongruous collocation of things, really most dissimilar and inimical to one another therein conveyed; such as the coupling of quakerlike gravity with, say, a lady's hat and feathers. But the truth is, that, in such cases, we generally find the humor ourselves which is provocative of laughter; we fancy, for instance, almost unconsciously, what a grave quaker's feelings might be at finding himself subjected to such a comparison, and the thought of his sadness makes us laugh. However, incongruity will be found in all such cases to lie at the root of the matter, if we *do* laugh; and incongruity is but a form and expression of imperfection.

But is it right to laugh? Should we not rather cry? We reply—not as we are constituted for existence in this world. If the

sight and presence of the imperfect could only move us to tears, or at least to grief, we should be so possessed with an unfathomable and boundless sorrow, that it would be practically impossible for us "to rejoice in the Lord alway." Were we enabled to realize, and that continually, the amount of sin and suffering which exists upon this earth, nay, were we compelled so to do by the organization of our being, we could never know a moment's peace; we must be always plunged in the abyss of woe. Under such circumstances the business of life would come utterly to an end, arts and sciences would be annihilated, and the human race itself would soon vanish from the face of this habitable globe. And this fact, implying the indispensable need of relaxation and happiness, in some degree, for the bare duration of humanity, supplies a sufficient answer to cavillers like poor Leigh Hunt, who tells us that all Christians, professing to believe in future torments, are either hypocrites or brutes; as their hearts and minds should be exclusively possessed with pity for their fellow-creatures, and their whole lives devoted to intercessory prayers for the doomed. It is true, that the loving and faithful Christian needs not to urge the insufficiency of human nature as his plea for pursuing rational happiness; for he knows that his God is just and merciful as he is great, and feels that whatever he has willed must, in some sense, be for the best, and that doubt or distrust on his part would be impious and practically atheistic; but it is no less true, that from the requirements of his nature, even under the direct influence of Heaven, all his feelings and perceptions are finite and liable to change. Light and shade are requisite for a world like this: even Heaven knows gradations of glory; and the All-Infinite alone, promoting and realizing all, enjoys absolute and boundless perfection.

But we may be waxing too grave "for the nonce." Let us be suffered to assume, then, that "there is a time to laugh," even for the righteous man; that the incongruous and imperfect may excite his mirth; that even that higher order of ridicule, which is animated by a sense of right and a love of goodness, may be permitted to him, while a tenant of this mortal sphere. And, so much conceded, let us proceed to proclaim, that the two works, of which we have placed the titles at the head of this brief essay, though by no means free from faults of various orders, are, on the whole, trophies of national

humor, and additions to the treasury of human literature. Their purpose is in the main honest, (that of the greater of the twain eminently so,) and the execution is generally in keeping with the purpose. And therefore do we rejoice, as Christians and as Englishmen, in these creations of our living humorists, and conceive it our special duty, as Churchmen, to proclaim, that true humor may be hallowed by the love of God.

It may seem the stranger to question the compatibility of Christianity with humor, when we reflect that we have comparatively few records of its existence under the domination of Paganism. Though it has long been the fashion to talk loosely of Aristophanic humor, we think that Aristophanic wit and fun would be the more fitting meed for praise. Without entering on another series of definitions, just at present, lest we should tire our readers out, or possess them with the idea that we only allowed ourselves to laugh by rule, and limited all perceptions of the ludicrous by arithmetical or geometrical proportions, let us content ourselves with the suggestion, that the highest humor in our eyes must not be far remote from pathos; must at least be drawn from an intimate sympathy with the nobler cravings as well as the failings of humanity. Now basely negative humor, critical and corrosive—a species of vinegar distilled from wine on the lees, or the produce of sound sense, narrowed, distorted, and more or less falsified by ill-nature—cannot challenge much of our admiration, and certainly never commands our laughter; though it may not be without a use of its own, if nothing better can be obtained; and such, mainly, is the Aristophanic produce. Direct satire, and more especially political satire, deals much with wit, and may deal with fun also, but makes little use of humor. It very rarely bids us laugh. He who loves God and man, supposing him to be possessed of equally sound sense and fertile imagination with the misanthropic thinker, must needs be a far higher humorist. Man must sympathize with man, to be able to expose his weaknesses with success. Hate and scorn are repellants: they interpose a barrier; they bring darkness in their train. Love is the great teacher, to lay bare the mysteries of humanity; the guide, to traverse its depth and height, and measure its circumference; the plummet, to sound its abyss; and the living sunshine, to explore its every crevice and bring its darkness into day. Of this love, Aristophanes had not much, and Terence and

Plautus had little more. Nor was this strange. There was comparatively little to endear the human race to the Pagan moralist: he saw its vices and its follies; but he knew not that for the last and lowest of its laves a Divine Saviour should expire.

With the growth of Christianity the principle of love extended its benignant influence; soon, indeed, corruption manifested itself, and Gnosticism poisoned some of the life-springs of devotion. The great principle that "to the pure all things are pure," quoted at the commencement of these remarks, was trampled under foot of man; the beautiful was condemned as unholy. Men could not forbid the stars to shine, nor the flowers to bud in spring, nor the glorious rainbow to span the sky; but they could and did forbid any mental response to all these glories. A myriad dew-drops might glitter like diamonds every worn in the rays of the rising sun, but not one pearl of wit or humor was allowed to drop from Christian lips, lest the grace of the baptized man should be desecrated by common earthly joys. How this fearful error waxed and developed itself into the corruption of social life in Christian lands, and the severance of a redeemed world from its Redeemer, need not be narrated here. But Gnosticism and Gnostic asceticism was not the soil for humor, save one of a cold, and harsh, and bitter nature, of which "Jerome" and others have left us more than sufficient samples.

Even in the middle ages, humor, as far as it had any existence, was negative and hard-hearted. It showed itself, no doubt, here and there, in the famous "Reynard," that stern protest against hypocrisy and superstition; but humor in the highest sense was almost an incompatibility with the then existing state of society. Freedom is its essential element; and who possessed this when brute force reigned supreme, save where the influence of a corrupt, but Christian Church interposed to shield the helpless from overweening tyranny? The monks can alone be said to have enjoyed freedom, literary and social, such as might be consistent with the creation of humoristic works; and what a freedom was this! that of a bird in its cage; or, in the case of nobler and higher spirits, of a falcon in its coop, of a lion taken in the snares! If other men were chained by hourly need to the struggle for life, for existence; they, the monks, were like men, freed indeed from such fetters, but shrouded 'neath dreary cowls and robes of iron sackcloth, that checked their breath, and bound them to abide as

statues upon one spot forever. Monkish humor! What *should* it be but bitter, harsh, and stern? Or else, where good-natured, small and weak, confined in sympathies, narrow in range, devoid of purpose? A pleasant chuckling over a little pious fraud for holy ends; a satisfactory conviction of the universal depravity of the human race, justifying an occasional lapse, to be atoned for by some subsequent penance; a quiet Latin joke at the expense of a rival community; these, and such as these, are ingredients for the cauldron of humoristic harmlessness in monkery. We will not describe the process of the more venomous decoction. However, the only works of the middle ages possessing, or professing any humor, *did* proceed from monks; and they are few indeed. The Jesters were, no doubt, shrewd fellows; and happy should we be to make the acquaintance of some of them, in this present age and life, especially if dowered with the moral excellencies which distinguish "Shakspeare's" fools, of whom perchance anon. But "the jesters" dealt not much in vellum or parchment, and have left us few scraps of their handiwork. With the Reformation, or rather with that outpouring of intellectual energy which preceded and hastened it, humor first assumed its adequate position in literature. Rabelais led the way. We cannot say that this author is a great favorite of ours; he has geniality, too, and occasional largeness of heart; but exaggeration of delivery mars all. That order of wit, which the Americans have appropriated to themselves, and which consists in a monstrous and grotesque amplification of fact, is perhaps the easiest attainable, and has certainly little to recommend it to esteem. Still, there is a gigantic "*bonhomme*" about Gargantua and the other heroes of this strange work, which is nearly akin to true humor, and must always command our tribute of esteem. Of course, we can only think with disgust of the unnecessary ordure which Rabelais has heaped around his own pedestal, and in which he has sunk well-nigh up to the chin. Berni, Pulci, and other Italians, had indicated the possession of high humoristic qualities in their mock heroics; and Ariosto himself, though more distinguished for romantic fancy, was not devoid of a humorous vein. A pleasing "*bonhomme*" might also be discovered in some of Boccaccio's stories. Nevertheless, the first great master-piece of humor destined to electrify the world, was the "Don Quixote" of Spain. It was mainly negative indeed; but

that which exposes imperfection and would correct it, must in some sort be negative; and "Don Quixote" teaches us to love human nature in the person of the unfortunate knight-errant, whose endeavors, however misdirected, were not the less genuine and true-hearted.

But it is not our present purpose to trace the progress of humor from clime to clime, and age to age. Suffice it to profess, that our own national literature may claim a proud pre-eminence, in this as in so many other spheres. It is probable that the stores of Europe united would not be found sufficient to counterbalance her humoristic treasury. Spain may quote Cervantes; France, Le Sage, Molière, Beaumarchais, perhaps Montaigne; Germany, Lessing, Wieland, and Jean Paul; Italy, her mock heroics. As for Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, we profess our ignorance. Strange to say, we, though Quarterly Reviewers, are positively not omniscient; not even, though, under Providence, we indite our sentences in that royal style, which is the prerogative of the monarch and the anonymous *criticling*. Yet let us not belie ourselves; we know Andersen the Dane, and Frederica Bremer the Swede, and we have further read some Russian works of fiction, in German versions of them, which certainly appeared anything but humorous. We can affirm as much of those Polish and Hungarian works, with which it has been our fortune to become acquainted, in more familiar tongues. In fine, we believe that these and other lands unnamed would add little to the store of the world's humorous creations, were one language common to all men, and they indited in the same. And now, we can oppose Shakspeare to Cervantes, Molière, Wieland; and oh! how far greater he than that or any other earthly triad! How did he read the very heart of humanity, and how has he made it beat palpably before us in his immortal works! How has he blended the sweetest sympathy with human virtues, with the keenest sense of the shortcomings of the best! His fools, as was before suggested, are rarely mere things for mirth; but living, breathing fellow-creatures, whom we learn to love, and pity, and regard. Let us think of the noble-hearted companion to the poor discredited Lear, ever ready with a forced laugh and a biting jest to divert the maddening soul of his master from the contemplation of his inhuman wrongs; who knew Cordelia and loved her, and had no doubt been fully estimated by her: "Since my young lady's going in-

to France, sir, the fool hath much pined away;" or let us remember the shrewd and somewhat artificial "Touchstone," who yet follows his mistress into banishment, and cheers her spirit with his quirks and his oddities: "I care not for my spirit, if my legs were not weary;" or the sentimental "Feste;" or even the marvellous, good-tempered, long-suffering "Dromios." But it matters little to what class of humorous characters we turn our attention in the works of the bard of Avon; grotesque barbarism in Caliban, self-satisfied shallow silliness in Trinculo, common-place sensuality in Stephano, shrewd and yet good-hearted half-wittedness in Launce, vague and frothy pomposity in Shallow, imbecility in Slender, talkative laxity in Mistress Quickly; all are hit off to the life, some by a few rapid strokes; others in finished portraits, and with lines drawn close and fine; and without ever degenerating into that mere embodiment of humors at which Ben Jonson aimed, and of which Sir Walter Scott has given us an example in Sir Percy Shafton; though he, no doubt, has added various individualizing traits, which raise his knight above the artificial creatures whom rare old "Ben" employs for his machinery. After Shakspeare, then, we scarcely feel entitled to enumerate Ben Jonson, though we enjoy his exquisite masques, and own the able wit which distinguishes his comedies. But wit is not humor. Bobadil is not a living creature as Pistol is, that noisy swaggerer Pistol; and yet Bobadil is one of Ben Jonson's nearest approaches to a humorous character; his *most* successful is that of Justice Clement, who embodies an admirable idea very imperfectly developed; that of a remarkably kind-hearted old man who cannot hurt a mouse, but is always, in theory and in the first instance, for the strict letter of the law, and its immediate execution on all offenders, and endeavors to hide his real mildness under the veil of extreme severity of bearing. Beaumont and Fletcher have much wit; mainly wit of an offensive and odious nature, uttered at the expense of goodness and virtue; but we should declare humor to be utterly unknown to them, were it not for the one character of "Bessus," in which they have perhaps transcended "Pistol;" showing us a combination of real meanness and excessive smallness of nature with vanity and pomposity which is infinitely amusing, at least in the earlier scenes of the play where *he* is introduced; the latter are exaggerated and disagreeable. "Beaumont and Fletcher" never knew when



they had given enough of anything; being alike deficient in taste and principle, they went on, as they fancied, heaping up effects, until they sacrificed the very semblance of reality; not knowing or remembering that even sunshine itself, too fierce or too continuous, becomes a curse, not blessing, and impoverishes what it would enrich. In fact, their want of common sense is a remarkable instance of the union of folly with wickedness in those who might be wise if they loved and lived for God and man. Dryden and Pope, too, though both possessing stores of wit, are deficient in true humor; and so is even Swift, much as his "Gulliver" delights us. But Sterne, on the other hand, Lawrence Sterne, with all the drawbacks which may justly be alleged against him, was a true master of humors; as "Corporal Trim" and his master will bear record to the end of time; and Fielding, despite undeniable coarseness, which would make us shrink from recommending his general perusal in these days, has, more especially in "Joseph Andrews," sounded the depths and shoals of humoristic comedy; and Goldsmith, too, in the delightful and inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield," has given us that exquisite combination of quiet cheerfulness and sweetness, with strong good sense, which prompts at once to tears and laughter, the most delightful of all combinations. We cannot say much for Farquhar, Congreve, Wycherley, Mrs. Centlivre, &c.; wit they all possess in abundance, and sometimes humor, too; but it is sadly "marred in the delivery," and can "profit little." Sheridan, too, has more of wit than humor, and cannot be commended as a moralist. We have omitted Smollett from our list; for, as a whole, he pleases us not; and though Butler, Prior, and Steele have claims on men's regard, we stay not to enforce them. But for Addison, a special word of recognition must be reserved, whose delightful "Sir Roger" has been so long the theme of admiration, and whose peculiar genius has inspired one modern but true-hearted American, Washington Irving, to efforts which have perchance surpassed the *chef d'œuvres* of his master.

Yet with all that has been enumerated, and far more not touched on here, we think that we can vindicate yet higher humoristic glories for the last half century. In poetry, the legendary ballads of Southey, those at least, of a lighter order, have attained to an excellence of their kind not easily to be surpassed; who that has ever read them will not remember with delight "Queen Orica

and the Martyrs Five," and "Queen Mary's Christening?" Moore and Byron are not to be named in the same category with Southey; both have much wit, the former's sometimes playful, the latter's almost always evil and destructive; but neither of them excels in humor. The wit, and what *some* would call the humor of Byron's "Don Juan," resides almost exclusively in incongruous and, oftentimes, startlingly profane collocations of the sublime and the ridiculous, combined with a certain brilliant flashiness, and a wonderful knack at rhyming. But, in prose, Scott was, perhaps, the first great champion of supremacy for the nineteenth century. We can only allude now to his "Caleb Balderstones" and "Dominie Sampsons;" his Antiquaries and his Friars. But he will be admitted to have familiarized us with all the more amiable and more ludicrous traits of Scottish nationality, and, writing from the fullness of the heart, and sympathizing with those whom he depicts, he has transcended a whole legion of witlings, and vindicated the propriety of the natural union betwixt sound principle and genuine humor. Miss Edgeworth, though with the sad drawback of irreligion—negative not positive, consisting in the absence of distinctive Christianity, not in the presence of offensive infidelity—performed in some degree a similar labor of love for our Irish neighbors; but, as might be expected, her humor is oftentimes cold and mechanical, and her morality wanting in the principle of genial charity. Various other humorists have arisen, of whom we might speak at length. Miss Austen has certainly claims on our consideration, and so has even Bulwer in some parts of "Pelham" and "Eugene Aram," and so most assuredly has Marryatt in "Peter Simple" and other of his naval creations; but Miss Austen is a little "coldish," and Bulwer is somewhat flimsy, and Marryatt is rather hard-hearted, as "The Naval Captain," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy," and "Percival Keene" evince, though not so much so as Smollett, to whom we prefer him on the whole. But, perhaps, this our own immediate day is the most highly favored by a directly humoristic display, in two great individualities, at least, to which we purpose to devote some cursory remarks.

We are not peculiarly proud of the pleasing prettinesses of Leigh Hunt, (the alliteration was not sought for,) though we like much his volume of "Wit and Humor," preferring, however, that on "Fancy and Imagination;" nor would we commend the harsh, and crude, and unwholesome sloeberries

which Douglas Jerrold proffers us, as grapes from the vineyard of wit; nor does Mrs. Gore's flippancy, nor Mrs. Trollope's coarseness, engage our marked sympathies. And yet all these writers, and various others unnoted, have merits in their way which we must not be understood to question: thus, Mrs. Gore has real quickness and fertility of invention, and a certain superficial knowledge of the worst side of life; and Mrs. Trollope has strong masculine sense and energy, and living earnestness, and in one work, "The Widow Barnaby," despite the vulgarity of some scenes, has attained the excellent, and created what will long endure; and even Douglas Jerrold has generous impulses at times, when his head will allow his heart fair play, and always a brilliant imagination; and has attained some approach to truth in the "Caudle Papers," though we question whether that production has not wrought more harm than good; but all these, and many other, comparatively feeble, luminaries, wax pale and dim within the sphere of the two suns of humor, Dickens and Thackeray. Wit, others may and do excel in; Jerrold, for instance, is far above either of these in this department, and so perhaps, is Lever, whom we reserve for future consideration: but then wit is as inferior to humor as soap-bubbles to genial nectar, as the froth on the surface to the pure liquid beneath, or even as the shadow to the substance. Wit is no more than a curious collocation of apparently dissimilar objects; it is a lower form of expression of that poetic fancy, so characteristic of our English bards, which finds some type of beauty in the material world for every emotion of the soul. Humor, as has been before remarked, deals mainly with human character; it contrasts the real with the ideal in the spirit of genial love and pity, and moves at once to tears and laughter. Wit, then, is mainly external; humor internal: the former is dependent on the fancy; the latter on reason and feeling. Every great humorist will be probably found to possess wit or the capacity for wit, as well, at least, in a degree; but a very mighty and brilliant witling, or witmonger, may not possess a single spark of genuine humor. Wit is generally negative; humor as generally affirmative. But we will not carry our definitions further for the present, or we may haply seem to contradict ourselves; for we confess, that the boundaries of either region cannot be absolutely determined; that wit may be sometimes found in humor, and even humor in wit.

Let us proceed to consider Dickens and

Thackeray. Some readers may wonder at our at once elevating the latter humorist, on the score of one great work, to a level with the author of "The Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Martin Chuzzlewit;" but were Thackeray never to complete his "Pendennis" or other works, and to rest his claim to the admiration of future generations on "Vanity Fair" alone, he would have already achieved a humoristic elevation, which admits, perhaps, of no supremacy, save that of the all-conquering "Shakspeare." Cervantes' fame rests on "Don Quixote;" Swift's practically on "Gulliver;" Sterne's on "Tristram Shandy;" and Goldsmith's on "The Vicar of Wakefield." We are now in the habit of expecting voluminous contributions to literature from all men of high literary genius; nor can it be denied that the authors of most absolute merit have generally been the most fertile also. But "Vanity Fair" is enough of itself to ground a European, nay, a world-reputation, and that of the most enduring nature. But let us proceed in order due. Dickens, who came first in order of time, claims also our first attention. Now let us not hesitate to avow, and at once, that there is much we cannot approve of in this author's writings. We do not allude to the tendency to vague and pernicious sentimentalism apparent in his "Battle of Life," and other recent productions, but rather to that absence of direct reference to the *highest* motives, which led a critic to observe, that Sunday seemed to be struck out of the week in all the tales of Mr. Dickens. There is an improvement, and we are happy to record the fact, in this respect. Its first perceptible mark was the sympathetic bodying forth of the country clergyman who buries little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop." And in this writer's latest work, "Dombey and Son," which we have noted at the head of this article, we have remarked with much pleasure, a reverential tone as to the holy mystery of baptism, and a general recognition of the practical value of religion, which leads us to hope for yet clearer, and better, and higher things. We have heard that Mr. Dickens was not, but has now become a member of our Church. If this be so, we thank God that he has been led to such visible communion with us, and venture to pray that he may receive a more and more abundant revelation of Gospel, and therefore Catholic, truth. We believe that he is a friend of order, we are sure that his instincts are devotional; why, then, should he not be "one of us," in the terrible strife approaching betwixt unbe-

lief and lawlessness and the spirit of obedience to our God? More of this anon. We should also desire that some careless expressions, tending indirectly to encourage a national sin, drunkenness, be avoided for the future; and that a sincere determination be shown to cling to truth, and throw "faction" overboard. We think there was a tendency in Mr. Dickens's mind, a few years ago, to hold our aristocratic institutions responsible for our partial social destitution, and other existing evils: his visit to the transatlantic land of democracy has, we believe, gone far to correct this impression. At least, we trace no *relics* of it, even in the last great emanation of our author's spirit, "Dombey and Son." Not that we would be understood to dissent from the positions put forward in "The Chimes" for instance, or that we are inclined to condemn the forcible illustration therein conveyed of the miseries of the poor; or that we think the condemnation of Malthusian and anti-Christian theories a whit too savage and severe: but the picture there drawn was one-sided; the counterbalancing pole of truth was wanting; we heard much of the heroic virtues of the laboring classes, and the vile selfishness of the rich, but saw nothing of the reverse side of the medal, which nevertheless also exists. Mr. Dickens appeared, in fine, inclined to fall in with the sweeping allegations of Douglas Jerrold and other destructives, and either directly or indirectly to swell their cries for a violent social revolution. It may be, that calm reflection has induced far sounder views; and an instinctive dislike of these ravenous birds of carnage, which seem to scent the coming desolation and croak for their prey, may also have gone far to repel such alliance; and something, too, may have been wrought by the evidence of, and if report may be credited, direct participation in, the charities of one of the most virtuous, noble-hearted, and Christian women with whose possession this country is blessed. But, however the change has been effected, it would certainly seem "for the time present" to be real. And, now, a truce to these more serious considerations; and let us devote a few words to comments on the humoristic excellencies of this great writer.

Genial sympathy with his fellow-men, and more especially with the pure and lovely, under a homely garb, and wearing the aspect of infantine innocence, is his predominant characteristic. No man, probably, has ever understood and portrayed children so well; realizing and dramatically rendering their sweet simplicity, their charming artlessness,

and all their winning "words and ways." No man has ever depicted childlike characters, in various aspects and positions, with such truthfulness and delightful geniality, with such noble and genuine admiration and love. From "Pickwick" to "Pinch," and the glorious "Captain Cuttle," as we may fitly denominate him, a range of portraiture of this class has been presented to us, unequalled in all the stores of humor of all ages. That an author, thus imbued with a pure and lovely childlike spirit, (and this *he* must possess who could write thus, despite his keen sagacity, sound sense, and knowledge of the world,) must be eminently Christian, from a moral point of view, will surely not be questioned. Christianity alone has taught us to reverence this simple purity of heart; which we love and admire the more, the more we are constrained to laugh at its singular methods of expression. And here, be it observed, that though imperfection be laughable, downright vice never is so. The failings of the good, whom, taken for all in all, we are compelled "to look up to," whom we long to emulate, at least, in their better qualities, these, despite their incongruity, are rarely painful, especially when they are of an intellectual, not a moral nature. We certainly do not regard our dear friend "Pinch" the less, because his excessive simplicity sometimes moves us to tears of pity; and the intimate reliance of "Cap'en Cuttle" on the wisdom of his friend "Bunsby," though not remarkably sensible, does most undoubtedly enhance the beauty of his character, and makes us love him, and even esteem him more. The Christian virtues of meekness, faith, unhesitating reliance, charity, are all shadowed forth in the characters of these humoristic heroes; and, in the case of "The Captain," they do further assume a directly devotional development, which some readers may think calculated to throw ridicule on religion, but which to us only appears to hallow it in its most unintellectual guise. Thus, the strange use made by "Cap'en Cuttle" of the Common Prayer Book for devotional purposes, is to us at once affecting and humoristically delightful; and when he makes the wrong responses with such emphasis, and with such a humble and loving intention, we feel that a great practical lesson is conveyed to us, teaching us to bear with all such errors of comprehension, more especially in the poor, as are not inconsistent with the spirit of loving obedience. Let us not be imagined to vindicate pious frauds, because their immediate

effect on the poor and lowly may be good, or to palliate any error in the preacher or instructor. Where the Church pays no strict regard to truth, the educated will necessarily cast off all religion; and the poor, too, in time are like to follow the example set by their superiors; as the scenes now enacted in Roman Catholic Germany and other foreign states may teach us. But, to resume, Dickens adds to this remarkable and delightful power of depicting children and childlike spirits, of whose like is "the kingdom of heaven," a keen perception of the humorous in all classes, as evinced in "Sam Weller," and so many other creatures of his fertile fancy. We do not delight so much in the juvenile and aggressive class of characters of whom Sam is the type, because a certain amount of sauciness and real irreverence of spirit is manifest in their tone and deportment, for which their goodness of heart does not quite make amends: but even these have been softened down of late; for "Mark Tapwell," their latest representative, had more of the humility of a pure and noble heart than any of his predecessors. In "Dombey and Son," there is no individual exactly pertaining to this class, unless, indeed, "Miss Susan Nipper," that admirable embodiment of really amiable, but, at first, unpleasant snappishness, pertain to the category, whose proximity for a long time to her almost too angelic and spiritual mistress, gradually corrects her propensities, and softens her into a most useful and pleasant member of society.

But we are hurrying out of bounds, pressing forward while so much lies behind us. First, before we consider "Dombey and Son," let us cast a rapid glance over the literary career of Mr. Dickens, and let us further enumerate one or two of his general qualities which we have as yet omitted to record. His graphic power of "daguerreotyping" every object he has once beheld, in words, must not be forgotten; more especially his wondrous cognizance of all the ins and outs of the modern "urbs" of the world, which is emphatically "Town," London. Nor must we fail to acknowledge his keen powers of satire, developed in the portraiture of "Pecksniff" and so many other living characters, though on this point he must decidedly yield the palm to his great rival, or rather fellow-workman, Thackeray. Dickens came out at once "forty thousand strong," to speak colloquially. "Pickwick" carried us all by storm. It is still esteemed by many his best work. We admire it much,

but cannot regard it in this light; for the earnestness, pathos, and poetry so conspicuous in his later great creations are almost wholly wanting to it. "Oliver Twist" was, in some respects, an advance; its subject, indeed, was eminently painful, and we must be allowed even to hazard the assertion, that some of the scenes in it, and more especially those connected with love matters, bordered on twaddle; but the exquisite touches of pathos here and there were revelations of beauty for which we were not prepared. Who can ever forget the exquisitely mournful and yet glad parting of the little dying orphan child and Oliver? Then came "Nicholas Nickleby;" we are compelled to pass on hurriedly, though we would willingly say much on each of these creations. As a whole, "Nicholas Nickleby" was a more pleasant work to us than either of those preceding it, though not, perhaps, as laughable as "Pickwick," or as powerful as "Oliver Twist." The story had far more of interest; and, perhaps, a higher artistic unity was attained. There was less, too, of caricature and exaggeration, and more reality in many respects, and a more equable balance of humor and pathos was preserved. Then came "The Old Curiosity Shop," more pathetic than any of its predecessors, though otherwise faulty; and then "Barnaby Rudge," possessing great merits too, and, perhaps, more manifest picturesqueness, more poetry of conception than its elder brethren. And then "Martin Chuzzlewit" was bodied forth; at first, forced and unnatural, begun by a very pert and "haberdasherlike" attack on all claims of ancestry and lofty birth, but afterwards assuming a special character of its own, sternly instructive in its American scenes, more directly moral than any other work from the same hand, genial and pious-hearted in the delineation of "Pinch" and his ways; as a whole, very delightful, though no doubt faulty also, because containing more of the strained and unnatural than its predecessors. Then came the Christmas books. The sketches of foreign travels, we, for the present, pass over, confining ourselves to fiction. In the Christmas and New Year gifts there has decidedly been no advance. The first delighted everybody from its geniality and practical utility. The second was very powerful, but rather bitter; admirable in its way, yet, perhaps, scarcely adapted for its purpose. The third, "The Cricket on the Hearth," though affected in parts, was pleasing as a whole, and in some passages delightful, but very

defective in moral; encouraging a sentimental reserve betwixt husband and wife, calculated to effect extensive injury; and further, marvellously improbable. The last, "The Battle of Life," was infinitely below the level of the lowest of the former three; traces of a master-hand might, indeed, still be discerned in it; but improbability was therein developed into the impossible, and a false morbid notion of that holy thing, "self-sacrifice," inculcated, but too much in keeping with the exaggerations of the day; a loved and loving maiden being actually induced to abandon her lover and pretend to run away with another man, to the anguish and all but despair of that lover, and her sister and father, in order that the said sister might have a chance for securing for herself that affection which the supposed lost one had cast away. And this childish, not childlike, mean, not noble, desire of the younger maid to rival her eldest sister's natural and becoming self-sacrifice, since *she* was not beloved, is commended and held up by Charles Dickens as a model for the imitation of England's daughters! But let us not dwell on this unhappy theme.

Finally, then, "Dombey and Son" has appeared in a great degree to restore our confidence as to the moral soundness of this author and his recovery from morbid tendencies; and, on the other hand, to convince us that his reverence for revelation has deepened and is deepening. The first quarter of this work, up to little Dombey's death, is one of the most exquisite things in all literature; the sequel has great beauties, but suffers much by coming after it. Though we cannot understand the father's horror of the sweet sister, we can well understand why she should fail in replacing little Paul: we cannot attach that vivid interest to her which we did to the odd and yet so natural child, whose life and death are, from beginning to end, in such wonderful keeping with one another, and constitute in themselves a work of the highest art. But we have no intention of devoting a careful criticism to "Dombey and Son:" it is, in some respects, better written, though with more apparent labor than any of the works that have gone before it. Its general purpose, to teach the valuelessness in themselves of the greatest earthly possessions, is highly to be commended; and the character of "Mr. Dombey," which elucidates this moral, is drawn with a master-hand, though the portraiture is exaggerated. "Mrs. Dombey" we think overdrawn, and her line of conduct appears

to us most unnatural. Such things *may* have happened in real life, but "truth is stronger than fiction;" that is, incongruities are discovered in life which may not be permitted in works of art. The probable alone is the relatively true; though, practically speaking, the all but impossible *may* have occurred. "Mr. Toots" is a delightful individuality in his way, and his union with "Miss Susan Nipper," despite her comparatively low origin, is highly satisfactory. Finally, "Dombey and Son" is, on many points, an advance; and, taken as a whole, evidence to us of yet higher powers residing in our author than he has till now exhibited; not that we believe he *will* exhibit these in straining after the romantic and poetical. No; unless correct principles, moral and intellectual, religious and political, broaden and deepen within his mind and soul, he will, in our opinion, retrograde in future works. But so much is certain—there is no standing still for Charles Dickens: if he adds to his stock of realized truths he will advance; if he does not, he will be driven to take refuge in exaggeration to avoid repetition; and then is sure to decline, perhaps to fall.

And now let us turn our attention to his great, in some respects indeed greater, contemporary, who, however, cedes the palm to him in various qualities of high art. For, first, Thackeray, though he has an accurate perception of the outward world in his way, cannot paint and describe as Dickens can; he has not that strong instinct of locality; he rather tells us what has happened than places all the scenes actually before us, as does the author of "Dombey and Son." Then, again, though he writes in the spirit of love, and though he has decidedly more of the serpent's wisdom, he is comparatively deficient in the harmlessness of the dove. He does not understand childhood in its ideal and oftentimes real purity and innocence, as does Dickens; his is a harsher, sterner view. He directs our attention to that "original sin" which manifests itself in the young child at so early a period: he has given us, indeed, one wonderful childlike and yet manly character, superior to anything Dickens has achieved in that line, we mean "Dobbin;" but "Amelia," though meant to be innocent and amiable, is really mean and selfish; and after all his exaggerated encomiums, the author is compelled to confess as much himself. There is not much unity of design in "Vanity Fair," for to this we propose to confine our remarks. The "Snob Papers," the "Yellow-Plush Papers," the

"Travels, Irish and Egyptian," "Jeames's Diary," "Christmas Tales," and various papers contributed to "Fraser's," have possessed great merit in their way, though this merit has been generally tinged by flippancy, and sometimes tainted by downright want of taste; but they fall far below the level of this one great work of fiction, "Vanity Fair." It is called "a novel without a hero." It is scarcely a novel at all, for it is sadly deficient in unity. Could we regard "Dobbin" as the centre of interest, we should, indeed, secure a beginning, middle, and end; but he is too long removed from the scene, and only becomes very prominent towards the conclusion of the book. Its aim seems to be to castigate the follies and lighter vices of society. "Rebecca," who reflects them in an exaggerated yet pleasant shape, is the type of the "sinful use or abuse of this world," which is held up to contempt.

Thackeray is, in truth, a far more powerful moralist than Dickens; he understands grown men and women better, at least in society; of the poor, of any, indeed, beyond what may be called the privileged classes, he has exhibited little cognizance. Unsparingly, and yet lovingly, has he mirrored all the conventional vices of modern life. Who can doubt that the life of young "Osborne," as here presented to us, is calculated to effect more extensive good among thoughtless youths, proud of their capacities for vice, than might be wrought by the most powerful of pulpit orators? Selfishness, under every guise, Thackeray delights to hold up to contempt; but, perhaps, he has never pilloried it with more evident "gusto" in the act, than in his portraiture of this vain and rather heartless fast young "Osborne," so much admired by the ladies, boasting of his "bonnes fortunes," lighting cigars with love-letters, and slavishly imitated and followed by the wonder-struck youngsters of his regiment. By repeated strokes of consummate art almost the impossible is achieved. Recklessness is made to appear despicable and license mean. Well may Mr. Thackeray rejoice in his endeavors to effect such ends. If conceived and carried on in a spirit of faith and love, we scruple not to declare that they shall be a crown of glory to him even here. Such things carry with them their "exceeding great reward." The pathos of our author

is very deep and very sweet, and none the less deep and sweet because used with a certain "retinue" and reserve; never "set in for," as it were, but appearing to come unsought for, arising naturally and inevitably from the circumstances of the tale, and generally conveyed in the most simple, plain, matter-of-fact language. Mr. Thackeray does not deal much in the flowers of fancy. Those of sentiment and thought spring spontaneously and constantly in his garden; he seeks for no hothouse plants, no exotics, however fragrant; nothing is forced, nothing artificial; the very gravel which strews the paths betwixt the flower-beds seems as if it must have lain there forever.

Dickens, in music, would be a combination of "Meyerbeer" with "Bellini;" that is, of the latter's simple melody with the former's strong effects, startling and dramatic. Thackeray is more equable, perhaps more genuine, bearing a stronger affinity with "Mozart." And yet there is the fairy lightness of "Mendelssohn," in his happiest moments, to be traced in Dickens's creations; and we must not be understood to place them beneath the more thoroughly self-consistent "Vanity Fair." Dickens certainly sinks far below Thackeray at times; he has done so in the greater part of "Dombey and Son;" but he also, at times, rises above him, and soars to a purer ideal. Nothing equal to little Paul Dombey's visit, and the children's party, and his subsequent death-bed scenes has, we think, proceeded from Thackeray's pen. If we balance, then, these merits, it would be hard to say on which side the balance preponderates. Shall we prefer a beautiful spring day, with all the sweetness of that season of youth and love, overclouded at noonday, but beauteous at its dawn and glorious at its eve? Or the genial happiness of fresh, sunny, healthful, delightful autumn weather—say in October—a frosty kindness in the air, no raptures of delight from bird or beast, but an universal sense of healthful enjoyment; a little haze, perchance, now and then, here and there, but, generally speaking, a glorious day, leaving a sense of deep content and gratitude behind it? Both, no doubt, are good and beautiful; and for both may we thank the Giver of good things. But true it is, that Dickens has more of spring and Thackeray more of autumn. May they long enjoy a sunny summertime!

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE DIPLOMACY OF LOUIS XIV. AND WILLIAM III.

1. *Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV. ; ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques, concernant les Pretentions et l'Avènement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte Historique et précédés d'une Introduction.* Par M. MIGNET. Tomes I—IV. 1835—42.
2. *Letters of William III. and Louis XIV., and of their Ministers.* Extracted from the Archives of France and England, and from Family Papers. Edited by P. GRIMBLOT. 2 vols. 1848.

WE trust that among the consequences of the Revolution of 1848, we shall not have to include the abandonment of the great historical undertaking of M. Mignet, which we have named at the head of this article. It forms one of the series known as the "Archives de France ;" the publication of which was set on foot by M. Guizot when he held the Ministry of Public Instruction. Its conception was, doubtless, recommended to the Royalty of July, as an engine for familiarizing to the public mind that revival of family policy in Spain, which the late dynasty contemplated so long ago, which was so perseveringly followed up, and which, at the opening of the last year, seemed nearer than ever to a prosperous consummation. But the purely historical interest of the Spanish Succession in the last century does not require the adventitious support of contemporary politics. The age of Louis XIV., after every allowance for its corrupting accessories, is one of which European civilization is fairly proud ; and among its best literary memorials we may place this elaborate exposition of its diplomacy. M. Mignet had proposed to give a full history of the negotiations that either directly or indirectly bore on the claims of Louis XIV. to the throne of Spain. At present he has not advanced beyond the peace of N. meguen, in 1679.

M. Grimblot, again, has given us selections from the correspondence between the French and English governments during the attempted arrangement of this question by the Partition Treaties of 1698 and 1700. The literary value of this work, also, is very

great. Though its contents may not substantially vary the judgments which an attentive reader might have formed from the materials already published in the Hardwicke and other collections, yet it abounds in new and interesting particulars. While it has the immense advantage of presenting for the first time, in an accessible and popular form, a mass of documents which will enable every one to appreciate the national importance of the interests involved in that great question, the gallantry with which William III. confronted the vast resources and the disciplined intelligence at the command of Louis XIV., and also (we grieve to add) the indifference and ingratitude with which the English people requited their great deliverer.

We should not forget to remind our readers that M. Grimblot is a foreigner, publishing in what is to him a foreign language. But he has introduced the collection by a preface, written in a style singularly correct and easy. It retains something of that picturesque antithesis and aptitude for generalization which form so attractive a peculiarity in contemporary French literature ; but its idiomatic accuracy would not discredit any English writer, nor need we expect to find in any a juster appreciation of the most important points in English history.

The greater part of the materials, now first published by him, are drawn from three different sources. We have, first, the correspondence between Louis XIV. and Marshal Boufflers, which preceded the peace of Ryswick, and in which it was long supposed that the first idea of the Partition Treaty had

been broached. The Bentinck family have placed in M. Grimblot's hands the confidential correspondence that passed between William III. and their ancestor, the Earl of Portland; and no one can peruse these letters without heartily sharing the editor's regret that such a thorough justification of an eminent public servant should have been suffered to remain so long unknown. We have, finally, the letters, (originally translated from the Dutch by Sir James Mackintosh,) which passed between William III. and the Pensionary Heinsius.

Before we proceed to a separate examination of the period to which these documents refer, we must quote the following admirable estimate of Louis XIV.'s diplomatic compositions, with the addition of M. Grimblot's feeling and dignified allusion to the very different fate which in our own day has waited on an attempt to imitate his policy.

"They (William III.'s correspondence) lose throughout by the side of the grand, brilliant, and glowing style of the dispatches of Louis XIV. It is the imposing grandeur of Versailles in contrast with the meaner edifices of Kensington or Loo. In reading these lengthened dispatches, with their flowing periods, elaborate expositions, and inexhaustible meaning, we are involuntarily reminded of Bossuet. It must not be thought that these State Papers were the composition of a secretary. Written by Torcy from notes taken in council, and carefully corrected by Louis XIV. as they were read to him, they bear the mark of his singular genius for grandeur and *éclat*. To be convinced that to him alone is the merit of their production to be attributed, it will be sufficient to compare them with the dispatches written by Torcy in his own name, or even with his *Memoirs*; although it must be admitted that all secretaries would not have succeeded so well in conveying the thoughts of their masters. But it was in some degree the language of the period. The dispatches of Tallard, Harcourt, and Villars are hardly inferior in style to those of Louis XIV., yet they were all military men, but scantily educated. May we not say, with M. Cousin, '*Tout est grand dans un grand siècle*'?"

"But if we pass from the style to the kernel of the thought, the superiority ceases to be on the side of Louis XIV. In all their ruggedness the letters of William III. have a stamp of honesty which we might seek in vain in the grander dispatches of his rival. It is the same with the proceedings of both.

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Frenchman though I be, I look upon William III. as one of the greatest characters in history; and I willingly say with Mr. Hallam, that 'a high regard for the memory of William III. may justly be reckoned one of the tests by which genuine Whiggism, as opposed both to Tory and Republican principles, has always been recognized.' Was it not he, in fact, that accomplished the Revolution of 1688? And this Revolution, what was it but the triumph of those principles, which in the language of our day are styled Liberal, over those of absolute monarchy—the great cause, whose brilliancy is at times eclipsed, but cannot be extinguished—which under different names is debated in every land—which, if it must be said, has been triumphed over but yesterday in France, and on which I had fixed all my hopes and thoughts for the welfare of my country. Time was when we were wont to say, that since France had had the misfortune to have her Stuarts, Providence had provided for her a William of Orange, in a prince whose calamities I deplore too deeply to feel at liberty to condemn him. I only regret that he had too much before his eyes the memory of his ancestor, rather than that of the great man whose career presents to the gaze of posterity a far different grandeur from the miserable satisfaction of placing a Duke of Anjou on the throne of Spain." (*Grimblot*, I. xi.)

We are surprised that no English writer should have thought of analyzing, in its full development, the controversy that was interrupted, rather than closed, by the peace of Utrecht. Of course, no Englishman would have the same command as M. Mignet of the French State Paper Office; but the materials that already existed in the published correspondence and authentic memoirs of such statesmen as D'Estrades, Torcy, Temple, Villars, might have been compressed and generalized into what the Germans call a *monographie* on this subject; and might thus have given form and method to the fragments of negotiations which are scattered up and down the pages of Hume and Lingard; and might have ended with that systematic examination of the treaties of 1713, in which Lord Mahon's work on the Spanish Succession is so provokingly deficient; for the question has as essentially an English as a French or European interest. Through the whole period that elapsed from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover, while the fortunes of England were still trembling between absolutism and



constitutional government, our foreign relations, and especially those which regarded the Spanish Succession, constituted our point of attack with Catholic and Monarchical France on the one hand, and on the other with the invigorating sympathies of a free and Protestant Commonwealth in Holland. They associated us to the old traditional policy—a policy to which even Charles I. was true—which absolutely prohibited the establishment of a French viceroy at Antwerp or Ostend; which revived for a moment, when Sir William Temple achieved, in the Triple Alliance of 1668, the one creditable act of Stuart diplomacy; and which was illustrated by the genius and heroism called forth in the great war of 1702. All the later princes and statesmen whom English history has emphatically and deliberately convicted of treason to the fundamental principles of our free monarchy—Charles II., the Cabal ministry, James II., Queen Anne, Bolingbroke—all were false to us, especially in the matter of France and Spain. All the names which should be graven on English hearts, and for ever ‘frequent in our mouths,’ the Republican opposition to Charles II., the Whig leaders of the Revolution, William III., Marlborough, and Somers, are now chiefly remembered in connection with their brave struggle to prevent a disturbance of the European balance, and to arrest the territorial extension and diplomatic preponderance of France. With Louis XIV., again, the Spanish Succession was the great business of his reign. It coincides almost exactly with the limits of his European supremacy. The peace of the Pyrenees was the first public act in which he personally intervened: and the last great event of his life was the treaty of Utrecht, by which the Maritime Powers recognized his grandson as King of Spain. We propose taking advantage of the two works before us to sketch some of the main negotiations which, from 1660, the year of the English Restoration, and of Louis XIV.’s marriage with Maria Theresa of Spain, attended the development of this question, till its settlement at Utrecht in 1713; one year before the accession of the House of Hanover, and about two years and a half before the death of Louis XIV.

It may be as well to state clearly the nature of his claims to Spain. Louis XIV. was, by the Spanish law of succession, in right of his wife, the direct heir to Charles II. M. Mignet has shown with, we think, needless pains, that the Salic law never existed in Spain. We are not aware, indeed, that

any such ground of exclusion was ever pleaded against the Bourbon line; nor was it probable that such would be the case; for the competing houses of Austria, Bavaria, and Savoy, all, equally with France, derived their claim through females; the two former from a younger sister of Maria Theresa, the French Queen; the latter from Catherine, the great aunt of that princess. But Maria Theresa’s claim was barred by a renunciation, executed on her marriage in 1660, of all her rights to the succession; and the whole question turns on the validity of this act.

In the original draft of the treaty, Maria Theresa absolutely and unconditionally renounced all her right to any part of the Spanish inheritance. In the treaty, as actually signed, Cardinal Mazarin contrived that she should renounce it “*moyennant*” (in consideration of) the dowry which Don Louis de Haro had stipulated should be paid by the Spanish government. It was agreed, by France, that Maria Theresa should renew her renunciation immediately after her marriage. That renunciation, however, originally made on the 2d of June, 1660, was never renewed. On the other hand, it had been stipulated that the dowry should be paid in three instalments—the first immediately after the celebration of the marriage. But not one of these instalments was ever paid. Louis was careful to insist on this failure on the part of Spain; and to contrast it with his own exact observance of similar pecuniary engagements. Each party ultimately tried to throw on the other the odium of being the first to break the treaty; but, on a strict interpretation, Louis seems to have had the best of this dispute. Subsequently to the peace of the Pyrenees, he certainly procured the ratification of the renunciation in several of the French parliaments; while it does not appear that Spain took a single step to perform her part; content to rely on the general accidents of the public temper, and, in the nervous language of Bolingbroke, “to sue for empire, *in forma pauperis*, at the gates of every court in Europe.” The real answer to Louis’s claims, however, was that other powers beside Spain were interested that her provinces should not become the appanage of a French prince; and that all the great states of Europe had openly accepted the renunciation as a *bona fide* guaranty. Louis, indeed, is proved to have felt this, by the very pains he took, first, to familiarize the English and Dutch statesmen with the idea that the renunciation was originally invalid;

and next, to forbid Colbert de Croissy's allowing any express ratification of the Pyrenean treaty to be inserted in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668.

These claims, however, were not put forward in their entirety till the death of Charles II. in 1700. It was on the death of Philip IV., the father of that prince, in 1665, that Louis asserted what are known as the Rights of the Devolution. These are chiefly founded, of course, on the general invalidity of the renunciation; but they rest also on other grounds; and constitute, we do not hesitate to say, the most shameless and flagrant assumption of right to be found in the whole history of European usurpations.

It seems that by a local custom of inheritance that prevailed among the people of Brabant, the daughters of a first marriage excluded the issue male of a second. This rule Louis XIV. proposed to apply to the descent, not of private property, but of empire and royal authority. In right of his wife, Maria Theresa, the only child of her father's first wife, he accordingly laid claim, on the death of Philip IV., to certain portions of the Spanish Netherlands. It would have been a case precisely parallel if, on the death of King George III., his sons had proposed to partition Kent into little principalities—on the plea that by the custom of gavel-kind the private property of intestates in that locality was divided among their children. We should remark, however, that Louis XIV. was at that moment reigning over Brittany in virtue of the Salic law, though that province had come through females to the House of Valois; and that *there* the laws, not of private descent, but of sovereign succession, had of course been altered, and exercised in conformity with the general law of France. It is to be observed, also, that the ambitious prince, who here asserted the immutability of laws regulating succession, himself supported his grandson in introducing the Salic law into Spain, and personally confirmed the arbitrary limitations of the treaty of Utrecht. Nor was it ever pretended that the Flemish provinces themselves should again descend among the children of Louis XIV. on any such principle as that now promulgated by him; or that the Salic law, in all its strictness, was not to replace the momentary revival of this obsolete custom.

Extravagant as these pretensions of Louis XIV. must now appear, we shall have but an inadequate conception of the advantages which tempted him to their assertion, without

a glance at the contrast of his position with that of the rest of Europe at the time. An interval of repose had followed the troubles of the Fronde. It gave him leisure for recruiting his army, for organizing his finances, for surrounding himself with such ministers as Colbert and Lionne. Above all, by a steady, conscientious application to the routine of business and ordinary official life, he had taken care to ensure his own complete independence of his nominal subordinates, and to show himself (if we may borrow a phrase of Mr. D'Israeli's) equally great as a minister and a king.

Before him, on the other hand, Europe lay crushed and bleeding, from the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War. Nowhere but in France was there unity of council or energy of action. The cabals which followed the Restoration in England, and the wrong-headed opposition which the Orange party in Holland had kept up against De Witt's government, imposed on both those states the necessity of an humble and unambitious diplomacy. Sweden was bound to France by the recollections of the late war, and by gratitude for the care with which Mazarin had protected her at Osnaburgh. Spain had exhausted the produce of her American mines by the lavish profusion of her military establishments in the Peninsula, in the Netherlands, in Italy, and in Franche Comté. Her population, too, had suffered an alarming diminution by the expulsion of the Moors, and the equally pernicious stream of emigration that flowed to Mexico and Peru.

Neither Spain nor Germany were likely to disturb the prospects of French supremacy in Europe. But Lionne, a minister whom nothing but his master's prominent individuality prevented from occupying a station in French history as imposing as that of Richelieu and Mazarin, saw at once that the main impediment to his dynastic policy would lie in the possible union of Spain or Austria with those Protestant powers, whose governments might now and then acquiesce in French aggrandizement, but whose people had no feeling but that of rooted antipathy for French priests, French diplomatists, French courtiers, and French mistresses. There were, also, English and Dutch statesmen to discern that the only security for European peace and law lay in rallying the Protestant party against France; and in urging upon Catholics and Protestants alike, the abandonment of the commercial and religious jealousies which the Restoration had inherited from Cromwell's government.

There was much vacillation in the conduct, and many difficulties in the path, of these statesmen; but they succeeded at last in indoctrinating the English people with this principle. It alone prevented the reduction of this country to the rank of a second-rate power; and we firmly believe that we owe to William and Temple, not only the security that enabled Walpole to consolidate our constitutional throne, and the traditions which, after descending from Chatham to Charles Fox, were embraced by the younger Pitt in his wisest and calmest years, but also no small portion of the strength which carried us through the exhausting conflict with Napoleon.

The first attempt made by Louis XIV. to put in force his claims is well known to students of the *Négociations d'Estrades*; but we believe that before M. Mignet, no one had given a separate and authentic narrative of its progress. The Dutch Republic, to which Count d'Estrades was accredited, was recovering its strength under the pacific administration of the Grand Pensionary, De Witt; and proposals were soon on foot for advancing the northeastern frontier of France, as one among the conditions of a close alliance between the two countries. It had long been a favorite scheme with Dutch statesmen to strengthen themselves by a partition of the Belgian provinces with some powerful neighbor. In 1632, Charles I. of England had received similar offers from certain Belgian malcontents. It had been contemplated by Richelieu in the Gallo-Dutch alliance of 1635; and Mazarin had directed his plenipotentiaries at Munster to treat with Spain for a modification of the same plan, on condition of his withdrawing the French troops from Roussillon and Catalonia. Many circumstances contributed at this time to drive Holland into the French alliance. The quarrel with Spain was still too recent to admit of cordial co-operation against any but a very obvious danger. The adherents of the House of Orange, who formed the permanent opposition to De Witt, were habitually disposed to lean on England; and our envoy, Sir George Downing, though undoubtedly a man of singular ability, had the bad judgment to enter into cabals against a government which he supposed accessible to French sympathies; till he ended by adding the certainty of private, to the possibility of public animosity. Louis eagerly seized the opportunity to offer his dangerous protection; and heartily entering into De Witt's views, proposed an active concert, to take place on

the death of Philip IV. D'Estrades was commissioned cautiously to insinuate, and gradually to develop, the Devolution claims; but, fortunately for his country and his fame, De Witt began to take alarm, and to retreat from so embarrassing an intimacy. The project, which at one time had seemed on the point of conclusion, was forthwith dropped; and, though the understanding between France and Holland remained unimpaired, Louis was compelled to postpone the prosecution of his claim, till the crisis which the death of Philip IV. would inevitably bring about.

It did not arrive till four years after. The inglorious reign of Philip IV. ended in 1665; but the King of France was at that time engaged in the first Dutch war against England, and he did not choose, before peace was concluded, to alarm his allies in Holland with an application for their assistance. Philip's whole life had been a succession of defeat, insult, deception, and mortification. While France was growing in unity, in wealth, and in diplomatic influence, the vast fabric of the Spanish empire was silently sinking, under the joint influence of foreign aggression and internal disease. Round every branch of the public service, round almost every public man, there was perseveringly woven the insidious web of French intrigue. The diplomacy, even of Absolutist France, may be searched in vain for any parallel to the elaborate treachery which was now employed to precipitate the disruption of the monarchy. Cabals were industriously fomented in the Belgian towns; sham negotiations were set on foot; and offers of French protection were shamelessly paraded, with the view of nipping every project that held out a chance of restoring peace to the Peninsula. The seed could not have been sown on a more favorable soil. Even in 1668, when the war of the Devolution was at its height, the Spanish dowagers at Brussels never ceased to marvel how a King who had married an Infanta could behave so harshly to them; and the consciousness of the grandees that only two precarious and unhealthy lives stood in the way of Louis XIV., made them unwilling to scrutinize too jealously the proceedings of an ambassador who might soon be the representative of their own sovereign.

The peace of Breda (1667) brought with it the coveted opportunity; and French troops instantly moved into Flanders in support of the claims which, according to the Devolutionary theory, the death of Philip IV. had opened to Louis in these provinces.

At once the Spanish court awoke from its sleep, to learn that at Lisbon, too, French diplomacy had achieved its usual triumph; that the patience which had labored for such a consummation, through seven tedious years, was only equalled by the masterly decision which now hurried these intrigues to their close; that the Abbé St. Romain had succeeded in negotiating an offensive and defensive alliance between Portugal and Louis XIV.—the Prince who had sworn at the peace of the Pyrenees to give no assistance, direct or indirect, to Portugal, and whose energies were now to be devoted to the task of keeping Austria, by threats and bribes, to a distorted and exaggerated observance of similar clauses in the treaty of Munster.

The shock of the French arms vibrated through Europe. Bavaria and Brandenburg, even Poland and Sweden, were alarmed, and the diplomacy which had in some sort prepared the various courts for the present movement was again exerted to prevent their uniting to oppose it. We wish that it were in our power to follow M. Mignet through the steps by which M. Gravel, at Ratisbon, won over the Diet to refuse its guaranty to the Spanish fiefs of the Empire; while M. de Gremonville, at once the ablest and most unscrupulous negotiator of his day, succeeded in alternately bribing and bullying the government of Vienna, first into a toleration of the French policy, and next into an eventual treaty for the partition of the Spanish dominions. But the surpassing interest which attaches to the concluding stages of this drama forbids our pausing. On England and Holland, as Lionne had long ago foreseen, the present deliverance of Spain was to depend.

M. de Ruvigny had been dispatched to secure the co-operation of Charles II. by the bait of the Spanish West Indies. But Clarendon, on whose personal influence and friendship the French envoy had relied, was falling from power, before a furious attack, in which the republican opposition and the most infamous dependents of the Stuart family had combined. The French alliance had always been favored by the old Cavalier party; and it was about to suffer from the unpopularity of their chief. Several of the new ministers had also been drawn off from France by the relations which they kept up with the anti-monarchical sections of parliament. Buckingham had coqueted with the Presbyterians; Arlington had married Mademoiselle Bevarwaert, a Dutch lady, and had once served as ambassador in Spain.

By a fortunate chance, this important crisis found in Sir William Temple a man who had already read and thought much on the importance of strengthening Holland and Belgium, as a bulwark for central Europe. Everything, indeed, seems to have rested on his personal activity and resolution. For, the weak and extravagant Charles II. was to all appearance on the point of yielding to the subjection in which he was held by the lofty capacity of Louis. But Temple allowed no time for tergiversation. De Witt, on the other hand, was as eager to break through the meshes in which D'Estrades had involved him. The triple alliance was completed by the accession of Sweden to the two other Protestant powers; and Louis was forced to remain satisfied with a comparatively trifling advance of his north-eastern frontier, leaving to Spain *Franche Comté* and what remained of Belgium.

The Spanish Succession was not again seriously agitated for more than thirty years. The interval had swept away nearly an entire generation. Except William III. and Louis XIV., scarcely one among the soldiers and statesmen of the seventeenth century survived to carry this question to its close in the eighteenth. D'Estrades was gone; and Lionne and Turenne. De Witt had perished by the madness of a ferocious mob; and Temple, far from diplomatic strife, was dragging out his last years in sickness and domestic sorrow. Nor had time made less havoc of national interests than among public men. In 1672 the storm of French arms broke over Holland; and, by 1689, the aggressions of the *Chambres de Réunion* had roused all Europe to resist the aggrandizement of France by conquest in time of peace. Providentially, the English revolution was already consummated; and this time our weight was thrown firmly into the Protestant scale.

M. Grimblot's book, of which we shall now avail ourselves, opens with the peace of Ryswick, in 1697. It has been said (but the reverse is proved by this publication) that even during the conferences that preceded it, Marshal Boufflers and Lord Portland had discussed the possibility of peacefully settling the rival claims to Spain. The proposals afterwards made were, as is well known, frustrated for a time by the death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, for whom the bulk of the succession was designed; but they finally terminated in the arrangement known as the Second Partition Treaty; by which it was provided, that on the death of Charles II. without

issue, the Italian provinces were to go to the Dauphin; while the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor Leopold, was to have Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands.

This scheme was, for some time, one of the most unpopular on record. It was a *pis-aller*; and an unsuccessful one. Its execution would have secured to France advantages which she had solemnly renounced; and yet by its failure we were both duped and injured. In either case we alienated an ancient ally; and we became the instruments of aggrandizing a power with which we had just ceased to wage an expensive and unprofitable contest. But Lord Bolingbroke, by far the ablest antagonist of the Partition Treaty, declared, long afterwards, that there was absolutely no other course to take, and we believe that every reader of M. Grimblot's book will now be of the same opinion. The good faith of the French King was indeed but a poor reliance; yet it was better to trust to that, than to allow France to take unopposed possession of the empire of Charles II. To the only other alternative—that of anticipating the War of the Succession, by concluding a Partition Treaty with Austria and Holland, and preparing such a force as might compel Louis to recede from his prey—there were two insuperable objections. The first lay in the dispositions of the Austrian court. Of the second, we must make the humiliating avowal, that it lay in the temper of the English nation, and the House of Commons. A few years later, we nobly redeemed our error; but at this time, the perseverance of a despotic monarch had fairly beaten that of a free people. England was utterly appalled at the interminable vista of armaments and negotiations which the Spanish Succession opened out before her. Parliament and the Press colored their language with the apologies familiar to all who would cheat themselves into the abandonment of a difficult duty. It became the fashion to say, that it signified little whether an Austrian or a Frenchman sat upon the throne of Spain, as his new position would soon prevent the future King from being anything but a Spaniard. The popular view was aided by constitutional objections to a standing army. In the first session after the peace of Ryswick, the forces in England were reduced to 10,000 men. The first act of the new Parliament, that met in the end of 1698, was to bring them down to 7,000. In spite of the king's exertions, the spring of 1699 saw his Dutch Guards dismissed—"the chivalry of Protestantism," Mr. Hallam indignantly exclaims,

"the Huguenot gentlemen who had lost all but their swords in a cause that we deemed our own." While William felt a good understanding with France to be at this moment a matter of sheer necessity, it is plain that, at every step of the negotiation, he was alive to the insecurity of his footing. His strong sense of duty and his self-denying patriotism shone, with singular purity, in his struggles to make the best of his disastrous position; even when, as at Steinkirk or Seneffe, the finest generalship could only diminish the consequences of a certain defeat. At the risk of alarming Spain and alienating Austria, he made the best terms in his power with France; and relied on ensuring Louis's good faith by entrusting him with the charge of procuring the accession of the emperor to the proposals for a general European settlement.

The representative of France at Vienna, was the Marquis, afterwards the Marshal, Villars—himself among the most brilliant and respectable illustrations of the *grand siècle*. With very small resources of fortune, Villars had earned every step of his promotion, in the teeth of the secretary Louvois; whose wayward dislikes had to the last been strong enough to cripple the great Condé and Turenne. He had flattered no mistresses, and crouched to no confessors. In his first campaign in 1672, he had been no less remarkable for his efforts to accomplish himself in every branch of a soldier's duty, than for the gallantry with which he risked his person on every desperate assault. "Wherever the guns are playing," said the king, "that little fellow is sure to rise from the earth at the very spot." In 1683, Villars had been sent to Munich on the delicate mission of detaching Bavaria from Austria; while, at the same time, he was enjoined not to compromise France with the latter power. On his return from a second mission, he had met with dangers scarcely contemplated in the routine of diplomatic service. He narrowly escaped being massacred in a rising of the peasants at Bregenz, on the Rhine. On arriving at Bâle he found the gates shut against him, and almost killed himself by a fall into the moat round the town. "But the star of M. de Villars," as, on his reappearance at Versailles, his master graciously observed, "had not risen to set in a Swiss ditch."

Villars found the Imperial ministers protesting, with all the pride of Castile, against the indignity of the Partition Treaty; but forward in their advances towards a separate negotiation between France and Austria.

The Spanish ambassador himself was far from discouraging the latter project; and had the inconceivable impudence to entertain the drawing-rooms of Vienna with contemptuous parallels between the august legitimacy of the continental monarchies, and the mushroom, mercantile establishments at London and the Hague. M. Hope, the Dutch resident, was alarmed at this growing intimacy; but as far as the French legation at Vienna was concerned, the Maritime Powers had no cause to complain. Louis had taken just measure of the Austrian court. He had plumbed and fathomed all the depths of its sloth, its pride, its meanness, and incapacity. He knew that the Emperor was less adroit than himself, and quite as faithless; and so, with an entire disregard of the offers made to Villars, he persisted in cultivating his own interests at Madrid and London.

We need not be detained by the famous catastrophe which Louis had prepared for the discomfiture of all these schemes; the triumph of Harcourt at Madrid; the memorable Council with which St. Simon has made us so familiar, where Madame de Maintenon overthrew the scruples which still lingered in the mind of Louis, by exclaiming, in the true spirit of dynastic absolutism, "What has the Duc d'Anjou done, sire, that you should deprive him of his inheritance?" nor by the stately ceremonial which attended the young monarch at Versailles; nor by the pageant which escorted him to the Bidassoa. But we shall not understand the conduct of England at this crisis unless we turn aside for a moment to our own domestic politics.

Although the English revolution had been carried by a union of many parties, the character of that movement had been too essentially Whig—it had reflected too faithfully the authors of the Exclusion Bill and the victims of a long unsuccessful opposition, not to throw the government, for a time, and with a few personal exceptions, into the hands of the Whig party. They had governed generally well, and always honestly; above all, they had governed in the spirit of the institutions they were called on to administer, and had shown no backsliding on the great question which united the Liberal England of that day. They had supported the Dissenting interest at home; and manfully resisted the head of the Catholic system on the Continent. The remnant of the Tories, purged of avowed Jacobites, held, meanwhile, their principles of high monarchy necessarily in abeyance. They were restrict-

ed to the task of criticising and discrediting a government upon which there rested the most arduous of all responsibilities, that of guiding a nation through a revolution. And they labored zealously in their vocation. It was easy to make the land tax an abomination to the future October Club; all of them, as sings Barry Cornwall—

"Right, jolly squires, with brains made clear  
By the irresistible strength of beer."

It was easy to declaim against a war expenditure in time of peace; to contrast the advocacy by the Whigs of a standing army with the opposition of their grandfathers to Charles I. The unpopularity thus fermented, steadily increased till William actually prepared to abdicate his ungrateful charge. When he gave up this idea, he attempted to rid himself of the unpopularity of his ministers; and to bind the Tories over to the constitution, by bringing them into office. A few months later the nation began to sigh for the administration they had lost—and their sovereign, accordingly, to retrace his steps. Godolphin, the new Tory lord treasurer, was replaced by the Earl of Carlisle. But in little more than two months after this change, King William was laid in Henry VII.'s Chapel; and Godolphin resumed his office on the accession of Queen Anne.

The Tories had habitually been disposed to acquiesce in the projects of the court which was sheltering the banished Stuarts with the superb hospitality of St. Germain. But it is a signal proof of the respect paid to any policy which is recognized as embodying the deliberate convictions of the English nation; we will add, too, that it illustrates the habitual fairness and moderation of English statesmen—that, except in the case of Bolingbroke, in 1711, and of Mr. Pitt, in 1791, Tory governments have been generally more anxious to curb their supporters, than to attack their opponents. They have been either not bold enough, or not wicked enough, to answer the demands made on them for energy and strong action. The responsibilities of opposition have often sat too lightly on them; but in office, they have, on the whole, been true to their country, rather than to their consistency. Godolphin's administration was obedient to this tendency. Lord Rochester, it is true, at the head of the ultra-Tories, showed himself eager, if he could not prevent a war, at least to cripple its prosecution, by coupling it with an affront to the foreign refugees in the English service. But Godolphin's per-

sonal friendship for Marlborough bound his colleagues to the man who, in all Europe, was best fitted to appreciate our relations with the continent. The recognition, too, by Louis, of the Pretender, as King of England, had roused a strong burst of national indignation; and now, though gradually and with hesitation, the cabinet prepared for war. Already, a few days before the death of James II., William had concluded the treaty of the Hague with the Emperor and the States. It is important to notice the provisions of this instrument, not only as the basis of the war which followed, but because we shall have occasion to refer to it in considering the subsequent negotiations. We agreed to obtain reasonable satisfaction for the Emperor, especially in regard to the Spanish Netherlands and Italy. *The West Indies were reserved for the Maritime Powers.*

Germany, again, had seldom been disposed so favorably for union against France. The Electorate of Brandenburg depended on the Emperor for its transmutation into the Kingdom of Prussia; and there existed a treaty, by which the Court of Berlin bound itself, in case of a dispute on the Spanish Succession, to support Leopold with 8,000 men. Hanover was secured by the creation in its favor of a ninth electorate, and the hand of an archduchess. The claims of the Prince of Conti on Poland ensured the accession of Augustus I. to the Grand Alliance. The mass of power concentrated in the hands of the French dynasty was formidable enough to suspend even the immemorial rivalry of Denmark and Sweden; the first of these states joined the Maritime Powers by the treaty of Odensee (1701), and the latter by that of the Hague (1703).

War was scarcely proclaimed, when the few allies of France began successively to desert her. Portugal, the earliest power to recognize Philip V., had concluded, in 1701, an alliance with France and Spain, which provided with ludicrous minuteness for the distribution of the conquests to be made from England in the event of a war. But this was reversed by the negotiations which terminated in the Methuen treaty. Even Victor Amadæus, Duke of Savoy, the *desultor bellorum*, after marrying one daughter to Fénelon's pupil, the promising and shortlived Duke of Burgundy, and another to the young King of Spain, was not ashamed to brave the contempt of Europe by offering his services to the Allies! and a peculiar interest attaches in our history to this accession, for it resulted in the treaty of Cressentin, negotiated by

Mr. Hill in 1704, by which the English crown gave its guaranty—a guaranty still appealed to—for the religious liberties of the Vaudois Protestants.

The war began in 1702; and for five years France gallantly maintained an almost single-handed conflict with Europe—on the Po, the Danube, the Tagus, and the Rhine. But in the year 1706, the great disaster of Ramillies brought overtures for peace. We can pretend to give no analysis of the everlasting proposals, negotiations, ratifications and rejections, which make Torcy's Memoirs, with all their invaluable minuteness of detail, one of the most unreadable books in the French language. We shall rather endeavor so to group the various stages of discussion, that the reader may carry away some scanty idea of the main points involved in the negotiations between France and the Allies.

These negotiations were four in number; the first was opened in 1706, through a correspondence between the Elector of Bavaria and the Duke of Marlborough. The offers made by Louis excited the alarm of the confederates. He proposed that Philip V., or France in his name, should cede to the House of Austria whichever half of the Spanish inheritance the Allies might decide on—either Spain and the Indies—or the Italian provinces: these overtures were at once rejected.

A loud cry was raised, we think, unjustly, against this rejection. Dr. Hare, in one of his very sensible Letters to a Tory Member,\* clearly pointed out the intention of disuniting the Allies by means of the alternative. It was obviously the interest of the Maritime Powers, that Spain and the Indies should fall to a connection of the exclusively continental House of Austria; rather than that such an addition should be made to the naval power, already so considerable, of France. It was as manifestly the interest of the House of Austria, by standing out for the acceptance of the Italian provinces, to consolidate the disunited appanages of her family, and secure the battle-ground of the Milanese. Nor, in times when Livio Odeschalchi, a Pope's nephew, was conspicuous enough to compete for the crown of Poland, was the vast influence to be overlooked, which a Catholic power, in possession of Lombardy, Naples, and Sicily, would be enabled to exercise over or through the Holy See. As it was, even the slight consideration given to the alternative was followed by injurious

\* Quoted at length in Tindal, xvi. 810.

effects. From that moment, Austria determined to make sure at least of Italy. The very next winter was memorable for the capitulation, by which, without the privity of the Maritime Powers, 20,000 French soldiers were allowed to evacuate the fortresses of Lombardy. These troops arrived in Spain in time to reinforce Berwick's army at Almanza, and to share in the consequent reduction of Arragon and Valencia. The next summer too, the siege of Toulon failed, mainly from the absence of General Dhaun's contingent on an expedition against Naples.

Bolingbroke always censured the English government for not having closed with these proposals. He compares them with the objects of the treaty of 1701, which certainly contained no stipulation for securing the entire Spanish monarchy to Austria. But he forgot that it provided for indemnifying England and Holland in the West Indies; which, by *this* scheme, were to be ceded as an integral item of either the French or Austrian portion.

For two years more the war went on; and every where but in Spain, the Sun of the Bourbons (for such was the device assumed by Louis, with the vaunting motto *nec pluri-bus impar*) was eclipsed. Naples was reduced; Villars was driven behind the Rhine; Oudenarde was lost. Lille, Sardinia, Minorca, fell successively. One after another, the few allies that still remained to France, were crushed or silenced. Maximilian Emmanuel of Bavaria had been stripped of his dominions, and degraded from his rank as First Elector of the Empire. The Gonzagas were driven from Mantua. The fall of Bologna compelled Clement XI. to recognize the Archduke as King of Spain.

The winter of 1708-9 fell with terrible severity on France. At Paris, in one night, the Seine was frozen so hard that people could pass on foot from bank to bank. The provinces had already suffered from scarcity; and now, the intense cold, immediately following a thaw, destroyed all the hopes of the next year's harvest. As spring returned, it became apparent that the rigorous season had been fatal to even the most sheltered and most fertile districts—to the olive plantations of Languedoc, to the vineyards of the Rhone, to the rich southern vegetation, the jessamines and orange-gardens of Toulon and Hières. Contagious diseases, suddenly breaking out at the Hôtel Dieu and the Invalides, announced that the scourge of pestilence was to be added to that of famine. Voltaire has forcibly depicted the penury that compelled

even the silken courtiers of Versailles to animate the people by a show of economy and retrenchment. The king sold his gold plate. Madame de Maintenon set the fashion of eating oat-cakes instead of bread. The population too was exhausted. The *ban* and the *arrière-ban* had long since been called out. In this extremity Louis selected the President De Rouillé to bear fresh proposals to the Allies.

The way for a second accommodation had been opened by one Pettekum, a personage who perpetually reappears in these negotiations as a kind of *amicus curiæ*, and whose suggestions and good offices scarcely met with the return that their busy diligence deserved. The days were no more when Louis exacted the rigid observance of every diplomatic formality; and nothing more remarkably illustrates his weariness of the war than his dispensing with even common security for the credentials of the Dutch commissioners. They, on their part, insisted on the strictest secrecy. They even refused (as Torcy tells us) to inform Rouillé, till he arrived at Antwerp, to what place he was to betake himself for the negotiation. At length he was apprised, that on the 17th of March he would find in the village of Streysdencas, near Moerdyck, two men, of whose names even Pettekum, his informant, was ignorant. They turned out to be MM. Buys and Van der Dussen, the Pensionaries respectively of Amsterdam and Tergow. The conferences were subsequently removed to Bodegrave near the Hague. The offers which Rouillé was empowered to make, were a considerable advance on those of 1706. Louis now consented to cede the whole Spanish monarchy, with the exception of Sicily and Naples; and it is remarkable, that he expressly authorized Rouillé to pledge him to produce Philip of Anjou's consent to this arrangement.\* But he had not given up his attempt to separate the Allies. This was evident on the face of the proposals. Their general character was that of concession to Holland of great commercial advantages; and resistance, especially, to the claims of the German powers. The Dutch were urged to close with these terms, and to sign a separate peace. They held out resolutely; and, indeed, they could scarcely help doing so, for the conferences had become generally known, and, while the weaker allies were alarmed at the possible abandonment of their interests, Eugene and Marlborough received regular

\* Torcy, i. 149, (in vol. lxxvii. of the Collection edited by MM. Petitot and Monmerqué.)



reports from the Commissioners. Under these circumstances, the winter was passing rapidly away, and the Dutch declared they durst not make any proposal of an armistice.

Rouillé's dispatch, containing the terms of the Allies, was read at Versailles in full council on the 28th of April.

There were present, with the addition of the Duke of Burgundy, of Chamillart, and Desmarais, the same statesmen who had formed the Council which, nine years before, came to the resolution of engaging in this disastrous contest. We are told that Beauvilliers and the Chancellor Pontchartrain, addressing Chamillart, the Minister of War, urged him to declare whether the resources of the kingdom were not reduced so low, as to make the conclusion of peace an absolute necessity. The Duke of Burgundy burst into tears, as Beauvilliers cited in detail the miseries of France. It was determined to cede everything; reserving for Philip the kingdom of Naples only. But as no time was lost in correspondence, Torcy, the Foreign Minister, with the unselfish devotion which has been the glory of Frenchmen of every party and under every régime, offered to go to the Hague, and undertake the thankless office of personally conducting a negotiation, which, in all human probability, was to connect every one involved in it with recollections of their country's deepest humiliation.

He reached the Hague on the 6th of May; but the business of the conferences was scarce begun till the 18th, when the Duke of Marlborough returned from London. On most of the points which Rouillé had referred to the court of Versailles, Torcy made concession after concession. At last the Allies delivered their *ultimatum* in the instrument, which has become famous by the name of the 'Preliminaries of the Hague.' Their chief points were, 1. The perpetual exclusion of the Bourbons from the whole Spanish inheritance. 2. The satisfaction of the Emperor and the Empire by the cession of Kehl, Strasburgh, and Brisach; and the German interpretation of the article upon Alsace in the treaty of Munster. 3. A revision of the fourth article of the peace of Ryswick, regarding the religion of the Palatinate. 4. The security of the Protestant succession in England. 5. The satisfaction of the Dutch, in the shape of barrier towns and of commercial advantages. But, by the 37th preliminary, the suspension of arms was to depend on the complete execution of these proposals, by the actual expulsion of

Philip from the Spanish territory. Failing this, the war was to recommence. This is the article on which Louis's refusal to ratify the preliminaries was chiefly based; and there have been many attacks on the alleged absurdity of making France, exhausted as she was, responsible for the quiet submission of the Spanish nation.

But no one tolerably acquainted with the absolute dependence in which Louis XIV. held his court and family can seriously believe that he would have been unable to ensure Philip V.'s abdication. It is possible, and, we think probable, that Castile would not have submitted to the Austrian Archduke; but as far as Philip is personally concerned, there is no room for serious doubt. The Memoirs of Noailles are full of details, which show that Louis's influence over the King and Queen of Spain, in their most domestic arrangements, was as all-pervading as if Philip had never left Versailles. Nevertheless, during the progress of these very conferences, the Cortes of Castile and Arragon were summoned to swear allegiance to the infant Prince of the Asturias, as next heir to the Spanish throne. Does any one suppose, that without the instigation of Louis, it would ever have been reported, that in the event of a peace between France and the Allies, the Duke of Berwick would exchange his Marshal's bâton for a commission in the Spanish army? Could Louis not have prevented the desertion of his own troops, and the free passage of the Walloon regiments through France? And in aid of all these grounds of distrust, there came the recollection of the similar engagements in which Louis had bound himself by the Pyrenean treaty, to refuse any assistance to Portugal—which, we now have it under his own hand that, he had resolved to disregard.\*

Again, to doubt that France was able to execute her offers of ceding the Spanish monarchy, was to disturb the whole basis of the negotiations. The war had been waged expressly to break up the dangerous accession of power which had fallen to the House of Bourbon by the will of Charles II. The rest of Europe had sought their security in re-distributing those possessions of that House, which had been most recently and most fraudulently acquired. And if, by her own act, France had created for herself an influence in Spain, which she was afterwards unable to uproot, a compensation ought to

\* Œuvres de Louis XIV. i. 63.

have been sought in other parts of her vast dominions. It should not have been a question of single fortresses like Kehl or Brisach, but the European system should have been re-adjusted by the dismemberment of whole provinces to be restored to their former allegiance. Why should not Artois have been ceded? and Roussillon? and Franche Comté? Why were the Bourbons to pretend so sacred a regard for an inheritance which, but half a century before, had been torn from the heir of the Austrian Cæsars? This solution of the question was indeed ultimately hinted at in the proposal to cede cautionary towns, to be held in pledge for the transfer of Spain to the Archduke. But the exception of Bayonne, Perpignan, Douai, Arras, and Cambray, rendered the concession less valuable than it seemed. We know, too, that the Duke of Marlborough, to the signal confutation of the slanderers who charged him with prolonging the war for his own interests, was anxious that we should close with Louis even on these terms; while, in support of the decision which the Allies came to, we may invoke the opinion of a judge so dispassionate, and so free from party bias, as Mr. Hallam. After the negotiation, the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries made a public acknowledgment of the good faith with which the Dutch commissioners had treated the common interests. Yet, within four years an English minister was to inform the French Secretary of State that it was important the allies of his own crown should know nothing of his communications with the enemy; and Lord Strafford, the English plenipotentiary at Utrecht, was to have the effrontery to palliate the disloyalty of his principals, by accusing the Dutch of keeping the English and Austrians in the dark about the French offers at the Hague!

The next year (1710) saw the third, and, till the peace of Utrecht, the last attempt at negotiation. In the mean time the national enthusiasm had been excited to its height by the pathetic and right kingly language of Louis's circular appeal to the prelates and governors of France to support him in his resolution, of making war upon his enemies rather than upon his children. But it was in vain that Villars was able to open the campaign with 112,000 men. First, Tournay fell, and then Mons. Marlborough succeeded in turning the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, which Villars had passed the last two months in fortifying; and at last Valenciennes was the only strong

place that lay between the allied army and Paris. The murderous cannonade of Malplaquet spread desolation among the flower of the noblesse, who had crowded with Marshal Boufflers to serve as volunteers under Villars. It was not till the middle of May, 1710, that the new plenipotentiaries, Marshal d'Uxelles and the Abbé (afterwards the Cardinal) de Polignac, arrived at Gertruydenberg, in Holland. Before the allies admitted any discussion, they demanded a simple assent to all the preliminaries of the preceding year, excepting those to which Louis was still repugnant. The excepted articles were the 4th, which provided that Louis should concert with the Allies for dispossessing his grandson; and the 37th, which we have been just considering. The former was put prominently forward in Louis's address of the preceding winter, but appears not to have been fully discussed till the year 1710. The only problem now was to agree on a modification of these clauses. At first it was hoped that Philip might have been induced to abdicate, on being ensured the crown of the Sicilies, or of Sardinia. But this hope grew every day fainter, as he reiterated his protests against the whole system of disposing of his dominions at the conferences. Louis rose higher and higher in his offers; he would yield Tournay; he would even pay subsidies for the maintenance of the armies that were to expel Philip from Spain. But further than this he would not go. The allies, relying on each other, as it turned out, very imprudently, were inexorable. Knowing that this was the last occasion which was to be afforded them of concluding a favorable peace, it is of course impossible not to lament their firmness. But the horror expressed at their proposals is an afterthought. A large party in the French court pressed the full acceptance of the preliminaries; and we read that even Madame de Maintenon contemplated the eventual necessity of complying with the very harshest of the terms mentioned. The sentimental compassion with which both English and foreign writers have since inveighed against the inhumanity of these conditions, must be materially qualified by the discovery, that forty-two years before, Louis and the Emperor had mutually bound themselves to the observance of this very clause with respect to the actual succession in dispute. They agreed to maintain the partition agreed on by the treaty of 1668, of course against the pretensions of their own kinsmen—"que reciproquement une partie se-

*courra et aidera l'autre, de conseil, d'action, de ses forces, de ses armes, de ses vaisseaux.*"\* Later on, likewise, in the negotiations of Utrecht, Louis expressly offered to reduce Philip by compulsion, to Queen Anne's terms.†

But, in the mean time, a domestic change was in progress in England, on which Louis had long kept his eye, and which did not disappoint him. The Tory ministry, which we left in 1703, forced into war by the pressure of public opinion, had gradually, by the dismissal of some of its members and the conversion of others, been transmuted into the Whig ministry of 1708. From the first, Marlborough and Godolphin had been thwarted by the violent Tories; but the system of Open Questions—which, as is now well-known, was till very lately the rule with English Cabinets—prevented, for a time, the disruption of the ministry. When the change became inevitable, the Queen contested it inch by inch; but, without the occurrence of a single crisis, the violent Tories had gradually been ejected. First, Lord Nottingham went, then Sir Charles Hedges, and finally Harley and St. John were got rid of. It was with the War of the Succession, as it had been with so many important questions. A course of policy is first bitterly attacked, and by degrees quietly abandoned. But soon any opposite policy is found impracticable by the admission of its ablest advocates; and then the old principles, either in the hands of new converts or of their original professors, resume their undisputed supremacy, and are embraced, as just and necessary, by those who a few years before had seen nothing but ruin in their adoption. The triumph of the Whigs was complete in every department. Harley confined himself to making good his backstairs influence with the Queen. St. John left Parliament and lived in his country-house for three years.‡ Nothing but an occasional growl from Convocation reminded the world of Toryism. That wise assembly was now in flagrant rebellion against Archbishop Tennison, and seemed bent on again illustrating that which was written by the high churchman, Lord Clarendon—that of all classes which can read and write, the clergy take in general the worst measure of affairs.

From that very quarter, however, the storm was gathering, with a fury which showed the deep fanaticism that underlies the uneducated English character. On the 5th

of November, 1709, Sacheverel preached his paltry and ill-omened sermon; and from this wretched origin arose one of those tempests, of which our own generation has felt the feeble echo in the Education disputes of 1839; and which, it is a very inadequate consolation to think, are likely to become, at every recurrence, less violent and more amenable to reason. We regret that we cannot now pause upon this discreditable brawl; for there is not a more instructive chapter in our history. It is melancholy to reflect upon the composition of the victorious party; so coarse, so ignorant, so hopelessly retrograde in all things; and to remember how absolutely they swept aside a Government identified with the most progressive opinions of its day, with all that was most accomplished in its literature, with all that was healthiest in the new interests which have contributed to the present growth of our complex and multiform society. The Whigs, meantime, staggered from one blunder to another; and within two months after the French plenipotentiaries had left Gertruydenberg, the Cabinet was entirely remodelled. For the first time, a real High-Church Ministry was established, with an enormous preponderance of court favor and popular support.

The very soul of this party, though neither its acknowledged leader, nor even its most trusted member, was Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke—one of the statesmen whose contemporary popularity can scarcely have equalled his reputation with posterity. The courage of his Toryism, and the hearty zeal of his patronage, can hardly have induced such followers as his to forgive him his imaginative conceptions and his high refinement. Public men, like Bolingbroke, never find their true place, till there are no longer dunces to be quizzed by them, nor competitors to be mortified. Then, indeed, the reaction comes; and generally does them far more than justice. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Bolingbroke's fame, that the press was the only vent left open to him by Walpole's prudence; and thus the "Letters on History," and the "Letter to Sir William Wyndham," have escaped the oblivion that covers the spirited eloquence which was heard for the last time in defending the peace of Utrecht, and of which a traditionary recollection lingered so long among the survivors of his generation. The unusual disappointments of Bolingbroke's public life have increased the interest that attaches to his dazzling qualities; and posterity always presses mercifully on those

\* Mignet, ii. 446.

† Torcy, ii. 157.

‡ Bolingbroke's Letters and Correspondence, i. 380.

who redeem in the field of letters their political misdoings. Bolingbroke has found worshippers who forget his unworthy desertion of Marlborough, his unscrupulous and often treasonable partisanship; and he lives in their indiscriminate admiration, as, perhaps, none else but Cicero and Canning have ever lived. The staunchest Whig will scarcely find his severe judgment proof against the enchantments of Bolingbroke's marvellous style—so freshly redolent of life and of the world, so graceful in its abundant and perennial courtliness, always level to every occasion, adjusting itself evenly and without a strain, to a vigorous argument with Torcy, to a budget of London gossip from "The Brothers" for Matt Prior, to a sparkling compliment for Madame de Feriole, or to a skillful combination of politics and flattery for the Princess Orsini.

St. John despised the grosser absurdities of Toryism as much as was natural to a man of his brilliant intelligence; and next to them he probably despised nothing so heartily as the narrow, precise views, the *bourgeois* predilections, and the Presbyterian antecedents of his colleague, Lord Treasurer Oxford and Mortimer. He was, nevertheless, forced into a connection with a party for which he was every way unfitted, by a theory, which harmonizes most of the irregularities of his life. His aim was to make England a great monarchical and ecclesiastical State; in the sense in which France was one, and in which England has certainly never been. We do not mean that he deliberately thought of crushing the House of Commons; but he labored constantly to bring the monarchical element into a prominence, which, since the Revolution, it has never permanently held. We are convinced that no fragment of this policy could have been carried out, without the loss of our liberties and the alteration of our national character. But it was obvious, that if it were to have a chance of success, it could only be by an application of present opportunities, so immediate and complete, as almost to have the character of a *coup d'état*. The Queen was well disposed, and St. John must have known enough of the narrow obstinacy that distinguished the early Princes of the House of Brunswick, not to recollect that the Elector of Hanover was certain to avoid what, if a mistake in William, was at least a generous mistake—the seeking to employ the talents of every party in the service of the state. But the Queen's health was fast failing; and it was plain that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly.

By a vigorous exertion of the prerogative,

it was just possible that the Tory system might be so rooted in the country; and the commercial and dissenting interests so effectually crippled by concentrating power in the classes which most cordially detested them, that even the accession of a Whig King would fail to subvert such an organization. And if the reaction could only be made strong enough to repeal the Act of Succession, as well as to exclude the Whigs, it is idle to suppose that any of the new Ministerial party would have regretted the result. The whole resources of the party were accordingly put in force for the occasion. A landed qualification was imposed on Members of Parliament. The Clergy were conciliated by the Act for building fifty new churches. The Occasional Conformity Bill was passed. The Schism Bill received the Royal assent on the very day of the Queen's death. Every means were employed to harass the Dissenters, and, above all, the Church of Scotland. But the great requisite was that with which alone we are now concerned, the speedy conclusion of such a peace as would deprive the English Whigs of continental support, and ensure at least the neutrality of France.

English interests were therefore abandoned at every step of the following negotiations; but even this is less painful to remember than the base treachery which compromised our honor with Holland and the Empire. Their true situation was not once fairly revealed either to the English people or to the Allies. Queen Anne began the dissimulation by volunteering an assurance that the Ministerial changes were not to go further than the removal of Sunderland; and the new Ministers were forward in professions of sympathy for the Allies, even on points which the French Government distinctly knew that we were ready to relinquish. For this was the original vice of the transaction. Our Ministers, from the first, treated the French Government, to which they were professedly hostile, with far more confidence and cordiality than they showed the Allies, to whom our country was committed by its public acts. This system was carried so far as even to affect the relation between the Government and its accredited agents. The information which we now possess, proves clearly that St. John had never seriously thought of preserving Spain for the Archduke; or of doing more than preventing the union of the two Bourbon crowns on one head. But when the Allies resented the scanty offers of the new preliminaries, St. John was not content to soothe the Dutch with promises of co-

operation: he even inserted in Lord Strafford's instructions an order for insisting on the cession of Spain and the Indies; which, throughout his official correspondence with France, he had uniformly acquiesced in relinquishing. On the opening of the conferences at Utrecht in January, 1713<sup>1</sup> his bearing was still more extraordinary. Zinzendorf, the Austrian Envoy, naturally referred to the terms of Gertruydenberg, as the obvious basis of the new negotiation. Alarmed at the possible consequences of this appeal, St. John remonstrated with the French Ministers, in the tone of a man who presumes on long friendship to persuade another to make concessions to an unreasonable adversary. The same tone is carried through the whole discussion; and the French plenipotentiaries returned it by communicating to their nominal opponents their plans for delaying or embarrassing the Dutch and Austrian Ministers.

For the conferences nominally held at Utrecht were nothing but a blind; and in spite of Queen Anne's repeated protestations that she would act only in concert with the Allies, the real business was carried on in confidential letters between Bolingbroke and Torcy. We are not aware of a single point which the plenipotentiaries, originally accredited by France and England, were called on to decide. At last the confidence between the hostile Governments became so strict, that, with an abandonment of decorum more scandalous than is elsewhere to be found, even during this negotiation, the English Ministers informed Torcy of their intention to enforce a suspension of arms on the Duke of Ormond; while at the same time they actually insisted that the latter should conceal his instructions from those Allies who had shared with us the trophies of Blenheim and Malplaquet, and whom a struggle of ten years, and the friendship of their commanders had cemented into a more homogeneous mass, and kindled with more of a common spirit, than has, perhaps, ever existed in any other coalition.

The great feature in the treaty of Utrecht was the establishment of the Bourbons on the throne of Spain and the Indies. We must premise with respect to this treaty, that it is one thing to find grave fault with its provisions, and another to echo every cry that was raised against it by the heated partisans of the day. The cession of Spain and the Indies was, perhaps, more condemned than any other of its stipulations. But as far as Spain is concerned, we make no

charge against Harley's Government. It was at best an ungrateful task to force a Sovereign on a country, and every day demonstrated more clearly the hopelessness of permanently reducing the Peninsula. Even the year that had elapsed since the negotiations of Gertruydenberg, fertile of disaster to France in every other quarter, had brought her nothing but success in Spain. Except, however, with regard to Spain, there was no pretext for an English Government to yield one iota of the other terms of Gertruydenberg, (terms, be it remembered, to which Louis had actually subscribed as a condition of opening the conferences,) unless on the hypothesis of an allegiance other than that due to the Queen and Parliament of England. A simple comparison of the preliminaries of the Hague with the terms eventually obtained, will show the derelictions of the English Ministry on this point.

The Duke of Savoy was the only ally for whom our Government made any decent efforts; and even his interests were subordinated to the superior influence of France. Savoy was the one State whose claims were sure of a favorable consideration from the latter power; for every addition to the existing Sardinian States went to form a counterpoise to Austrian ascendancy in Italy. But as far as the Continental interests of England at the beginning of the eighteenth century were concerned, it would have signified nothing if Austria had held the whole of Northern Italy. Nay, considering the chronic opposition to England in which Louis's Catholic policy placed the Papacy, the most extreme Ghibellinism would have been purely to our advantage. But France was to be favored, even though, at the same time, we were constrained to be faithful to an ally; and, at one time, we find Bolingbroke actually urging France to support Victor Amadæus against Austria\*—a length to which the French Ministers themselves, in their cooler judgment, declined to follow him. The really important point for Savoy, as for every State between the Ocean and the Vistula, was a barrier against France; and this she was unable to obtain, except by ceding the Barcelonette—a cession which had not been even named at Gertruydenberg.

But the abandonment of Spain to the House of Bourbon involved neither the abandonment of any compensation, nor the abandonment also of the Indies. On the first point a line had been distinctly traced

\* Letters and Corres. iii. 487.

for the Government by their predecessors; and it now was only necessary not to desert a path already entered on. When the Archduke Charles was established at Barcelona, the English Government had concluded with him a treaty of commerce, by a secret article of which the trade of the Spanish Indies was to be opened to a mixed company of English and Spanish merchants. By the Barrier Treaty of 1710, a share of these, among other advantages, was given up to Holland. The ship in which the former treaty was sent home was taken by a French vessel; the letter-bags had been sunk, but were recovered, with their contents, by the skill and courage of a diver; and the French Government forthwith published the intercepted treaty to all Europe. It is difficult to exaggerate, or even to conceive, the possible importance of this treaty. Looking at the comparative energies of the three nations, at the small beginnings from which our Empire in Asia has grown to its colossal stature, and at the inexhaustible field opened in the virgin colonies of Spanish America, it is scarcely doubtful that the execution of this treaty would have secured to England no small share in the dominions of Montezuma and the Incas. And will any one pretend that, if the Allies had been thoroughly united, Louis and Philip would not thankfully have ratified the treaty of Barcelona?

But, next, it is mere folly to say that the Indies must necessarily follow the fortunes of Spain. Few contrasts are more remarkable than that which subsisted throughout this war, between the obstinate patriotism that drove the Castilians and Arragonese to contest every defensible pass or stronghold, and the apathetic indifference of the American settlements.\* They were perfectly careless to which of the parties they might be transferred; and the cordial co-operation of the Allied Powers, (which nothing but the existence of a Tory Ministry prevented,) would assuredly have assigned those colonies to the House of Austria; and secured to us the privileges which that House had already stipulated to grant. It was the union of the Indies with the formidable marine of France that our ancestors

\* Humboldt, *Nouvelle Espagne*, v. 62. According to the *Vernon Correspondence*, (cited *Ed. Rev.* v. 75, p. 131,) the Spaniards of Peru openly avowed their inclination to France; while Montezuma, Viceroy of Mexico, would not suffer the orders from Spain to be obeyed, as long as Spain was looked upon to be under French influence. It was thought that Montezuma, whose countless was of Indian extraction, might set up for himself. A.D. 1699—1702.

principally, and with good reason, dreaded; and the indemnity for the Protestant interest which we are discussing, was by no means an Utopian scheme, taken up on the moment by the violent adversaries of the peace. It was pointed at by Sir William Temple, the most philosophical of our diplomatists, who, in the "Constitutions of the Empire," &c., so long ago as 1671, had noticed the opening for English influence in Spanish America.\* We are speaking only in the spirit of Defoe,† the most temperate of the Whigs, whose single heresy was an anxiety to give Harley the credit for good measures, which nothing but his own conduct in opposition had rendered difficult or impracticable. We are speaking, finally, in the language of the treaty of 1701, which Bolingbroke, with singular shamelessness, quoted as the model for the negotiations of Utrecht. If all these lessons had been regarded, Mr. Canning's daring policy would long ago have been anticipated; and the New World would have been called into existence a century before, to redress the balance of the Old.

We insist the more anxiously that there was a necessity for compensating Europe for the absorption of Spain by the House of Bourbon; because, while we acknowledge the necessity of that sacrifice, we are not the less conscious that it has been an irreparable misfortune. To urge against this, that occasions have arisen in which France and Spain have been at variance, is simply to repeat that the two crowns were not actually on the same head. The great fact remains unassailable, that thrice from the treaties of

\* Temple, ii. 216.

† "No man can say that I ever once said in my life that I approved the Peace . . . I printed it openly . . . that the Peace I was for, was such as should neither have given the Spanish monarchy to the House of Bourbon, nor to the House of Austria; but that this bone of contention should have been broken to pieces; that it should not become dangerous to Europe, and that the Protestant powers, viz: Britain and the States, should have so strengthened and fortified their interest by their sharing the commerce and strength of Spain, as should have made them no more afraid of France or of the Empire. So that the Protestant interest should have been superior to all the powers of Europe, and been in no more danger of exorbitant powers, whether French or Austrian. This was the peace I always argued for; pursuant to the design of King William in the Treaty of Partition, and pursuant to that article of the Grand Alliance which was directed by the same glorious hand at the beginning of this last war, viz: that all we should conquer in the Spanish West Indies should be our own."—*Defoe's Appeal to Honor and Justice*, p. 21.

Utrecht to the French Revolution—in the war of 1740, in that of 1756, and in that of 1775—France and England were hostilely opposed, and that on each occasion France was joined by Spain; and that during the revolutionary war itself, from St. Vincent to Trafalgar, the naval strength of the allies greatly outnumbered ours.\* It is true that Louis XIV. imagined a vain thing, in dreaming that this union could crush the empire of the English fleets; but it is not less true, that we never emerged from any one of these conflicts without having suffered deadly wounds. It is not less true, that but for this fatal alliance, we should have triumphed at Havana and Finisterre, at a cheaper price in blood and gold; and that when Paul Jones disgraced civilized warfare with his bucaneeing butcheries, when De Grasse was ravaging Tobago, and a fleet of seventy Spanish and French vessels spread terror along the shores of Cornwall and Hampshire, we were paying the penalty for the treason of our rulers at Utrecht. The quarrel between Philip V. and the Regent Orleans is rather an illustration of, than an exception to, the steady policy which linked the two Bourbon Houses: for it resembled a civil, more than an international struggle; and was simply an effort, by the nearest connection of the minor Louis XV., to arrest the reaction which followed the death, and subverted the policy of Louis XIV. This policy found its consummation in the Family Compact of 1761—a league in which political interests had their share, but the inner cipher of which is brought to light by the remarkable circumstance, that when Maria Theresa was most closely allied to France, she begged to be admitted to a share in the new treaty, and was distinctly refused, on the plea of her non-participation in Bourbon blood! The Family Compact survived the Revolution; and though nominally renounced in 1814, has never been abandoned by French statesmen. It was but nine years ago, (to come down no later,) that the first blow was struck at Espartero's regency, when M. de Salvandy, as Family Ambassador at Madrid, refused to hold himself accredited to that Minister. Even now, the Revolution of last February, and the recent declaration of M. Bastide, will scarcely warrant our listening with unconcern, to Mr. Hallam, while he gravely recapitulates the charges against the peace of Utrecht. "In distant ages, and after fresh combina-

tions of the European commonwealth should have seemed almost to efface the recollections of Louis XIV. and the War of the Succession; the Bourbons on the French throne might still claim a sort of primogenitary right to protect the dignity of the junior branch, by interference with the affairs of Spain; and a late posterity of those who witnessed the peace of Utrecht might be entangled by its improvident concessions."\*

M. Mignet winds up the historical introduction to these negotiations with an exposition of the geographically dependent character of Spain, and of the benefits she has derived from her connection with France. The first point is argued with a disregard for national rights, which from the pen of an official writer, contrasts remarkably with the Polish paragraph in the annual addresses of the late Chambers; and on this, it may be enough to say, that the severest blow ever dealt to the independence of the Peninsula was the aid which Louis afforded to Portugal, thereby forcing Spain on the Pyrenees. For the second point, when M. Mignet looks to his own great and famous country, with its organized society, its unrivalled army, the elastic spirit of its statesmen, and the majestic unity, in spite of every convulsion, impressed on all its splendid civilization, we can scarcely think he will seriously challenge a comparison between what France has developed for herself, and what she has crippled and thwarted in Spain. The dependent helplessness of Philip V. has clung, like a curse, to the dominions which his posterity have ruled. It has been equally fatal to their monarchy of the last century—to their Revolution of yesterday—to their constitutional government of to-day. Not only has the spirit of the Family Compact infatuated and compelled Spain to be the handmaid of every French aggression, and to bear a heavy share of the losses incurred in every war with England, but it has worked yet more fatally in reducing Spain to a condition of diplomatic tutelage, in which the destinies of the nation are not entrusted to its own energies, but made dependent on the struggles of rival ambassadors for influence. To the imbecility of the Austrian, the Bourbon princes superadded the corruptions of French despotism; but they imported no admixture of its high spirit, its national pride, or of its vigorous centralization. Hear M. de Marliani himself, a Spanish diplomatist, and an official of the House which M.

\* Alison's *Life of Marlborough*, 480.

\* *Const. Hist.* iii. 293.

Mignet delights to glorify. "Partout ailleurs, la mauvaise organisation sociale a vécu à côté d'un gouvernement mauvais aussi, mais agissant régulièrement dans le cercle de principes organiques d'administration, tels que la civilisation des temps les comprenait. En Espagne, au contraire, à aucune époque et sous aucune forme, il n'a existé de gouvernement, autre que l'arbitraire et ses erreurs. L'administration publique n'a jamais eu d'autre règle que le caprice de ceux qui commandaient. Ce mal invétéré n'a subi aucune modification; et il atteint l'époque actuelle avec l'autorité que donne la force des traditions."\* Nor did the national character gain in gentleness what it lost in independence. While French manners, and art, and literature were eating at the very roots of Spanish nationality, in the single reign of Philip V., the victims of the Inquisition were no fewer than 9992, of whom 1032 were burnt alive.†

With the outlying portions of the Empire it has fared yet worse. Humboldt gives us a memorial from the Bishop and Chapter of Mechoacan, presented to the Spanish court in 1799, which singularly illustrates the misgovernment of Mexico.‡ The viceregal administration was mainly bent on separating the various races of inhabitants, as if it sought actually to train them for such ferocious feuds and outbreaks as disgraced Peru at the end of the 18th century. With Naples and Sicily, which though not ceded by the treaty of Utrecht, have been governed by Bourbon princes for a hundred years, it is the same. "The government here is only an additional cause of disorder," writes the President Du Paty, in 1785. Count Orloff, a warm admirer of the Bourbons, dwells at length on the accumulation of all those abuses which a moderately wise administration has in its power to remove; on the fetters which the concurrent claims of the crown and of the feudal proprietors imposed on agriculture; on the flagrant system of the *corvées*; on the baneful ingenuity with which the *tythe* system reached even to the instruments of labor.§ It is curious that the only benefits which the kingdom of the Two Sicilies received from its French government, were derived from its revolutionary rulers, and infringed by the House of Bour-

bon. The governments of Joseph and Murat did much towards organizing the administration, reforming the law procedure, and abolishing feudal rights. The only alteration introduced by the restored Bourbons formally authorized a secret trial on a Secretary of State's warrant.\* M. Mignet was writing in 1835; and it would be unfair to quote against him more recent instances of Neapolitan misgovernment: but the testimonies we have already referred to are at least those of not unfavorable witnesses; and we are content to rest on them for a decision of the question which M. Mignet has raised. They will enable us to estimate justly that system of dynastic suzerainship on the part of France, and of subserviency on that of her allies, the revival of which it has hitherto been the scarcely concealed aim of M. Mignet's book to advocate.

It is difficult for men of other countries to speak calmly of that system. To our mind, it possesses fewer redeeming features than any other policy that, like it, has sacrificed individuals, and trampled on nationalities. The civilization, for example, which the heroic genius of Alexander suddenly created, or that which was steadily advanced by the majestic line of Roman Consuls and Dictators, pleads irresistibly in defense of its promoters. For posterity feels nothing of the throes and struggles which usher every new form of society into being. We are accustomed again to relent, in judging the Mahomedans of the 7th century, the Crusaders at the close of the 11th, or the Revolutionary armies of France at that of the 18th, when we remember the absorbing fanaticism, the high faith in their mission, with which all of them in their turn triumphed over the powers and dominions of the ordinary world. But there are no such compensating points in the remorseless policy which built up the magnificent fabric of the Bourbon monarchy. That policy derives its sole interest from its consistent unity of scheme, and from the spell which bows our imagination before any display of an unflinching, individual will. In these, indeed, no period is richer than that which we have been examining; nor shall we find them any where more completely illustrated than in the great king whom we have followed nearly to the grave. However history may have qualified the profuse adulation of his contemporaries, enough remains, after every deduction, to

\* Marliani, *Histoire Politique de l'Espagne moderne*, i. 8.

† Ibid. i. 116.

‡ Nouvelle Espagne, i. 435.

§ Orloff, *Mémoire Politique, &c. sur le Royaume de Naples*, iii. 179.

\* By the new code of 1819. See Lord Brougham's *Political Philosophy*, i. 617, 618.



secure him a position among the ablest rulers of his country—by the side of Henry IV., of Richelieu, of Napoleon. And whatever political or social changes France is destined to undergo, we do not anticipate that she will ever cease to look back with

respectful admiration upon Louis XIV, as alone representing and embodying a very brilliant epoch of her development—an epoch, however, which has passed utterly away, and which, fortunately for mankind, it is forever impossible to recall.

## PRODUCE OF THE PRINTING PRESS.

An intelligent bookseller, who has been many years conversant with the industry of the great literary hive of London, has made the following computations of the productiveness of the British press. There is every reason to believe them quite accurate, however astounding.

The periodical works sold on the last day of the month amount to 500,000 copies, the amount of cash expended in the purchase of which is \$125,000. These go into the country in 2,000 packages, few remaining behind over the day. The annual returns of periodical works amount to \$1,500,000.

The number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom in the year 1843, as ascertained through the Stamp Office, was 447; the number of stamps issued, which determines the number of copies issued during the year, was above sixty millions and a half. The proportions were as follows:

79 London newspapers . .	31,692,092
212 English provincial . .	17,058,056
8 Welsh . . . . .	339,500
69 Scotch . . . . .	5,027,588
79 Irish . . . . .	6,474,764
<hr/> 447	<hr/> 60,592,001

The number of different papers published in Great Britain does not compare with the number in the United States, which exceeds 1,000; but the circulation of some of the London papers is immense. The average price of the English papers is *five pence each*; so that the sum annually expended in newspapers is about \$6,250,000; above six millions of dollars. The quantity of paper required for the annual supply of these newspapers is 121,184 reams; some of the paper is of an enormous size. The difference in reading matter and in the extent of reading in three hundred and seventy-five years is seen in the follow facts. In a peti-

tion addressed to the Pope in 1471, by Sweynheim and Pannartz, printers at Rome, they bitterly complain of the want of demand for their books, their stock amounting to 12,000 volumes; in the petition they gravely say: "You will admire how and where we could procure a sufficient quantity of paper, or even rags, for such a number of volumes." And yet, about 1,200 reams of paper would have produced all the poor printers' stock of books! Such has been the change in less than four centuries.

The estimated annual sales of different publications are as follows:

New books and reprints, .	\$2,178,000
Weekly publications, not newspapers, . . . . .	500,000
Monthly publications, . .	1,500,000
Newspapers, . . . . .	6,250,000

Total, . . . . . \$10,428,000

In 1743, only one century ago, the sales of books, periodicals and newspapers hardly amounted to \$500,000 per annum. The increase is twenty-fold. The reason is found in the diffusion of knowledge. The whole course of English literature has been that of gradual and certain spread from the few to the many—from luxury to a necessary; as much as the spread of the cotton to the silk trade. Henry VIII. paid what was equal in our day to \$30,00 a yard for a silk gown for Anne Boleyn. Now the thousands buy their silk gowns for fifty cents a yard. The printing press has done for the commerce in literature, in its various forms, what the mule and the Jacquard loom have done for the commerce in silk; it has made it accessible to all, at the same time it is sought by all. Can a stronger argument be framed for a moral, intelligent and Christian press, when the universal mind is formed by it, and it controls the world? What are a thousand eloquent living voices by the side of it?

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THEODORE HOOK.

THEODORE HOOK may be said to have been nurtured in a hot-bed of talent, wit, and dissipation. His father was a musical composer and an established favorite, for upwards of half a century; first at the Mary-le-bone Gardens, and, lastly, at Vauxhall. His mother was the author of at least one theatrical piece, "The Double Disguise," played with success at Drury Lane in 1784. There were two brothers, James and Theodore, and the elder, although sent to Westminster School, and afterwards to Oxford, where he graduated and took holy orders, and became ultimately Dean of Worcester, still exhibited throughout life the wit and vivacity of the stock, and the same indications of the family taste for the drama and authorship. But James was blessed with advantages which never fell to the lot of Theodore; in his case the inebriety of wit was sobered by a regular education, and the exuberance of animal spirits was restrained by the ties of his sacred calling, which were further strengthened by an early and happy marriage. "Who," asks his biographer, the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, "does not lament that such a boon was denied to Theodore?"

The first school that Theodore, born on the 22d of September, 1788, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, was sent to, was a sort of "seminary for young gentlemen," a green-doored, brass-plated "establishment," in Soho Square. Subsequently, he went to Dr. Curtis's, and thence to Harrow, but with little or no real advantage, and, as his biographer justly remarks, a sufficient reason for his want of success is to be found in the confessions of "Gilbert Gurney," where he says, with evident reference to himself: "My school life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks. I had no aptitude for learning languages. I hated Greek, and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew. I fancied myself a genius, and anything that could be done in a hurry, and with little trouble, I did tolerably well, but application I had not."

And who can fail to discover throughout life, and even in employments less distasteful to him, traces of the same haste and impatience of labor? Theodore soon left Harrow, and the death of his mother, the only one who could restrain the youth's exuberance of spirits, left him in the charge of a worldly, pleasure-loving father, who at once employed his son's talents in writing songs and plays. The success of his first farces, and his love of fun, soon established Master Theodore's reputation, both before and behind the curtain, and he became at this early period of his life, the pet of the green-room, and at the same time, by his incessant indulgence in practical jokes, the plague of the property-man and of all the minor officers of the establishment. Even Liston himself was made one of the victims of this besetting propensity.

"Having procured a bladder with a penny whistle attached to it, after the fashion of a bagpipe, Hook made his way under the stage during the performance of the 'Finger Post,' and introducing the orifice of the tube into the opening of the 'float,' close to Liston's foot, as the latter was about to commence his song, 'When I fell into the pit of love,' proceeded to elicit from his apparatus the most discordant squeaks imaginable, by way of accompaniment, not more to the amusement of the audience than the bewilderment of the actor, who could not conceive whence on earth, or under the earth, the sounds proceeded. The song was tumultuously encored, and, mystified as he was, Liston of course had no alternative but to repeat it, his unseen assistant squeezing and squeaking the while more vigorously than ever."

At this early time, also, when he was scarcely in his twentieth year, Theodore Hook gave evidence of the possession of that talent which he afterwards cultivated to so much perfection, and compared with which, mimicry in its perfection sinks into insignificance—that of the improvisatore. In the art of pouring forth extemporaneous poetry, music and words, rhyme and reason, all impromptu, Hook stood alone—rival he had none.

"Of course (says his biographer) he had his imitators :

'The charming extempore verses of T——s's,'

for example, will not readily be forgotten; another gentleman also found reason to remember his attempt at rivalry. Ambitious of distinction, he took an opportunity of striking off into verse immediately after one of Hook's happiest efforts. Theodore's bright eye flashed, and fixed on the intruder, who soon began to flounder in the meshes of his stanza, when he was put out of his misery at once by the following couplet from the master, given, however, with a good-humored smile that robbed it of all offense :

'I see, sir, I see, sir, what 'tis that you're hatching,  
But mocking, you see, sir, is not *always* catching.'

This is a kind of success which is, however, pre-eminently evanescent. Men endowed with such gifts must be content, like actors, whom they in a measure resemble, with the applause of their contemporaries; they have little to hope for from posterity; and in Hook's case scarcely a record has been kept of any one of those performances which used at once to delight and astonish the circles in which he moved. "Mrs. Muggins's Visit to the Queen," stanzas written in the *John Bull* as a satire upon the Brandenburg House drawing-room, is described in the "Quarterly Review," as also by Mr. Dalton Barham, as most approaching what Hook used to improvise on a festive evening, and as conveying to a person who had never witnessed that marvellous performance, a tolerably accurate notion of what it was.

"Have you been to Brandenburg—heigh, ma'am; ho, ma'am?

Have you been to Brandenburg, ho?

—Oh, yes; I have been, ma'am,

To visit the Queen, ma'am,

With the rest of the gallant show—show,

With the rest of the gallant show.

"And who were your company—heigh, ma'am; ho, ma'am?

And who were your company, ho?

—We happened to drop in

With *gemmen* from Wapping,

And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row—Row.

And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row."

Mr. Barham records very little of Hook's doings on the stage, whither his constitutional predilections and early associations led him for awhile; but a more faithful, yet at the same time a more ludicrous picture of the miseries and mortifications incident to a play-actor, was never penned than a letter

of advice given in the *John Bull* many years after his own connection with the drama had ceased.

The name of Theodore Hook became, however, most notorious, even at this early period of his career, for his performances off the stage; for that series of practical jokes or hoaxes, of which his biographer remarks, that inexcusable as they must be considered, they were so inexpressibly ludicrous in effect, as well as original in conception, and were carried out with so unparalleled a degree of impudence, as to provoke the dullest of mortals to mirth. This is saying very little for them. Many of these hoaxes were far from original in conception, although often much so in the manner they were carried out; and the sense of humor which they excite is as frequently mingled with a feeling of commiseration for the man who would so expose himself. Most of the more amusing instances of Hook's practical joking have been detailed, and with but slight embellishment, in "Gilbert Gurney," which is indeed little more than a record of his own mad doings, loose thoughts and feelings. Others have appeared in the very entertaining "Reminiscences of the late Mr. Mathews," by his Widow, and a few have been recently printed in the "Life of Thomas Ingoldsby."

That an occurrence similar in the principal feature, and involving equal impudence, though less of humor, than the well-known projection of the line of the Paddington Canal across a gentleman's lawn, and the subsequent dinner did take place, the biographer tells us, is undoubtedly true, only that the *venue* is to be laid in the neighborhood of Soho Square, Frith Street, or Dean Street, both at that period places of comparatively fashionable residence.

"Lounging up one of those streets in the afternoon, with Terry, the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted by a concord of sweet odors arising from a spacious area. They stopped, snuffed the grateful incense, and peeping down, perceived through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

"'What a feast!' said Terry. 'Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them.'

"'I'll take any bet,' returned Hook, 'that I do—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison.' So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course,

he was immediately ushered by the servant, as an expected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well-nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half-a-dozen people were laughing at his *bon-mo's* before the host discovered the *mistake*. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle round him, and some considerable time elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect—and I am really a little at a loss—"

"Don't apologize, I beg," graciously replied Theodore; "Smith—my name is Smith—and, as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another; I remember a remarkable instance," &c.

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host, at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants; "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not—you said *four* in your note, I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast by the way; but the fact is, I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, Frith Street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no! not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and—"

"Jones!" repeated the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation; "Jones—why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion! I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman, "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, four was the hour named, and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

"Hook, of course, could not hear of such a thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger—if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at

hand—the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless. Mrs. Jones joined in solicitation, the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the 'well-furnished board.'

"In all probability, the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the piano-forte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Joneses with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza:

"I am very much pleased with your fare,  
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;  
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,  
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

That there was love of notoriety, as well as of fun and a little commendable ambition, in these displays, may be shown from another case of a slightly different character. Accompanied by a friend in the Treasury, who had provided a gig, drawn by a white horse, Hook made what he used to call a "mononag" excursion into Wales, of some weeks' duration.

"Every thing passed off pleasantly enough; fine weather—magnificent scenery—a stream to be whipped one day, a mountain to be climbed the next—a mine to be explored at one spot, a Druid temple to be traced at another. Castles, cataracts, and coal mines, all inviting inspection!

"Ah!" said Hook, as they lounged along one bright morning, "this is all very well in its way—very delightful, of course—plenty to look at—but then, somehow, nobody looks at us!—the thing is getting a little dull, don't you think so?"

"His companion assented. 'Well, we can't go on in this manner,' continued the other; 'I must hit upon something, and get up a *digito monstrari* somehow or other.'

"And at the next town from which they started, his friend had a taste of his quality in that line, for having procured a box of large black wafers, he had completely spotted the snowy coat of the animal they were driving, after the pattern of those wooden quadrupeds which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the studs of childhood. The device fully answered its purpose, and the happy pair drove off, attracting, throughout the remainder of the day, the gaze, wonder, and unqualified admiration of Cadwallader and all his goats."

Neither the gigantic Berners' Street hoax, perpetrated in 1809, nor the trick of calling in a friend to throw a coach or a cab fare on his shoulders, are original conceptions. The first was, perhaps, redeemed from the common-place by the development given to the plot, which included among the dupes the Lord Mayor and the Duke of Gloucester; and in the second, great resources were exhibited when the friend picked up to pay, being as unprepared for any pecuniary transaction as Hook himself, the carriage was made to convey the unhappy pair to the house of a medical man, to whose charge the coach was ultimately committed upon an imaginary professional case.

Successful beyond his most sanguine expectations as a dramatist, and with actors at hand, and those his personal friends, both qualified and ready to embody his ideas, Hook, when barely twenty-one, took it into his head to give up writing for the stage, and commenced novelist; his first essay, "The Man of Sorrow," meeting, however, with but trifling success—a failure which was more than compensated for by the popularity of his subsequent works. Hook's life was, as modern society is constituted, remarkably chequered; at the same time that he exchanged dramatic composition for writing novels, he appears also to have quitted the green-room for the discreet halls of St. Mary's, Oxford; with what success may be easily imagined. The very ceremony of his matriculation was, as recorded in the "Ingoldsby Memoirs," well nigh stopped in *limine*. When the vice-chancellor asked the candidate if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "forty, if you please."

It appears, also, from his biographer's account, that the very evening of his arrival at the university he began a course of carousing.

"On the evening of his arrival at the university," says our friend, "he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of 'Bishop,' and of a popular compound velect 'Egg-flip'—the Cambridge men call it 'Silky,' to the *nondem graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale*, which we have forgotten—having been discussed, songs, amatory and bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularly having begun to pass the 'limit of becoming mirth,' the proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the 'Freshman'—so in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question—

"'Pray, sir, are you a member of this university?'"

"'No, sir,' replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully. 'Pray, sir, who are you?'"

"A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the proctor held out his ample sleeve—'You see this, sir?'"

"'Ah,' returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, 'yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?'"

"The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about 'supposing it was a mistake,' he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own 'bull-dogs,' were constrained to join."

A youth of Theodore Hook's free and easy disposition, utterly unaccustomed to any kind or measure of restraint, and the companion of wits and "men about town," was not likely to become a very tractable son of Alma Mater; and after a residence of one, or at most a couple of terms, "an unlooked-for turn in his affairs" enabled him to quit Oxford, if with no great accession of honor or wisdom, at least without censure. These are the words of his biographer; there is the same indefiniteness here as we observe in the Ingoldsby memoirs, "one, or at most a couple of terms;" and as to "the unlooked-for turn in affairs," we are not told what that turn was, unless we are to consider as such his introduction, "after a very slight probation, into the order of fashion," and his election as a member of the "Eccentrics," on the same memorable night with Sheridan, Lord Petersham, and others. An intimacy with lords, and dukes, and noble princes, mainly brought about by Hook's exquisite musical taste, and extending itself to the person of the Prince-Regent, also embraced a person much spoken of in the Ingoldsby memoirs—the Rev. Edward Cannon, no less celebrated for his wit and eccentricity than for his frailty and sad history. Between two such similar spirits a close intimacy established itself, but the favor of royalty was soon sacrificed by the latter's freedom of speech, which little cared for suavity to princes or their favorites. On being requested to give his opinions of an upright piano-forte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand, light as a lady's, over the keys, and threw himself back with a dissatisfied air.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Cannon?" asked Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Why, madam, it may do to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for," was the reply.

"We are tempted to give one more anecdote of this extraordinary being, especially as the subject of our memoir was himself one of the parties therein concerned. They both had been dining with the late Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and as the host showed unequivocal symptoms of indisposition—he was suffering severely from gout in the hand—the party broke up early; and all but Cannon and Hook took their leave by about eleven o'clock. Upon them every possible hint short of absolute rudeness was expended in vain; a small table had been wheeled up close to the fire, amply furnished with potations, such as they loved, and they were not to be wiled away. At length, unable to endure the increasing pain, Price quietly summoned up an inexhaustible supply of 'black spirits and white,' and, leaving his guests to mingle as they might, stole off unobserved to bed. Next morning, about nine, his servant entered his room.

"Well, sir," said Price, on awaking, 'pray at what time did those two gentlemen go last night?'

"Go, sir?" repeated the man.

"I asked ye, sir, at what time did Mr. Hook and Mr. Cannon go?"

"Oh, they are not gone yet, sir," replied John; 'they've just rung for coffee!'

There were redeeming traits in Cannon's character, lively generosity and pre-eminent disinterestedness, which it is to be hoped will survive his errors.

Spite of his talents and conversational powers, Hook was unfortunate in his *affaires de cœur*, the first of which his biographer places on record as having occurred during a brief sojourn at Sunbury. While at this place, the name of the inn, "The Flower Pot," suggested to Hook one of his practical jokes; the termination of which not being upon record, leaves it questionable if it was of a character to redound to the credit of the chief actor therein.

In 1812 Hook was, his biographer hints, through the influence of "the fair of May Fair," presented with the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer at the Mauritius, worth about £2,000 a year. Neither, however, the heat of the climate nor the duties and responsibilities of his situation could calm the characteristic exuberance of his spirits. On the occasion of a public dinner, the new accountant-general amused himself, and frightened the island out of its propriety, by firing salutes to the honor of every person present, soldier or civilian, including

even cook and scullion. Such perseverance in one particular line did not ensure success in another, and the treasury accounts soon partook of that confusion which generally reigned where Hook was concerned. Upon this unfortunate subject his biographer has added little to what has already appeared in the pages of the *Quarterly*, (vol. lxxiii,) and from which it has been now long and generally understood, that whatever errors there were upon the part of Theodore, they were not of a venial character, being simply errors of omission, of oversight, and neglect.

Hook, it may be observed, without being of a remarkably superstitious turn of mind, was yet not prepared to discredit spiritual, or, as some foolishly call them, supernatural existences.

"Philosophers," he says, in a preface to "Martha the Gypsy," "may prove, and, in the might of their ignorance, develop and disclose, argue and discuss, but when the sage who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous."

A case is related as having fallen more immediately under Hook's observation, which appears to be the counterpart of that related in Leigh Hunt's "Town," as connected with Lord Craven's house. Hook was, however, decidedly superstitious upon some points. He always gravely maintained, that his miseries, consequent upon the Mauritius deficit, were foreshadowed to him in the course of his voyage homeward, by a visitation from the original "Flying Dutchman." He had also a marked dislike to being the thirteenth in company. One of his friends, who was himself suspected of a leaning the same way, notes in the following words an instance of this weakness:

"Dined at —; we were seated twelve in number, when Hook arrived. He looked at first very black on finding himself the thirteenth, but being told that Y—, the actor, was expected, immediately took his seat, and the evening passed off merrily enough. An anecdote was given in the course of conversation singularly corroborative of the superstition by which Hook was clearly at first affected. A party of twelve had just sat down, and one of the guests having observed a vacant chair, was remarking that he should hardly like to be the person destined to occupy that seat, when a tremendous double rap was heard—the door was thrown open, and Mr.

*Fauntleroy*\* announced—he was hanged within the year!

Hook returned to England, harassed by difficulties and pecuniary embarrassments. After a short residence at Somer's-Town, where he formed that connection which, with his warm heart and honorable feelings, he could never dissolve, although he had never sufficient courage to render it sacred and indissoluble, and many months of duration vile, he took up his abode at Putney, and started, with the assistance of his old friend Daniel Terry, a small periodical, called "The Arcadian," but which had little either pastoral in its name, or durable in its composition. A more important event in Hook's life was the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper at the close of 1820. It is to the permanent preservation of the best things contributed to this paper that the second volume of the "Life and Remains" is devoted. Four years after his connection with the *John Bull*, Hook published the first series of that collection of tales which, under the title of "Sayings and Doings," placed him at once in the highest rank of novelists. This was followed, in 1830, by "Maxwell," generally considered as the most perfect of his productions; but of all his works, the most mirth-provoking was "Gilbert Gurney," of which his own personal adventures form the groundwork, and which was published by monthly instalments in the *New Monthly Magazine*, upon his undertaking the editorship of that long-established favorite in 1836. Hook deprecated the practice, now all but universal among popular novelists, of delivering his tale by monthly instalments. One of his last letters, addressed to Mr. Poole, a fellow-contributor to the pages

of the *New Monthly*, was in deprecation of the plan, as not only wearisome to the reader, but positively fatal to anything like fair development of plot. "Jack Brag" followed, a sequel to "Gilbert Gurney," and the portrait of a vulgar, vain, and impudent cross between a tallow-chandler and a sporting gentleman, met with great success. Lastly, "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," published in 1839, was followed, in 1840, by "Precepts and Practice," a collection of short papers and tales, which he had contributed to the *New Monthly* during his editorship. Two other works, "Fathers and Sons," and "Peregrine Bunce," were never finished by their original author.

The success of his novels enabled Theodore Hook to start once more in the world. He rented an expensive house, furnished it extravagantly, sought the most fashionable and dissipated society, kept open table and late hours, and had very soon to beat a retreat once more to the friendly banks of the Thames, where, in a pretty villa near Fulham Bridge, he ultimately breathed his last; his end, hastened by a career which had never spared or husbanded either physical or mental resources, but on the contrary treated them as gifts only to be valued for their brilliancy, and the strain they may be capable of enduring, entailing thereby the consequent and inevitable result of a premature extinction.

The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as the *Quarterly Review* remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. In all his works, Hook paid little regard to consecutiveness, or regularity, or even to style. He aimed at delineation of character—at striking and ludicrous scenes and situations—at reflecting the language and habits of actual life—and all this he accomplished, in some of his works, with a success that produced many rivals, but few superiors. Yet with all these successes, and although in receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3,000 a year by his writings—passages in those parts of his diary which have been published disclose frequent struggles, ever-deepening distresses and difficulties which, while they are often inexpressibly touching, ought not to be without their lesson.

\* Another story was at the same time told in connection with this unfortunate gentleman. A Mr. R—, a wine-merchant, was very intimate with Fauntleroy, and with a few friends was in the habit of dining with him frequently. On these occasions, when the party was not too large, the host would produce some very choice old Lunelle wine, of which R— was exceedingly fond, but Fauntleroy could never be prevailed upon to say where he got it, or how it could be obtained. When the latter was under sentence of death, his old associates visited him repeatedly, and at their last interview, the night before his execution, R—, after having bid him farewell with the rest, on a sudden paused in the prison passage, returned to the cell, and said in a low voice to the criminal—"You'll pardon my pressing the subject, but now, at all events, my dear friend, you can have no objection to tell me where I can get some of that Lunelle."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"I PURPOSE to write," says Mr. Macaulay, "the history of England from the accession of James the Second, down to the time which is within the memory of men still living"—a task often undertaken and performed before, and even which Mr. Macaulay's labors will not prevent others in times to come from attempting. The epoch chosen is among the most important of the many crises of our political fortunes. The results of the Revolution of 1688 are still felt by us; and the conflict of opinions which brought about that great change still goes on, though it be in a mitigated form, and subject to rules which that very Revolution made a part of the great charter of our liberties. To one who can, in these, our times of fierce political strife, forcibly and completely withdraw himself for a moment from the whirl, and confusion, and passion, which is all around and about him; who can, with a calm philosophy, peruse and think upon the brilliant work now before us, it must prove a subject of curious and deeply interesting speculation. The author, the subject, the times in which we live, and the principles which now govern our statesmen, when viewed in juxtaposition, inculcate of themselves a lesson of wisdom which we should all do well to accept.

The author—and when we speak of him, we find ourselves unable to attain wholly to that calm philosophy we have so strongly recommended, feelings of personal regard making us partial judges in all that relates to him—the author brings to the task he has undertaken qualities, which, though necessary for its due fulfillment, are yet so rare as to be almost peculiar to himself. Gibbon gravely describes the advantages he had derived from his service in the militia, saying, grandiloquently—"The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion, gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers [the reader may smile] has not been useless to the historian of the *Roman Empire*." Mr. Macaulay's work is the history,

not so much of England, as of English parties,\* which, though they be actuated by principles which are common to all mankind, and which at all times of man's history have been in active operation, still have received among us peculiar modifications, and manifest themselves, in consequence of our institutions, in a manner peculiar to ourselves. To understand these peculiarities, and appreciate their value properly, requires, on the part of the historian, knowledge and habits which can only be acquired by a party man. Parliamentary struggles cannot be so well described and so thoroughly understood as by one who himself has borne a share in the contests of Parliament; and no one so well as he who has had some insight into the practical working of our law, can solve the many legal problems which arise in our constitutional history. But a mere party man will take a party view; will be a partial witness, a biased judge; and a lawyer, whose mind has been warped by habits acquired and fixed by a life spent in the courts, can hardly so extend his view; as to take in the "range of empire." Mr. Macaulay's fortunes have, fortunately, given him an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge necessary, without contracting the habits of thought and feeling which so often render that knowledge useless; and his very want of success as a party politician has contributed mainly to endow him so strikingly with the qualities of an impartial and sagacious historian. From his earliest youth Mr. Macaulay was destined to be a politician. He was educated in the Whig camp, in the hope that one day he would prove a useful,

\* We must guard ourselves and Mr. Macaulay from the mistaken conception that may attend this assertion. His history is, in our opinion, pre-eminently a history of parties; but it is also something more. And the author's multifarious reading has enabled him to draw an interesting comparison between the present material condition of England, and that which existed in the times of James II. See chap. iii. See also Mr. Macaulay's description of what he conceives to be the duties of an historian, vol. i. p. 3.



that is, an expert and *unscrupulous*, partisan. The hard-working men of party are with us almost always men of comparatively humble fortunes, whose mental powers have raised them to eminence. In the long array of modern English statesmen, few can be found who have not in youth been stimulated to exertion by the comparative narrowness of their means, or by the desire to raise themselves from an obscure position. Of these youths, accident placed some in the Tory, some in the Whig ranks. The magnates of each party, with true worldly wisdom, have fostered and encouraged aspirants of this description; and hailed with satisfaction, and rewarded with applause, and, when able, with place, the gradual manifestation of capacity which party struggles have called forth. The Whig party, being in reality excluded from power for more than a quarter of a century, could not offer, as a means of allurements to their ranks, the advantages of office; but these seductions were well supplied by the social blandishments which, in their place, were lavishly employed. The great Whig houses were always open, the smiles of the leaders, men and women, were always ready, their warm and well-sustained applause was always given, when any young man gave promise of the power and the will to join their ranks and fight their battles. The expectations with which young aspirants have been thus trained and fostered have oftentimes been deceived; and many a reputation has by party applause been built up, and for a few years maintained, but when left at last to support itself by its own intrinsic strength, (as in all cases must inevitably happen,) has broken down and disappeared. Some, which would have well repaid all the care and interest shown toward them, have been snatched away by death, leaving behind unavailing regrets, and the visions of a hope now for ever disappointed.\* In the days of our youth, among the various names bruited in society as of men from whom political prophets expected much, none stood higher than the name of the gifted author of this *History*. Even in his boyish years, his future renown was confidently predicted, and the great leaders of the Whigs already counted on the benefit to

\* Read, as an illustration of this remark, the letters of Francis Horner. They exhibit the fair side of political patronage, and give a pleasing picture of the kindness and care of the patrons; but Horner was to be their great card, and was immeasurably superior to all the young—ay, and old Whigs of his day. His loss was a serious blow to the party.

their party to be derived from the splendor and power of his eloquence, from his learning, his varied acquirements, his brilliant and dazzling style. Every fresh effort on his part, whether as a poet or as an essayist, was hailed as a triumph; and the hour was impatiently expected when he might, in the House of Commons, verify the predictions of his ardent friends, and justify the eulogies of his many admirers. Some there were, however, who had studied carefully the character of his mind, and who knew accurately the nature of the assembly in which he was expected to render his party service, and they even then whispered doubts as to the fulfillment of all those prophecies of success in which his sanguine friends had so boldly indulged. The brilliant essayist is not always—in fact, is seldom—a ready and powerful debater. To be a great orator, an orator of the highest class, a man must, indeed, be a great writer; but it is not given to every great writer to be a great orator likewise. In addition to mental peculiarities, there were others, belonging to the temper and nature of the man himself, which stood in the way of his success as a politician. The fastidious and delicate tastes of a scholar, unless attended by a passionate ambition and an iron will, are so offended, so shocked, by the coarseness, the littleness, the baseness, the hideous immorality, the surpassing selfishness, and the marvellous ignorance, which are inevitably encountered by all who mingle in political contention, that he feels himself debased by contact with things so degrading, and eagerly seeks for an excuse to withdraw from a scene so full of loathsome and contaminating influences. Some there are who see all this, and seeing, abhor it, but who are willing to encounter all the abominations as evils incident to humanity, which good men must face if they desire to see them controlled and diminished. But these are men of ardent, active courage, sanguine temper, and inflexible perseverance. To this hardihood and courage may be, and sometimes is, united a taste as refined as that of the most sensitive and retiring scholar. But a powerful will, a strong passion, enables its possessor to face without shrinking those loathsome scenes which overpower, because they disgust, the pure-minded man, who is not thus protected.

The result justified the predictions of those who had thus more narrowly scanned the mental and moral character of the young Whig partisan. It is needless to mince the

matter, or to pick our phrases, when the shortest and simplest is at hand, and completely explains what we wish to express—Mr. Macaulay failed in the House of Commons.\* By this we do not mean to say that he was not listened to. He *was* listened to, and with pleasure; but as far as the debate was concerned, the speech he delivered might as well have been printed as an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, reserved as a pleasure for the arm-chair and the study, with the lamp on the table, the door hermetically closed, dressing-gown and slippers on, and paper-knife in hand. The *essay*, in this way enjoyed, would be delightful; the *speech* was a beautiful thing out of place—a marble statue exposed to London weather—Sir Robert Peel's mahogany wheelbarrow employed for real work. We suspect that nobody more completely understands this estimation of his House of Commons' career than Mr. Macaulay himself. He knows that men a thousand times his inferiors exercise an influence in the House that he never possessed—an influence which his very excellence prevents his ever hoping to acquire. The bustling and the vulgar politician pushes by him in the crowd, and takes a foremost place simply because he is bustling and is vulgar. The Esquimaux feeds with delight upon garbage, the very sight of which turns the stomach of a civilized man.

But the experience acquired as a member of Parliament, though not leading to great parliamentary success, was eminently of service to the historian of the parties which still carry on their contest for power within the walls of Parliament. "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament," says Gibbon, "were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." Mr. Macaulay has, however, far transcended the humble position with which the great historian was satisfied. The experience of Gibbon was gained simply as "a mute," to use his own phrase; and his official position was merely that of an obsequious lord of trade. But Mr. Macaulay, though speaking rarely, spoke always with a certain effect; he was, in fact, one of the great guns of debate—one which it took a long time to load, and still more to bring into position: when fired it made a

great noise—hurt some of the enemy, perhaps, and frightened some; but the action was always decided before the gun could be reloaded. Still he was a *great* gun, and, from his urbanity and perfectly unaffected manners, a favorite with all parties. Returning from India, where he had acted the part of a law-maker as well as an administrative functionary, he was again sent to Parliament, and on his friends coming into office he became a member of the cabinet. To a mind like his, fraught with the knowledge of past times, the being thus admitted behind the scenes of the great political theatre must have been of infinite use and interest. He could compare the reality with the relation of it—the daily record of events with that truer history which his position enabled him to learn. Read with such an experience, the history of the past became something more than an old almanac, and the intrigues of days gone by might be judged by and compared with those which he must have seen carried on around him. But the active life of a cabinet minister was hardly compatible with the careful study of history and the composition of a laborious work. Fortunately for us, and we sincerely believe fortunately for himself, the bigots of Edinburgh quarrelled with their gifted representative, and chose some obscure person, of a spirit more congenial with their own, to speak their vulgar sentiments and protect their interests in the House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay lost his election, and then was seen the Whig appreciation of great ability that was not directly useful to themselves politically. Had Mr. Macaulay proved himself an active and powerful debater, his loss would have been felt by the ministry, and means would have been found to put a vacant seat at his command. But the brilliant essayist and converser, the poet and the historian, might, indeed, confer lustre upon his colleagues by his association with them; but he was of no particular assistance to them in the daily conflicts which they had to wage in the Commons. Seat after seat, as they became vacant, found members, but none seemed fit for the excluded cabinet minister. Young and mute sprigs of great Whig houses slid into seats that would joyfully have selected Mr. Macaulay, had not means been taken to make the constituencies pass him by. The studied slight became an insult, which, though not complained of, must have been felt. A high-minded man could not brook the indignity, and Mr. Macaulay availed himself of the plea which his forced ex-

\* What is failure for a man who aspires to the highest position, and who is endowed with abilities of the highest order, would in an inferior person be considered success. But mediocrity is an advantage not permitted to men of Mr. Macaulay's stamp. There is no medium. If they do not attain complete success, they fail.

clusion afforded him and retired from office, and, apparently, from public political life. Had he been some scion of one of the *governing families*, dull and incompetent, without a spark of ability, and of no earthly use; or had he, in place of the Muse of poetry and history, wooed and won some plain, and dowerless, and fading maiden, of some lordly house, his merits would have been differently appreciated and far otherwise rewarded.

Withdrawing himself, then, from the actual business of politics, freed from parties, at his ease, and content with his position, Mr. Macaulay, without casting "a lingering look behind," betook himself, earnestly and with pleasure, to pursuits more congenial to his spirit than politics had ever proved; and the result of his busy leisure, rich with the wisdom of his more active life, now lies before us. The calm judgment of the philosopher has been assisted by the experience of the practical statesman. In the full vigor of his intellect, willingly, nay, with eagerness, he has, as a labor of love, and not as a mere refuge from *ennui*, assumed the task of recording the history of the last great English revolution. The position and the past life of the historian thus give additional interest to the great story which he relates.

A mind from its very dawn thus trained, a life thus passed, were admirable preparatives for him who was to write the history of the great political parties of his country. These parties are, in fact, not peculiar to England; but the form they have assumed, the mode of their warfare, the points upon which the conflicts have arisen, and the incidents upon which their alternate triumphs have depended, these have been and are all peculiar to ourselves, and by ourselves can alone be completely explained.

In September, 1641, the Long Parliament adjourned:

"The recess of the English Parliament lasted six weeks. The day on which the Houses met again, is one of the most remarkable epochs in our history. From that day dates the corporate existence of the two great parties which have ever since alternately governed the country. In one sense, indeed, the distinction, which then became obvious, had always existed, and always must exist. For it had its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit, and by the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science, in surgery and mechanics, in navigation and agriculture, nay, even

in mathematics, we find this distinction. Everywhere there is a class of men, who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons, that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find also, everywhere, another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But of both the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme section of the one class consists of bigoted dotards; the extreme section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics."—Vol. i, p. 98.

The various fortunes of the two great principles here described, as they have been evolved in the political strife of Englishmen, will constitute the subject of the whole work, of which the two volumes now before us form a most important section; a section, indeed, which, considering who is the historian, and what the peculiar questions in dispute, and also what the condition, not merely of England, but of all the civilized world, now is, excites an interest more lively and intense than any which is raised by the contemplation of the subsequent events, except, indeed, those which belong to the great Revolution of France. The successful resistance of those who opposed James II, gave to the English constitution its peculiar form and character, and by so doing, insured the establishment of what are now called constitutional governments, in England, in America, and subsequently in Continental Europe. Viewed from this point, the Revolution of 1688 can be matched for its influence on human happiness by few periods, if, indeed, by any, in the history of mankind. We are lost in wonder at the multitude and magnitude of the consequences that have resulted, and are yet destined to result, from this memorable struggle. If, however, we withdraw our gaze from this wide range of vision, and more narrowly and specifically scan the precise nature of the dispute then raised, if we obtain an accurate idea, not only of the principles at issue, but also of the very questions upon which the issue was taken; if we consider by whom the story is told, and the class of politicians to whom he belongs, his calm temper, his large and generous views, his benevolent spirit, his thorough fairness and unvarying urbanity and gentleness, then, we say, however

much on separate questions we may find ourselves opposed to him, we shall be ready to acknowledge that we have seldom, in the whole range of our historical reading, received lessons so important, in a form so winning and graceful; that rarely has a more *suggestive* work been presented to our consideration; that we have met with none which has been marked by a more elevated and generous morality; the general spirit of which was more ennobling, the separate details more instructive; one, in fact, from which a practical man could derive better rules for action, or a thoughtful man graver subjects for speculation.

Exactly one hundred and sixty years since, James II. was, without a blow having been struck, hurled from his throne, and driven from his country an exile and a beggar. Four years before he had begun his reign with every prospect of peace and prosperity, and possessed of a power almost despotical. His brother and predecessor had baffled, and apparently completely subdued, the enemies of his house. The dynasty of the Stuarts seemed now steadily re-established. The parties, and they were, or rather had been, many, who had resisted successfully Charles I., were scattered, humbled, nay, extinguished. The Republicans were no longer to be seen or heard. It was the fashion to look back with horror upon the days of the Long Parliament, and to hold up, not merely as seditious, but blasphemous, any doubt of the truth and wisdom of the doctrine of passive obedience. The No-popery cry was, apparently, forever hushed, and the Exclusionists were, by the triumphant accession of James, utterly defeated and silenced. Not merely were the old Republicans and Puritans thus extirpated or silenced, but the Whigs in politics, the Presbyterians in religion, and, in fact, all sects and parties, except the Tories and the Catholics, were prostrate and humbled. The parliament which met the king on his accession, believed the solemn promises by which he bound himself to maintain the Church of England, as by law established. They voted dutiful addresses, and gave all the money he asked. A large majority was of the Tory party, adopting passive obedience as their rule of political conduct, and rejoicing in the complete subjugation of their old opponents, the Whigs and Republicans. The Church, still trembling at the recollection of the Presbyterian parliament, and the subsequent protectorate of Oliver, was for the moment rejoicing, and submissive

to the king. The judges and Westminster Hall generally were, if possible, more submissive than the church; and proved their loyalty by forgetting all their law, and bidding adieu to justice, truth and mercy. A large army was raised; its ranks, as far as was possible, being recruited by Catholics from Ireland, and officered by Catholics, either pretended or real. The navy was deemed peculiarly obedient, and even affectionate to the monarch, who had, when a subject, served as a sailor, and always manifested a great interest in the efficiency of the marine. The aristocracy and landed gentry generally were loud in their dutiful professions—questioning no exercise of the royal prerogative, and as profuse of their money as of their professions of obedience. Civil liberty had ceased to exist. Then, indeed, the indignant description by Tacitus, of Roman degradation, might, with deplorable truth, have been applied to the miserable submission of the whole English people: “At Romæ ruere in servitium consules, patres, eques: quanto quis inlustrior, tanto magis falsi, ac festinantes.”

The horrible atrocities committed by Jeffries and by Kirke in the west—the many judicial murders in the City and at Westminster—the ferocious punishments inflicted to gratify a spirit of revenge on the part of the king, punishments which made death itself a mercy; all these terrible deeds incited to no resistance, hardly raised a murmur of complaint or remonstrance. The word of the king had been given and accepted—by anticipation he was called James the Just; and his people's faith in his title to this glorious character was unshaken by the violation of all justice and all law, by judges selected, applauded, and rewarded by him: that faith stood firm, even when the reeking soldiers of Kirke received from their grateful monarch caresses and rewards, and were greeted with a blasphemous, but applauding mockery, as Kirke's Lambs.\*

“James was now (1685) at the height of power and prosperity. Both in England and

\* “When Tangier was abandoned, Kirke returned to England. He still continued to command his old soldiers, who were designated sometimes as the First Tangier Regiment, and sometimes as Queen Catherine's Regiment. As they had been levied for the purpose of waging war on an infidel nation, they bore on their flag a Christian emblem—the Paschal Lamb. In allusion to this device, and with a bitterly ironical meaning, these men, the rudest and most ferocious in the English army, were called Kirke's Lambs.”—Vol. i, pp. 683, 84.

Scotland he had vanquished his enemies, and had punished them with a severity which had indeed excited their bitterest hatred, but had, at the same time, effectually quelled their courage. The Whig party seemed extinct. The name of Whig was never used except as a term of reproach. The parliament was devoted to the king, and it was in his power to keep that parliament to the end of his reign. The Church was louder than ever in professions of attachment to him, and had during the late insurrection acted up to these professions. The judges were his tools; and if they ceased to be so, it was in his power to remove them. The corporations were filled with his creatures. His revenues far exceeded those of his predecessors. . . . It seemed, indeed, that it would not be easy for him to demand more than the Commons were disposed to give. Already they had abundantly proved that they were desirous to maintain his prerogatives unimpaired, and that they were by no means extreme to mark his encroachments on the rights of the people. Indeed, eleven-twelfths of the members were either dependents of the court, or zealous cavaliers from the country. There were few things which such an assembly could pertinaciously refuse to the sovereign; and, happily for the nation, those few things were the very things on which James had set his heart."—Vol. ii, pp. 1, 3.

So long as James confined his despotism to acts merely of encroachment on rights affecting temporal things, he met with no opposition; and he would most probably have been able quietly, and without difficulty, to establish a permanent army, and to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act, had his subjects supposed that he would keep the promises he had made respecting the Established Church. His use of a dispensing power was not questioned, until he employed it for the purpose of thrusting Catholics into offices from which by law they were excluded. The power which, of all others, the English nation has been most prone to guard with jealous care—the power of taxation—had been freely, and without let or hinderance, exercised by James on his accession. Duties which had been imposed only for the life of the late king, he had by his mere pleasure, and by his own power, continued. For this great breach of the constitution he had been with servile adulation thanked in grave addresses from grave societies—from lawyers,\*

\* The Middle Temple, the members of which, at that time, appear to have been eager courtiers, in an address to James, declared that thanks ought to be paid his majesty for asserting his royal prerogative, "which is the very life of the law, and our profession; . . . which prerogatives, as we have studied to know them, so we are resolved to defend them, by asserting with our lives and fortunes that divine maxim—*A Deo Rex, à rege Lex*."—See Rapin, vol. xv, p. 97.

merchants, and churchmen. Moreover, persecution was not unpalatable, if exercised upon the Puritan party. The now dominant Tories saw with complacency the rude trial to which Baxter was subject, and approved of the imprisonment which followed that legal mockery—his only offense being, "that he had with some bitterness complained of the persecution which the Dissenters suffered. That men who, for not using the Prayer-book, had been driven from their homes, stripped of their property, and locked up in dungeons, should dare to utter a murmur, was then thought a high crime against the State and the Church."—Vol. i, p. 491. When, however, the king proceeded one step further, the judgment passed by the nation on his conduct was instantly reversed. There can, indeed, be no doubt but that James desired not simply the toleration, but the supremacy of the Catholics. We are not to be driven from this belief by any professions to the contrary, which James was in the habit of making. His professions were always such as he supposed his interests required, and repugnance to utter a falsehood never stood between him and his desires. On his accession, he was far from believing that the people would acknowledge him as king, and be obedient to his will. He therefore, upon the meeting of his first council, was profuse of promises "to maintain and preserve the government, both in Church and State, as it is now established by law." When, however, he found the people obedient, the parliament obsequious, his language changed, and he began to disclose his real intentions. At first, he declared that he sought only toleration for his own religion. He quickly proved, nevertheless, that toleration would not content him. All the high offices of state were rapidly conferred upon Catholics. All Protestants who refused to go heart and hand with the king in establishing Catholic supremacy were dismissed—a subserviency which stopped only at this extreme point, was held as nothing; no matter how near in kindred, how deserving by past services the person might be who refused this last proof of perfect obedience, he was unceremoniously dismissed and disgraced. Ormond, the most devoted of cavaliers; Clarendon and Rochester, the brothers-in-law of the king, were dismissed from office and from favor, so soon as they showed doubt or hesitation in supporting the king in his grand scheme of establishing the supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion. The moment at which the king began to feel

himself secure on his throne, that moment he began to disclose his real aims; and as his security increased, his disclosures became more complete. Mr. Macaulay's remarks upon James's conduct and its consequences deserve every consideration, but do not, we fairly own, win our complete assent:—

"His religion was still under proscription. Many rigorous laws against Roman Catholics appeared on the Statute-book, and had within no long time been rigorously executed. The Test Act excluded from civil and military office all who dissented from the Church of England; and by a subsequent act, passed when the fictions of Oates had driven the nation wild, it had been provided that no person should sit in either house of parliament without solemnly abjuring the doctrine of transubstantiation. That the king should wish to obtain for the church to which he belonged a complete toleration, was natural and right; nor is there any reason to doubt that, by a little patience, prudence, and justice, such a toleration might have been obtained."—Vol. ii, p. 6.

Of the accuracy of the last assertion we have great doubts. The people of England dreaded and hated Popery, not merely as a political institution, but as a religion. The dread and the hate acted on and increased each other; and men, not merely of the most mighty intellect, but also possessed of the most enlarged and benevolent tolerance, made an exception in all their reasonings, and all their proposed regulations, when dealing with the position of the Catholics in England. Milton and Locke, two names ever to be revered by all to whom genius and worth are objects of reverence, have expressly and by name excepted the Roman Catholics from that large scheme of religious liberty which through life they steadily advocated. The one wrote before James had by his rash schemes excited and alarmed every Protestant in England and Scotland; the other was an exile in consequence of these schemes, when he composed his celebrated paper on Toleration. Both, however, in fact, have come to the same conclusion as to the danger of granting political power to the Papists, and the repugnance of Locke to give them power is not greater than that evinced by Milton; and we are inclined to believe, that no conduct on the part of James would have induced the English, and more especially the Scottish people, to consent to any scheme by which political power was to be given to the members of the Roman Church. A long experience was needed to convince those who led the public opinion,

that the tenets held by the Papists were not dangerous to the stability of a constitutional government. During the reign of James, the dominion of the Pope was as fiercely contested in France as in England—contested indeed under different names, and in a different form, from those which marked the conflict in this country. But the liberties of the Gallican Church were as marked an opposition to the Papal dominion as was the Church of England itself. The Church of France, however, had not allied itself with any party vindicating civil as well as religious freedom, and, therefore, never came directly in opposition to the regal as well as papal authority. In those days, the dread of the Romish doctrines by those who sought to establish a rational liberty was not an idle or foolish dread, though it is clear that with the multitude the theological hate formed no small portion of the motive which induced them to resist the extension of toleration to their Roman Catholic brethren. The great and enlightened minds of Milton, of Locke, or of Tillotson, might divest themselves of all bigotry, and judge calmly and dispassionately of the probable consequences attendant upon extending civil rights to the Catholics; but the multitude could not, and certainly did not, attain to any such philosophic impartiality. They hated a Papist, they denounced his doctrines as damnable, and thought they only seconded the condemning decree of the Almighty, when in this world they excluded the unhappy and erring Papist from temporal power; and we fear that it was this bitter feeling of religious hate which impelled the great body of the people to rise up against James, and which would have led to the same result, even had he confined himself to the demand of equality of civil rights for the members of his own religion; and we must recollect that the direct charge against James was, not that he sought to make his own religion supreme, but simply that he had infringed the law which excluded its professors from certain civil and ecclesiastical privileges. In what, for example, did he err in his proceedings against the seven bishops? He had issued a declaration of mere toleration, saying—"By our sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power, we do suspend, stop, and disable, all laws and acts of Parliament made or executed against any of our Roman Catholic subjects in time past . . . so that they shall be in all things as free in all respects as any of our Protestant subjects." There was hereunto added a clause, stating that he made no doubt of the concur-

rence of his two houses of parliament, when he should think it convenient for them to meet. In the mean time an order in council was issued, enjoining the bishops to see this declaration of liberty of conscience, as it was called, sent and distributed throughout their several dioceses, to be read at the usual time of divine service, twice, in all churches and chapels, on certain days named in the order. Seven of the bishops petitioned the king, praying, in most humble and decorous terms, to be excused from so distributing and publishing the declaration, alleging, and truly, that the declaration assumed a dispensing power which had often been declared illegal. All that the king sought ostensibly to obtain was the simple equality of his subjects—an end praiseworthy in itself, if truly sought, and pursued in a legal and constitutional manner. His conduct, however, clearly showed that he sought something beyond equality, and what he did avowedly seek, he sought by illegal means. Illegal means he had often before employed to attain his desired ends. These ends had been often in themselves atrocious, still oftener illegal; but he had not before been crossed by the great Tory party, or by the leaders of the Church of England, in the fulfillment of his desires. When taxing the people by his own authority without the sanction of parliament—when decimating the west by means of Kirke and Jeffries, when persecuting the Nonconformists—he proceeded hand in hand with the great party which had in reality placed him on the throne.

"Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time." After giving a graphic detail of the sufferings of the Nonconformists, Mr. Macaulay thus concludes his first volume:

"Through many years the autumn of 1685 was remembered by the Nonconformists as a time of misery and terror. Yet in that autumn might be discerned the first faint indications of a great turn of fortune; and before eighteen months had elapsed, the intolerant king and the intolerant Church were eagerly bidding against each other for the support of the party which both had so deeply injured.

Of the two great political parties, the most hostile to the Catholics at that time were the Whigs and the Nonconformists; though themselves laboring under civil disabilities, in consequence of entertaining certain religious opinions, yet they hated the Catholics, even with a more bitter hatred than was manifest-

ed towards them by the members of the Church of England. In later years, however, this state of things has been entirely changed. It has suited the party purposes of the Whigs to advocate the claims of the Roman Catholics, and the Dissenters united with them in their demand for civil freedom. Mr. Macaulay has through life been a Whig politician, and has ranked among the most eloquent supporters of the Catholics and the Dissenters, when thus laying claim to the privilege of civil equality. The habits of a life are not easily laid aside; the sympathies which have been cherished for years cannot be at once, or even quickly subdued. Looking back at the past history of his party, and of his clients, the Dissenters, he has unluckily found them holding opinions directly opposed to his own, and cherishing animosities which his whole life has been spent in opposing. For we insist that all the evidence which Mr. Macaulay has himself adduced, all the evidence that the records of the past contain, incontestably proves that the chief objection of the Whig, Puritan, Tory, and Church of England parties to the conduct of James, was not that it was illegal, but that the end of toleration of the Catholics which he pursued was, in their opinion, a mischievous end. Illegal conduct on the part of the king was not only borne with, but applauded, so long as the end sought found favor with the dominant party; so soon as the end sought was hateful to that party, then, and not before, they censured and opposed the king—then and not before, they discovered that he adopted illegal means to obtain his objects—then, and not before, they blamed him in so doing; and finally, they combined with their old opponents and dethroned and discarded him. These opponents, viz: the Whigs and Puritans, would have been glad to receive toleration for themselves, but would not accept it if it were extended to the Catholics, whom they hated; and when they had been themselves in power, they had most fiercely maintained the doctrine of exclusion, and had passed the most stringent laws by which that exclusion was enforced. And Halifax, who was no Whig—who was not a Tory—but gloried in the name of Trimmer, and who, therefore, might be deemed somewhat less virulent than those of his contemporaries, who ranged themselves as partisans in either camp—Halifax distinctly refused to give his vote in parliament in favor of the principle of toleration. Here is positive proof that the thing disliked was not the illegality of the means, but the nature of the

end itself. What the king asked Halifax to do was what he might, without any impropriety, have done—he was asked to do what Mr. Macaulay has himself done, viz: to vote in favor of a repeal of the Test Act. This act has been in our own times repealed, on the motion of the leader of that Government to which Mr. Macaulay belonged—of Lord John Russell himself. Yet Halifax, whose character and conduct find in Mr. Macaulay a favorable judge, preferred disgrace, and loss of place and profit, to giving the assistance and countenance of his vote to the great doctrine of Toleration. This conduct Mr. Macaulay distinctly approves, and thus ingeniously defends his own conduct, and that of his party, who have of late years attempted to repeal all those disabilities which that same party imposed above a century and a half ago:

“There are two opposite errors into which those who study the annals of our country are in constant danger of falling; the error of judging the present by the past, and the error of judging the past by the present. The former is the error of minds prone to reverence whatever is old; the latter, of minds readily attracted by whatever is new. The former error may perpetually be observed in the reasonings of Conservative politicians on the questions of their own day. The latter error perpetually infects the speculations of writers of the liberal school, when they discuss the transactions of an earlier age. The former error is the more pernicious in a statesman, and the latter in a historian.

“It is not easy for any person, who, in our time, undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve, with steadiness, the happy mean between these two extremes. The question, whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to parliament and to office, convulsed our country during the reign of James II,\* was set at rest by his downfall; and having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years, the contest went on in both houses of parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of a civil war. Even when the struggle

had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man, whose mind was under the influence of those passions, to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

“One class of politicians, starting from the true position, that the Revolution had been a great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion, that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition, that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics, had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion, that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervades the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence, even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

“Perhaps, however, it will be found, on examination, that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by the great English statesmen of our own time.”—Vol. ii, pp. 236, 37.

The reason given by Mr. Macaulay for the change in the sentiments of English statesmen, is the change that time has wrought in the actual power of the king. But that power was curtailed by the Revolution; and yet those by whom it was thus cut down, never proposed to free the Catholics from what succeeding politicians have deemed an unjust restriction. Mr. Macaulay, however, avoids the difficulty, by asserting that

“It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was not whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was king it was inevitable that there should be exclusion; and the only question was, who should be excluded, Papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen, or five millions.”—Vol. ii, p. 241.

This may be perfectly true, but does not really get over the difficulty. This might be an excellent reason for putting away James, but is not a justification of the exclusive laws which followed the success of the Revolution. For our parts we do not feel any anxiety to justify the conduct of those who conducted this great Revolution, believing that a change so really beneficial to mankind has seldom been effected by men more thoroughly base and contemptible. The only person among all the many actors about whom any doubt can exist, is William

\* This is the correct view. The real cause of dispute with James was, not his illegal conduct, but his desire to emancipate the Catholics. His attempt, like all premature attempts, put back his cause; but no wisdom on his part would have enabled him to conquer the dread entertained by his Protestant subjects of Catholic domination. That dread is still felt, and is, at this moment, most powerful among the Dissenting bodies. Mr. Macaulay must have become conscious of this fact during the last election for Edinburgh.



of Orange himself. Mr. Macaulay has labored hard to produce a striking and attractive portrait of this great Whig hero; but the rough good sense of common natures finds it difficult to admire a character so cold, so impassive, so full of dissimulation. The ordinary feelings of piety and filial reverence are shocked and outraged, when the daughter and the son drive the grey-haired father out of his home, to be a wanderer and an outcast upon the earth. A great national necessity *may* justify such an act; but then it must be made plain, that it was the necessity, and that alone, which led to it. Personal ambition, the impatience of an heir about to be dispossessed, must be shown to have had no share in the catastrophe; and we think it will, with all men, be found difficult to make them believe that William and Mary dispossessed James, their father, solely for the benefit of the tender consciences of England. That James should be dethroned, that his cruelty, his degrading tyranny and tortuous policy should be checked and put an end to, was, indeed, a happy event for England and the world. The constitution established by the Revolution, which dismissed him from the government of England, has, by its steady working and many happy results, proved that a constitutional government can exist, with advantage, even among great and powerful nations. The examples of the Grecian republics, those of Holland, and Florence, and Venice, and of Italy generally, during the middle ages, were not conclusive. These were comparatively petty States, small in extent, and the inhabitants few in number, and confined, in most parts, to single or confederate cities. But when a nation so extensive and powerful as England, proved by example that its government could be wisely conducted by the people themselves, it became certain that other nations would, when the opportunity offered, attempt to obtain the same great blessing for themselves. From that day forth every constitutional government must be considered the consequence of the successful arrangement adopted by our ancestors in 1688. We are, then, not at all inclined to look with disfavor on the actors from any dislike of the result of their doings. On the contrary, their doings strongly lead us to look with applause upon the men themselves; and it is with a singular mixture of shame and anger that we find ourselves compelled to acknowledge that a baser, more ignoble, more thoroughly degraded and immoral, more canting and hypocritical crew,

never assumed the garb and used the language of honest men. Mr. Macaulay, as he in the course of his narrative encounters each act of baseness, speaks of it as it deserves, and is not sparing of indignant and scornful epithets to mark his sense of the meanness he is compelled to describe; but it appears to us strange that his general estimate of the characters of the great drama bears no marks of the contemptuous undervaluing which is, in the individual instances, exhibited. Epithets of respect and admiration are employed, when he speaks generally of the men by whom the Revolution was effected. The result is, a feeling of incongruity. It is like hearing a verdict of not guilty, after listening to an uninterrupted evidence of guilt.

Running, then, through the catalogue of the names of the leaders on this occasion, we feel within ourselves no peculiar desire to extenuate their misdeeds, no wish to believe them in the right; and we frankly own, that we find it difficult to make ourselves believe that it was wise to maintain and enforce, immediately after the Revolution of 1688, acts which, in 1829, it was wise to repeal. We cannot assent to the doctrine that both proceedings were equally wise and necessary. We do not find any difficulty in ascertaining *why* these acts were maintained after 1688. Fear and hate on the part of the Protestant party induced the leaders to uphold the exclusion of the Roman Catholics; fear and hate induced the leaders of the Church to maintain the exclusion of the Nonconformists. In no country had the experiment of perfect toleration been tried; and no sect, whether Protestant or Catholic, was prepared when in power to make the members of all religions equal before the law. All sects, while under persecution, held a language different from that which they employed when in the ascendant; but none pretended practically to apply their liberal maxims when they were able to persecute. The fact is, that in this respect, the opinions of statesmen have greatly changed. The experiment of toleration has been tried, and the precautions which were, in the seventeenth century, deemed indispensable, have been, in the nineteenth, set aside as unnecessary and mischievous. But while statesmen have been thus convinced, the people in our country, at least, still in a great degree retain the feelings of their ancestors. Had England, in 1829, been polled, the vote, we sincerely believe, would have been against Catholic emancipation. If the Catholics of Ireland

could at this moment do as they desire, Protestants would be excluded from power, and not improbably be subjected to persecution. In England, at the present time, the Non-popery feeling is strong; and not insignificantly manifested by the language held, the questions asked, and the cries raised at the late elections. The great distinction between our own times and those of the Revolution of 1688 is, that the leaders and the people do not sympathize in their opinions. Statesmen have now an exoteric and esoteric doctrine, and their conduct results from a compromise between the two. The more unscrupulous a politician is, the more easy is it for him to shape his course and please his party. If he thinks for himself and will not stoop to falsehood, his power as a politician will be small; he may be esteemed, but he will not govern.

The merely political considerations of this work, however, form but a part of its attractions. At the outset, Mr. Macaulay gives a description of what he deems the duties of an historian. He says—

"I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the Government; to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the lives of their ancestors."—Vol. i, p. 3.

The extensive and multifarious reading of Mr. Macaulay, his marvellous memory, his sensitive nature and disquisitive spirit, have enabled him to perform this part of his task with singular skill and effect. He has made himself so completely familiar with every part of the literature belonging to the times of which he speaks, that he describes like an eye-witness, and judges like a contemporary. In the margin of the page there is no ostentation of reference, no pretensive display of reading. But yet every page proves by its own intrinsic evidence that the author is perfectly *at home* in his subject; that he has not, as is now too often the practice, *crammed* for the purpose in hand, and, with a false

show of great research and careful consideration, contented himself with a superficial inquiry, and delivered himself of hasty and almost chance judgments. Mr. Macaulay has really lived again, by means of its literature, through the time of our great Revolution. His opinions are emphatically his own, the result of evidence attained by his own industry, and thus, whether correct or erroneous, deserve all the respect which is due, and so justly due, to an honest and independent judgment. The work has, besides, one other, and, in our eyes, no trifling source of interest. In its style and form it may be received as the best illustration which its author can give of his own conception of the mode in which history should be written. With the historians of every country, of every age, Mr. Macaulay is familiar; composition, in many branches, more especially history, has been to him a subject of constant and profound meditation. A scholar to whom the great historians of Greece and Rome, of Italy, France, and Germany, are as familiar as those of his own country, he comes before us rather as their rival in the art of composition, than as the mere chronicler of events which he desires to leave on record. In the way of evidence, he adds nothing to our former acquired knowledge; still, from the manner in which the various facts are combined, the mode in which they are illustrated and commented on, a new picture is produced; a more vivid, as well as more accurate conception of the events themselves, is acquired by the reader, simply because the artist is skillful, not because he is a witness. Viewed in this light, as a contribution to our literature, the work is worthy of a far more elaborate consideration than we can now bestow on it. Our first decision is entirely in its favor. But of such a book, regarded as a work of art, no off-hand judgment is of much value. The only sure test is the *decies repetita*; and the extraordinary fascination which has been the effect of a single perusal, makes us more than commonly doubtful of our present capacity for the forming of a correct decision. The rapid style swept us onward with the force of a torrent; from the commencement to the end of two stout volumes there was no halt. As we turned the last page we were surprised and grieved to find ourselves at the journey's end. Borne onward by the rushing stream of narrative, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of indulging in unhesitating admiration of the many brilliant scenes past which we were hurried. Picture after picture came

and went in quick succession, all brilliant, all attractive. From the beginning to the end there was no repose; and we begin to suspect that when we are able, in a calmer mood, to view the whole picture together, the constant and dazzling light will appear excessive; and we shall need, what a more perfect art would have supplied, intervals of rest—rest which a more sedate and quiet narrative would, from time to time, have afforded. The illustration here taken from the sister art of painting we believe accurate, and, for the moment, useful, because it gives our criticism a sort of palpable existence, and will enable others at once to decide

whether their feelings have been the same as our own.

The epigrammatic style employed throughout the work appears to great advantage, and is, indeed, then perfectly appropriate, when individuals are to be described, and their habits of thought and feeling, their moral and mental character, have to be brought vividly before the reader. In his delineation of the numerous actors in this vast drama, Mr. Macaulay shines with a steady, clear, and almost unequalled lustre. His spirit is, however, well under control, and he is never unjust for the sake of his epigram.

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From *Sharpe's Magazine*.

## LITERARY IMPOSTURES OF WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

THE Shakspeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland form a curious, if not very edifying passage in the literary history of the last century. An imposture on a grander scale was never conceived or executed; and perhaps we may add, with all respect to the learned celebrities who were deceived by it, that dupes more easily satisfied, more credulous and unsuspecting, were never met with. It must be admitted that a very opportune period was chosen for the imposition; and, taking into consideration the youth of the individual by whom it was perpetrated—that he had not at the time attained his twentieth year—it must also be confessed that it was carried out with considerable cleverness and ingenuity.

William Henry Ireland was the son of a gentleman who is known as the author of several Picturesque Tours, and some illustrations of Hogarth—a man of considerable taste, and an ardent admirer of Shakspeare. He had been articled to an attorney, and having daily opportunities of inspecting ancient deeds and writings, he seems to have occupied his leisure, first in deciphering, and afterwards in copying and imitating them. Possessed of this dangerous talent, his father's reverence for the great English dramatist, and his own ambition for distinction, suggested to his mind the daring scheme of imposture by which he has rendered himself remarkable. From an attentive examination of the authentic signatures

of Shakspeare, he soon learned to imitate the character of his handwriting with facility; and from time to time presented his father with scraps of manuscript, to account for the possession of which he invented a most romantic and improbable story. One of the earliest of these forgeries was "Shakspeare's Profession of Faith;" a document intended to prove that the great dramatist was a Protestant. The papers were soon shown to many learned individuals. Among others, they were inspected by Dr. Parr, and young Ireland could hardly repress his feelings of exultation when he heard that great man say to his father, in his presence, "Mr. Ireland, we have many fine things in our Church-service, and our Litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man has distanced us all."

For a long time Ireland made almost daily additions to his pretended discoveries. Was it possible that his father had no suspicion of their origin, and was he entirely deceived by the monstrous assertions of his clever, but unprincipled son? The appearance of the manuscripts went far to prove their genuineness. The color of the ink—the water-marks in the paper, deceived the eyes of the most practiced antiquaries. The precious relics were regarded with reverence and almost superstitious awe. Mr. Boaden, a gentleman of great dramatic taste, in a pamphlet written at a subsequent period to expose the fraud, was not ashamed to con-

less that "he first beheld the papers with a tremor of the purest delight, touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dearer, as it gave him so refined a satisfaction." A number of literary gentlemen and patrons of literature met at Mr. Ireland's house, and voluntarily subscribed their names to the following document: "We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and by the favor of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." Amongst the signatures are those of Dr. Parr, Herbert Croft, Dr. Valpy, Henry James Pye, (poet-laureate,) and James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. It is further stated that Mr. Boswell, previous to signing his name, fell upon his knees, and, in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery, and exclaimed that he could now die in peace.

One of the ablest critics of the day, however, remained unconvinced. This was Mr. Malone, the ingenious and indefatigable editor of Shakspeare, who professed from the first a contemptuous disbelief in the so-called "discoveries," but intimated that he would not deign to notice them till they had been made public. He kept his word. When the famous documents were published, he addressed a letter to Lord Charlemont, in which he satisfactorily proved and exposed the fraud. It is rather amusing to find the great English advocate, Erskine, a devout admirer and diligent reader of Shakspeare, and whose course of study and practice at the bar must have made him thoroughly conversant with all the rules of evidence, thus expressing himself with regard to these papers, and Mr. Malone's incredulity: "I went to-day to Ireland's from curiosity, and having heard from several quarters that the new Shakspeare was a forgery, and having seen an advertisement from Malone on the subject, all I can say is, I am glad I am not the man who has undertaken to prove Mr. Malone's proposition; for I think I never saw such a body of evidence in my life to support the authenticity of any matter which rests upon high authority. I am quite sure a man would be laughed out of an English court of justice who attempted to maintain Malone's opinion in the teeth of every rule of probability acknowledged for ages as the standard for investigating truth."

Believing himself possessed of a most invaluable treasure—in spite of the protestations of his son, who dreaded and foresaw

the exposure of the fraud—Mr. Samuel Ireland determined on publishing the "discoveries," and in the year 1796 printed a large proportion of them in a fine folio volume, under the title of "Miscellaneous papers and legal instruments under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, including the tragedy of King Lear, &c., in the possession of Samuel Ireland." A very slight examination of this volume would, it has been thought, have shown the transparency of the fraud. The orthography adopted by Ireland was ludicrously inaccurate. The redundancy of consonants in nearly every word had a very grotesque appearance, and was by no means characteristic of the age of Shakspeare. Thus, for "one gentleman," the orthography is "owne gennetellemanne." Although Shakspeare had "little Latin," he would never have committed the blunder of "Glosterre exitte," (for *exit*.) The concluding lines of Lear's denunciation of his daughter—

———"that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child;"

were thus distorted:

———"thatt she maye  
Knowe howe sharpe ande lyke a serpente:  
toothe it is  
toe have a thanklesse childe."

Without wishing unnecessarily to multiply examples of this ridiculous orthography, we will quote the title of King Lear, as it appears in the volume. "The tragedye of Kynge Leare isse fromme Masterre Holinshedde. I have in somme lyttle departedde fromme hymme, butte thatte libbertye will notte I truste be blamedde bye mye gentle readerres." "Gentle readers," we need not remind *our* readers, were not appealed to by the dramatists of Shakspeare's time, whose great object was to prevent their works from being printed, and thus getting into the hands of rival companies.

The mode in which Ireland accounted for the possession of the manuscript of Lear and other treasures is so curious, (perhaps the proper word would be impudent,) that we cannot help referring to it. He drew up a deed, in which he represented Shakspeare bequeathing them to one of his ancestors, an intimate friend of the poet, in acknowledgment of a special service he had rendered him. Divested of its grotesque orthography, the document, after the usual preamble, runs thus:

"Whereas, on or about the 3d day of the last month of August, having with my good friend Master William Henry Ireland and others taken boat near unto my house aforesaid, we did purpose going up the Thames, but those that were so to conduct us being much too merry through liquor, they did upset our aforesaid barge. All but myself saved themselves by swimming, for though the water was deep, yet our being close nigh to shore made it little difficulty for them knowing the aforesaid art. Master Ireland not seeing me did ask for me, but one of the company did answer that I was drowning; on the which he pulled off his jerkin and jumped in after me. With much pains he dragged me forth, I being then nearly dead, and so he did save my life, and for the which service I do hereby give him as followeth: first, my written play of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, King John, King Lear, as also my written play never printed, which I have named King Henry the Third," &c.

One would think that to have believed all this required a greater degree of credulity than usually falls to the lot of critics. An original letter, purporting to have been written to Shakspeare by Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery almost equally daring. We print it as it appeared in the volume:

"Wee didde receive youre prettye verses goode Masterre William through the hands of oure Lorde Chambelayne ande wee doe complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence Wee shalle departe fromme Londonn toe Hamptowne for the holydayes where wee shalle expecte thee withe thye beste actorres thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe toe amuse usse bec not slowe bntte comme toe usse bye Tuesdaye next asse the lorde Leicesterre wille bee withe usse.

ELIZABETH R."

"Thys letterre I dydde receyve fromme mye moste gracyouse Ladye Elizabeth ande I doe requeste itte maye bee kepte with alle care possible.

WM. SHAKESPEARE."

Amongst the papers, also, was an amatory epistle to Anne "Hatherreway," in which was enclosed a lock of the poet's hair. The letter is not long, but its affected grandiloquence is rather amusing. "I pray you," it commences, "perfume this my poor lock with thy balmy kisses, for then indeed shall kings themselves bow and pay homage to it. I do assure thee that no rude hand hath knotted it; thy Willy's alone hath done the work. Neither the gilded bauble that environs the head of majesty, no, nor honors most weighty, would give me half the joy as did this my little work for thee." There is also a paper of verses, inscribed to the same lady; the style of which, as will appear

from a short specimen, is not quite worthy Shakspeare:

"Is there in heaven aught more rare  
Than thou, sweet nymph of Avon fair?  
Is there on earth a man more true,  
Than Willy Shakspeare is to you?"

The last document we shall notice, is a "Deed of trust to John Hemminge," drawn up by Shakspeare himself, who states in the preamble, as a reason for being his own attorney, that he has "found much wickedness among those of the law," and does not like "to leave matters at their will."

The most daring part of the imposition, however, remains to be told. On the 2d of April, 1796, the play of *Vortigern and Rowena*, "from the pen of Shakspeare," was announced for representation at Drury-Lane Theatre. Public excitement was at its height. As the evening approached, every avenue to the theatre was thronged with anxious crowds, eager to obtain admission. When the doors were opened, there was a furious rush, and thousands, it is said, were turned disappointed away. The play had been put on the stage with unexampled care. Mr. Kemble himself sustained the part of Vortigern. The imposition, however, was too palpable to deceive an intelligent audience, as will appear by the following characteristic account of the performance, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 4th of April: "The first act in every line of it spoke itself a palpable forgery; but it was heard with candor. The second and third grew more intolerable; thus 'bad began, but worse remained behind.' In the fourth, 'rude murmurs like the hollow-sounding surge, broke loudly forth.' In the fifth act, the opposition became seriously angry, and on Mr. Kemble repeating this significant line—

'I would this solemn mockery were o'er!'

he was not allowed to proceed for several minutes." An attempt was made to announce the play for repetition, but the unanimous voice of the public having proclaimed the imposture, it was wisely withdrawn.

The failure of *Vortigern* was a death-blow to the fraud; but it must occasion no slight surprise that such a barefaced forgery should have succeeded so far. Without possessing the genius of Chatterton, it cannot be denied that Ireland exhibited a large amount of misdirected ingenuity. At the time of the

completion of *Vortigern*, he was only nineteen. The play was written and transcribed in secret, and at stolen intervals; and if we may take his own word, "he appeared in public at the same time as much as he could, in order to make the world believe he was a giddy, thoughtless youth, incapable of producing the papers."

The closing scene of the comedy—for so we may style the whole affair—may be readily anticipated. Gratified by the notoriety he had acquired, Ireland was easily induced to publish a full and free confession of his fraud. He hastened to take upon himself the whole responsibility, and anxiously endeavored to exculpate his father from any participation in the imposture. It must be confessed that circumstan-

ces seemed to warrant the suspicion that father and son were equally implicated, and even the latter's solemn declaration to the contrary could not remove the impression that had been made on the public mind.

Mr. Samuel Ireland died in the year 1800, and it has been asserted that his days were shortened by the exposure of the shameful fraud of which he had been made the dupe. The son subsequently published in his own name many plays, novels, and poems, which are now almost forgotten. His death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as having taken place on the 15th of April, 1835; and it may be further stated, that up to that period he had kept, and that he carried with him to his grave, the significant *soubriquet* of *Shakespeare Ireland*.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## SLANDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

NEVER you fear; but go ahead  
In self-relying strength;  
What matters it that malice said,  
"I've found it out at length?"  
Found out! found what? An honest man  
Is open as the light;  
So, search as keenly as you can,  
You'll only find—all right.

Yes—blot him black with slander's ink—  
He stands as fair as snow!  
You serve him better than you think,  
And kinder than you know.  
What! is it not some credit, then,  
That he provokes your blame?  
This merely, with all better men,  
Is quite a sort of fame!

Through good report, and ill report,  
The good man goes his way,  
Nor condescends to pay his court  
To what the vile may say:

Ay, be the scandal what you will,  
And whisper what you please,  
You do but fan his glory still  
By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame,  
If you won't hold your tongue;  
Nobody pays you for your blame,  
Nor cares to prove it wrong;  
But if you will so kindly aid  
And prop a good man's peace,  
Why, really one is half afraid  
Your ill report should cease!

Look you!—two children playing there,  
With battledores in hand,  
To keep their shuttle in the air  
Must strike it as they stand;  
It flags and falls if both should stop  
To look admiring on;  
And so Fame's shuttlecock would drop,  
Without a pro and con!

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MEMOIR OF A SONG.

"Oh, that I were the viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A breathing harmony!"

I AM an old song now, and have been often sung. Mine has been a long and brilliant career; and though now put on the shelf amid the dust of departed forefathers, let me, ere I sink into annihilation, retrace the early years of my glorious being, when I flew triumphant from throat to throat, roused the heart, and filled the eyes of men with tears of gladness, sympathy, and love.

I am by birth an Italian. I was created by the maestro in his twenty-fifth year. It was while rocking lazily on the moonlit lagoons of Venice that I first became conscious of existence: in the magic hall of the brain I first bestirred my wings, but found the quarters too confined for my ambitious and expanding energies. I was, however, allowed to move, as the Scotch say, "butt and ben," between the head and the heart, for from both I sprang. Ay, thy life-blood, poor Stefano, ran in my veins, with the wild fire of its burning passion, and the pathos of its sombre melancholy, indelibly impressed on the wild earnestness of my adagio and the marvellous rapture of my allegro! The author of my being had been a poet and a musician from his earliest years. In the poverty-stricken home of his father there were few opportunities for the improvement of any but such an one as Stefano. His was the heart to which all Nature speaks in her fondest and deepest tones; the airy tongue that addressed the spirit of Stefano whispered ceaselessly in the ear willing to hear, of all that was beautiful, poetic, and ennobling.

Now to return to myself. Shall I tell the secrets of the brain? Shall I reveal to Mr. Faraday the electric flashes which accompanied my gradual formation in the thoughts and will of my creator? Shall I trace my being back to its first dawn, through its gradual perfecting, to the full splendor of

its perfect organization, when, consigned to the throat of a great prima donna, I first spread my wings and sailed forth triumphant, conquering and to conquer?

It was fully two years from the time that the first bars of my being were laid down in the brain to that when, in an hour of despair, agony, and insanity, I was put down upon paper and brought out into the world. Talk of Minerva, all ready armed, leaping, bucklered and helmeted, from the brain of Jove! what was *her* start into life compared to mine? In me were centred a thousand perfections, for I came adorned and crowned with Love's idolatry—an offering, a dying offering, to the only woman Stefano ever loved in his life. Of course, *I* was in all his secrets. Giulia was a young actress—you do not need a description of her; she is in all the London print-shops; but yet she is not now as she was *then*. Ah! *era stella del mattin*. Originally a flower-girl at Florence, she had a voice of three octaves and two notes, a head of glorious form, and a face of enchanting loveliness. At sixteen, she had the grace of a nymph and the ease of a child. She was taken in hand by old Giorgio, and taught to sing, some time before she learnt to write or read. She was the strangest girl—a mixture of vanity, vice, fascination, and good-nature; with some superstitions, that made her very diverting when she took a fit of fright about a new character. I know that she vowed fifteen pounds to St. Mark if she got through the *Casta Diva*, with an *encore* to the quick part. By the way, I have a spite at *Casta Diva* ever since she was preferred to me at the San Carlo. But to return. This Giulia was the very girl to drive Stefano crazy. He imagined he saw her enacting the part of Zara in his *Montezuma*. He followed her everywhere. He besieged her with bouquets,

letters, and songs. One night he set forth, and stood in a severe shower beneath her window.

"*Giovinetto cavalier!*" sung out Giulia from an attic window.

This was enough for Stefano. He thought he was in high favor; and the next idea was to sing with her on the stage. This was a hope, however, too brilliant to be fulfilled. "Oh, how blessed an existence," he thought, "to sing, to act, to feel that idealized, brief life of the stage, true to one's own heart!" He went to the *impresario*. Pisani was a courteous and kind Italian. He would do his *possibile* to get him a place in the chorus; the opera in preparation was the *Barbiere*. Well, he might stand beneath Rosina's window, and sing among the tenors.

"*Oh, obbligato, mille grazie!*" cried Stefano. And he went off as happy as if he had just found fifty pounds in his empty pockets.

For those who like it, it is a charming thing singing in a chorus; to the real lover of the stage, to the real denizen of the green-room, this will be easily explained. To feel that one forms one billow of that tide of music—to feel that one is joining in the ruling passion of a multitude, and making one's own noise besides—all this combines to create an elevated feeling of enjoyment and delicious excitement. The eventful rehearsal came. Into the dim, dark, nasty theatre walked Stefano, very triumphant. There stood the pale, ill-washed chorus; the dirty scenes; the disenchanted gardens of the Spaniard's home; and lolling on a chair, sipping *eau sucrée*, in a filthy white shawl, with an old handkerchief over her head, sat the Giulia, very tarnished and shabby, certainly. People who know nothing about these things, are fond of saying and believing that all the falsehood of the stage, all the vain trickery of the performers, cure the too-ardent admirer in the morning of the passion that he felt at night in an illuminated theatre. This is far from being altogether true. On the contrary, to some minds the slovenliness of a great performer becomes a superb mystery, when from that cloud of physical drawbacks emerge in power the grandeur, the unique talents, the charms of genius and beauty. Thus felt Stefano when, after contemplating in silence the baggy outline of the great signora's head, the orchestra struck up the air she was to introduce as the famous music lesson. It was ill played; the fury started up. She threw off her head-dress and dashed it to the ground; tore open her shawl, to give her arms fair play;

then, with a roll of music as a wand of witchery and command, she came forward, and there stood revealed *la dea di tutti cor*. Subtle as quicksilver, her voice twisted through the intricate *floriture* of her song. The air seemed illuminated in Stefano's eyes by the delight that he felt. How he envied the tenor! Even the Barber's part would have been something. Well, he would be patient, and sing his best. That very Thursday he finished my adagio. He wrote me down on paper, but I was voiceless as yet almost. He could only sob me out, poor Stefano! at intervals. He was unfortunately situated. Ah, Stefano, you and I should have existed in the golden days of the song-loving Past—in Greece, when the lyre gave life, love, and livelihood! Stefano was poor to misery, very much in love, and only in the chorus at a very low engagement. These were depressing circumstances.

A fortnight after, Stefano received an intimation from the *impresario* that Don Basilio was sick, and that he might take his part for that night. Stefano was half crazed with delight; he was getting on in the world. That evening he wrote down the brilliant passage in my third page; he polished my new cadenza, and added a chromatic flourish to my recitative. I was daily improving now.

That evening Stefano was in good voice. He had risen to the dignity of an actor, and Giulia spoke to him; and he stood at the side of the stage, listening enraptured to the mellow tones of love-making on the stage. He was not jealous of the tenor, for he had a squint and a large family. And then it was so charming, the way that Giulia came forth, to curtsy with enchanting coquetry, and sing, in round, crisp tones, her *Buona sera, buona sera*, as he retreated, bowing truly in spirit to her. Then he was asked to supper, and he went. It was an extremely lively and amusing meal; light wines, and light laughing, and light talking; very pleasant for Stefano, who had never before felt so great a man. When he came home, I lay skulking in a drawer. I was pitched too high for him that night.

The next day Stefano twanged away at the guitar songs of successful love; foolish things, how I hated them! silly addresses to Nice, *mio ben* and *idol mio*. In my silent, tragic greatness I lay, and could have gnashed my notes for fury. Well, well, my time was coming. Stefano scraped together all his money to purchase a pearl ring, and he sent it to Giulia. She put it on her lovely



little finger, and she acted Ninetta that night. Stefano sang the part of Pippo *faute de mieux*, in the way of a contralto. It was at a small Italian theatre, and Giulia was only rising into fame. He got through it wonderfully well, and acted the part in the most impassioned manner.

That evening he told Giulia that he would die for her. She thought the compliment well chosen, and returned it with stating that she meant to live for him. Oh, those light stage vows and green-room promises! Well, this was the state of affairs for one fortnight; they acted together, and never better than one evening, the last but two of their engagement. The walls of the town were chalked all over with homage to Giulia: *Eterno onore all' immortale sirene! Divina Giulia!* and a few other such truisms.

Two idle young Englishmen came to Ferrara. What was to be seen? "Oh, horrid place!—dual palace—Parisina—wicked women—poem by Byron, and all that sort of thing."

"There's an opera," said Lord Vane; "let's go."

"Ah! what is it?"

"Semiramide—Giulia."

"Well, let us go."

So they went to the little, dark theatre filled with the gentry and *beau monde* of Ferrara.

"Pon my honor, not so bad," said one.

"Very good," said Lord Vane.

He leant over the box—he was interested; and a chorus of women struck up the magic music of the *Serena i Vaghi rai*. How grandly lovely was Giulia in her despotic tenderness! There was a contralto, with an ill-conditioned turban on her head, for Arsace; but regal was the love-making of Giulia. And how grandly did she summon the Assyrian courtiers to do their homage to her! *Giuri, a sommi dei*. There was a superb tyranny in her cadences and imperial embellishments. Stefano gloried in her every note; there was not a brighter face than his in the theatre. It was a sight of rapture and triumph to him—that rapture in the triumph of another that has not even the restlessness of vanity to irritate and mar its enjoyment.

Giulia yet stood in her crimson robes and diadem when Lord Vane addressed her. He spoke French and Italian beautifully. The Italian, subtle from the time that she had cut her first tooth, soon saw and enjoyed the admiration of one man and the frantic jealousy of another. Next evening a diamond ring effaced the pale pearl one on her hand;

the engagement at the theatre was prolonged for an additional week. The English milor and his admiration of the prima donna was no secret subject of conversation; cruel vanity and heartlessness shone in the fiery glances of Giulia. It was one evening, the last of the stay of the opera *troupe*, that Stefano made his way alone into the presence of Giulia. It was after the performance. She had gone home to her lodgings, and it was late when Stefano rushed up the stairs that led to her apartment. He knocked hurriedly.

"*Chi c'è?*" said the sweet treble voice.

"*Son io!*" shrieked Stefano, as he burst in. He laid hold of her, and shook her till her teeth chattered; then fell down on his knees, and rolling himself on the ground, made abject protestations of despair and devotion.

"*Prendi l'anel ti dono,*" said Giulia, retreating with a scornful grin, and tossing his ring in his poor face. He seized it, and bit the slight gold circlet in two.

"*Mangi pure,*" said the malicious woman.

With a scream he seized hold of her, and clasped her in his arms—

"*Eh m'ami ancora, dimmi che m'ami.*"

"*Sicuro, mia vita!*" said Giulia.

So Stefano was pacified, like a silly young man as he was, and they sat down. Giulia opened the window, and hung her head out. She wrapped a mantilla round her and hummed *Di tanti Palpiti*. Then she stopped, and there was a silence for a little while. At last there followed the sound of shuffling feet, and the soft, mellow twang of guitar—that sound full of warmth and starlight to me; and then there rose up a serenade. *Addio, Delizia*, came over and over again from a band of men's voices. Stefano was silent, till the old landlady entered.

"*Una serenata, signorina mia, dalla parte di milor; sicuro dalla parte di milor.*"

Stefano asked no more, the Italian blood was lit up with the fury of long-suppressed revenge; he flew on the old woman and nearly strangled her.

"*Ahi! Soccorso! aiuta! aiuta!*" And the yells of the two women brought up the whole street to the door in two minutes. Stefano met Lord Vane, who gave him a good beating; and then, dashing through the crowd, he made his way home. He never saw Giulia again. Early next morning he received an intimation that his services were no longer required; that his cadences were as incorrect as his conduct; that Signor Barretti, from Milan, had kindly consented to take all his parts; and that the *corps* wished

him health and much prosperity in the book-binding line, to which he had been apprenticed when they first had had the honor of his acquaintance. He got the letter, and lay staring at it for some time; and then he heard the sound of carriages, and looked out in the street. The *corps opératique* were departing for Bologna, and with it light, love, life, and hope, and all the ambitious aspirations of genius. There is no such thing as genius without ambition; there is no such object in creation as genius without a pole-star for its thoughts, hopes, and aims. That aim may be fame, or love, or power; generally it is all three at once. In the case of Stefano it was so. Those strolling players, with their bales of trumpery and tinsel, were all the world to him: most contemptible, or most tremendous engine, the drama—the stage—the play; that subtle theatrical influence, that throws its baleful rose-pink hue over the very face of heaven, and the fresh green glories of Nature—who can trace its many-shaped disguises, its pernicious and transfiguring might? Seducing beyond all other enchantments, it colors the face of reality only to corrupt and destroy all Nature and Truth. Miserable delusion! Let the lives and sins of the denizens of the green-room declare loudly the downward tendency of that idolatry of representation which fills the theatres of my native land.

I belong to no opera, mark, O reader! I stand alone; a private history is written in my pages. I wish to keep my incog., so shall say no more; but I have been introduced into many operas, and have made my appearance at the Philharmonic, and the Hanover Square Rooms have rung with my fame. Ah, it is a fine thing, I assure you, to be a popular song! The worst of it is, that popularity puts one into the vile interior of a hurdy-gurdy; and we all know how unrevenged have been the most cool-blooded murders of our ill-used class. *Di Piacere* once said to me at a concert, that he had overheard Lady — call him “a tiresome old thing,” and wonder how any one could like him. Poor, dear old bravura, I was sorry for him! Ah, I was in the heyday of my youth then!

Well, Stefano—master, father, creator—let me return to thy parting hour with me. I was thy favorite child, for I was with thee in thy agonies. Tell me, dost thou, from beyond the stars, still listen to the melody thy heart sent forth like the dying swan? Dost thou remember me, the Ariel and familiar of thy spirit? Didst thou hope that night we

parted that I should float upwards to thy soul's home, on the tones of that harmonious voice to whom thou didst dedicate my existence?

It was, I suppose, about half-past ten at night, when I felt myself rudely laid hold of, and crushed in a trembling and burning hand. A pen and wild blotches of ink soon made me what I am now; a stern and awful despair reigned throughout me. I felt myself growing rapidly as my creator wrote; an electrifying chord stunned me. I was almost shivered by a sudden plunge into the key of D five flats. I melted into the minor; I wailed, I lamented awhile there; then sharp throes shot through me in chromatic runs. I quavered beneath a shake on G, again I relapsed into a regretful minor, then I gasped in broken snatches of recitative, and then I hurried on to my termination. It warms my old tones to think of myself as I *have* been sung. Mine was a glorious ending in a full storm of musical passion: runs that swept through the whole range of the voice; shakes that tore the air; notes up! up! like a daring rocket to the skies; and tones sinking low, as if overwhelmed with the weight of sorrow and despair. It has been well remarked of me, that I am of no age, country, or school. I might have been the wrathful farewell of an ancient Greek; Medea might have sent me to the false Jason; Sappho might have united me to her own words. I have always thought my style was more antique than modern; and every wretch that sings imagines that he can interpret me! I should take a lifetime to study! One woman only has ever entered completely into my meaning, and she was not the person for whom I was written.

I did not hear myself speak the first night of my creation. I only knew that I existed. The tears of my creator fell over my face—such tears as only the children of music and poetry can shed. I lay before him like his own heart, torn asunder, and exposed to view; there lay imprinted the terrible earnestness of his sufferings—a Song! No I was a death-cry, a dirge, written in blood and gall. Since that night I have appeared in the dress of fifty different editions, none of which to my heart can ever be so dear as that first garment which I wore in my master's presence—a dirty, begrimed, blotted, and blurred sheet of flimsy paper, dearer far than the gilded books in which I have since revelled as an honored guest. Stefano finished: the pen was still in his hand. He wrote on my brow, *Addio, Giulia!*

and pressed the name to his white lips ; then he laid me down, and looked on me as one to whom he would consign his dying wishes. He laid his faint head on my breast, and tears and sobs passed through me, and filled my spirit with a stormy sorrow. I earnestly trusted that I might stick in the throat of the wretched woman who had caused all this misery.

Oh ! ye men and women who have written on the sufferings of the ill-conditioned children of genius, with the kind intention of proving that it is all their own fault, had you been in the way of my experience you would be more merciful in your judgment. I know, allow me to say, better than any one, the secrets of passionate suffering ; and had you ever lived as I have done, for several months, in the fitful cells of an excited brain, you would bless your good fortune for your stupidity. Extreme nervous susceptibility is the price paid for being a poet ; and if you are a musician into the bargain, I assure you the thoughts, and airs, and rhymes in your head, have very indifferent treatment, inflammatory food, and frequently an unexpected and lamentable conclusion.

The last time I saw poor Stefano's face, he was sealing me up in a blank cover. Next morning there was a crimson pool at the door, when a servant passed early in the morning, and it was found that the maestro had cut his throat !

This added a tragical interest to my *début*. I was sent to Giulia. When she took me out of the cover, I looked up into her face ; she was looking very handsome ; her hands were cold as they clasped me ; she laid me on the music-desk and turned me over ; she hummed a bar or two, invoked the aid of the Virgin, and attempted my allegro. How I gloried in my own difficulties !—she could hardly read me properly, for Giulia was only gifted with a glorious organ and a subtle ear. She had not the pure ore of genius, which combines science and poetry ; her physical splendor was unequalled in Europe, but she had not one spark of devotional feeling in her whole being. She turned me over and over, but into my heart she could not make her way. At last she tossed me aside and carolled away at Rode's air—a trumpety twaddle, in my opinion. A foolish fellow he is, too. He is so vain of having been Son-tag's pet ; but he is as noisy and as empty as a drum, and I wonder how he has made his way so well in the world.

The evening after my arrival Giulia invited some friends to supper. It was after

the opera, and I still lay unnoticed on the spot where she had thrown me down in despair in the morning. I listened with some anxiety to the conversation of those around me. My ambitious hopes urged me to wish for a successful *début*. I trembled lest I should be misrepresented on my entrance into life, and I feared, above all things, being first interpreted by Giulia. I knew that she would drag me down to her own level ; and thus, defenseless, passive, and hopeless I lay, my leaves trembling in the soft wind that floated through the open window overlooking the Lung' Arno of Florence.

They were very merry, those actors and actresses. The glitter of their professional life follows them every where. Once on the high road to fame—a way strewn with gold and flowers—how light and intoxicating becomes the atmosphere that surrounds the successful singer ! They have all the love—the composer all the labor. Poor Stefano, how have thy blood and thy tears rested heavy on my spirit, when I have sailed forth triumphant on the air that beat and fluttered with the raving applauses of hundreds and hundreds ! At such times I feel that I am the proud offspring of an inspired father ; and I glory in the tears that I have wrung from radiant eyes, believing such to be the best peace-offering to an unavenged and complaining shade.

In the mean time Giulia sang, and laughed, and coquetted ; and at last she spoke of my arrival and previous melancholy history. She put on a pretty air of sentiment, and even wiped her eyes when she mentioned Stefano's name. She laid me in the hands of the buffo singer ; and he, putting on his most admired Leporello grimace, chanted forth my first bar in a style that almost made me laugh at myself,

"*Brutta assai ! questaromanza mi pare,*" said the tenor, still engaged with the eatables.

"*Senti un po' !*" said Giulia ; and she sang a most indecent caricature of my finale, bearing false witness to every cadence and every measure.

How I was banged about that night ! No song of my rank ever suffered so much from the calumny of human beings ; yet I felt proudly conscious that I was misunderstood—that I was a stranger of an illustrious birth, thrown by an evil charm amid a class incapable of comprehending my elevation and dignity ; and, like an unrecognized prince, I resolved to bide my time, and trust to the all-pervading power of truth to place me in my

right position in the world. The gay Giulia finished me with an exaggerated flourish, then rolled me up and tossed me up to the ceiling, from whence I fell at the foot of a silent and thoughtful-looking young man. He picked me up, looked me through, and put me in his pocket. Soon after he took me home. I found myself in a small lodging in a street of Florence. The mean room contained only a bed, a chair, and a table; a violin-case lay on the latter, some rosin and music paper beside it. The young fellow, Spiridion Balbi, I found was of Greek and Venetian combination, by means of an Ionian mother and an Italian father. He had left the island where he was born at an early age, and had become a violinist of some note in Italy. He was playing in the orchestra of the Pergola at the time that I first saw him. He took out his violin, and swept over some chords in a masterly manner. Ah! what a flood of rich and exquisite sounds! He opened me up, and, for the first time, I felt my every fibre vibrate and live in his hands. I felt my latent powers distend and swell into majesty, and my might extend through the airy empire of sound. Joy! glory! and honor to thee, Spiro mio! for that first interpretation of me to myself. I felt then that I stood alone, the *loveliest* harmony ever created! I only wanted my words; but who could have missed them, really, amid the passionate weeping and wailing of that marvellous catgut? The violin had all the ecstasy of the human voice in Spiro's hands. He sang, he spoke, he cried, he shrieked, he laughed by turns, on the strings of that magical instrument. He played me through three times that night. I admired myself more and more. I became insatiable as a young beauty for many mirrors to reflect my charms. At last the violin was laid down, and a female step was heard at the door.

"*Ponno entrare*," said the voice of a girl. And Spiro replied by opening the door; and I saw a young, slight figure enter. I had never, I thought, seen beauty before. Giulia appeared coarse beside the heavenly outline of Xanthi. Her hair was bound round her head like a golden glory; her eyes were blue; her face and brow white, as if her life had been passed in seclusion even from the warm glances of the sun; and there was a languid and careless grace about every movement, that might have suited a sultana in the prime of her days.

"*Signor*," she said, respectfully, "*la cena è preparata*."

"*Bellissima verrò! ma pria, ascolti un po'!*"

The girl seated herself and listened. She hid her face in her hands, and my voice rose up. Tears forced themselves into the great eyes of Xanthi, so touching was the tale that I told of injured love and dying reproach. That room for me was transformed into an enchanted palace. I glorified the air with my breath, and sighed out my soul in a wordless song of rapturous perfection.

"Oh!" cried Xanthi, "to sing that and die, signor!"

"Live to sing it, rather," said Spiro.

"I shall never sing it," said the girl, sadly.

"If you could! When you can, you will be the greatest singer in Europe," said Spiro.

"Ah!" sighed Xanthi, "how does the Signora Giulia sing it, pray?"

"Very like the cat," replied Spiro.

"*Ah, me ne godo!*" cried Xanthi, suddenly. And she took me up to muse over me for a few moments, while Spiro played a strain of enchanting beauty; and I began to feel myself in the good society of such airs as *Adelaide*, *Non più di fior*, *Perfida Clori*. It was with the first of these that I have always maintained the strictest friendship. Long may that dear and esteemed harmony hold her place and rank in Pischek's throat; and may not upstart standard-bearers supersede her claims to notice and respect. We old songs have a great deal to put up with from the rising generation of songlets, ariettas, and above all, that impertinent sutler's girl, the *Figlia*, as she is familiarly called. On this subject I cannot contain my indignation. That snob, *Ciascun lo dici*, holds his head very high; but let him tremble. I heard him on the Pan's pipe last Thursday morning; and our butcher's boy thinks nothing of whistling him on the area steps!

I have not always dwelt 'in marble halls.' I have followed on the steps of adversity and ruin. I would not wish only to tickle the ears of rich fools and the outer skin of gay hearts. My desire for public life remained for many months ungratified. My first professor revealed me to no one. He was a strange, vain, idle, fantastic wretch, that Spiro Balbi. I am sure the ancient secret of the Greek fire lay in his veins. He lived in a world of wonderful fancies; his plans were to regenerate the world by means of music—to organize a Greek republic with a senate of fine tenors, and a choir of good basses for church matters. In the mean time he entered into an Italian conspiracy, *pour passer le temps*. It was in the Austrian

States that he made his *début* as an agitator. He, and two dozen other poor boys, after exciting their patriotic feelings to madness by noisy singing and rapid speeches, committed some excess at the Opera House, and they were lodged in gaol that night. The only things that Spiro contrived to take with him were a flute and myself!

And he played in his dungeon. I floated through the dark, dank air, and I was happy in my own existence—as happy that night, and happier, than the brilliant evening that I revelled beneath the gilded ceilings of the Tuileries, and Belgiojoso pronounced me worthy of my fame. Spiro was sent to a fortress! Bah! the emperor could not put me under lock and key. I am like the air, a “chartered libertine;” and a glorious life of ubiquity has mine been since then. I am here! I am there! I am everywhere! My being extends from Calcutta to Paris. At the same instant of time I live fifty times. Swifter than the *Tempest’s* Ariel I fly round the earth more nimbly than thought. Once created, my existence is of indefinite length. Forgetfulness is my only dread. I tremble lest I should go out of print—then, I imagine, the sufferings of a song must be indeed dreadful. A silent shade longing in vain to unburden its sorrows, and hovering round the spot of its past pleasures, is the only thing to which I can compare the state of a musical phantom. I shall never forget what I felt at hearing an interesting little old Scotch ballad tell the story of its restoration from a long trance—a crotchety little old thing it was, too, but an air full of character and feeling. He had been born before the battle of Bannockburn, and had felt himself dying by degrees, until he only lay asleep in the mind and half effaced from the memory of an old nurse. Mercifully she hummed him to a sick child one day; the lady of the house overheard her, rescued my poor friend from oblivion, and, with the cordial of a good accompaniment, he is now going about the world as active as ever he was. I remember, too, I was at the Ancient Concerts the night that Prince Albert caused the unlooked-for resurrection of that glorious old warrior, *Chanson de Roland*. He had been almost in a dying state for several hundred years. He who had been borne on the breath of Taille-fer, he who had been chanted by the Normans of the Conqueror, lay silent and neglected in some dark hole for centuries of suffering! Imagine, I beseech you, what his feelings must have been to find himself in Mario’s throat, flung out into the nineteenth

century, in the very teeth of such fops as “*Voi che sapete, Quel briconcel Amore,*” and so on. It was a night of triumph such as seldom falls to the lot of any song!

I remained in perfect seclusion with my master. It was only at night that I came forth, to wander awhile about his dungeon, and hover round the bars of his prison window, yet there I felt the mission of music was indeed gloriously fulfilled. I was the spirit of love and hope, that fluttered above a worn and weary head, to anoint it with the dew of fresh enjoyment, and strengthen it to bear the wrongs and cruelty of man.

But Spiro sickened; the hand grew faint, and the voice low; the days grew short and dim, and in the long nights, who crept to the prison window still to listen and cry, as if her heart would break? Löttchen was an officer’s daughter, a girl of fifteen, with no great looks, and a tough voice; as unruly as a wild horse on the prairie; but the heart! there lay her matchless power.

One evening she came with her father into the prisoner’s cell, and, with a red face and stammering tongue, begged to know the name of the air.

“*Cos’è? Cos’è?*” muttered poor Spiro. The girl, with difficulty, replied in my first bar. “*Ah, ma brava!*” said the dying musician. He took me out and once more he played me through, but cried out, “Nothing for this but the violin or the voice;” and a violin reached him next day, and Lisa came once more and sat down to listen to such a lesson as she never received before or since. It was a revelation, more than a lesson. I remember that night I felt much solemnized; I was the last gasp of the dying Spiro; all the glory of his race and his lost land seemed to lighten up his brow before we parted. It may be hard for flesh and blood to part, but the spirits of the living and the dead shall meet again. But for me, what remains hereafter? To wander hither and thither, and find no place in the choirs of heaven, for I have not a tinge of sacredness in my being. I am all earthly fire, and must perish with the things of earth; unlike the holy songs, the spiritual strains which have breathed above the fires of martyrdom, I may not hope to unite myself to the eternal melodies of heaven. Oh, that I were Mozart’s *Agnus Dei!* oh, that I breathed the words of ineffable sweetness and the harmony that is a foretaste of the peace beyond all understanding!

I remained at my master’s pillow till he died. It was a sad and fearful separation—

the thoughts of the mind and the departing soul. My image became overclouded, my voice rung faint in his ears, and at last I lay again alone and cold on my crumpled sheet of paper.

Lisa took me to herself. I was put into a drawer, and time passed on. I became impatient of my long seclusion, and was truly glad to find myself packed up to go to Vienna. Lisa was to study as a music teacher, not for the stage, she said; but there is no believing the sincerity of a woman's intentions when under orchestral influence.

It was strange that Lisa never took me to her class; she kept me under lock and key, and I only had exercise at night, when other things were done: then Lisa took me from my cell to sing me and cry over me, and despair over my difficulties.

No one knows what a life I led then—banged about, transposed into a key below my taste, maimed, murdered, suffocated, brought to life again: no one can tell what racking tortures I suffered. Oh, Stefano! Spiro! did you hear my cries in the invisible world where ye dwelt?—I, your child, your beloved, thus ill-used and deprived of the glory that was my due from my birth!

Lisa was a very persevering girl; she had a heart, but it was a German heart, and that did not quite suit me as an Italian born and bred. She ploughed me up fearfully, and there was none of the vindictive grace of an ancient Fury in the turn she gave to my final measures. I remained only a half-disclosed mystery to her. What was to become of me? I should, perhaps, be brought out at the Manheim Opera House, and find myself degraded and lost forever to all hope of success. In the mean time, Lisa labored ten hours a-day, with a voice as tough as shoe-leather, and hoarse and uncertain; but on she went, as dogged in her obstinate industry as if she were doing something wrong: in which case people always are obstinate, I have observed, especially the women. Well, time and practice do wonders, and Lisa determined to go to England and try her fortune; and I was to go to England—to London—the promised land of needy genius, where princely pay is offered for what most of them, honest people, don't understand. But no, let me be fair; I am now indulging in the clap-trap of Italians and such "Children of the Sun" and the stage! I will tell the truth. Of all poetry, give me the poetry of an English heart. Poetry, not selfish passion usurping the

name. Give me the refined, intellectual love of idealized Nature, which has dictated the chaste gaiety of Milton's *Allegro*, and the healthy, wholesome loveliness that shines on the face of the poethood of Britain. Honor to thee, little, chill, northwestern isle! Set in the grey waters of a disagreeable channel, thou art the home of holy and homely affections. I have felt humbled to the dust before an English ballad, ridiculous enough, too; but it was so good a creature, breathing of simple, pure affections, and all that language of the heart which touches in prose or poetry. The poetry of common life; there the British bards and singers reign, indeed, alone!

We came to England; it was the beginning of the season; May was showing her dear, smiling face over the very chimney-pots of the great city. And that great city! the annual fever was beginning to throb in her veins, and the Opera House was open, and concerts were ringing through the Hanover Square Rooms, morning, noon, and night; and my poor Lisa wanted to sing at "the Ancients." Alas! I feared that Madame Vestris would have been as likely to perform some Olympic *espèglerie* on that platform, as my poor Lisa to bring me before an admiring public. She had a letter of introduction to the *élite* of the musical world of London; and to the tender mercies of Lord Gorehampton she was expressly commended by her *ci-derant* master at Vienna. The nobleman asked a few select friends to dinner, and Lisa was to be trotted out in the evening, and her merits to be decided on. Poor girl! she took me from my portfolio, and sang me through six times before breakfast. It was a fearful ordeal that she had to go through. She went at ten, as she was ordered to do, and found Lady Gorehampton, who was slightly deaf, asleep on a sofa. A page awakened her, and she begged Lisa to take a seat, and then looked through her portfolio. I was looked at, and passed over, and at last the gentlemen entered. The party consisted of Lord Gorehampton, a nobleman of well-known musical enthusiasm. He had written sixteen MS. operas, and several things which he called airs of his own. It was giving himself very great airs to call them so. He had kindly patronized Pasta, and had done a great deal for Catalani; the Philharmonic would have been at zero without him, and the Ancients looked to him as a tower of strength. He sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes on the ceiling, looking fiddles and kettle-drums at everybody, beating time

on his snuff-box to a march played by his lady from his own opera of *Edmondo Ironsides*, an Anglo-Saxon *spectacle* with British music.

The next distinguished personage was the Hon. Harry —, an *aging* tenor, full of airs, (not of music, though,) with a much finer manner than he had a voice, and looks more saucy than supercilious. He had been the "tame man" of fashionable singers for many a long year, and he had been the Rubini of his own set until he far surpassed the great tenore in consequential capers. There was, besides, a spiteful, middle-aged bass, a Mr. Melville, and an old gentleman whom every one declared to be a person of exquisite taste—for nothing, however, but his dinners, that I could see or discover. This was the party, with the addition of one more gentleman, who arrived late.

I was looked through.

"*Stefano! Ah, non lo conosco!*" murmured Lord Gorehampton. He spoke Italian on high days and holydays. He begged to be spared the infliction of any obscure music, and invited Lisa to try her mettle on an aria for William the Conqueror, in the grand opera of *The Norman Conquest*, written by himself. He kindly sat down to accompany, and I listened to a performance of loathsome length. Such an indecent clattering of ivory I never before gave ear to. It was a mixture of Balfé and Bunn, and a delicious dash of Donizetti's dregs. Shade of Orpheus! had you only heard the imbecile pomp of the conclusion, you would have dashed your golden lyre from the seventh heavens down on the nodding head of his lordship of Gorehampton, and have silenced him thus for ever.

He was just finishing his air on the unusual word in an Italian song, *Felicità*, *felicità!* when the door opened, and a gentleman entered, and approached the piano.

"Ah, there you are! Good night, Vane. I'm busy, you see, as usual. Just listen to this idea of a Norman-Gothic cadence;" and my lord plunged both his hands into a flat ninth, and then danced up and down like a cat's fugue for a few minutes, then he stopped and looked up.

"It's more Danish, do you know, I think," said Lord Vane, quite gravely.

"Oh, my dear fellow, excuse me there!" cried the performer. "*This* is Gubba the Dane's flourish, you know, in the *The Herdsman's Cake*."

"Ah, yes!" said Vane, with an assumption of interest, the rogue. "By the bye,

when is your *King Alfred* to appear? Can't you get *some* of the airs sung at 'the Ancients'?"

"Why, no;" said Lord Gorehampton. "You see they won't sing things there till one is dead. It is a great bore that one must die first one's self. Isn't it, now?"

"A shameful regulation!" said Vane; and, to conceal a smile, he began to examine me. I saw his noble and intelligent face, and longed to be introduced to his notice and love. He soon became absorbed in me. He put me on the music-desk. "You will sing this for me," he said, to the trembling Lisa.

She sat down, and, with a voice veiled with fear of failure, she breathed me forth. I only half existed on paper; it was while floating through space, that I truly lived and felt the joy and glory of life. I passed through those mirrored and gilded chambers, and felt that splendor added no ray to my own brightness. Better to rise up beneath the humble roof of a cabin encircled by loving hearts and longing ears, than under the cold gilding of a palace, with a fool on the music-stool. Lisa could not give me my full honors, but she was true and good, as far as she went. She had the artistic heart of a faithful disciple, and she interpreted clearly the outline of my intentions. Vane listened attentively, and soon after went away. The evening concluded with another selection of airs from Gubba's *répertoire*, and then we went home; home, to dreary lodgings, such as foreign song-birds must have for their cage in London. And the prospects of Lisa darkened daily; she put me away from her sight, and it was only by a chance opening of my portfolio, that I overheard the following dialogue between Lisa and an old friend, a dancer, whom she had known at Vienna:

"Ah, yes, it is a fine thing to be a *prima donna*! Fancy Giulia getting her two and three hundred a-night, while we have to starve and dance for twenty." So sighed Mademoiselle Carlotta, in a pink gingham, and white satin shoes with orange bindings. "And she is such a vain wretch, and so shabby to the chorus! Fancy her poor women, who attend her in all her deaths and faints, not to speak of other things, never get a farthing from her. And she never pays her Medea and Norma brats; not a bit, poor things! Besides, she is a pest to the prompter, and a disgrace to the profession. Ah, well, it's a fine thing to be a *prima donna*! But I don't want to have diamond shoe-ties at the expense of my peace of mind. I could

not do the pirouette with any weight on my conscience!"

"Lord Vane admires her, does he not?"

"Oh, that is an old story! Oh, yes, I dare say. Who does not *admire* her? But I am sure he cannot *esteem* her; and what is love without respect?" said Carlotta, with much dignity. "However, she expects to be a viscountess some fine day. *Vedremo noi altri.*"

That evening Lisa sat alone, musing over the past and the gloomy present. She heard voices on the stair, and her landlady entered. She said that there was a lady below asking, she supposed, for lodgings, but that she could not comprehend her; and she begged Lisa to come and help her, for Lisa spoke a little English. A stranger stood on the stair; she wished for lodgings; she had just come from abroad, and was anxious, if possible, to procure them that night. She was established accordingly in a room next Lisa's. She went to bed early, and Lisa saw no more of her that night.

It was about noon next day that a note reached Lisa. It was an offer to her to sing, at the Ancient Concert of the following Wednesday, the piece performed at Lord Gorehampton's. Lisa almost fell on her knees with gratitude, and accepted the engagement without delay. Then, poor girl, she hurried out to buy gloves, a wreath, and a pair of new shoes, and I was left alone.

"Ho, ho!" I thought, "now my time is come. I feel frightened rather. Ahem! I wonder how I shall sound." Lisa came home heated, feverish, and penniless, for she had been more extravagant than *seconda donnas* should be; and it was with a very uncertain voice that she sang me through, or rather, she had only begun to sing, when the door was suddenly opened and the stranger stood there. She sprang forward and listened.

"*Canta pure!*" she cried; and then she leant over the piano, and tears fell over her face. Lisa finished and rose, and the stranger approached the piano, seized me, and kissed me with tears of joy.

"*Ti ritrovo ancor!*" and then she paused. She laid her hand on the chords; like a prophetess preparing to declare her awful mission she stood. Lo! what sound of unearthly sweetness invested itself in my form! a meaning, new and unexpected, dawned on

Lisa's mind. I rose with an unapproachable glory on the ear and heart of the sole listener. She could have fallen down on her face before the form of the Greek, for it was she! Xanthi, the long-remembered, the adored of Spiro, the Ionian girl I had seen years before at Florence, and I had dwelt in her heart ever since. We met like long-parted lovers, and I trembled beneath the joy of a full interpretation by a voice and genius of matchless power. I had at last met with my equal; I was fitly mated at last. Ah! were we now to part?

It was the morning of the rehearsal at length, and I trembled for my fate. Poor Lisa, I did thee injustice! At eleven o'clock she came and took me up, looked at me once with tears, and then walked to the door of the next room.

"I am ill!" she said: "you, signora, are the most fit to take my place. See, take my music; my name, too; and, as Lisa, sing this divine song better than poor Lisa herself ever will!"

Joy! joy! I entered the concert-room in Xanthi's hand. That grave audience of dowagers and directors was delighted out of its propriety. But who shall recount the surpassing glories of the Wednesday night, when I was encored by the queen, and lauded by the bishops present, and when a venerable countess was removed in fits to the tea-room, and Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington said, "Good!" twice, and when the *Morning Post* screamed itself hoarse with admiration next day? But I am becoming quite too confidential.

One paragraph more. Xanthi made her appearance at the Opera House, Giulia took the jaundice, and Lord Vane took his leave of a termagant whom he had never loved. The tide of fashion left Giulia stranded on the shore where she had ruled the waves, like Britannia, for some sixteen years.

"I could poison, kill, burn, mangle the wretched woman!" said Giulia to her favorite tire-woman, as she sat glaring over the last tirade of praise. "And what is this monstrous song that she sings fifteen times every night? It makes me sick and faint to hear of such sinfulness. I'm sure it's ugly. Tell Costa he must get it for me without delay."

Costa obeyed; the original sheet was procured; again I met the prima donna's eyes, and she read on my brow, *Addio, Giulia!*



## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic.* By A. A. PATON. 2 vols. 8vo.

Already well appreciated by the public, from his works on Servia and Syria, Mr. Paton has here extended and complemented, not only his own preceding work, but also Sir Gardner Wilkinson's Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, by superadding more of the Adriatic coasts, Croatia, and different portions of the Southern provinces of Austria. We need not speak of the high interest of these countries at this era, when the fate of races is at immediate issue on their territories, and much of the future destinies of Europe are involved in the decision. Who are to predominate—Magyar, Croat, or German—and how the Austrian empire is to be re-composed and governed, are mighty questions, upon which Mr. Paton throws new, clear, and important lights; whilst, to the general reader, (in opposition to the political,) his various sketches of travel and society are of a most pleasing and attractive character; and a number of engravings illustrate them in a very satisfactory style. There is also an excellent map.

On the national topics we will merely observe that experience, opportunity, and employment have enabled the author to know what he is writing about; and therefore his views are of much public value. His disapprobation of the Magyar movement, and looking forward to better things from Illyria and the Croat population, we leave, however, for discussion to statesmen who may determine how far in revolutions, like serpents, the heads are moved by the tails; whilst from the more miscellaneous contents we select a few extracts, to indicate the nature of a very agreeable publication.—*Literary Gazette.*

*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg; and History of Prussia, during the 17th and 18th Centuries.* By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated by Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon. 3 vols. 8vo.

The translators of this work have done it every justice, and its Continental repute is a guaranty of its value and importance. It reflects many new lights upon points of biographical and national interest; and the former, indeed, are most national, for in the characters of the monarchs was concentrated and evolved the rise of Prussia from a secondary to a first-rate German power. The account of the utilitarian soldier, Frederick William, and of his miserable quarrels with his son, Frederick II., is one of the most striking instances; and the author labors hard to paint the tyrannical cruelties of the former, as well as his perverse scheme of princely education, and the consequent foibles and vices of the latter, in as favorable colors as possible. Many documents have been consulted to authenticate this picture. The relations between Prussia and England, con-

nected with the intermediate link of Hanover, from the beginning to the middle of the last century; and the tidal flux and reflux of the negotiations for inter-marriages between the royal families, display very remarkable political data, and show on what odd circumstances the fates and fortunes of a people are often dependent. But we cannot enter upon the vast expanse of Silesian, Prussian, French, Austrian, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Bavarian, Bohemian and other interwoven systems of policy minutely opened to examination in these volumes. They close the page nearly a hundred years ago; and Frederick's religious, literary, and scientific concerns occupy the last two or three sheets. The foundation of the Academy, the Society of Sans Souci, Maupertuis, Voltaire, and other strange companions, are cursorily noticed, and in the end the theme is wound up in a manner which satisfactorily completes a work, not only of great attraction to the children of German Fatherland, but generally to every European country.—*Literary Gazette.*

*Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes in Ancient Story.* By J. BERNARD BURKE. 2 vols.

Some books, from their being of a kind to lift and lay down during any small vacant space of time, and furnishing enough of various entertainment to beguile the patch of day or night in a pleasant manner, have been called Parlor Books; and this is one of them *par excellence*. You cannot dip into it anywhere without finding something to interest and amuse you. There are hundreds of tragical or touching tales, curious anecdotes, remarkable legends and traditions, historical facts, family relics, and other miscellanies, which are all the more attractive from being generally authentic, and the rest not invented, but derived from old beliefs and transmitted stories. Some have made much public noise before, but others are collected from less known sources, and form, with the more notorious, a melange altogether of delectable light reading, not without a considerable proportion of instructive information.—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony.* By the Author of "Sam Slick." 2 vols.

The majority of these papers appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and the author has remodelled and added to them for this mode of connected publication. This would have been sufficient to recommend the work to us, devoted admirers as we are of the Clock-maker; but he has increased our obligation, by giving us six or eight new chapters, full of his usual humor, keen acuteness, and insight into human life and character. These chapters are the 1st, 6th, 8th, and 9th, in the first volume, and the 19th, 20th and

21st, in the second. The colonial portraits are indeed replete with truth and nature; and only varying from the original stock as circumstances shape the human mind and human actions.—*Literary Gazette*.

*Friends and Fortune: a Moral Tale.* By ANNA HARRIET DRURY.

When the poem of *Annesley*, from the same hand, appeared, it fell to the *Literary Gazette*, as if an old and established privilege, to give the first all-hail of welcome to the young and unknown *débutante* on the perilous public platform of authorship. Tracing in it features to call to mind such names as Goldsmith and Crabbe, we offered it the reception it deserved, and within a few weeks thereafter, the most efficient of our contemporaries re-echoed the strain, and the just estimation and consequent popularity of Miss Drury was the result.

Thus cheered on, our gifted poetess has now essayed her powers on a prose composition; and, we think, with no less comparative success than before. It is a tale delightfully told, and abounding in passages of great feeling and beauty. Again we are reminded of Goldsmith, and that which reminds us, in a right sense, of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, must be a production of no mean order.

[This work has been republished in a handsome style by the Messrs. Appleton, and fully justifies the commendations of the *Gazette*.]

*The Cossacks of the Ukraine; comprising Biographical Notices of the most celebrated Cossack Chiefs, and a description of the Ukraine.* By Count HENRY KRASINSKI.

A well written and interesting narrative of the history of a curious and little known people, who played an important part in a very eventful portion of Napoleon's career. The author is well fitted for the task he has undertaken, having spent a considerable part of his life in the inhospitable land he writes upon. He compiled a regular history of the Polish Cossacks three years ago; but circumstances having prevented its publication, the present work is substituted. In its pages the author says:

"I describe their [the Cossacks'] piratical expeditions into Turkey, and sketch their dangerous rebellion (fostered by Russia) in Poland, under Chmielnicki, Zelezniuk, and Gonta; and not less formidable rebellions in Russia, under Stenko Razin, Mazepa, and Pugatchef, which rebellions cost Russia nearly a million of human beings, and shook that empire to its very foundation, and even to this time has not only impaired its whole strength, but rendered its continued existence a mysterious problem. Having further described all the branches of the Polish Cossacks, with their most noted chiefs, from almost the beginning of their political existence till our time, I then unveil many interesting facts respecting Catherine II., as connected with Poland, and give a short account of her lovers, and the victims of her hatred, as also the various diabolical intrigues for which she was so infamously celebrated. I conclude the work with a statistical, historical, and geographical description of the Ukraine, from time immemorial the

land of unbridled passions, poetry, and romance, and the source from which the genius of Byron drew the material for his poem of *Mazeppa*."

Making every allowance for certain expressions of hatred to Russia—a feeling which, to a Pole, is as inextinguishable as it is spontaneous—the reader will find in the Count's work many suggestive observations as to the probable future of both Poland and her oppressor. Whether the author's splendid vision of the Pole, the Cossack, and the Mahometan, locked in a friendly embrace, and constituting a harmonious coalition, will ever be realized, remains to be seen; but no one will doubt the wisdom and the policy of real friendship being cemented between England and France. The two countries thus united, might bid defiance not alone to Russian power, but to that of the whole world.—*Westminster Review*.

*The Town; its Memorable Characters and Events.* By LEIGH HUNT. St. Paul's to St. James's. With forty-five Illustrations. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65 Cornhill. 1848.

How delightful are such books as Leigh Hunt's; books which one may take up at any odd moment of leisure with the certainty of meeting with something to amuse, something to instruct, something to assist in clothing the realities of every-day life with radiations from the realms of fancy, or in re-people the actual world with life-like idealities of its former tenants! This is especially the case with the volumes before us. Mr. Hunt is better fitted, perhaps, than any living writer to illustrate the rich store of poetical and historical associations connected with the world of London, wherewith his sympathies have ever been identified; and the elucidation of its by-gone glories must have been to him indeed a labor of love.

As Mr. Hunt well shows in his opening chapter the moral of that charming tale, *'Eyes and no Eyes*, is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in the thoroughfares of a crowded city. One man "may go from Bond-street to Blackwall, and unless he has the luck to witness an accident or get a knock from a porter's burthen, may be conscious, when he has returned, of nothing but the names of those two places, and of the mud through which he has passed;" another may take the same route, and while actively observant of the present, he may allow his mind, as Leigh Hunt says, to "put on wings angelical, and pitch itself into the grand obscurity of the future," without any let or hindrance to its running back also upon "the more visible line of the past;" of that *past* which is "the heir-loom of the world."—*Westminster Review*.

1. *Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By WILLIAM STIRLING, M. A. In 3 vols. London: Olivier.
2. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By Mrs. JAMESON. In 2 vols. London: Longmans.

The appearance of these elaborate works almost simultaneously is an event in the history of Art in England; evidencing, as it does, the general desire which is felt for a more ample critical apparatus than we have hitherto possessed. Each of these

works would amply deserve a more extended notice of its contents than we can possibly supply at present, in consequence of the pressure of matter. Mr. Stirling's work comprises a history of Painting in Spain from the first origin of the art to the present day. It enumerates all the works of the Spanish painters which are now extant, and supplies materials for judgment on their merits, which either to the artist, the collector, or the traveller, will be invaluable. The sister arts of Sculpture and Architecture are also incidentally illustrated, and the work is furnished with extensive indices, and adorned by some very excellent engravings of the principal Spanish painters, and of a few of their most striking works. Even the general reader will find in Mr. Stirling's pages much to interest and gratify him, from the biographical character of the work, and the numerous anecdotes which it contains.

Mrs. Jameson's book, which is also richly and abundantly illustrated with wood-cuts and engravings, will be found eminently useful as a book of reference to travellers, and also to those who are engaged in the study of paintings. It brings together all the Legends of the Saints which are ordinarily to be found represented in Sculpture and Painting, with a view to the explanation of the subjects which continually meet the eye in all old works of art. It will be found useful in directing modern artists to the appropriate symbols and representations of sacred and legendary subjects.

We regard these two works as indispensable to every one who is engaged in the study of the Fine Arts.—*English Review*.

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*Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara, in the Years 1845 and 1846.* By JAMES RICHARDSON. 2 vols. 8vo.

There is a good deal of amusement and information to be obtained from these volumes—though they might be advantageously subjected to a winnowing machine. Mr. Richardson gives a graphic account of life in the desert—and his very carelessness at times renders the picture more actual and full than it would otherwise be. His repetitions and varying impressions of the same external circumstances and things give a reality to the picture he draws; though some of them might have been omitted with advantage. We could have spared,

too, his own observations—especially those which have a quasi-religious character—and a great portion of the sublime and the sentimental might have remained unwritten. Despite, however, all this, there is really a great deal of what is useful and agreeable in the book; and it may be read with pleasure by any one who will excuse the follies in which extreme conceit has at times led the author to indulge.—*English Review*.

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#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A New Historical Tale, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—the conclusion of *King Arthur*.

Mordaunt Hall, by the author of *Emilia Wyndham*. Vols. 3 and 4 of the *Castlereagh Papers*.

Part 3, of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs of his own Time*. Sam Slick's New Work, *The old Judge*.

*The Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic*, by A. A. Paton, Esq.

*California; or Four Months among the Gold Diggers*, by J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M. D.

A reprint of Bryant's *What I saw in California*.

*The Bird of Passage; or Flying Glimpses of Many Lands*, by Mrs. Romer.

*The Apostolical Acts and Epistles from the Peschito*, by J. W. Etheridge, M. D.

*Sir Aymer*, a Poem in four Cantos.

*The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7*, by Alexander Mackay.

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*Harmony of History with Prophecy*, by Josiah Conder.

*Raphael, or Rays from Life*, from the French of Lamartine.

"*The Rock of Rome*, wherein the fundamental traditional dogma of the Roman Catholic Church is confronted with the obviously true interpretation of the Word of God; and proved to be nothing more nor less than a mere invention of Antichrist, and to be forthcoming from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles."

Sir George Staunton is about to give the public the result of his examinations on the various modes of rendering the word God in the Chinese language.





THE ORIGINAL BY RUBENS. ENGRAVED BY J. SANCTIN.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.



THE  
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**FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

**APRIL, 1849.**

From the Edinburgh Review.

**ST. BENEDICT AND THE BENEDICTINES.**

*Correspondance inédite, de Mabillon et de Montfaucon, avec L'Italie. Par M. VALÉRY. Paris: 1846.*

MIDDLETON and Gibbon rendered a real, however undesigned, a service to Christianity by attempting to prove that the rapid extension of the Primitive Church was merely the natural result of natural causes. For what better proof could be given of the divine origin of any religion than by showing that it had at once overspread the civilized world, by the expansive power of an inherent aptitude to the nature and to the wants of mankind? By entering on a still wider range of inquiry, those great but disingenuous writers might have added much to the evidence of the fact they alleged, although at a still greater prejudice to the conclusion at which they aimed.

It is not predicted in the Old Testament that the progress of the Gospel should, to any great extent, be the result of any agency preternatural and opposed to ordinary experience; nor is any such fact alleged in any of the apostolical writings as having actually occurred. There is, indeed, no good reason to suppose that such miraculous though transient disturbances of the laws of the

material or the moral world, would have long or powerfully controlled either the belief or the affections of mankind. The heavenly husbandman selected the kindest soil and the most propitious season for sowing the grain of mustard seed; and so, as time rolled on, the adaptation of our faith to the character and the exigencies of our race was continually made manifest, though under new and ever varying forms.

Thus the Church was at first Congregational, that by the agitation of the lowest strata of society the superincumbent mass of corruption, idolatry, and mental servitude might be broken up—then Synodal or Presbyterian, that the tendency of separate societies to heresy and schism might be counteracted—then Episcopal, that in ages of extreme difficulty and peril, the whole body might act in concert and with decision—then Papal, that it might oppose a visible unity to the armies of the Crescent and the barbarians of the North—then Monastic, that learning, art, and piety might be preserved in impregnable retreats amidst the



deluge of ignorance and of feudal oppression—then Scholastic, that the human mind might be educated for a return to a sounder knowledge, and to primitive doctrine—then Protestant, that the soul might be emancipated from error, superstition, and spiritual despotism—then *partially* Reformed, in the very bosom of the papacy, lest that emancipation should hurry the whole of Christendom into precipitate change and lawless anarchy—and then at length Philosophical, to prove that as there are no depths of sin or misery to which the healing of the Gospel cannot reach, so there are no heights of speculation to which the wisdom of the Gospel cannot ascend.

Believing thus in the perpetuity as well as on the catholicity of the Church, and judging that she is still the same in spirit throughout all ages, although, in her external developments, flexible to the varying necessities of all, we have ventured on some former occasions, and are again about, to assert for "the pure and reformed branches" of it in England and in Scotland, an alliance with the heroes of the faith in remote times, and in less enlightened countries; esteeming that to be the best Protestantism, which, while it frankly condemns the errors of other Christian societies, yet claims fellowship with the piety, the wisdom, and the love, which, in the midst of those errors, have attested the divine original of them all.

If, according to the advice which on some of those occasions we have presumed to offer to those who are studious of such subjects, there be among us any scholar meditating a Protestant history of the Monastic Orders, he will find materials for a curious chapter in this correspondence of the French Benedictines of the reign of Louis the XIV. In that fraternity light and darkness succeeded each other by a law the reverse of that which obtained in Europe at large. From the promulgation of their rule in the sixth century, their monasteries were comparatively illuminated amidst the general gloom of the dark ages. But when the sun arose on the outer world, its beams scarcely penetrated their cloisters; nor did they hail the returning dawn of literature and science until the day was glowing all around them in meridian splendor. Then, however, passing at one vault from the haze of twilight to the radiance of noon, they won the wreath of superior learning even in the times of Tillemont and Du Cange—though resigning the palm of genius to Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Pascal. Thus the three great epochs

of their annals are denoted by the growth, the obscurance and the revival of their intellectual eminence. M. Valéry's volumes illustrate the third and last stage of this progress, which cannot, however, be understood without a rapid glance at each of the two preceding stages.

"But why," it may be asked, "direct the eye at all to the mouldering records of monastic superstition, self-indulgence, and hypocrisy?" Why indeed? From contemplating the mere debasement of any of the great families of man, no images can be gathered to delight the fancy, nor any examples to move or to invigorate the heart. And doubtless he who seeks for such knowledge, may find in the chronicles of the convent a fearful disclosure of the depths of sin and folly into which multitudes of our brethren have plunged, under the pretense of more than human sanctity. But the same legends will supply some better lessons, to him who reads books that he may learn to love, and to benefit his fellow men. They will teach him that, as in Judea, the temple, so, in Christendom, the monastery, was the ark, freighted during the deluge, with the destinies of the Church and of the world—that there our own spiritual and intellectual ancestry found shelter amidst the tempest—that there were matured those powers of mind which gradually infused harmony and order into the warring elements of the European commonwealth—and that there many of the noblest ornaments of our common Christianity were trained, to instruct, to govern and to bless the nations of the West.

Guided by the maxim "that whatever any one saint records of any other saint must be true," we glide easily over the enchanted land along which Domnus Johannes Mabillon conducts the readers of the earlier parts of his wondrous compilations: receiving submissively the assurance that St. Benedict sang eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb—raised a dead child to life—caused his pupil Maurus to tread the water dry-shod—untied by a word the notted cords with which an Arian Goth (Zalla by name) had bound an honest rustic—cast out of one monk a demon who had assumed the disguise of a farrier—rendered visible to another a concealed dragon who was secretly tempting him to desertion—and by laying a consecrated wafer on the bosom of a third, enabled him to repose in a grave which till then had continually cast him out; for all these facts the great annalist relates of his patriarch St. Benedict, on the authority of the pontiff (first of that name)

St. Gregory. If, however, the record had contained no better things than these, the memorial of Benedict would have long since perished with him.

His authentic biography is comprised in a very few words. He was born towards the end of the fifth century, at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto. His mother died in giving him birth. He was sent to Rome for his education by his father, a member of the Anician family, which Claudian has celebrated; but was driven from the city by the invasions of Odoacer and Theodoric to the Mons Subiacus, where, while yet a heedless youth, he took up his abode as a hermit. Like Jerome, he was haunted in his solitude by the too vivid remembrance of a Roman lady; and subdued his voluptuous imagination by rolling his naked body among the thorns. The fame of such premature sanctity recommended him to the monks of the neighboring monastery as their abbot; but scarcely had he assumed the office when, disgusted by the rigors of his discipline, the electors attempted to get rid of him by poison. Returning to his hermitage, he soon found himself in the centre of several rude huts, erected in his vicinity by other fugitives from the world, who acknowledged him as the superior of this monastic village. But their misconduct compelled him to seek a new retirement, which he found at Monte Casino, on the frontiers of the Abruzzi. There, attended by some of his pupils and former associates, he passed the remainder of his life—composing his rule, and establishing the order which, at the distance of thirteen centuries, still retains his name and acknowledges his authority. He died in the year 543, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To the intercourse of Benedict with the refractory monks of Subiaco, may perhaps be traced the basis of his system. It probably revealed to him the fact that Indolence, Self-will, and Selfishness are the three archdemons of the cloister; and suggested the inference that Industry, Obedience, and Community of goods are the antagonist powers which ought to govern there. But the comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity, that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own—the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion—the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local—and

the deep insight into the human heart by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes—these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation, had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators. His disciples, indeed, find in his legislative wisdom a conclusive proof that he wrote and acted under a divine impulse. Even to those who reject this solution, it is still a phenomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity.

That the Benedictine statutes remain to this day a living code, written in the hearts of multitudes in every province of the Christian world, is chiefly perhaps to be ascribed to the inflexible rigor with which they annihilated the cares and responsibilities of freedom. To the baser sort, no yoke is so galling as that of self-control; no deliverance so welcome as that of being handsomely rid of free agency. With such men mental slavery readily becomes a habit, a fashion, and a pride. To the abject many, the abdication of self-government is a willing sacrifice. It is reserved for the nobler few to rise to the arduous virtues of using wisely the gifts which God bestows, and walking courageously, though responsibly, in the light which God vouchsafes.

And by the abject many, though often under the guidance of the nobler few, were peopled the cells of Monte Casino and her affiliated convents. Their gates were thrown open to men of every rank, in whom the abbot or prior of the house could discover the marks of a genuine vocation. To exclude any such candidate, though a pauper or a slave, would have been condemned by Benedict, in the words and spirit of Augustine, as *grave delictum*. In those sacred enclosures, therefore, many poor and illiterate brethren found a refuge. But they were distinguished from the rest as *conversi*—that is, as persons destined neither for the priesthood nor the tonsure, but bound to labor for the society as husbandmen, shepherds, artisans, or domestic servants.

In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day, it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those ages so often caught the eye, as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementoes of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field—or shepherds inter-

changing some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks—or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might neither taste nor speak—or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum—and all pausing from their labors as the convent bell, sounding the hours of primes, or nones, or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person, to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land continually encroaching on the adjacent forest; and the passer-by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvests waving in security, under the shelter of ecclesiastical privileges which even the Vandal and the Ostrogoth regarded with respect. Our own annual agricultural meetings, with their implements and their prizes, their short horns and their long speeches, must carry back their economic genealogy to those husbandmen who, with dismal aspect, brawny arms, and compressed lips, first taught the conquerors of Rome the science in which Columella and Virgil had instructed the ancient Romans.

A similar pedigree must be assigned to our academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The fine arts are merely imitative in their infancy; though, as they become mature, they also become symbolical. And this maturity is first attained by the architect, because he ministers to a want more urgent than the rest—because, in the order of time, the edifice must precede the works designed for its embellishment—and because, finding in nature no models, except for the details of his performance, he must, from the first, be inventive in the composition of it. Thus the children of Benedict, when contemplating their lofty avenues sacred to meditation, and the mellowed lights streaming through the foliage, and the flowers clustering in the conventual garden, and the pendulous stalactites of the neighboring grottoes, conceived of a Christian temple in which objects resembling these, though hewn out of imperishable stone, and carved into enduring forms, might be combined and grouped together into one glorious whole. With a ritual addressed to the eye rather than to the ear—a sacred pantomime, of which the sacrifice of the mass was the action, the priests the actors, and the high altar the stage—nothing more was requisite to the solemn exhibition but the cathedral

as its appropriate theatre. It arose, therefore, not the servile representation of any one natural object, but the majestic combination of the forms of many; and full of mystic significance, in the cruciform plan, the lofty arch, the oriel windows, the lateral chapels, and the central elevation. Not a groining, a mullion, or a tracery was there, in which the initiated eye did not read some masonic enigma, some ghostly counsel, or some inarticulate summons to confession, to penitence, or to prayer.

Every niche without, and every shrine within these sanctuaries, was adorned with images of their tutelary saints; and especially of Her who is supreme among the demigods of this celestial hierarchy. But, instead of rising to the impersonation of holiness, beauty, or power in these human forms, the monkish sculptors were content to copy the indifferent models of humanity within their reach; and the statues, busts, and reliefs which, in subsequent times, fell beneath the blows of Protestant Iconoclasts, had little if any value but that which belonged to their peculiar locality and their accidental associations. In painting, also, whether encaustic, in fresco, or on wood, the performances of the early Benedictine artists were equally humble. In order to give out their visible poetry, the chisel and the pencil must be guided by minds conversant with the cares and the enjoyments of life; for it is by such minds only that the living soul which animates mute nature can ever be perceived, or can be expressed in the delineation of realities, whether animated or inanimate. In ecclesiastical and conventual architecture, and in that art alone, the monks exhausted their creative imagination; covering Europe with monuments of their science in statics and dynamics, and with monuments of that plastic genius which, from an infinity of elaborate, incongruous, and often worthless details, knew how to evoke one sublime and harmonious whole. In those august shrines, if any where on earth, the spirit of criticism is silenced by the belief that the adorations of men are mingling in blessed accord with the hallelujahs of heaven.

To animate that belief, the Benedictine musicians produced those chants which, when long afterwards combined by Palestrina into the Mass of Pope Marcellus, were hailed with rapture by the Roman Conclave and the Fathers of Trent, as the golden links which bind together in an indissoluble union the supplications of the Militant Church and the thanksgivings of the Church Triumphant.

"Lusts of the imagination!" exclaimed, and may yet exclaim, the indignant pulpits of Scotland and Geneva—"lusts as hostile to the purity of the Christian faith as the grosser lusts of the flesh or the emptiest vanities of life." Hard words these for our restorers of church architecture in mediæval splendor! Let the Camden Society, the Lord of Wilton, and the benchers of the Temple look to it; while we, all innocent of any such sumptuous designs—her Majesty's Church Building Commissioners themselves not more so—refer to these Benedictine prodigies only as illustrating a memorable passage in Benedictine history.

But art was regarded by the fathers of that order rather as the delight than as the serious occupation of their brotherhood. With a self-reliance as just as that of the great philosopher, if not as sublime, they took to themselves all knowledge as their proper province. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher; as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy, who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal. A tribute of writing materials at the commencement of each novitiate, and another of books at its close, with an annual import of manuscripts from the inferior houses, were continually augmenting the libraries of their greater convents. How extensive and how valuable such collections became, may be inferred from the directions given by the Benedictine Cassiodorus for the guidance of his brethren in their studies. He had collected, and he enjoins them to

read, the Greek and Latin fathers, the Church historians, the geographers and grammarians whose works were then extant and in repute, with various medical books, for the assistance of those monks to whom the care of the infirmary was confided. Whoever will consult the "*Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," by their historiographer, Magnoldus Zeigelbauer, may rapidly accumulate the most conclusive proofs, that by their Order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of Modern Europe.

The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries; but in their parentage of countless men and women, illustrious for active piety—for wisdom in the government of mankind—for profound learning—and for that contemplative spirit which discovers within the soul itself things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation. Such, indeed, is the number of these worthies, that, if every page at our disposal were a volume, and every such volume as ponderous as our old acquaintance, Scapula, space would fail us to render justice to the achievements of the half of them. We cannot, however, pass by this goodly fellowship without a transient glance at one normal type, at the least, of each of these various forms of Benedictine heroism. For that purpose we need scarcely wander from the annals of our own land.

In the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, near Winchester, poetry, history, rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures were taught, in the beginning of the eighth century, by a monk whom his fellow countrymen called Winfred, but whom the Church honors under the name of Boniface. He was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents, who had reluctantly yielded to his wish to embrace the monastic state. Hardly, however, had he reached middle life, when his associates at Nutsall discovered that he was dissatisfied with the pursuits by which their own thoughts were engrossed. As, in his evening meditations, he paced the long conventual avenue of lime trees, or as, in the night-watches, he knelt before the crucifix suspended in his cell, he was still conscious of a voice, audible though inarticulate, which repeated to him the divine injunction, "to go and preach the gospel to all nations." Then, in mental vision, was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry; where beneath the veil of the customs described by Tacitus, was con-

cealed an idolatry of which the historian had neither depicted, nor probably conjectured the abominations. To encounter Satan in this stronghold, became successively the day-dream, the passion, and the fixed resolve of Boniface; until, at length, abandoning, for this holy war, the studious repose for which he had already abandoned the world, he appeared, in his thirty-sixth year, a solitary and unbefriended missionary, traversing the marshy sands and the primeval forests of Friesland. But Charles Martel was already there—the leader in a far different contest; nor, while the Christian Mayor of the palace was striking down the Pagans with his battle-axe, could the pathetic entreaties of the Benedictine Monk induce them to bow down to the banner of the cross. He therefore returned to Nutsall, not with diminished zeal, but with increased knowledge. He had now learned that his success must depend on the conduct of the secular and spiritual rulers of mankind, and on his own connection with them.

The chapter of his monastery chose him as their abbot; but, at his own request, the Bishop of Winchester annulled the election. Then, quitting for ever his native England, Boniface pursued his way to Rome, to solicit the aid of Pope Gregory the Second, in his efforts for the conversion of the German people.

Armed with a papal commission, a papal blessing, and a good store of relics, Boniface again appeared in Friesland, where Charles Martel was now the undisputed master. Victory had rendered him devout, and he gladly countenanced the labors of the monk, to bring his new subjects within the fold of the Christian Church. So ardent, indeed, was his zeal for this great work, that the destined author of it was soon compelled to migrate into Saxony, as the only means of escaping the unwelcome command of the conqueror to fix his residence in Friesland, and there to assume the coadjutorship and succession to the Bishop of Utrecht.

The missionary labors of Boniface, interrupted only by three short visits to Rome, were prolonged over a period of more than thirty-six years; and were extended over all the territories between the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Ocean. At Rome he sought and found all the support which papal authority, zeal, and wisdom could afford him. Gregory the Second consecrated him a bishop, though without a diocese. Gregory the Third raised him to be the Archbishop and Primate of all Germany, with power to estab-

lish bishoprics at his discretion. The same pontiff afterwards nominated him Legate of the Holy See, in Germany and France. To these distinctions Pope Zachary added the Archbishopric of Mentz, then first constituted the metropolis of the German churches. Last of all was bestowed on him the singular privilege of appointing his own successor in his primacy.

There have been churchmen to whom such a memento of the vanity of even the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have afforded but an equivocal satisfaction. To Boniface the remembrance of the shortness of life was not only familiar, but welcome. The treatise of Ambrose on the advantages of death was his constant companion. It had taught him to regard his successive promotions but as the means of preparing his mind for the joyful resignation of them all. His seventy-fourth year was now completed. For the spiritual care of his converts he had established seven new bishoprics, and had built and endowed many monasteries for the advancement of piety and learning among them. At last, abdicating his own mitre in favor of Lullus, a monk of Malmesbury, he solemnly devoted his remaining days to that office of a missionary, which he justly esteemed as far nobler than any symbolized by the crosier, the purple, or the tiara. Girding round him his black Benedictine habit, and depositing his Ambrose '*De Bono Mortis*' in the folds of it, he once more travelled to Friesland; and, pitching his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, awaited there the arrival of a body of neophytes, whom he had summoned to receive at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Ere long a multitude appeared in the distance, advancing towards the tent, not however with the lowly demeanor of Christian converts drawing near to their bishop, but carrying deadly weapons, and announcing by their cries and gestures that they were Pagans, sworn to avenge their injured deities against the arch-enemy of their worship. The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defense; but calmly, and even cheerfully awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows, a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived, and so bravely died to propagate. His copy of Ambrose, '*De Bono Mortis*,' covered with his blood, was exhibited, during many succeeding centuries, at Fulda, as a relic. It was contemplated there by many who regarded as superstitious and heretical some of the tenets of Boniface.

But no Christian, whatever might be his own peculiar creed, ever looked upon that blood-stained memorial of him without the profoundest veneration.

For, since the Apostolic Age, no greater benefactor of our race has arisen among men than the monk of Nutsall—unless it be that other monk of Wittenberg who, at the distance of seven centuries, appeared to reform and reconstruct the churches founded by the holy Benedictine. To Boniface the north and west of Germany, and Holland, still look back as their spiritual progenitor; nor did any uninspired man ever add to the permanent dominion of our faith provinces of such extent and value.

If, in accomplishing that great work, Boniface relied more on human authority than is consistent with the practice, or rather with the theory, of our Protestant churches, his still extant letters will show that he rebuked, with indignant energy, the vices of the great on whom he was dependent. In placing the crown of Childeric on the head of Pepin, he may have been guilty of some worldly compliance with the usurper. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the Pope himself had favored the cause of the mayor of the Palace, by his Delphic response, "*Melius esse illum vocari regem apud quem summa potestas consisteret.*"

The guides of our own missionary enterprises will, probably, accuse Boniface of undue promptitude in admitting within the pale any one who chose to submit himself to the mere outward form of baptism. His facility is indisputable; but what Protestant will venture to condemn the measures which brought within the precincts of the Christian Church the native lands of Luther, of Grotius, and of Melancthon?

On a single occasion we find him wearing a garb at least resembling that of an inquisitor. Within his spiritual jurisdiction came a Frenchman, working miracles, and selling as relics the cuttings of his own hair, and the parings of his own nails. This worthy had an associate in one Vincent, a Scotchman, a sort of premature Knox—a teacher, it is said, of heresies—but certainly a stout opponent of all the laws and canons of the Church. Moved by Boniface, the secular arm lodged them both in close prison; and, all things considered, one must doubt their claim to any better lodgings.

Peace be, however, to the faults of Boniface! whatever they may have been. Among the heroes of active piety, the world has few greater to revere; as the disciples

of Benedict have assuredly none greater to boast.

They boast, however, in Lanfranc, another primate, to whose far-seeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those venerable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, in our own islands and in the North American continent. In his romance of 'Harold,' Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, solving with equal erudition and creative fancy, the great problem of his art, (the problem how to produce the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historical truth,) has produced a living portrait of Lanfranc, the subtle Italian, who, armed with homilies for the devout, jests for the facetious, austerities for the superstitious, learning for the inquisitive, and obsequiousness for the great, renders the weakness and the strength of each in turn tributary to his own ambition, and ascends the throne of Canterbury, not merely by the aid of the meek old Abbot Herduin, but on the shoulders of the imperious William and the imperial Hildebrand. Our great master of historico-romantic portraiture would have destroyed the picturesque unity of his beautiful sketch, if by advancing further, he had taught us (and who could have taught us so powerfully?) how vast is the debt of gratitude which England owes to her great primates Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Beckett, or rather to that benign Providence which raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral, over physical, force which from their times passed as a birthright to the parliaments of Henry the Third and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England, and of all the free communities with which she has covered, and is still peopling the globe. The thunders and reproaches of Rome are sufficiently encountered, by such reverberated thunders and reproaches as they provoke. To those who deplore alike the necessity and the rancor of the conflict, it may yet be permitted to render a due and therefore a reverent homage to the ancient prelates of the Roman Church. Unchecked by the keen wisdom, the ecclesiastical policy, and the Roman sympathies of the Benedic-

time Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English throne, a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which every germ of the future liberties and greatness of England must have prematurely perished.

When, in the mind of William Rufus, the fear of death had prevailed over the thirst for the revenues of Canterbury, he placed the mitre of Lanfranc on the head of the Benedictine Anselm; anticipating, probably, a less effective assertion of the rights of the Church by the retired and gentle student, than had been made by his insinuating and worldly-wise predecessor. In the great controversy of investitures, however, Anselm showed that nothing is so inflexible as meekness, sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right. Yet, at the very moment of success, he turned aside from these agitations, to revolve the mysterious enigmas which it was at once the purpose and the delight of his existence to unravel. Those boundless realms of thought over which, in the solitude of his library, he enjoyed a princely but unenvied dominion, were in his eyes of incomparably higher value than either his primacy of the Church of England, or his triumph in maintaining the prerogatives of the church of Rome. In our days, indeed, his speculations are forgotten, and the very subjects of them have fallen into disesteem. Yet, except perhaps the writings of Erigena, those of Anselm on the "Will of God," on "Truth," on "Free-will," and on the "Divine Prescience," are not only the earliest in point of time, but, in the order of invention, are the earliest models of those scholastic works, which exhibit, in such intimate and curious union, the prostration and the aspirings of the mind of man—prostrating itself to the most absurd of human dogmas—aspiring to penetrate the loftiest and the most obscure of the Divine attributes.

Truth may have concealed herself from most of these inquirers, but their researches formed no unimportant part of the education which was gradually preparing the intellect of Europe for admission into her sanctuary. Among the followers of Anselm are to be reckoned not merely the Doctors—Venerable, Invincible, Irrefragable, Angelical, and Seraphic—but a far greater than they, even Des Cartes himself, who, as may be learned from Brucker, borrowed from the Benedictine philosopher his proof of the being of a God. Anselm taught that the abstract idea of Deity was the fountal principle of all

knowledge—that as God himself is the primeval source of all existence in the outer world, so the idea of God precedes and conducts us to all other ideas in the world within us—and that, until we have risen to that remotest spring of all our thoughts, we cannot conceive rightly of the correspondence of our own perceptions with the realities amidst which we exist.

If these speculations are not very intelligible, they are at least curious. They show that the metaphysicians who lived when Westminster Hall was rising from its foundations, and those who lived when the first stone of our Edinburgh University was laid, beat themselves very much in the same manner against the bars of their mental prison-house.

Philosophy may thrive in other places than conventual cells. But there is a literature which scarcely flourishes elsewhere. The peculiar and spontaneous product of the monastery is mystic devotion. If the Benedictines had been cursed with barrenness in yielding this fruit, they would have resembled a Dutch garden, in which it was impossible to cultivate the tulip. But no such reproach clings to the sons and daughters of Benedict. It must, however, be admitted that our own land has been singularly destitute of fertility in this, the most delicate of all the plants cultivated in monastic seclusion. We produced schoolmen to satiety. Erigena, Hales, Duns Scotus, and Occam were our own. But we must pass over to Spain and Germany to find a type of Benedictine greatness, in that impalpable, though gorgeous world, which in later times was inhabited by Molinos and by Fénelon.

In those more fortunate regions, many are the half-inspired rhapsodists whom we encounter—chiefly ladies—and, what is worthy of notice, ladies who from their childhood had scarcely ever strayed beyond the convent garden. Nevertheless, the indestructible peculiarity of our national character, (whether it be shyness or dryness, high aims or low aims, the fear of irreverence for what is holy, or the fear of being laughed at for what is absurd,) that character which forbade the public utterance in these islands of the impassioned communings of the soul with its Maker and with itself, forbids us to make any report to our fellow-countrymen of the sublime "Canticles" of St. Gertrude or of St. Theresa. Lest, however, our hasty sketch of Benedictine intellectual greatness should be defective, without some specimen of their

super-terrestrial poetry, we venture to remind our readers of one passage, of which M. de Malan (one of Mabillon's biographers) has reminded us ourselves, in which the author of the "*De Imitatione Christi*" (himself a Benedictine, if Mabillon may be trusted) has sung to his *Æolian* harp a more than earthly strain. It is, indeed, an excellent example of a style of which we have no model in our own language, except perhaps in occasional passages of Archbishop Leighton.

"My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however beautiful or ingenious they may be; for the kingdom of God consisteth not in words, but in power.

"Weigh well my words, for they kindle the heart, illuminate the mind, quicken compunction, and supply abundant springs of consolation.

"Read not the Word of God in order that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

"When thou shalt have read and known many things, then return to the one beginning and principle of all things.

"I am he that teacheth man knowledge, and to little children I impart an understanding more clear than man can teach.

"He to whom I speak shall quickly be wise, and in spirit shall profit largely.

"Woe be to them that search out many curious things, and take little thought how they may serve me.

"I am he who, in one instant, raise up the humble in mind to understand eternal truth better than if he had studied many years in the schools.

"I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honor, without the shock of arguments.

"To some men I speak common things, to others things rare; to some I appear sweetly by signs; to some, with much light, I discover mysteries.

"The voice of books is, indeed, one; but it is a voice which instructs not all alike. I am he who teaches the truth concealed within the voice. I, the searcher of the heart, the discoverer of the thoughts, promoting holy actions, distributing to each one as I will."

If, as the Benedictines maintained, this sacred chant was really sung by a poet of their own fraternity about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it may be looked upon as a kind of threnody, designed to intimate the approaching obscuration of their order. For already might be observed, in a state of morbid activity among them, those

principles of decay which were pointed out so indignantly by Benedict himself to Dante, when, under the guidance of Beatrice, the poet had ascended to his presence in the seventh heaven:

"My rule

Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;  
The walls, for abbeys reared, turned into dens;  
The cowl, to sacks choked up with musty meal.  
Foul usury doth not more lift itself  
Against God's pleasure, than that fruit which  
makes

The hearts of monks so wanton."

*Carey's Dante*, canto xxii, "Il Paradiso."

In the lapse of more than seven centuries, the state of society had undergone vast changes; but the institutes of Benedict had not been changed to meet them. The new exigencies of life demanded reformations in the religious state which Francis, Dominic, and Loyola successively established. They combined a more mature policy with a younger enthusiasm. Exhibiting ascetic self-mortifications, till then unknown among any of the monastic communities of the West, they also formed relations equally new with the laity in all their offices—domestic, political, military, and commercial. Having at the same time obtained possession of nearly all the pulpits of the Latin Church, the imagination, the interests, and the consciences of mankind fell so much under the control of these new fraternities, that their influence was felt throughout all the ramifications of society.

While the spiritual dominion of the earlier monasticism was continually narrowed by this formidable competition, the Benedictines were no less constantly becoming more and more entangled in the cares and enjoyments of the world. They established an ill-omened alliance with the Templars, with the Knights of Calatrava and Alcantara, and with five other orders of chivalry—an unhallowed companionship, which, by familiarizing the monks with the military and dissolute manners of these new brethren, gradually contaminated their own.

Wealth and temporal prosperity were no less prolific of evil in the order of St. Benedict than in other societies in which their enervating influence has been felt. But on the monks riches inflicted a peculiar disaster. For, riches tempted the chief sovereigns of Europe to usurp the patronage of the religious houses, and to transfer the government of them from abbots elected by the chapters, to abbots appointed by the king.



The grant of these conventual benefices in *commendam*, was one of those abuses in the Church which yielded to no reform until the Church herself and her abuses were swept away together, by the torrent of the French revolution. It was, however, a practice in favor of which the most venerable antiquity might be alleged. From the earliest times churches had been placed under a kind of tutelage, between the death of the incumbent and the appointment of his successor. But it not rarely happened that when the period of this spiritual guardianship was over, the tutor had become too much enamored of his ward, and possessed too much influence with the great, to acquiesce in a separation from her. In such cases the commendatory, aided by some ill-fed stipendiary curate, assumed all the privileges and immunities of a sinecurist.

Yet it was not necessary to rely on any vulgar names in defense or in extenuation of this usage. The great Athanasius himself held a bishopric in commendam, in addition to his see of Alexandria. Neither were they vulgar names by whom it was condemned. Hildebrand, Innocent III, and the Fathers of Trent, rivalled each other in denunciations of the abuse; and were cordially seconded by Philippe Auguste, by St. Louis, and even by Francis I. Papal, synodal, and royal decrees, proved, however, too feeble to check an abuse so tempting to royal and sacerdotal cupidity. The French kings converted the splendid monastery of Fontverault into an appanage for a long succession of royal or noble ladies. The abbey of St. Germain des Prés also was given in commendam by Louis the Debonnaire, to a bishop of Poitiers; by Eudes to his brother Robert, a layman; and at length, by Louis XIII, to a widow of the Duke of Lorraine—which is much as though the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been given to the widow of the Elector Palatine.

During the progress of this decay, there was no lack of reformers, or of reforms of the Benedictine Order. But the corrupting proved too strong for the renovating power; and their decline proceeded without any real check until, in the year 1614, Dom Nicholas Benard became a member of the congregation of St. Maur.

Benard was one of those reformers to whom it is given to innovate, at once in the spirit of the institution which they desire to improve, and in the spirit of the age in which the improvement is to be made. His object was to bring back his order to the dutiful-

ness, the industry, and the self-renunciation enjoined by Benedict. His remedial process consisted in conducting them, by exhortation and by his own example, to the culture of those studies which were held in highest esteem in France in the reigns of the 13th and of the 14th Louis. In those times no seeds of science or literature could be sown in that favored land without yielding an abundant increase. The reason of this redundant fertility of that particular era, no historian can explain, and no psychologist can conjecture. But, like the other promoters of learning in his age, Benard soon found himself followed and surrounded by a band of scholars, who joined with him in the successful culture of all historical, antiquarian, and critical knowledge. With their aid, he restored one of the chief households of the great Benedictine race to even more than their pristine glory.

During the 17th century one hundred and five writers in the congregation of St. Maur (then established at St. Germain des Prés) divided among them this harvest of literary renown. A complete collection of their works would form a large and very valuable library; as may indeed be inferred from a bare enumeration of the books of the earlier and later fathers, which they republished. Among them are the best editions which the world has seen of the writings of St. Gregory the Great, of Lanfranc, Basil, Bernard, Anselm, Augustine, Cassiodorus, Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome, Athanasius, Gregory of Tours, Irenæus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Tertullian, Justin, and Origen; to which must be added their edition of Josephus.

But it would be as easy to form an image of the Grecian camp from the catalogue of the ships, as to conceive aright of the Benedictines of St. Maur from an enumeration of their publications and the names of them. To exhibit some slight sketch of that great seminary as it existed in its days of splendor, it is necessary to confine our attention to the Achilles of their host—to him whom all the rest revered as their great example, and acknowledged by acclamation as their head.

The life of Mabillon has been written by Ruinart, his affectionate pupil; by Dom Filipe le Cerf, the historiographer of the congregation; and more recently by M. Chavin de Malan. To the last of those biographers we are largely indebted for much valuable information. But a companion at once more instructive and provoking, or a guide less worthy of confidence, never offered himself

at the outset of any literary journey. It is the pleasure of M. de Malan to qualify the speculative propensities of our own age, by the blindest credulity of the middle ages. He is at the same moment a rhetorician and an antiquarian, (as a dervish dances while he prays,) and is never satisfied with investigating truth, unless he can also embellish and adorn it. Happily, however, we are not dependent on his guidance. All that is most interesting respecting Mabillon may be gathered from his own letters and his works. For to write was the very law of his existence; and from youth to old age his pen unceasingly plied those happy tasks, of which the interest never fails, and the tranquillity can never be disturbed.

Jean Mabillon was born at the village of St. Pierre Mont, in Champagne, on the 23d of November, 1632. His mother did not long survive his birth, but Ruinart congratulates himself on having seen Etienne, the father of Jean, at the age of 105, in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily powers. Jean himself was sent by his paternal uncle, the curé of a parish near Rheims, to a college in that city, which, on his return homewards from the council of Trent, the celebrated Cardinal of Lorraine had founded there for the education of clergymen. The habits of the place well became its origin. Except while addressing their teachers, the pupils passed in profound silence every hour of the day save that of noon; when they amused themselves in a garden, where, as we read, it was their custom, many hundred times a day, to salute a conspicuous image of the Virgin, with assurances of their veneration and their love.

Whatever may have been the effect of this discipline on the characters of his fellow students, it moulded the meek and quiet nature of Mabillon into the exact form which the authors of it regarded as the most perfect. He surrendered up his will to theirs; and, yielding his whole soul to the divine offices of his college chapel, became so familiar with them, that when, after an absence of more than fifty years, Ruinart knelt beside him there, he heard the then aged man repeat, from memory, with unerring exactness, every prayer, every ceremonial, and every sacred melody in which he had been accustomed to offer up the devotions of his youth.

In the year 1653, and (to use the chronology of the cloister and of Oxford) on the feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, Mabillon was received as a postulant at the Benedictine monastery then attached to

the cathedral church of St. Remy. In that sublime edifice his imagination had long before been entranced by the anticipated delights of a life of devotional retirement. It had been his single indulgence, while at college, to wander thither, that he might listen to the choral strains as they rose, and floated, and died away through the recesses of those long-drawn aisles; and there had he often proposed to himself the question, whether this world had anything to offer so peaceful and so pure as an habitual ministration at those hallowed altars, and an unbroken ascent of the heart heavenwards, on the wings of those unearthly psalmodies?

To this inquiry his judgment, or his feelings, still returned the same answer; and, at the end of his novitiate, he gladly pronounced those irrevocable vows which were to exclude him forever from all delights less elevated than those of a devotional life. He had not, however, long to await the proof that the exclusive use of this ethereal dietary is unfriendly to the health both of these gross bodies of ours, and of the sluggish minds by which they are informed. The flesh revolted; and, to subdue the rebellion, ascetic rigors were required. Then (alas for the bathos!) that base and unfortunate viscus, the stomach, racked his head with insufferable pains. Compelled at length to fly for relief to a Benedictine convent at Nogent, he there soothed his aching brows by traversing, and mourning over, the ruins which the impious ravages of the Huguenots had brought upon the monastic buildings. Then passing, for relief, to another monastery at Corbie, he recovered his health; through the intercession of St. Adalhard, the patron saint of the place, as he piously believed; though a less perfect faith might have been tempted to ascribe the cure to the active employments in the open air in which the abbot of Corbie compelled him to engage.

With restored health, Mabillon was next transferred, by the commands of his superior, to the royal abbey of St. Denys; there to act as curator of the treasures which the profaneness of a later age has scattered to the winds. This was no light trust. Amidst countless monuments of the illustrious dead, and of the greatness of the French monarchy, the collection contained one of the arms in which the aged Simeon had raised the infant Jesus in the Temple; and the very hand which the sceptical Thomas had stretched out to touch the wounded side of his risen Lord!

It was just one year before the birth of

Mabillon, that the congregation of St. Maur had taken possession of the monastery of St. Germain des Prés at Paris. At the time of his arrival at St. Denys, Dom Luc d'Achery, a Benedictine monk, was engaged at St. Germain's in one of those gigantic undertakings to which Benard had invited his fraternity. It was a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters, and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in them either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings (for they were published under the name of *Spicilegium*) extend over thirteen quarto volumes. Such, however, were the bodily infirmities of the compiler, that, during forty-five years, he had never been able to quit the infirmary. There he soothed his occasional intermissions of pain and study, by weaving chaplets of flowers for the embellishment of the altars of the church of St. Germain's.

For the relief of this venerable scholar, Mabillon, then in his thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn from his charge of St. Denys to St. Germain's; where he passed the whole of his remaining life in the execution of that series of works which have placed his name at the head of the competitors for the palm of erudition in what was once the most erudite nation of the world, at the period of her greatest eminence in learning. The commencement of his fame was laid in a demeanor still more admirable for self-denial, humility, and loving kindness. To mitigate the sufferings of D'Achery and to advance his honor, had become the devoted purpose of his affectionate assistant. Taking his seat at the feet of the old man, Mabillon humored his weakness, stole away his lassitude, and became at once his servant, his secretary, his friend, and his confessor. From the resources of his far deeper knowledge, guided by his much larger capacity, he enabled D'Achery to complete his *Spicilegium*,—generously leaving him in possession of the undivided honor of that contribution to the literary wealth of France.

Nor was this the greatest of his self-sacrifices in thus gratifying the feelings of the aged antiquarian. Benard and the other brethren of the congregation had, from their first settlement at St. Germain, mediated a complete history of their order. During forty successive years they had accumulated for the purpose a body of materials of such variety and magnitude as to extinguish the hopes and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men. Having found, at length, in Mabillon, one fit-

ted to "grapple with whole libraries," they committed to him the Titanic labor of hewing out of those rude masses an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict and of his spiritual progeny. He undertook the task, in the spirit of obedience and of love. In the printed circular letters with which he solicited the aid of the learned, he joined the name of D'Achery to his own, and kept alive the same friendly fiction, by uniting their names in the title-page of every volume of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, which appeared in D'Achery's lifetime.

The literary annals of France, though abounding in prodigies, record nothing more marvellous than the composition of that book by a single man, in the midst of other labors of almost equal magnitude. From the title alone it might be inferred that it was a mere collection of religious biographies; and, if such had been the fact, they who are the deepest read in Roman Catholic hagiology would probably prefer the perusal of the writers of ordinary romance; since, with less reverence for sacred things, they are usually more entertaining, and not less authentic. For in recording the lives of those whom it is the pleasure of the Church to honor, her zealous children regard every incident re-dounding to their glory, as resting on so firm and broad a basis of antecedent probability, as to supersede the necessity for any positive evidence; nay, as to render impious the questioning of such testimonies as may be cited, even when most suspicious and equivocal. This argument from probability is especially insisted on, when any occurrences are alleged as miraculous—that is, as improbable—for, if probable, they cease to be miracles. Of these probable improbabilities, few writers are better persuaded or more profuse than Mabillon.

But apart from the extravagancies of his monkish legends, and in spite of them all, Mabillon's book will live in perpetual honor and remembrance, as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; and, therefore, though incidentally, respecting the secular condition and intellectual character of mankind during that period. In those nine folios lie, in orderly method and chronological arrangement, vast accumulations of authentic facts, of curious documents, and of learned disquisitions; like some rich geological deposit, from which the genius of history may hereafter raise up and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institu-

tions, habits, and opinions which have been transmitted from those remote generations to our own. Thence, also, may be readily disinterred picturesque narratives without end, and inexhaustible disclosures, both of the strength and of the weakness of the human heart.

Nor will this knowledge be found in the state of rude and unorganized matter. Mabillon was not a mere compiler; but was also a learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order. When emancipated from the shackles of human authority, he knew how to take a wide survey of the affairs of men, and could sketch their progress from age to age with a free and powerful hand. To each volume which he lived to complete, he attached a prefatory review of the epoch to which it referred; and those prolegomena, if republished in a detached form, would constitute such a review of the ecclesiastical history of that perplexing period, as no other writer has yet given to the world. It would, indeed, be a review based throughout upon assumptions which the Protestant churches with one voice contradict. But if, for the immediate purpose, those assumptions were conceded, the reader of such a work would find himself in possession of all the great controversies which agitated the Christian world during several centuries, and of the best solutions of which they are apparently susceptible. Nor is it an insignificant addition to their other merits, that the Latin in which these ponderous tomes are written, is often such as Cicero would have rejected, is yet better adapted than the purest Ciceronian style, for the easy and unambiguous communication of thought in modern times—the phraseology and the grammar, those of the Court of Augustus; the idioms and structure of the sentences, not seldom those of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

In the reign of that most orthodox prince, to have given assent to any fact on which the Church had not set the seal of her infallibility, was hazardous; much more so to dissent from any fact which her authority had sanctioned. Yet even this heavy charge was preferred against Mabillon by some of his Benedictine brethren, before a general chapter of the order. Among the saints of whom the fraternity boasted, there were some whose relation to the order he had disputed; some whose claims to having lived and died in the odor of sanctity he had rejected; some whose very existence he had denied. So at least we understand the accusation. His antagonists maintained that it was culpable, thus to sacrifice the edification of the faithful to a fas-

tidious regard for historical evidence; and injurious, so to abandon a part of the glories of their society, which, by mere silence, might have been maintained inviolate. Among those who invoked the censure of their superiors on the reckless audacity of Mabillon's critical inquiries, the foremost was Dom Philippe Bastide; and to him Mabillon addressed a defense, in every line of which his meekness and his love of truth beautifully balance and sustain each other.

"I have ever been persuaded," he says, "that in claiming for their order honors not justly due to it, monastic men offend against the modesty of the gospel as grievously as any person who arrogates to himself individually a merit to which he is not really entitled. To pretend that this is allowable because the praise is desired, not for the monk himself, but for his order, seems to me no better than a specious pretext for the disguise of vanity. Though disposed to many faults, I must declare that I have ever had an insuperable aversion to this, and that therefore I have been scrupulous in inquiring who are the saints really belonging to my own order. It is certain that some have been erroneously attributed to it, either from the almost universal desire of extolling, without bounds, the brotherhood of which we are members, or on account of some obscurity in the relations which have been already published. The most upright of our writers have made this acknowledgment; nor have the fathers Yebex and Menard hesitated to reduce the number of our saints by omitting those whom they thought inadmissible. I thought myself also entitled to make a reasonable use of this freedom; though with all the caution which could be reconciled with reverence for truth. I commit the defense of my work to the Divine Providence. It was not of my own will that I engaged on it. My brethren did me the honor to assign the task to me; and if they think it right I shall cheerfully resign the completion of it to any one whose zeal may be at once more ardent and more enlightened than my own."

In the Benedictine conclave the cause of historical fidelity triumphed, though not without a long and painful discussion. In proof of the touching candor which Mabillon exhibited as a controversialist, we are told that he spontaneously published one of the many dissertations against his book, to manifest his esteem and affection for the author of it. But before subscribing to this eulogium, one would wish to examine the arrow which he thus winged for a flight against his own bosom. Recluse as he was, he was a Frenchman still; and may have quietly enjoyed a little pleasantry, even at the expense of a friend; for he was a man of a social spirit, and not altogether unskilled in those arts by which society is amused and animated.

The sick chamber of D'Archery was, however, the only *salon* in which he could exert these talents. There, for the gratification of his aged friend, and doubtless for his own, he was accustomed on certain evenings to entertain a circle of scholars devoted, like themselves, to antiquarian researches. The hotels of Paris, in his day, were thronged with more brilliant assemblies—even as, in our own times, *réunions* of greater aristocratic dignity have adorned that Faubourg of St. Germain, in which these gatherings of the learned took place. But neither the Bourbon lilies nor the Imperial eagles ever protected a society more distinguished by the extent and depth of the knowledge they were able to interchange. In that ill-furnished dormitory of the decrepit monk, might be seen Du Cange, reposing for a moment from his scrutiny into all the languages and histories of mankind; and Baluze, rich in inexhaustible stores of feudal and ecclesiastical learning; and D'Herbelot, unrivalled in oriental literature; and Fleury, in whom the Church of Rome reveres the most perfect of her annalists; and Adrian de Valois, whose superlative skill in deciphering the remains of the first dynasties of France, was so amusingly combined with almost equal skill in finding fault with his own generation, as to provoke an occasional smile even in the most thoughtful of those grave countenances; and, more eminent than all these, Fénelon, then basking in the noon of royal favor; and Bossuet, in the meridian of his genius, who both, if not habitual guests at the monastery, lived in an affectionate confidence with Mabillon, which they were unable to maintain with each other.

Nor were these the only relations which he had formed with the world beyond his convent walls. The Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, and the chroniclers of the Carthusian and Cistercian fraternities, solicited his aid in their various literary pursuits. Leibnitz applied to him for intelligence regarding the house of Brunswick; and even Madame de la Vallière sued for his interest to procure for one of her kindred advancement in that world from which she had herself retired to penitential solitude. Like other luminaries in the same literary firmament, he was now followed by his attendant satellites; nor was his orbit seldom disturbed by the too close vicinity of the bodies amidst which he was constrained to pass.

The theological, or rather the conventual, world was at that time agitated by a controversy in which the great eulogist of the Bene-

dictine Saints could not have declined to interfere without some loss of honor and some abandonment of the cause of which he had become the illustrious advocate. It related to the authorship of the treatise "*De Imitatione Christi*"—of all uninspired writings incomparably the most popular, if the popularity of books may be inferred from the continuance and extent of their circulation. That it was written, either in the fourteenth, or at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was a well-ascertained fact; and that the author was a monk might be confidently inferred from internal evidence. But was he Thomas à Kempis, one of the regular canons of Mont St. Agnes, near Zwol? or was he the Benedictine Jean Gersen? This was the point at issue; and with what learning, zeal, and perseverance it was debated, is well known to all the curious in such matters; and may be learned by others from the notice prefixed by Thuilliers to his edition of the posthumous works of Mabillon. It is only so far as his pen was diverted from its Cyclopean toils by this protracted warfare, that we are concerned with it at present.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, a Flemish printer then living at Paris (Joducus Badius Ascentius was his Latinized name) published two editions of *De Imitatione*, in which Thomas, of the village of Kemp, in the diocese of Cologne, was, for the first time, announced as the author. Francis de Tol, or Tob, a German, in two other editions, followed this example; and was himself followed by Sommatius, a Jesuit—in reliance, as he said, on certain manuscripts of the work in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, then to be seen at Antwerp and Louvain.

But in the year 1616, Constantine Cajitano, a Benedictine monk, published at Rome another édition, in the title-page of which Gersen was declared to be the author; partly on the authority of a manuscript at the Jesuits' College at Arona, and partly in deference to the judgment of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Round Cajitano rallied all the champions of the Gersenian cause. The partisans of Thomas à Kempis found an equally zealous leader in the person of Rosweid, a Jesuit. Bellarmine, himself a member of the same company, was, as the Kempists maintained, induced by Rosweid to abandon the Gersenian standard. The Benedictines, on the contrary, assert that the Cardinal gave in his adhesion to their adversaries only by pronouncing the words, "*As you will*," in order

to silence the importunities with which the anxious Kempists were disturbing his dying bed.

Whatever the fact may be regarding Belarmine's latest opinion, the next chieftain who appears on this battle-field is Francis Waldegrave; who, with true English pertinacity and party spirit, traversed the continent, to bring up to Cajitano a vast reinforcement of manuscripts, pictures, and other proofs collected from all the German, Swiss, and Italian abbeys. Missiles from either side darkened the air; when, between the combatants, appeared the majestic form of Richelieu himself, who, having employed the royal press at the Louvre to print off a new edition of the *De Imitatione*, enjoyed the honor of being solicited by the disputants on either side for his authoritative suffrage, and had the pleasure of disappointing both, by maintaining to the last a dignified neutrality.

On the death of Rosweid, the commander of the Kempists, his bâton passed to Fronteau, a regular canon, who signalized his accession to the command by a work called "*Thomas Vindicatus*." This, for the first time, drew into the field the congregation of St. Maur, who, by their champion, Dom Quatremaire, threw down the gauntlet in the form of a pamphlet entitled "*Gersen Assertus*." It was taken up by the Jesuit, George Hesel, the author of what he called "*Dioptra Kempensis*." That blow was parried by Quatremaire, in a publication to which he gave the title of "*Gersen iterum Assertus*." And then the literary combatants were both surprised and alarmed to learn that the Prevôt of Paris considered their feud as dangerous to the peace of that most excitable of cities; and that they could no longer be permitted to shed ink with impunity in the cause of either claimant!

Thus the controversy was transferred to the safe arbitrament of Harlay, the archbishop of that see; who, having no other qualification for the task than the dignity he derived from his mitre, convened at his palace a solemn council of the learned, which, under his own presidency, was to investigate the pretensions of Thomas and of Gersen. Of this conclave Mabillon was a member; and, after much deliberation, they pronounced a sentence which affirmed the title of Gersen to the honor of having written this ever-memorable treatise.

An ultimate appeal to public opinion lies against all adjudications, let who will be the author of them; and in due season the Father Testelette made that appeal against the

decision of the archiepiscopal palace, in the form of a book entitled "*Vindiciæ Kempenses*," which drew from Mabillon his "*Animadversiones*" on the argument of Testelette. A truce of ten years followed; after which another council was held, under the presidency of Du Cange; and although they pronounced no formal sentence, yet the general inclination and tendency of their opinions appears to have been hostile to the claims of Gersen, which have ever since been regarded by the best judges with suspicion, if not with disfavor.

Agitated by this vehement dispute, and mourning the silence of her infallible head, the Roman Catholic Church were at length rejoiced to repose in the oracular dictum of St. Francis de Sales, who declared that the authorship was to be ascribed neither to Thomas à Kempis nor to Gersen, but to Him by whose inspiration the Scriptures themselves had been written!

It is probably on account of the darkness of the regions through which they pass, that the pens of antiquarians, philologists, and theologians are so much used as belligerent weapons. Though the most peaceful of mankind, Mabillon, while waging war with the Kempists on one flank, was engaged in a contest not less arduous with the Bollandists on the other. Papebroch, one of the most learned of that learned body, had published a book on the art of verifying the charters and other ancient public acts deposited in the various archives of Europe. In 1681 Mabillon answered him in a treatise, "*De Re Diplomaticâ*." After laying down rules for distinguishing the false instruments from the true—rules derived from the form of the character, the color of the ink, the nature of the penmanship, the style and orthography of the instrument, the dates, seals, and subscriptions—he proceeded to show, *by more than 200 examples*, how his laws might be applied as a test; and how, by the application of that test, the manuscripts on which Papebroch chiefly relied might be shown to be valueless. Whatever may be thought of the interest of this dispute, (which, however, involves questions of the very highest practical importance,) no one probably will read with indifference the answer of Papebroch to his formidable antagonist:

"I assure you," he says, "that the only satisfaction which I retain in having written at all on this subject is, that it has induced you to write so consummate a work. I confess that I felt some pain when I first read it, at finding myself refuted in a manner so

conclusive. But the utility and the beauty of your treatise have at length got the better of my weakness; and, in the joy of contemplating the truth exhibited in a light so transparent, I called on my fellow student here to partake of my own admiration. You need have no difficulty, therefore, in stating publicly, whenever it may fall in your way, that I entirely adopt and concur in your opinions."

While Papebroch, thus gracefully lowering his lance, retired from the lists, they were entered by Father Germon, another Jesuit; who, armed with two duodecimo volumes, undertook to subvert the new Benedictine science. His main assault was aimed at the assumption pervading Mabillon's book, that the authenticity and the authority of an ancient charter were the same. He suggested that forgery was a very wide-spread art, and had probably flourished with peculiar vigor in remote and ignorant ages. Mabillon was content to reply that, throughout his extensive researches, he had never found a proof of any such imposture. His disciples assailed the sceptical Germon by far more elaborate hostilities. In one form or another the dispute has descended to our own times. At the commencement of it, in the seventeenth century, in France, it yielded (as what French dispute will not yield?) some choice entertainment. The Jesuit, Hardouin, anticipating our contemporary, Strauss, resolved all these ancient instruments, and with them a large part of the remains of antiquity, into so many monkish and mythical inventions. Thus, he declared that the odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery; and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Whither such theories tended Hardouin clearly enough perceived; but he sheltered himself by offering up his thanks to God that he had been denied all human faith, in order (as he said) that the total want of it might improve and strengthen his divine faith. Boileau's remark on the occasion was still better: "I have no great fancy for monks," he said, "yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom Virgil."

Father Anacreon might have been recognized by the great satirist in the person of the reverend Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who, having been appointed, at the age of ten, to a canonry at Notre Dame, became, in less than three years afterwards, the author of a new edition of the Anacreontic Odes, a work of undoubted merit in its

way; though it must not be concealed that the young canon was happy in the possession of a learned tutor, as well as of powerful patrons; for Richelieu was his godfather and kinsman, Bossuet his friend, Marie de Medicis his protector, Francis de Harlay (afterwards archbishop of Paris) the associate of his youthful revels, and De Retz his instructor in intrigue and politics. Eminent alike in the field and at the Sorbonne, De Rancé would occasionally throw aside his hunting frock for his cassock, saying to Harlay, "*Je vais ce matin prêcher comme un ange, ce soir chasser comme un diable.*" The pupil of the coadjutor was, of course, however, an eye-sore and an offense to Mazarin; and being banished by him to Verret, this venerable archdeacon and doctor in divinity (such were then his dignities) converted his chateau there into so luxurious a retreat, that the cardinal himself might have looked with envy on the exile.

The spirit of this extraordinary churchman, was, however, destined to undergo a change, immediate, final and complete. De la Roque relates, that having hurried to an interview with a lady of whom he was enamored, he found her stretched in her shroud, a disfigured corpse. Marsollier's story is, that his life was saved by the rebound of a musket-ball from a pouch attached to his shooting belt. It is agreed on all sides that, under the deep emotion excited by some such startling occurrence, he retired from the world, and became first the founder, and then the Abbé of the monastery of La Trappe, of the Cistercian Order, where he remained till his death. During the forty intervening years, he was engaged in solving the problem—what are the maxima of self-inflicted mortifications which, in the transit through this world to the next, it is possible to combine with the minima of innocent self-gratifications?

While occupied in this rueful inquiry, it happened that De Rancé lighted on a treatise which Mabillon had recently published under the title of "*Traité des Etudes Monastiques.*" To M. de la Trappe, it appeared that the book was designed as an indirect attack on himself and his community; and he made his appeal to the world he had abandoned, in a publication entitled "*Réponse au Traité des Etudes Monastiques.*" In reluctant obedience to the commands of his spiritual superiors, Mabillon published "*Reflexions sur la Réponse de M. l'Abbé de la Trappe,*" which drew from De Rancé another volume, entitled "*Eclaircissements sur*

la Réponse," &c., and there the controversy ended.

When one of two disputants plants his foot on the terra firma of intelligible utility, and the other is upborne by the shifting, dark and shapeless clouds of mysticism, it is impossible for any witness of the conflict to trace distinctly either the progress of it or the result. It may, however, be in general reported of this debate that according to the Benedictine arguments, he best employs the leisure of a religious state, who most successfully devotes it to the diffusion among mankind of divine and human knowledge; while, according to the Trappist, such labors are at best but the fulfillment of the written, positive, and categorical commands of Scripture or of the Church—an obedience of incomparably less excellency than that which is due from those communities, or from those individuals, who are called to the state of sinless perfection; for to them it is given, not merely or chiefly to conform to absolute rules of duty, but to listen to those inarticulate suggestions which, from the sanctuary of the divine presence descend into the sanctuary of the human heart, and to dwell amidst those elevations of soul to which such heaven-born impulses are designed to conduct them.

They who thus contended could never come within the reach of each other's weapons. But Mabillon and De Rancé could never get beyond the reach of each other's love. After the close of the debate they met at La Trappe; and separated—not without much unreserved and affectionate intercourse—each in possession of his own opinion, and of his antagonist's esteem. The sentences of Innocent XII, and Clement XI, awarded the victory to the author of "*Les Etudes monastiques*;" and without the gift of infallibility, the same result might with safety have been predicted, from the different tempers in which the controversialists had encountered each other. Mabillon descended to the contest in the panoply of a humble, truth-loving spirit. De Rancé (if we may rely on those who knew him well) was not emancipated, even in his retreat, from that enervating thirst for human sympathy which had distinguished him in the world. His disputations and his self-tormentings, are both supposed to have been deeply tinged by his constitutional vanity; and it was believed that he would have been far less assiduous in digging his grave and macerating his flesh, if the pilgrimage to La Trappe had not become a rage at Paris;

and if the *salons* there had not been so curious for descriptions of that living sepulchre, that the very votaries of pleasure were sometimes irretrievably drawn, by a kind of suicidal fascination, within those gates impervious to all sublunary delights, and scarcely visited by the light of day.

From the depths of his humility Mabillon gathered courage. In his days the altars of the Church were every where hallowed by the relics of saints and martyrs; of which the catacombs at Rome afforded an inexhaustible supply. To watch over this precious deposit, and to discriminate the spurious article from the true, was the peculiar office of a congregation selected for that purpose from the sacred college. But though the skill and the integrity of cardinals were remote from all suspicion, who could answer for the good faith of their subordinate agents, and what was the security that the *Dulia* appropriate to the bones of the blessed, might not be actually rendered to the skeletons of the ungodly?

When teaching the art of discriminating between the osseous remains of different mammalia, Cuvier never displayed a more edifying seriousness, than was exhibited by Mabillon in laying down the laws which determine whether any given bone belonged of yore to a sinner or a saint. The miracle-working criterion, though apparently the best of all, being rejected silently, and not without very good reasons, Eusebius Romanus (such was his incognito on this occasion) addressed to Theophilus Gallus a letter "*De Cultu ignotorum Sanctorum*," in which he discussed the sufficiency of three other tests. First, he inquired, are we sure of the sanctity of a bone extracted from a sepulchre on which an anagram of the name of Christ is sculptured in the midst of palms and laurels? The answer is discouraging; because it is a well-ascertained fact, that the body of one Flavia Jovina was found in this precise predicament, and yet she was a simple neophyte. Then, secondly, are we safe if a vase stained with blood be also found in the tomb? Nothing more secure, if only we could be quite certain that the stain was sanguineous, and was not produced by the perfumes which the ancients were accustomed to heap up in such vessels. But thirdly, what if the word 'Martyr' be engraven on the stone? In that case, all doubt would be at an end, were it not for a sophistical doctrine of *equivalents* which the relic dealers have propagated. Thus, for example, at the abbey of St. Martin, at Pontoise, the



devout had long been honoring the corpse of one Ursinus, in the quiet belief that the words of his sepulchral inscription were *equivalent* to a declaration of martyrdom, whereas, on inquiry, it turned out that they were really as follows: "Here lies Ursinus, who died on the 1st of June, after living with his wife Leontia 20 years and 6 months, and in the world 49 years, 4 months, and 3 days." Thus his only recorded martyrdom was the endurance of Leontia's conjugal society for twenty years and upwards.

Abandoning then all these guides, whither are we to look for assurance as to the title of a relic to the veneration of the faithful? To this grave inquiry, the learned Benedictine gravely answers as follows: Be sure that the alleged saint has been authentically proved to have been a saint. Be sure that his sanctity was established, not merely by baptism, but by some illustrious deeds, attested either by tradition or by certain proofs. Above all, be sure that the apostolic see has ordained that homage be rendered to his remains. Admirable canons, doubtless. Yet, to an unenlightened Protestant, it would seem that they afford no solution of the problem. Did this jawbone before which we are kneeling, sustain, while yet in life and action, the teeth of a martyr, or the teeth of one of those by whom martyrs were slain, or the teeth of any one else?

To assert that any such question was debateable at all before the tribunal of human reason, was, however, an overt act of liberalism; which Mabillon was of course required to expiate. Long and anxious were the debates in the congregation of the Index whether the book should not be condemned, and the temerity of the author rebuked; nor would that censure have been averted, but for the interference of the Pope in person; who made himself sponsor for the willingness of Eusebius to explain in a new edition whatever might be thought objectionable in the first. The pledge was redeemed accordingly: and then the letter "De Cultu sanctorum Ignotorum" was not only acquitted of reproach by that sacred College, but even honored with their emphatic approbation.

Mabillon gave a yet more decisive proof that he was not blinded to truth by any extravagant scepticism. In his days, as in our own, there was living a M. Thiers, a man of singular talents, and of no less remarkable courage; who had accused the Benedictine fathers of Vendôme of an egregious imposture, in exhibiting at their convent one of those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus

when he wept at the grave of Lazarus. An angel (such was the legend) had treasured it up, and given it to Mary, the sister of the deceased. It passed some centuries afterwards to the treasury of relics at Constantinople; and was bestowed by some Greek emperor upon some German mercenaries, in reward for some services to his crown. They placed it in the abbey of Frisingen, whence it was conveyed by the emperor Henry III, who transferred it to his mother-in-law, Agnes of Anjou, the foundress of the monastery of Vendôme, where she deposited it. Mabillon threw the shield of his boundless learning round this tradition; maintaining that the genuineness of the relict might at least be reasonably presumed from the admitted facts of the case; that it had a prescriptive claim to the honors it received; and that his brethren ought to be left in peaceable enjoyment of the advantages they derived from the exhibition in their church at Vendôme of the Holy Tear of Bethany.

Passing from fables too puerile for the nursery, to inquiries which have hitherto perplexed the senate, Mabillon undertook to explain the right principles of prison discipline, in a work entitled "*Réflexions sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux*." He insisted that, by a judicious alternation and mixture of solitude, labor, silence, and devotion, it was practicable to render the gaol a school for the improvement of its unhappy inmates in social arts and in moral character. After discussing to what extent solitary confinement would be consistent with the mental and bodily health of the sufferers, and how far the rigor of punishment ought to be mitigated by exercise and active employments, he concludes as follows:

"To return to the prison of St. Jean Climaque. A similar place might be established for the reception of penitents. There should be in such a place several cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop, in which the prisoners might be employed at some useful work. To each cell also might be attached a little garden, to be thrown open to the prisoner at certain hours, for the benefit of labor, and exercise in the open air. They should attend public worship, at first in a separate lodge or compartment, and afterwards in the choir with the congregation at large, so soon as they should have passed the earlier stages of penal discipline, and given proofs of penitence. Their diet should be coarse and poor, and their fasts frequent. They should receive frequent exhortations, and the master of the gaol, either in person

or by deputy, should from time to time see them in private, at once to console and to strengthen them. Strangers should not be permitted to enter the place, from which all external society should be strictly excluded. Once establish this, and so far from such a retirement appearing horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the greater number of the prisoners would scarcely regret their confinement, even if it were for life. I am aware that all this will be considered as a vision of some new Atlantis; but let the world say or think what it may, it would be easy to render prisons more tolerable and more useful, if men were but disposed to make the attempt."

So wrote a Benedictine monk in the age and kingdom of Louis XIV. The honor which one of his biographers, M. de Malan challenges for him, of being the very earliest of those who addressed themselves to this difficult subject in the spirit of philanthropy and wisdom, is strictly his due. To the enlightened reformer of prisons may be cheerfully forgiven his sacred osteology, and even his defense of the Holy Tear of Vendôme. Though in bondage to the prejudices of his own age, he was able to break through the bonds which have shackled so many powerful minds, in later and more enlightened times.

In the midst of these and similar employments, Mabillon had reached his sixty-second year, but the great project of his life was still unfinished and unattempted. In the belief that the end of his days was drawing near, he desired to consecrate them to a devout preparation for death. But being roused to the task by the instances of Renaudot and Baluze, and his affectionate pupil Ruinart, he engaged, with all the ardor of youth, in collecting materials for his long-meditated history of the Benedictine Order. In studying and methodizing the vast collections at his disposal, the aged scholar displayed, though without a shade of scepticism, an acuteness which the subtlest sceptic might have envied, and, without a tinge of philosophy, a luminousness of mind worthy of the most illustrious philosopher.

At that period the more ardent sons of the Church regarded her as no less infallible when she asserted historical facts, than when she proclaimed dogmatic truths. On the other hand, the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, Du Pin, Richard Simon, and even the great Arnauld, had presumed to interrogate ecclesiastical traditions, and to controvert the authority of popes and synods, fathers

and saints, whenever it touched on topics beyond the articles of the Christian faith. This audacious freedom was rebuked by the contemptuous and withering eloquence of Bossuet; and Mabillon presented himself as the great living model of an historian, employing the most profound and varied knowledge, under the severe restraints of this intellectual docility. By day and by night he labored, during the last fourteen years of his life, on the annals of his Order; without so much as a solitary departure from the implicit submission which he yielded to the Church, as to all matters of fact attested either by her own authoritative voice, or by the decision of her accredited doctors. The result was, that, instead of a history of what had actually occurred, he produced a chronicle, from which it may be learned what are the occurrences, the belief of which the Church has sanctioned, or has silently left to the investigation of her obedient annalists.

It is, however, a book which irresistible evidence establishes, and which without such evidence could not be believed, to be the work of a single man, between his sixty-second and seventy-sixth years. It comprises a biography of the Benedictine saints in a form more compendious than that of his *Acta Sanctorum*. It contains an account of every other illustrious member of the Order. It includes a careful review of every book written by any eminent Benedictine author. All the grants and charters under which the property and privileges of their monasteries were held, are recapitulated and abridged in it. Finally, it embraces a description of all their sepulchral and other ancient monuments.

Five folio volumes of this vast compilation were finished, and the last was about to appear, when the life and labors of Mabillon were brought to a painful and a sudden, though not an immature termination. Ruinart meditated, though in vain, the completion of the work. He lifted (perhaps unwisely) the veil which would otherwise have concealed the last fearful agonies of its great author. He has, however, shown, with the most artless and genuine pathos, how the tortures of the body were soothed and dignified by the faith, the hope, and the serenity of soul of the sufferer. With no domestic ties and no worldly ambition to bind him to earth, and with no anxious forebodings to overcast the prospect before him, he entertained the last enemy as a messenger of good tidings, and a herald of approaching joy and freedom; and then breathed out his spirit in

an unhesitating affiance on Him, whom, beneath the shade of many superstitions and the burthen of many errors, he had loved and trusted, and obeyed from childhood to the grave.

Mabillon was a perfect model of monastic perfection; and however much inferior the produce of the conservatory may be to those hardier plants which germinate amidst the frosts and the scorplings of the unsheltered day, yet they have a value and a delicacy peculiarly their own. He had quitted the world without a sigh, and probably never breathed a sigh to return to it. If compelled to revisit and to tread the highways of mankind, he would have resembled the lifelong prisoner of an aviary, driven out to the bleak uplands for shelter. Meekly bowing his head to "holy obedience," he yielded himself without reluctance, to be moulded into whatever form the "genius of the place" might prescribe. Nor was this a painful sacrifice. The graces of the cloister, docility, devotion and self-discipline, were his by an antenatal predestination. Mabillon lived and died in an uninterrupted subjection to positive laws and forms of man's devising. Even in his interior life, rule and habit exercised an inflexible dominion over him. He worshipped indeed with fervent piety; but with such a mechanical exactness of ceremonial, time, and place, as might seem, to a careless self-observer, fatal to the life of spiritual exercises. To his daily routine of divine offices were added other forms of private worship, scarcely less immutable; of which some were appropriate to his entrance on any literary work, some to the arrival of the first proof-sheet from the press, and some to the commencement of the studies of each succeeding day.

To this constitutional and acquired acquiescence in the will of his superiors and the rules of his convent, was added the most profound lowliness of spirit. "Permit me, Sire," said Le Tellier, the archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., "to present to your Majesty Dom Mabillon, the most learned man in your Majesty's dominions." "Sire," rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, "the archbishop might also have said the most humble man in France." It is supposed that the plumage of the eagle of Meaux was not a little ruffled by the superlative adjective which derogated from his own claims to the first place among men of learning. But the applauses both of the archbishop and of the bishop, in whatever temper given, were perfectly just. The proofs of Mabillon's learn-

ing are, at this moment, among the noblest monuments of the age of Louis XIV. The proofs which his eulogists adduce of his humility have not been very judiciously selected.

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. But the great Benedictine neither entertained nor suggested a truth, when among titled men, and learned men, and superficial pretenders to knowledge; he bore himself as if he had been undeserving of their notice, and unworthy to communicate with them on equal terms. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility; which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanor. This part of Mabillon's portrait has been ill drawn; because the artists drew rather from a false image in their own minds, than from the great original.

In the conventual merit of bodily self-discipline, so far as it could be reconciled with his studious habits, Mabillon was emulous of the Trappists. His food, sleep, clothing, warmth, social intercourse, and other personal gratifications, were measured by the indispensable exigencies of nature; and his admirers describe his austere mortifications of the flesh with the fond delight of a Hindoo recounting his sacred legends of the spontaneous endurance of more than human sufferings. "Holy obedience" dictated to her favorite child abasements and self-denials, which it is difficult to reconcile with decorum or with sincerity. If she had been wise, she would have summoned him to the nobler office of asserting that intellectual rank, and those claims to the reverence of mankind, which, like all the other good gifts of Providence, are designed for noble uses by the wise and gracious Author of them all.

Although the virtues of the convent, even in the person of Mabillon, excite but a reluctant admiration, and a still colder sympathy, yet his simple tastes, his devout spirit, and his affectionate nature, would, under a more genial discipline, have rendered his character as lovely, as his diligence, his critical sagacity, and the extent of his knowledge, were wonderful. For, soaring, in these respects,

immeasurably above vulgar ascetics, he obeyed to the letter the command of his great patriarch, Benedict, and devoted every moment of his life to some useful and energetic occupation.

In these pursuits Mabillon was not merely an indefatigable student, but a laborious traveller. In his time the treasures of which he was insatiably covetous, were not accumulated in the Royal Library of Paris, but dispersed in the conventual, episcopal, and other public archives of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. The journeys necessary for examining them had all the terrors of an exploration of the Nile, to one whom (all Frenchman as he was) not even the enchanted gardens and terraces of Versailles had, during a period of twenty years, been able to seduce, for a single morning, from his seclusion at St. Germain des Près. But what antiquarian worthy of the name would be arrested by the Loire, the Meuse, the Rhine, or the Alps, when beyond these distant barriers a whole harem of virgin manuscripts wooed his embrace, glowing, like so many houries, with immortal youth, and rich in charms which increased with each revolving century? Sometimes alone, but more commonly attended by a Benedictine brother, he accomplished several *Capitulary* or *Diplomatic* tours through Flanders, Burgundy, Switzerland, the south of Germany, and the whole of the Italian peninsula. The earlier of those expeditions were made on foot, at the cost of his Order; the later with the equipages becoming an agent of the Grand Monarque, employed by Colbert to collect or to transcribe manuscripts for his royal master. The results of these expeditions were various learned itineraries (such as his "*Iter Burgundicum*" and his "*Museum Italicum*," ) and a prodigious accession to the wealth of the royal library. His services were rewarded by Louis with a seat in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. But the whole republic of letters united to confer on the learned traveller honors far exceeding any at the disposal of the greatest of the kings of the earth.

His journeys, especially his Italian journey, resembled royal progresses rather than the unostentatious movements of a humble monk. Monasteries contended for the honor of entertaining him as their guest. Fêtes celebrated his arrival in the greater cities of Italy. His society and correspondence were courted by the learned, the great and the fair. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Cardinals, and Queen Christina, vied

in rendering courtesies to their illustrious visitor. At the Catacombs, at Loretto, at Clairvaux, and, above all, at Monte Casino, the devout assembled to witness and to partake of his devotions. All libraries flew open at his approach; nor did the revolutionary *savans* of France traverse the same regions, or examine the same repositories, with an authority comparable to that of the poor Benedictine, as he moved from one Italian state to another, powerless except in the lustre of his reputation, the singleness of heart with which he pursued his object, and the love with which he was regarded by all his associates.

In M. Valery's three volumes will be found an ample and curious diary of Mabillon's Italian expedition. He commenced it on the 1st of April, 1685, having selected as his companion Dom Michel Germain, another member of the congregation of St. Maur. Germain had himself written some essays on monastic history; but his chief title to literary honors was derived from his having ministered to the production of the "*Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," and of the treatise "*De Re Diplomatica*."

The travellers had engaged to maintain a correspondence with four of their monastic associates. One of these was the faithful and affectionate Ruinart, of whom we already know something. Placide Porcheron, the next, seems to have been a member of the Dryasdust family, so celebrated by Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle; his two great performances being a commentary on an obscure geographical book of the 7th century, and notes on a treatise on Education written by Basil the Macedonian, who, two hundred years later, had been Emperor of the Greeks. Claude Bretagne, the third of the Committee of Correspondence at Paris, was the author of some devotional works, but was more eminent as the intimate friend of Nicole, and as a companion of infinite grace and wit, and of the most captivating discourse. The last, Charles Bulteau, was not a monk, but "*Doyen des Secrétaires du Roi*," and was famous for having, in that capacity, vindicated, with great learning, the supremacy of the King of France over the sovereigns of the Spanish monarchies.

When devout men, profound scholars, or still more profound antiquaries, engage in a prolonged epistolary intercourse, the reader is not without preconceptions of the mental aliment awaiting him. He has probably gone through some volumes in which Protestant divines interchange their religious experien-

ces. The style in which Salmasius, Budæus, and Scaliger entertained their friends is not wholly unknown to him; and how the Spelmans of old, and the Whitakers of recent times, wrote their letters, may be learned at the expense of a transient fatigue. But let no one address himself to M. Valery's volumes, with the hope or the fear of being involved in any topics more sacred, more crabbed, or more antiquated than befits an easy chair, a winter's evening, and a fireside. Reading more pleasant, or of easier digestion, is hardly to be met with in the Parisian epistles of Grimm, Diderot, or La Harpe.

Our pilgrims first take up the pen at Venice. They had ransacked the Ambrosian Library, examined the Temple of Venus at Brescia, admired the amphitheatre at Verona, and visited the monastery of their order at Vicenza; though, observes Germain, "*Ni là ni ailleurs, nos moines ne nous ont pas fait goûter de leur vin.*" Some gentlemen of the city having conducted them over it, "*On ne saurait,*" adds he, "*faire attention sur le mérite et les manières honnêtes de ces messieurs, sans réfléchir sur nos moines et admirer leur insensibilité. Aussi n'étudient ils pas; ils disent matins avant souper; ils mangent gras; portent du linge, pour ne rien dire du *peculium*, et de leur sortie seuls.*" In short, there is already peeping out, from behind our good Germain's cowl, one of those Parisian countenances, on the quick, movable lines of which flashes of subacid merriment are continually playing.

On reaching Florence, the migratory antiquarians form a new acquaintance, alike singular and useful, in the person of Magliabechi, the librarian of the Grand Duke. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favored, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom. The Medicæan Library was his study, his refectory, and his dormitory; though, except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing, by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair; his bed serving the while as an auxiliary book-stand. Fruit and salads were his fare; and when sometimes an anchovy was served up with them, the worthy librarian, in an absent mood, would not unfrequently mistake, and use it for sealing-wax. Partly from want of time, and partly from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, he would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintance have so attempted, that he

would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst. Michel Germain describes him, as "*Varillas multiplied by three.*" Now Menage tells us that happening once to say that every man was hit off by some passage or other in Martial, and having been challenged to prove it with respect to Varillas, he immediately quoted "*Dimidiasque nates Gallica palla tegit.*" Short indeed, then, must have been the skirts of Magliabechi, according to Germain's arithmetic.

His bibliographical appetite and digestion formed, however, a psychological phenomenon absolutely prodigious. Mabillon called him "*Museum inambulans, et viva quædam bibliotheca.*" Father Finardi, with greater felicity, said of him, "*Is unus bibliotheca magna,*" that being the anagram of his Latinized name, Antonius Magliabechius.

Having established a correspondence with this most learned savage, the Benedictines proceeded to Rome, where they were welcomed by Claude Estiennot, the procurator of their Order at the Papal court. He also devoted his pen to their entertainment. Light labor for such a pen! Within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom Le Cerf, "*réflexions très sensées et judicieuses;*" a praise which probably no other mortal was ever able to gainsay or to affirm.

Germain found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals, while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome, and answers "*Chi parla è mandato in galera; chi scrive è impiccato; chi sta quieto va al sant' officio.*" Marforio had good cause for his hurry; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "*broke the priest's neck*" was merely his having said that "*the mare had knocked the snail out of its shell;*" in allusion to the fact of the pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. "*The rogues continued to repeat the jest notwithstanding,*" observes the reverend looker-on.

He gathered other pleasant stories, at the expense of his holiness, and these heretical

aspirants after a devotional repose of the soul. Some of them are not quite manageable in our more fastidious times, without the aid of a thicker veil than he chose to employ. For example, he tells of a Quietist bishop who, to escape an imaginary pursuit of the police, scaled the roof of his mansion in his night-dress, and so, running along the tops of the adjacent houses, unluckily made his descent through one of them into which he could not have entered, even in full canonicals and in broad day, without a grievous damage to his reputation. Then follows a fine *buffo catastrophe*, and when (says Germain) "the whole reaches the ears of Nostro Signore, the holy man has a good laugh, and orders the bishop to quit Rome without delay." Yet Germain himself breaks out into hot resentment against "the wretched and abandoned Molinos," and proposes to Magliabechi (in seeming seriousness) to arrest the progress of the evil, by publishing a manuscript discovered in their Italian tour, from which it would appear that the bones of a wicked Bohemian lady, of the name of Guillemine, who, three centuries ago, propagated nearly the same enormities, were at length taken, with public execration out of her grave, and scattered to the winds.

Molinos, however, was strong in the protection of Christina, who then dwelt at Rome. Her abandonment of the faith of her illustrious father was accepted there, not only as a cover for a multitude of sins, but as an apology for the assumption of an independent authority beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Mabillon, accompanied by Germain, presented to her his book "*De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ*," in which, to her exceeding discontent, she found herself described as "*Serenissima*." "My name," she exclaimed, "is Christina. That is eulogy enough. Never again call me, and admonish your Parisians never to call me, *Serenissima*." Germain left her with the fullest conviction that the epithet was altogether out of place; but "after all," he says, "she gave us free access to her library—the best thing she could do for us." So great were her privileges, or such the weakness of the lazy Innocent XI, that, as we learn from these letters, an offender on his way to prison, having laid hold on the bars of one of her windows as a sanctuary, was violently rescued by her servants, whereupon they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. Christina wrote to the judge to inform him, that if her servants died any other than a natural death, *they should not die alone*. The judge com-

plained to the Pope; but his holiness laughed at the affair, and terminated it by sending her Majesty a peace-offering, which she contemptuously handed over to the complainant.

Germain looked upon the religious observances of Rome with the eye of a French encyclopediste. He declares that the Romans burn before the Madonna and in their churches, more oil than the Parisians both burn and swallow. "Long live St. Anthony!" he exclaims, as he describes the horses, asses, and mules, all going, on the saint's festival, to be sprinkled with holy water, and to receive the benediction of a reverend father. "All would go to ruin, say the Romans, if this act of piety were omitted. So nobody escapes paying toll on this occasion, not Nostro Signore himself." Then follows an account of a procession to St. Peter's on the reception of certain new converts, which is compressed into a single paragraph purposely long, intricate, and obscure; "a sentence," says Germain, "which I have drawn out to this length to imitate the ceremony itself." Soon after we meet him at the cemetery of Pontianus, "where," he observes, with all the mock gravity of Bayle, "there lie 50,263 martyrs, without counting the women and children. Each of us was allowed to carry off one of these holy bodies. That which fell to my share had been too big for the hole in which it was found. I had infinite trouble in disinterring it, for it was quite wet, and the holy bones were all squeezed and jammed together. I am still knocked up with the labor."

The Pope himself fares no better than the ceremonies and relics of his church. "If I should attempt," he says, "to give you an exact account of the health of his holiness, I must begin with Ovid, '*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*.' At ten he is sick, at fifteen well again, at eighteen eating as much as four men, at twenty-four dropsical. They say he has vowed never to leave his room. If so, M. Struse declares that he can never get a dispensation, not even from himself, as his confinement will be, *de jure divino*. The unpleasant part of the affair is, that they say he has given up all thoughts of creating new cardinals, forgetting in his restored health the scruples he felt when sick; like other great sinners."

Indolent and hypochondriacal as he was, Innocent XI. had signalized himself, not only by the virtues which Burnet ascribes to him in his travels, but by two remarkable edicts. One of them, which could not be decorously quoted, regulated the appearance on the

stage of certain classes of singers ; the other, (under the penalties of six days' excommunication, and of incapacity for absolution, even in the article of death, save from the pope himself,) commanded all ladies to wear up to their chins, and down to their wrists, draperies *not* transparent. "The Queen of Spain," says our facetious Benedictine, "immediately had a new dress made, and sent it to her nuncio at Rome, to ascertain whether it tallied exactly with the ordinance, for" he continues (the inference is not very clear) "one must allow that Spanish ladies have not as much delicacy as our own."

He has another story for the exhilaration of St. Germain des Près, at the expense of both pope and cardinals. A party of the sacred college were astounded, after dinner, by the appearance of an austere capuchin, who, as an unexpected addition to their desert, rebuked their indolence and luxury, and their talkativeness even during High Mass. Then, passing onwards to an inner chamber, the preacher addressed his holiness himself, on the sin of an inordinate solicitude about health—no inappropriate theme ; for he was lying in the centre of four fires, and beneath the load of seven coverlets, having recently sustained a surgical operation ; on which Germain remarks, that if it had taken place in summer, "it would have been all-up with the holy man."

The Jesuits of course take their turn. At the table of the Cardinal Estrées, Mabillon and Germain meet the Father Couplet, who had passed thirty years in China. "I do not know," says Germain, "whether he was mandarin and mathematical apostle at the same time ; but he told us that one of his brethren was so eminent an astrologer, as to have been created a mandarin of the third class. He said that another of them was raising himself by contemplation to the third heaven, before actually going there. I have my doubts about his success. However, Father Couplet told us that he had a very numerous *Chretiené*. 'My *Chretiené*,' he frequently said, 'consists of more than 30,000 souls.' Do you believe his story, that there are forty millions of inhabitants in Pekin, and from two to three hundred millions in China at large ? I do not."

This keen observer is not silent on the cold reception at Rome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The claims of Louis XIV. on behalf of the Gallican Church had abated much of the enthusiasm with which the measure would otherwise have been hailed. "Well," observes Germain, (one

can see the rising of his shoulders as he writes,) "a hundred years ago they took a very different tone about the Huguenots. They not only offered public thanksgiving on their massacre by Charles IX, but hung the walls of the royal hall in the Vatican with pictures of the murder of Coligny and of the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. They still form its chief ornaments."

Even when accompanying Mabillon on a pilgrimage to the cradle of their order at Monte Casino, Germain looks about him with the same esprit fort. "At the foot of the mountain," he says, "we found an inn, where we learned to fast, as we got nothing but some cabbages which I could not eat, some nuts, and one apple for our supper. Then we paid thirty francs for a wretched bed, which we divided between us in the midst of bugs and fleas." On the next day they luckily fell in with the vicar-general of the Barnabites, a Frenchman, from whom (he says) "we got some cheese and preserves, and, finally, a glass of Lachryma ; as he told us, to strengthen the stomach. Reaching at length the mansion of the abbé of Monte Casino, he made a fête for us, and bore witness to our excellent appetites."

Mabillon's devotion at the tomb of his patriarch is described as deep, fervent, and protracted. Germain sends to their friend Porcheron a picturesque account of the dress and aspect of the monks, an enthusiastic description of the library, a very pretty sketch of the adjacent country, and a graphic representation of the church and the ceremonial observed in it ; and promises his correspondent "to say a mass for him at the foot of Benedict's tomb." With the exception of that assurance, (whether grave or gay it is not easy to determine,) the whole letter might have been written by Miss Martineau, and would have done no discredit even to her powers of converting her readers into her fellow-travellers.

Such of the letters comprised in this collection as are written by Mabillon himself, relate exclusively to the duties of his mission ; and are grave and simple, though perhaps too elaborately courteous. In the last volume are some contributions from Quesnel, whose singular fate it is to have been censured by the Pope, Clement XI, and eulogized by De Rancé the Trappist, by La Chaise the Jesuit, by Voltaire the Wit, and by Cousin the Philosopher. The pleasant-ries of Michel Germain and the freedoms of Estiennot are far from being the best things in M. Valéry's book. We have selected them

rather as being the most apposite to our immediate purpose.

In this correspondence three of the most eminent of the congregation of St. Maur transmit from Italy such intelligence and remarks as appear to them best adapted to interest other three of the most eminent of their brotherhood at Paris. If the table-talk of the refectory of St. Germain des Près was of the same general character, the monks there had no better title to the praise of an ascetic social intercourse, than the students or the barristers in the halls of Christ Church, or of Lincoln's Inn. It would be difficult to suppose an appetite for gossip more keen, or more luxuriously gratified.

The writers and the receivers of these letters were all men devoted by the most sacred vows to the duties of the Christian priesthood; yet in a confidential epistolary intercourse, extending through eighteen successive months, no one of them utters a sentiment, or discusses a question, from which it could be gathered that he sustained any religious office, or seriously entertained any religious belief whatever. It may be that our Protestant divines occasionally transgress the limits within which modesty should confine the disclosure, even to the most intimate friends, of the interior movements of a devout spirit. But all hail to our Doddridges and Howes, to our Venns and Newtons! whose familiar letters, if sometimes chargeable with a failure in that graceful reserve, yet always glow with a holy unction, and can at least never be charged with the frigid indifference which these learned Benedictines exhibit on the subjects to which they had all most solemnly devoted their talents and their lives.

Visiting, for the first time, the places which they regard as the centre of Christian unity, as the seat of apostolic dominion, as the temple towards which all the churches of the earth should worship, as the ever-salient fountain of truth, and as the abode of him who impersonates to his brother men the Divine Redeemer of mankind, not a solitary word of awe or of tenderness falls from their pens—not a fold of those dark tunics is heaved by any throb of grateful remembrance or of exulting hope. They could not have traversed Moscow or Amsterdam with a more imperturbable phlegm; nor have sauntered along the banks of the Seine or the courts of the Louvre in a temper more perfectly debonnaire.

Protestant zeal may be sometimes rude,

bitter, and contumelious in denouncing Roman Catholic superstitions. It is a fault to be sternly rebuked. But how adequately censure these reverend members of that communion, who, without one passing sigh or indignant phrase, depict the shameful abuses of the holiest offices of their Church, with cold sarcasms and heartless unconcern!

Rome combatted her Protestant antagonists by the aid of the Jesuits in the world, and of the Benedictines in the closet. Yet to those alliances she owes much of the silent revolt against her authority which has characterized the last hundred years; and of which the progress is daily becoming more apparent. The Jesuits involved her in their own too well merited disesteem. The Benedictines have armed the philosophy both of France and Germany with some of the keenest weapons by which she has been assailed. It was an ill day for the papacy, when the congregation of St. Maur, at the instance of Benard, called the attention of their fellow-countrymen to the mediæval history of the Church, and invited the most enlightened generations of men whom Europe had ever seen, to study and believe a mass of fables of which the most audacious Grecian mythologist would have been ashamed, and at which the credulity of a whole college of augurs would have staggered.

It was but a too prolific soil on which this seed was scattered. At the moment when, in the integrity of his heart, Mabillon was propagating these legends, the walls of his monastery were often passed by a youth whose falcon eye illuminated with ceaseless change one of the most expressive countenances in which the human soul ever found a mirror. If the venerable old man had foreseen how that eye would one day traverse his Benedictine annals, in a too successful search for the materials of the most overwhelming ridicule of all which he held holy, he would cheerfully have consigned his unfinished volumes, and with them his own honored name, to oblivion. Not so would Michel Germain, Claude Estiennot, and the brethren for whose amusement they wrote, have contemplated, if they could have foreknown, the approaching career of the young Alouet. Though they clung to the Church of Rome with all the ardor of partisans, and though their attachment to her was probably sincere, their convictions must have been faint, unripe, and wavering. The mists of doubt, though insufficient to deprive them of their faith in Christianity, had struck a damp and abiding chill into their hearts. If they had



lived long enough to know the patriarch of Ferney, they would have been conscious of the close affinity between his spirit and their own.

How could it have been otherwise? From disinterring legends and traditions revolting to their hearts and understandings, they passed to Rome, there to disinter foul masses of holy bones, to contemplate sacred processions of mules and asses, to find a corpulent, self-indulgent valetudinarian sustaining the character of the vicar of Christ, and to discover that the basest motives of worldly interest dictated to the papal court the decisions for which they dared to claim a divine impulse and a divine infallibility. From such follies and such pretensions these learned persons turned away with immeasurable contempt. The freedom of thought which unveiled to them these frauds, left them disgusted with error, but did not carry them forward to the pursuit of truth. Without the imbecility to respect such extravagances,

they were also without the courage to denounce and repudiate them. Their superior light taught them to expose and ridicule religious error; it did not teach them to embrace unwelcome truth. In that book which is the "religion of Protestants," they might have read that "the light is the life of men"—that is, of men who obey and follow its guidance. There also they might have learned that "the light which is in us may be darkness,"—that is, may once illuminate the inquisitive intellect, and darken the insensible heart. The letters which they have bequeathed to us, interesting as they are in other respects, afford melancholy proof how deeply the younger Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur were already imbued with the spirit of that disastrous philosophy which was destined, before the lapse of another century, to subvert the ancient institutions of their native land, and, with them, the venerable fabric of their own illustrious Order.

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From the People's Journal.

## SONNETS.

BY HENRY LESTAR HARRISON.

### ONCE MORE!

Once more! dear words, a rainbow of sweet hope  
Is in thy utterance, and even though  
Thy radiance illumines with living glow,  
Time's buried treasures, yet thou dost ope  
A Future mirroring the Past. The scope  
Of human joy, life's happy memories,  
Childhood's first kisses, and the days when come  
The snowdrops, youth's gay birthdays, and the home  
Of harvested delights—all—aye all, lies  
Cadenced in music to the words, once more!  
The mother's prayer is, "God, let me see my  
Son, my only son, once more before I die!"  
Ah! who shall count from memory's honey-store,  
All that the fond heart longs for, yet, once more! once more!

### NEVER MORE!

Oh mockery of sunshine—dear eclipse  
Of joy! Words, trembling on the lover's lips  
When in the grief-riven heart, burn the pale  
Ashes of departed visions. O wail  
Of woe, moan of the human when it sips  
The "Marah" of heart-bitterness. Thou veil  
Of mournful sound, falling, falling like night  
On the disconsolate soul; thy tones alone  
Closing the heart with a sepulchral stone!  
Brother, despair not—what though Death may toll  
His scornful prophecy of "nevermore,"  
A still small voice is near unto thy soul,  
Parting the darkness with a voice of light,  
Assuring thee of life, of "life for evermore!"

From the People's Journal.

## THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND, (LATE CAMILLA TOULMIN.)

By her Dead Child the Mother kneels,  
And on her ear the death-bell peals;  
He was—the heir to wide-spread lands,  
And all the state that wealth commands;  
He is—a tiny heap of clay,  
Laid in the grave-clothes, prim array!

The day is chill with weeping clouds,  
Whose veil the radiant noon-time shrouds,  
Shown through the antique orient panes,  
Sombred by richly darkened stains;  
Yet bringing something of relief—  
That sunshine does not mock her grief.

The frenzy of her mad despair  
Has dashed away the power of prayer;  
With streaming eyes, and throbbing brow,  
Her form—but not her heart—may bow:  
The words come tangled, or but track  
One frantic thought, "Give back—give back!"

A pitying Angel stooped his wing,  
A balm to this sad soul to bring:  
Quick through her frame there silent crept  
A subtle charm—the Mother slept;  
Such sleep as on the rack was caught  
When sense and soul sank overwrought.

Then, moulded from her tears, arose  
A mirror to reflect the woes  
Which, on the Future's mystic loom,  
Lay ready for her infant's doom:  
Thus, through each dimly shifting scene,  
She dreaming sees *what would have been*.

She and her Husband—they whose blooming days  
Have scarcely reached bright youth's meridian  
blaze—  
Stand hand in hand, with wrinkled cheek and brow,  
And scant locks fleck'd with fifty winters' snow.  
Anguish is written on the matron's face,  
And wrath and grief each other quickly chase  
Athwart the visage of her time-changed lord;  
Anon he drops her hand, with bitter word

Of harsh rebuke: "the fault it was her own;  
Fruit of the seed which she herself had sown:  
The weak indulgence of his Boyhood's day  
Had raised the fiend no mortal power could stay."  
Then, by the shadowy painting of the dream,  
New terrors throng, and o'er her vision gleam.  
Entranced she gazed. Behold, there rose to view  
A stranger man, yet one her spirit knew;  
The soft-eyed babe had grown to this dread thing,  
More venom-dowered than is the adder's sting.  
The dice-box rattles in his trembling hands;  
He throws—the stake his broad ancestral lands!  
The fresh-drawn flagon, and the wine-soiled glass,  
And haggard form, before the Dreamer pass:  
And then, in quick review, some woman's wrongs  
Are shrieked in chorus by a choir of tongues:  
New crimes the mirror shows in lurid flame—  
Then breaks at last beneath its load of shame!

By her Dead Child she still is kneeling,  
The solemn bell has stayed its pealing;  
The clouds have wept themselves away,  
The sun resumed his gorgeous sway,  
And through the antique oriel pane  
Streams with a sapphire-emerald stain,  
And, falling as through ruby deep,  
Makes Death but seem a rosy sleep.

The little hands so soft and fair  
Are folded as in infant-prayer;  
The dimpled chin and placid brow  
Not yet are marred by passions' glow.  
And now the mother silent kneels,  
For through her soul a soft peace steals:  
She sees that heaven's power has blent  
Sweet mercy with the anguish sent.

No longer tears bedim her eyes;  
Life's duties fair before her rise,  
And he whose only angry word  
Was in the awful vision heard.  
One kiss she plants on those cold lips,  
And on those dear eyes' dull eclipse;  
Then leaves she with a solemn tread  
The guarded chamber of the Dead!

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE.

*Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens.* (Conversations with Goethe in the latter years of his life.) By JOHANN ECKERMANN. 3d vol. Magdeburg. 1848.

WITH the general character of this work our readers are probably already acquainted, from that of the two preceding volumes, published some years ago. Mr. Eckermann is a biographer of the Boswell class, with the same unbounded and unquestioning admiration of his subject, and with fully as much natural simplicity, but with greater intellectual culture, and without the incomparable absurdity or the tendency to spite which our dear "Bozzy" occasionally exhibits. With his perfect surrender of himself to the influence of the more powerful mind round which he revolved, we are little disposed to quarrel; such devotion is in the present day but too rare; and in addition to the vast mental superiority of Goethe, his elaborate and comprehensive culture, and his free and noble position in the world, contrasted with the narrow circumstances and limited education of Eckermann, made it almost impossible that the attraction should not be overpowering. To have retained perfect freedom and independence of mind in such a case would have required very unusual strength of character and mental endowment. The relation in which they respectively stood, is not, for the work before us, without its advantages. The perfect transparency of the medium through which the master is exhibited, the almost total absence of character in the mind of the pupil, is in many instances favorable to the correctness of the representation. There is no attempt on the part of Eckermann to make the sayings of Goethe accommodate views and theories of his own, as a livelier biographer might have tried to do; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to acquit of occasional misconception, this appearing a more probable supposition than that Goethe should really have said all that is set down for him.

In the former volume there are many such sayings, as, for instance, this—

"I remarked that Byron was very successful in his women. 'Yes,' said Goethe, 'his women are good. Indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our ideality; nothing can be done with the men. Homer has got it all away in Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and most prudent of possible men.'"

Whether this saying has any meaning at all, and is not of that order of profundity in which no bottom can be found, we must leave our readers to determine; but to us it appears as if Goethe were often playing with the simple listener, and treating him to some such instruction as Mephistophiles gives to the young student who comes to consult Faust in his study.

In another place Goethe is made to fall into one of the vulgarest errors of that class of his countrymen who take their views of English policy from the Parisian newspapers.

"'While we Germans,' said Goethe, 'are tormenting ourselves with philosophical problems, the English, with their fine practical understanding, laugh at us and win the world. Everybody knows how they have declaimed against the slave trade; and, while they have made us believe they were actuated solely by motives of humanity, we at last discover that they have an object, such as they do nothing without, and this we should have known before. *They themselves need the blacks in their extensive domain on the western coast of Africa, and they do not like the trade which carries them off.*'"

"'They have large colonies of negroes in America, which are very profitable. From these they can supply the demand from North America, and if slaves are brought from other places it injures their trade—so they preach against the inhuman African slave trade (!)'"

Again—the conversation had one day fallen on the relative value of the observations of nature, made by scientific and unscientific

persons; and Goethe had asserted that the perceptions of the unlearned were often the truer.

"'You would seem to infer,' said I, 'that the more one knows, the worse one observes.'

"'If our acquired knowledge is much mingled with error, certainly I do,' answered Goethe. 'As soon as we have joined any narrow, scientific sect, all true and simple observation is over for us. The decided Vulcanist will always look through Vulcanian spectacles, and the Neptunist and the partisan of the new elevation theory through his. The vision of such theorists, turned always in one direction, loses its clearness, and objects no longer appear to them in their native purity. When these men give us an account of their observations, we receive, notwithstanding the highest regard for truth in the individual—by no means the truth as it is in nature; all objects have a strong subjective tinge. I am far, however, from meaning to maintain that a true unbiassed knowledge would be any hindrance to observation; much more does the old truth retain its force, that we in fact have only eyes and ears for what we know.

"'The musician hears every instrument in the orchestra, and every tone in each, whilst the unlearned ear perceives only the mass of sound. So also an ignorant man will see nothing but the agreeable surface of a green or flowery meadow, where the observant botanist will be struck by the vast variety of grasses and other plants.

"'But everything has its limits; and, as in my Gotz it is said that a son from sheer learning does not know his own father, so in science we meet with people who can neither see nor hear for erudition. They are so preoccupied with hypotheses that, like a man in a violent passion, they may run against their nearest friend in the street without knowing it. For the observation of nature, a certain simplicity and tranquillity of mind is desirable. The child sees the flower and the insect, and has all his senses awake to a simple and single interest. It does not occur to him that there may be, at the same time, in the formation of the cloud something remarkable, so that he should turn his eyes also in that direction.'

"'In that case,' said I, 'children, and people resembling them, might be good assistants in science.'

"'Would to heaven,' said Goethe, 'that we were all nothing more than good assistants! It is just by wishing to be more, and carrying about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypotheses, that we spoil all.'

Now it is certainly no very uncommon case to find half instructed scientific people possessed by an exclusive theory, distorting their views of fact to accommodate it, and seeing all things through a colored medium: but perhaps the error is less occasioned, even in this case, by their learning than by their ignorance. They have made themselves

masters of one side of a question, and looked hastily, or not at all, at the other; and their mistakes are not in consequence of what they know, but of what they do not know.

Mr. Eckermann asks, "Do you mean to say, that the more one knows, the worse one observes?" (*Dass man um so schlechter beobachtet je mehr man wisse?*) To which Goethe replies, "Certainly I do, if our acquired knowledge is much mingled with error;" which is as much as if one were to ask, "Do you think we are likely to be poisoned by bread and butter?" and the reply were, "Certainly I do, if the bread and butter has been spread with arsenic"—a conclusion which we may readily admit, without at all thereby calling in question the wholesomeness of bread and butter. It may be very true that, as soon as we have joined any narrow scientific sect, (*beschränkte confession*,) we have "lost the faculty of just observation;" but it is not the science, but its narrow limitation—its "*beschränktheit*"—that makes the danger.

It appears also to be quite an unfounded assumption that the observations of unlearned persons concerning facts cognizable by the senses are always, or usually, correct. Most people who have ever tried the experiment will be aware how difficult, how almost impossible it is to obtain from them observations unmixed with inferences; and that no small amount of scientific training is requisite to enable any one to give a really true and accurate account of the simplest phenomenon passing daily before his eyes.

There is doubtless some truth in what is said of the observations of children; but it is not because they know less, but because they attend more, that their observations have sometimes greater value. The learned observer whose attention is divided between the garden and his meteorological inquiries, may easily overlook the flower or the insect; but it does not follow that if he looked at it, he would not see more in it than the child saw.

But it is not surprising that a German should be perhaps over-sensitive to the evils of "much learning;" and to the clear, healthy, eminently practical mind of Goethe, nothing could be more distasteful than the sickly, factitious, unhealthy aspect of body and soul, not uncommon in those who, like so many of his countrymen, have been nourished too exclusively on books.

"'You know,' he says on one occasion, 'that scarcely a day passes in which I do not receive a

visit from some passing stranger; but I cannot say these visits give me much pleasure, especially when they happen to be those of young German learned men, coming from a certain *northeasterly* direction. Pale, hollow-chested, short-sighted, young without youth—that is their general appearance; and when I enter into conversation with them, I soon perceive that the things in which such folks as we take interest, appear childish and trivial to them. They are quite entangled in the *idea*; and nothing but the highest problems of speculation has any interest for them. Of sound senses and a pleasure in the sensuous, there is not a trace—all youthful feeling and joy in youth is driven out of them irrevocably. Could we but take pattern by the English, and give our young men a little less philosophy and a little more power of action—a little less theory and a little more practice! Much improvement might proceed from below, from the people, by schools and domestic education; much also might come from above, from rulers and those about them. I cannot see, for instance, why we should require, from young men studying to qualify themselves for the public service, so much of the theoretical learning by which young people are ruined, mentally and corporeally, before their time. When they enter on practical business, they possess, indeed, an enormous stock of learned and philosophical information; but this can find no application within the narrow limits of their calling, and, as totally useless, must be forgotten. Of what they really want in the meanwhile, they have nothing; and they have none of the energy of mind and body which is so indispensable in the practical business of life. And then in the life of a public servant—in his treatment of mankind—is not love and benevolence needed? And how shall any one feel and practise benevolence towards others, if things do not go well with himself? Now, with these people they mostly go very ill.”

This seems to rest on much the same foundation as the celebrated *dictum*, “Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.” Does experience bear out the theory, that we may expect most benevolence from those who have themselves suffered least? But Goethe probably referred only to a state of sound bodily health; for he adds—

“One-third of our official and learned men, who live chained to their writing-tables, are physically infirm, and subject to the demon of hypochondria. In these cases, it is in the highest degree necessary that something should be done, in order that, at least, future generations may be protected from such destruction.”

In general, Goethe complains that European life is too artificial and complicated, too far from nature; that our social intercourse is without benevolence or kindness.

“Every one is polite and refined, but no one has the courage to be true and cordial, so that a man of a natural sincere character is at a great disadvantage. One cannot help wishing sometimes to have been born a South Sea Islander, in order to have an opportunity of observing human nature without any artificial coloring. If you think, when you happen to be in low spirits, of the miseries of the time, it seems as if the world must be really ripe for the day of judgment. The evil increases, too, from generation to generation; for not only have we to mourn for the sins of our fathers, but we deliver to our posterity the infirmities we have inherited, increased by the addition of our own.”

To this Mr. Eckermann replies that he has often had similar thoughts, but has been consoled by the sight of a regiment of dragoons!

“Our peasantry, it is true,” said Goethe, “are still in a state sufficiently healthy to preserve us from total ruin. The country population may be regarded a *depôt* from which the sinking powers of humanity may be from time to time renewed. But go into our great towns, and you will feel very differently. Take some turns through them with a *diable boiteux*, or a physician in great practice, and he will whisper stories to you that will make you shudder at the misery, and marvel at the frailty of human nature, from which society is suffering. But let us get rid of these hypochondriacal thoughts. What have you been doing lately? How have you been living? Tell me, and give me something pleasant to think of.”

“I have been reading in Sterne,” I replied, “how Yorick, sauntering through the streets of Paris, was struck by the remark, that every tenth person was a dwarf. I thought of that just now when you were talking of the infirmities of great towns. I recollect, too, in Napoleon’s time, seeing a battalion of French infantry, consisting entirely of Parisians, who were all such wretched, feeble-looking little fellows, that I could hardly imagine what use they could be of in war.”

“The Duke of Wellington’s Scotch Highlanders,” said Goethe, “were heroes of rather a different stamp.”

“I saw some of them before the battle of Waterloo, in Brussels,” I replied. “They were indeed fine, strong, active looking men, fresh as if just from the hand of the Creator. They carried their heads so free and boldly, and stepped out with their naked, muscular limbs, as if they knew neither hereditary infirmity nor original sin.”

“It is a curious thing,” said Goethe, “but whether it be in the race, in the soil, in the free constitution, or in the sound education—the English appear certainly to have the advantage over most other nations. We see here in Weimar but a small number of them, and probably by no means the best specimens, but what clever, handsome young fellows they mostly are. Young as they are, too—some of them not more than seventeen years old—they never appear strange or embarrassed in this foreign German country;

on the contrary, their deportment is as easy and confident as if the world belonged to them. That's the thing that pleases our women, and makes them commit such terrible havoc in young ladies' hearts. As a German family man, I can't help feeling a little dismayed whenever my daughter-in-law announces to me the speedy approach of one of these young islanders. I see, in the spirit, the tears that will have to flow for his departure.

"I can hardly admit, either," said I, "that these young Englishmen are really superior to others' either in heart, in intellect, or in cultivation."

"It is not in those things, dear friend," said Goethe, "nor is their advantage in their birth or wealth. It lies in this:—that they have the courage to be what nature made them. There is nothing in them distorted, perverted, or 'half-and-half.' They are complete men—also, I must allow, sometimes complete fools—but even a fool complete weighs for something in Nature's scales."

We give this passage, not merely for the gratification of our national vanity, for we are by no means sure the tribute, such as it is, is deserved; and if it were, we must own we ourselves regard a certain kind of becoming sheepishness as more appropriate and agreeable in the age of seventeen, than this self-satisfied and confident manner, which appears to have been so captivating to the young ladies of Weimar. But the characteristics described are unquestionably those of a class, and to a great extent, we think, of a certain rank in society, whether exclusively of our own country or not. There is also something eminently characteristic of Goethe himself in these remarks. He rejoiced in every manifestation of nature, from the highest to the lowest, in "the heavens, and the earth, and the waters that are under the earth;" light and colors, and the manifold phenomena of the atmosphere, rocks, and mountains, and valleys; and what the earth hides in her bosom, and the races of plants and animals that people its surface; the world of art, and the still more complex and various one of the human heart—in all he was at home, and the smallest object had interest in his eyes if it were only genuine and true; but he was in the highest degree impatient of all that was false and factitious, or constrained, and not perfect of its kind. "Even a complete fool," he says, "is something;" and it is often hard to avoid the inference, that he really preferred folly, or even vice that was genuine and spontaneous, to virtue laboriously manufactured, from which, indeed, nothing can grow, while vice is often the result of a force misdirected, but capable of a different application. In all

things he would have clearness and certainty. "I honor the man," he says, "who clearly knows what he wants, who knows also the means to its attainment, and is able to seize and to employ them. Whether his object is a great or a small one, deserves praise or blame, is a secondary consideration." And he has in many places left on record his admiration of what he called "a nature," and his contempt for *Philisterei*, or petty formalism. Nothing disturbed him more than the perpetual interference of the police with all freedom of action, even in the most trivial matters, by which Germany has so long been harassed—and from which it is now breaking loose with the outrageous boisterous eagerness of boys bursting from the confinement of school.

"I only need to look out of the window in our dear Weimar, to know how matters stand with us. When, lately, the snow was lying on the ground, and my neighbor's children wanted to try their little sledges in the street, a policeman was sure to make his appearance and put the poor little things to flight. Now, when the sun of spring is drawing them from their houses, and they like to come and play before the doors with their fellows, they always seem under some constraint—as if they were half afraid, and watching for the approach of the police potentate. A boy can't so much as sing, or whoop, or crack his whip, without a policeman jumping up to forbid it. With us everything is directed to the earliest possible taming of youth, and driving out of them all wild nature and originality, so that at last nothing is left but the *Philister*."

In contrast with this timid, servile inoffensiveness of character, always and everywhere the cherished ideal of despotism, whether of a family or of a nation, the robust freedom of the young Englishman must have been doubtless welcome.

It is well known that Goethe's profound appreciation of the blessings of tranquillity and order, and his apparent indifference to many of the political events of his time, have frequently brought on him the charge of being a friend of despotism, and not always without semblance of justice. It is right, therefore, to hear what he says in his own justification.

"People have been pleased not to see me as I am, and to turn away their eyes from what might have showed me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary, who, between ourselves, was much more of an aristocrat than I, but who considered more what he said, has had the remarkable good fortune to be counted as a friend of the people. I do not grudge it to him, however, and I console

myself with the thought, that others before me have not been more fortunate.

"I could not, indeed, be a friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near to me, and revolted me daily and hourly, whilst its beneficent consequences were not then to be perceived. I could not, either, be indifferent, when the attempt was made to bring about, in an artificial manner, in Germany, scenes similar to those which in France had been the consequence of a great necessity. But I was just as little the friend of arbitrary power; and I was perfectly convinced, that every great revolution is the fault of the government, not of the people.

"Because, however, I hated revolutions, I have been called a friend to the existing state of things—conservative (*Freund des Bestehenden*.) If all that existed were good and just I should have nothing to say against this. But since, by the side of much that is good, there exists also much that is bad, imperfect, and unjust, a friend of whatever exists is often a friend of the pernicious and the obsolete. Time is in perpetual progress—and human affairs take, every fifty years, another form; so that an institution that may be perfect in the year 1800, will become an abuse in 1850.

"Again, nothing is good for a nation but what proceeds from its innermost kernel, from its own internal wants, without imitation of any other; for what to a people, at a certain stage of culture, may afford beneficent nourishment, may act on another as a poison. All attempts to introduce any foreign innovation—for which the necessity does not lie deep in the heart of the nation itself—are a folly, and all such intended revolutions remain without result. *They are without God, who holds himself aloof from any such botching.* Whenever a real necessity for any great reform exists, God goes with it, and it succeeds. He was visibly with Christ and his apostles and their first disciples; for the appearance of the new doctrine of love was a want, a necessity, for all nations: he was just as visible with Luther, for the purification of that doctrine, disfigured by priestcraft, was equally necessary. Neither of the above named great powers could be called friends of the existing, far more were both deeply penetrated with the necessity of clearing out the old leaven, that what was defective, untrue, and unjust, could not be suffered to continue."

On another occasion he returns to the subject. The conversation turned upon French literature, and upon the ultra-romantic tendencies of several writers of considerable talents. Goethe was of opinion, that the poetical revolution then going on, though it might be prejudicial to individuals, was in the highest degree favorable to literature itself.

"In no revolution," said he, "are extremes to be avoided. In the beginning, nothing further is generally contemplated than the getting rid of some abuses; but before people know where they

are, they find themselves in the midst of horror and bloodshed. The French, in their present literary movement, intended nothing further than to obtain a freer form; but they do not now stop at that, but along with the form reject also the matter. The representation of noble deeds and noble characters, begins to be thought tedious; and variety is sought in the exhibition of depravity. In place of the beautiful fictions of heathen mythology, come devils, witches, and vampires; and the heroes of former ages have to give place to cheats and galley-slaves. That is *puquant* that produces an effect; and after the public has been accustomed to these highly-spiced ingredients, it desires continually more and stronger stimulants.

"A young writer who wishes to succeed, and is not strong enough to choose his own path, must accommodate himself to the taste of the day, and, if possible, outdo all his predecessors in scenes of horror. In this striving after effect, every profound study, and every gradual development of the man from within, is out of the question. That is the greatest injury that can be done to the man; but literature in general will gain by the direction it is now taking." "How," said I, "can a movement, which destroys individual talent, be favorable to literature in general?"

"The extremes and excesses to which I have alluded," replied Goethe, "will gradually disappear, but the great advantage will remain, that, besides a freer form, a richer and more various matter will have been obtained; and no object in the wide extent of life and the world will be rejected any more as unpoetical. I compare the present literary epoch to the crisis of a violent fever—a condition not in itself good or desirable, but which is followed by an improved state of health. The extravagances which at present form the whole contents of a poetical work will hereafter only enter as an occasional ingredient; and the pure and the noble, banished for the moment, will be sought for again with so much the greater eagerness."

They then talked of Berenger, and Eckermann gave the preference to his love-songs over his political poems.

"That is because the political poems are not written for you," said Goethe, "Ask a Frenchman, and he will tell you what they are worth. A political poem is, in the most favorable cases, only to be regarded as the organ of a certain nation, and, in most, only of a certain party. A circumstance favorable to Berenger was, that as Paris is France, all the important interests of his country are concentrated in the capital, and find there their echo. In most of his political songs, therefore, he is not to be regarded as the mere organ of a party, but rather of the whole people. With us, in Germany, that would not be possible. We have no city—not even a country of which we could say, this is Germany. Should we ask in Vienna, we should be told this is Austria; in Berlin, this is Prussia. Sixteen years ago, indeed, when we wanted to get rid of the French, Germany was everywhere, and a political poet

might have produced some effect; but he was not wanted. A universal feeling of the disgrace we had suffered, and of the necessity for an effort, had seized on the minds of the people; the ethereal fire which the poet might have kindled was burning in every heart; but I will not deny that Arndt, Körner and Ruckert did something.

"You have been reproached," said I, rather thoughtlessly, 'with not having taking up arms at that epoch; or, at all events, taken your part in the movement as a poet.'

"Let us drop that subject, my good friend," replied Goethe. 'It is an absurd world which does not know what it wants. How could I take up arms without feeling any hatred; and how could I hate at my age? Had that period found me a lad of twenty, I should certainly not have been the last; but remember, I was already turned of sixty. We cannot all serve our country in the same way; but let every one do his best, according to the gifts that God has given him. I have worked hard enough for half a century, and I may say that, in those things which Nature has appointed me to work at, I have allowed myself no rest, day or night, but have toiled and striven without ceasing, whenever and wherever I could. If every one can say the same, it will be well for us all.'

"At bottom," said I, endeavoring to make amends, 'that reproach should not annoy you. For what does it mean more than that the world's opinion of you is so great, that they require of him who has done so much for their culture nothing less than all?'

"I don't know," said Goethe; 'there is more malice against me in those sayings than you imagine. It is a new form of the same old hatred that has pursued me for years, and is ever seeking for a vulnerable point. I have long been a stumbling-block to many, and they would gladly be rid of me. As they can find nothing against my talents, they attack my character. I am proud, selfish, envious; of young talent—sunk in sensual indulgence—no Christian—and now, forsooth, without any attachment to my country, or my dear fellow-countrymen. You have known me for years, and can say how much truth there is in all this. As for sitting quietly in my room and writing fierce war-songs—that was not my way. Lying at night by a bivouac fire, when one can hear the neighing of the enemy's horse—then, indeed, one might write warlike songs; but that was not the life for me, but for Theodore Körner. His martial songs suit him admirably. I am not of a warlike disposition; and had I assumed it, it must have been a mere task, which would have sat very ill on me.'

"There has been no affectation in my poetry. I have not talked and made verses about what I have not known and lived through. How could I write poems of hate, when I felt no hatred? Between ourselves, I did not hate even the French, though I was heartily glad when we were free of them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism alone are things of consequence, hate a nation which is one of the most cultivated in Europe—and to which I am myself indebted for so great a part of my own culture?'

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"Our conversation soon turned on other matters, and Goethe requested me to tell him my notion of the Saint-Simonians.

"The chief principle of their doctrines,' I replied, 'appears to be this—that every one shall labor for the happiness of the whole, as a necessary condition of his own happiness.'

"I thought," rejoined Goethe, 'that every one should begin at home, and first of all work out his own happiness, from which finally the happiness of the whole would infallibly result. For the rest, that doctrine seems to me throughout unpractical and impracticable. It contradicts all nature, all experience, and the whole course of things, for centuries. If every one will but do his duty as an individual, and will but be courageous and sufficient in the sphere of his immediate calling, there need be no fear for the weal of the whole. In my vocation of author I have never asked, "What is it the great mass wishes, and how can I be useful to the whole?" but my endeavor, and my only endeavor has been this—to make myself wiser and better, to increase the worth of my own personality; and then always to express only what I recognized to be good and true. My work indeed, I do not mean to deny it, has been effective and useful in a great circle; but such was not my aim, it was merely a necessary consequence—one which takes place in all activity whatsoever. If, as a writer, I had kept in view the wants of the mob, and sought to appease them, I should have betaken myself to story-telling, and made sport of them, like Kotzebue of blessed memory!'

"That admits of no question," I replied. There is, however, besides the happiness which I enjoy as a private individual, one which arises from my existence as a citizen and a member of a great community. If, now, the attainment of the greatest possible happiness by an entire nation be not made a principle of action, on what basis is legislation to erect itself?'

"If that be your meaning," rejoined Goethe, 'I have indeed no objection to urge. In such cases, however, none but a very select few could make use of your principle. It would be a recipe for princes and lawgivers solely, although even in that case it seems to me that laws should strive rather to lessen the mass of evil, than pretend to introduce universal happiness.'

"Both these things," I replied, 'would in the long run coincide. Bad roads, for example, appear to me to be a great evil; now if the ruler makes good roads through his state, even to the humblest villages, he has not merely destroyed a great evil, he has conferred on his people a great blessing. Further, a tardy administration of justice is a great misfortune; now if the ruler, by the introduction of a public and oral legal procedure, bestows on his people a speedy one, not merely is a great evil subdued, but a great blessing is introduced.'—"I could sing you many a song to this tune," interrupted Goethe. 'But we will agree to leave some evils unindicated, in order that mankind may still possess something on which to exercise their power. My main doctrine is briefly this: Let the father care for his house, the artisan



for his customers, the priest for mutual love, and let the police not disturb our joy.' "

The mention of Dumont turned the conversation to his relation to Bentham, on which Goethe thus expressed himself:

" 'It is to me an interesting problem how so sensible, so practical a man as Dumont, can be the true worshipper and pupil of *that ass Bentham*! "

" 'Bentham,' I replied, 'is in a certain degree to be looked upon as two persons. I distinguish between Bentham the genius, who evolved the principles which Dumont has preserved from oblivion, and Bentham the man of passion, who, in his exaggerated love of utility, overstepped the boundaries of his own doctrine, and thereby ran into radicalism, both in politics and religion.'

" 'But that,' rejoined Goethe, 'is precisely a new problem to me—namely, how an old man can close the course of a long life by remaining a radical in his last days.'

" 'I tried to explain this contradiction by remarking that Bentham, in the conviction of the excellence of his doctrine and system of legislation, and seeing the impossibility of introducing it into England without a complete alteration of the ruling system, had been carried away by his passionate zeal, the more easily that he came little into contact with the world, and could not accurately measure the danger of a violent overturn.'

" 'Dumont on the contrary,' I continued, 'who has less passion and more clearness, has never approved of Bentham's fanaticism, and is very far from falling into a similar error. He has, besides this, had the privilege of applying Bentham's principles in a country which, in consequence of political changes, was at that time in a certain measure to be regarded as a new one, namely, in Geneva, where moreover everything succeeded perfectly, and a happy result exhibited the worth of the principle.'

" 'Dumont,' said Goethe, 'is a moderate liberal, as all sensible people are and ought to be, and as I myself not only am, but as such have endeavored to work through the course of a long life. The true liberal,' he continued, 'seeks to effect as much good as he can with the means actually at his disposal, but he is chary of destroying mischiefs, often inevitable, by fire and sword. He labors by prudent progression gradually to expel the disease of the commonwealth, without destroying by violent expedients much that is excellent along with them. In this world, always one of imperfections, he is content with the good, until time and circumstances are favorable for his attainment of the better.' "

Speaking of the natural sciences, and of

\* Our readers will probably be astonished, and even shocked by the epithet, but we cannot help it. Thus it stands written. The word *narr* cannot, that we are aware of, be translated otherwise than by simpleton, fool, or ass. Among these they must take their choice.

the petty jealousy with which scientific men will frequently dispute with each other the priority of a discovery—

" 'There is nothing,' said Goethe, 'by which I have acquired more knowledge of mankind than by my scientific studies. The acquisition has, indeed, cost me much trouble and annoyance; but I rejoice in it nevertheless.'

" 'It appears,' said I, 'that the egotism of men is especially awakened in the pursuit of science; and when that is once put in action, all the defects of a character usually make their appearance.'

" 'The questions of science,' replied Goethe, 'are frequently questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man famous, and lay the foundation of his social position. This is often the occasion of the vigilance and jealousy with which scientific men watch over each other. In the region of aesthetics, offenses of this sort are more easily pardoned. Thoughts are more or less the property of all men; and all depends on the treatment and carrying out of them, so that there is less room for envy. A single thought may serve as matter for a hundred epigrams; and we ask only which poet has embodied it in the most beautiful and effective manner. In matters of science, on the contrary, the first thought is all; there is little that is universal or subjective in these things; but the particular manifestations of the laws of Nature lie dumb, rigid and sphinx-like before us. Every new observation of a phenomenon is a discovery—every discovery a property; and the moment property is touched, man with his passions stands before you. It happens, however, that what is merely learned traditionally and in academies, is also regarded as property; and then should any one appear who brings with him anything new—anything that does not harmonize with the creed that we have for years been repeating and teaching to others—all our passions are up in arms, and we endeavor, by every method to suppress him. We struggle as long as we can—pretend not to hear him, or not to understand him, and speak of him in a depreciating manner; so many obstacles has a new truth to encounter, before it can make its way.' "

Soon after, he recurs again to the accusation of having been an admirer of arbitrary power, and an enemy of the popular cause.

" 'I know not,' said Goethe, 'what sin against the people I have committed, that I should be accused of being no friend to them. I am, indeed, no lover of revolutionary mobs—practising incendiarism, robbery, and murder; who, behind the mask of the public weal, have none but objects of the lowest selfishness in view. Of such a people as this I am no more a friend than I am of Louis XV. I hate all violent overthrows; for they destroy as much good as they effect. I hate those who execute them, as well as those who give cause for them; but am I, for that reason, no friend to the people? Can any right-minded man think otherwise on this point?

"You know how I rejoice at every improvement which the future promises; but, as I have said, everything violent and sudden is hateful to me; for *it is not according to nature*.

"I love plants—I love the rose, as the most perfect flower that our German climate can produce; but I am not fool enough to require my garden to provide me with them at the end of April. I am content if I then find the first green buds—if, from week to week, I can see the leaves, one after another, unfolding themselves; and rejoice when, at the end of June, the rose unfolds itself in all its glory and fragrance. If any one has not patience to wait for this, let him go to the forcing-house.

"I have been reproached with being a servant of princes. Do I then serve a tyrant or a despot? Do I serve one who lives for his own pleasure at the cost of his subjects? Such princes and such times lie, thank God, far behind us! For half a century I have been strongly and intimately attached to the Grand Duke; for half a century I have worked and striven with him—but I should speak falsely if I said I knew of a single day during that period in which the Duke has had no thought tending to the good of his country, and the improvement of the condition of his people. What does he get personally by his princely rank but a weight of care and trouble? Is his habitation, his dress, his table better appointed than that of many a private man? There are merchants enough in our great trading cities who expend more upon their kitchen and cellar than ever he did. We shall celebrate this autumn the day on which the Grand Duke will have ruled and reigned for fifty years. But when we consider this reign, what has it been other than a fifty years' service? A service for the attainment of great objects—for the welfare of his people. If, then, I must needs be a servant of princes, it is at least a consolation that I am the servant of one who is himself a servant of humanity."

In all this we doubt not Goethe was perfectly sincere. We do not believe that he would have felt, still less that he would have stooped to profess, without feeling this attachment to a sovereign who did not possess, in a great measure, the virtues and excellences described; but would he have felt the same attachment and veneration for these virtues and excellences, had they been manifested in a humbler sphere? It belonged, perhaps, to the character of his mind, to his intense susceptibility to the beautiful, that they should attract him more powerfully when thus set in the imposing environments of princely rank; it belonged, too, to what we cannot but think a somewhat effeminate shrinking from all that was painful, that he should seek for the objects of his admiration rather on the glittering summits, than in the dark and rugged highways of life.

Of the low servility that attaches itself to

the great for the sake of the selfish advantages to be obtained from them, he was wholly incapable; but to virtue, tranquillity, unfolding itself in the freedom and power of a high station, he had more affinity than to equal virtue struggling with adverse circumstances.

He did not "despise poor folk," but he soared, perhaps, in somewhat too lordly a manner above them; and cared little to seek beneath the plain, or sometimes repulsive exterior of more humble life, for the virtues that so often "make a sunshine in that shady place." The following has much interest at the present moment.

"We spoke of the unity of Germany, and in what sense it was possible and desirable. 'I have no fear,' said Goethe, 'but that Germany will one day be united. Our good roads and our future railways will do their part; but, before all, let us be united in love among ourselves, and united against a foreign foe. Let German dollars and *groschen* have the same value all over Germany. Let my trunk, when I am travelling, pass through the six-and-thirty states without being opened. Let the passport of a citizen of Weimar not be regarded everywhere else in Germany as that of a foreigner. Let there be no more talk of *Inland* and *Outland* among German states. Let Germany be one in her trade and commerce, in her weights and measures, and a hundred similar things that I could name.'

"But if, by the unity of Germany, it is meant that it shall be one great empire, with one great capital—if it be supposed that this great capital will promote the welfare of the great mass of the people, as it may do the development of great individual talent, that is a great error. A state has been compared to a living body with many limbs; and in this comparison the capital will, of course, take the place of the heart, from which life and well-being circulates to the nearer and more distant members. But for the members that are most distant, the stream of life will flow with less and less vigor.

"A clever Frenchman—I believe Dupin—has made a map of the intellectual culture of France, and marked the greater or smaller illumination of the departments, with brighter or darker tints. We found in those provinces situated at the south, at the greatest distance from the capital, particular departments marked black, to represent their intellectual condition. But would this be the case if *la belle France* had possessed not one, but ten centres of life and light? In what is Germany great but in the admirable cultivation of her people, which has penetrated simultaneously to every part of the country? But does not this proceed from the numerous capitals? How would it stand with German culture, if, for centuries past, we had no other capitals than Vienna and Berlin, or, perhaps, only one?—Nay, even with the general diffusion of prosperity, which goes hand-in-hand with culture,

"Germany possesses twenty universities, scattered over her territory, and above a hundred public libraries, besides a proportionately large number of collections of works of art, and museums of natural history; for every prince has endeavored to draw some of these advantages to his own territory. Gymnastic and industrial schools we have in superabundance; and there is scarcely a single German village that is unprovided with the means of education. What is the position of France in this respect?"

"Again, we have above seventy theatres—and the theatre is by no means to be despised as the promoter of the higher popular culture. The taste and capacity for music and singing is in no country in the world so extensively diffused as in Germany. Then think of such cities as Dresden, Manich, Stuttgart, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life, which they have in them; of the effects which proceed from them to the neighboring provinces,—and ask yourself if they would have been what they are if they had not been the seats of separate rulers?"

"Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, are splendid cities in themselves—not to calculate their effects on the general prosperity of Germany. Would they, however, remain such if they

should lose their sovereignty, and be incorporated in a great German empire as provincial towns? I greatly doubt it."

It will be perceived that, though this volume can hardly be considered in any other light than that of gleanings from a field already reaped, it contains much that we would not willingly have lost; and if our readers should feel, occasionally, perplexity or disappointment in some of the poet's utterances, as here set forth, they should recollect how severe is the trial to which he is exposed in this perpetual jotting down of his most careless conversation.

Like the saint of old, in the door of whose cell a devout follower bored a hole, in order to have an opportunity of watching him at every hour of the day and night, Eckermann seems fully convinced that there is nothing his hero can say or do which is not worthy of record as tending to edification. But truly we may say in this instance, that "even his failing leans to virtue's side."

## SONNETS ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

### I.

Mother, thou know'st how truly I am thine  
By ties of sympathy as well as blood—  
Warm from my bosom in a gushing flood  
My best affections still to thee incline;  
Thy breast has been to me a holy shrine  
Where love unselfish, glowing gratitude,  
With all that makes us kind, or leaves us good,  
In one unchanging sentiment combine.  
I hold naught dearer than thy power to bless,  
As o'er the varied scenes of life I rove—  
Not e'en the warm impassionate caress  
Meeting or parting with the maid I love:  
A mother's love! while I such boon possess,  
I scarce would change my state with saints above!

### II.

Thy love was like a sheltering tree, that grew  
Over the stream that fed it;—thine embrace  
Was not more warm when first mine infant face  
Thou didst behold, than at our last adieu;  
Untiring, eager, generous, and true,  
Thy tenderness did with my years keep pace,  
Seeking all sorrow from my brow to chase,  
And holding truth and virtue up to view.  
Thanks! grateful thanks! I have not all deserved,  
I plead me guilty to a wayward will;  
Yet thou didst chide so mildly when I swerved,  
That I returned to love thee better still;  
Thy warning counsel has my spirit nerved,  
And proved an antidote to many an ill.

### III.

As age accumulates upon thy brow,  
And all thine energies become less warm,  
Securely rest on my more vigorous arm—  
Time the protectorship reverses now.  
If, by God's blessing, health and strength allow,  
My toil shall comfort thee; secure from harm,  
No dread of want thy last days shall alarm,  
Nor workhouse insolence thy spirit bow.  
Mother, though dim thine eye, yet many a day,  
While blythe I sported, didst thou toil for me,  
Along no path of flowers, but a rude way  
Beset with hardship and with poverty.  
May I the debt that's due in part repay,  
By feeling grateful, and by aiding thee!

### IV.

Dost ask why I have joined thy name to song?  
Lo! how the ivy round the oak entwines!  
Thus round thy worth these transitory lines  
Enwreath themselves, existence to prolong:  
My muse now noteless 'mid the busy throng,  
If in her lay a parent's virtue shines,  
A pleasing theme unto her numbers joins  
To warm the heart and linger on the tongue.  
Though Fame pass by, a better guest, Content,  
Dwells ever with us, making all serene;  
And Hope is sometimes to my vision lent,  
That, after we resign this earthly scene,  
These lines shall be our humble monument,  
O'er which remembrance shall in fondness lean.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## LITERARY IMPOSTURES OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

IN devoting this paper to an examination of the most remarkable literary forgery of modern times, the writer cannot but feel that he is in a situation of some embarrassment. The genius of Chatterton has found so many admirers, and so much has been written respecting every incident of his life, that it becomes a task of no ordinary difficulty, from the abundance of accessible material, to construct and condense a satisfactory sketch of his singular career and world-famous imposture. By the side of the Rowley poems, all other literary fabrications shrink into insignificance; and the more attentively they are examined, the more vehement will be our feelings of admiration and astonishment.

The leading features of Chatterton's life may be condensed into a short compass. He was born at Bristol; educated at the Free-school there; apprenticed to an attorney; became disgusted with his profession; sought his fortune in London, and, after a short and miserable career as a literary hack, died—by his own hand. It is true that this apparently uneventful life is full of incidents painfully interesting and instructive; and few who have directed their attention to the study of the human mind—its innate principles and secret workings—would pass it by without serious and solemn reflection. The precocious development of his faculties imbued him in early youth with the feelings and aspirations of manhood. His character was full of incongruities. He was at once willful, arrogant, and obstinate; amiable, gentle, and affectionate. From his childhood he lived, and moved, and breathed in a world of his own. A brother apprentice has related that there was "generally a dreariness in his look, and a wildness, attended with a visible contempt for others;" and an old female relation, according to Warton, has stated that "he talked very little, was very absent in company, and used very often to walk by the river-side, talking to himself, and flourishing his arms about."

Some of his biographers have not hesitated to affirm that there was the taint of insanity in his constitution; thus, as Mr. Southey remarks, "affording a key to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death."

At the time of his death Chatterton was but seventeen years and ten months old. But what were the results of this short life? He had not only produced a collection of poems, which exhibit a ripeness of fancy and a warmth of imagination far beyond any effort of the frigid age in which he lived, but by a skillfully executed fraud had given rise to a controversy in which the keenest intellects eagerly engaged. Nor can it be said that the depth and variety of antiquarian information and research displayed in this memorable dispute—by Warton and Malone especially on one side, and Jacob Bryant on the other—were entirely thrown away. If the exhibition of learning and the zeal of the combatants appear disproportioned to the importance of the subject, it must, at any rate, be admitted that the Rowley controversy roused for a time the dormant spirit of literary inquiry, and facilitated the introduction of stricter canons of criticism, and more rigid principles of analysis.

Chatterton's *first* forgery, although of the nature of an innocent hoax—a mere school-boy's trick—is deserving of some little attention, as illustrating in a striking manner not merely his profound skill in the art of deception, but his ready insight into human character, and quick perception of individual weaknesses and peculiarities. A pewterer of Bristol, named Burgum, had taken some notice of him, and, whilst treating him as a mere boy, had encouraged a degree of intimacy which gave Chatterton an opportunity of practising on his credulity. He soon found that Burgum was a vain man, and just the person to be tickled and inflated with the pride of ancestry; so he set to work and deduced his pedigree from one of the companions of the Conqueror. From documents

which he pretended to have discovered in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, he compiled a history of the "De Bergham" family; and furthermore produced a poem, entitled "The Romaunt of the Cnyghte," written by one John De Bergham, who flourished in the fourteenth century. As Chatterton had suspected, the worthy pewterer was too well pleased to permit himself to doubt the authenticity of the documents which conferred on him such an amount of ancestral dignity; and thus auspiciously commenced the course of fraud which ended in the production of Rowley.

A short time after this, a new bridge was opened at Bristol, with the usual ceremonies, and the same week there appeared in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal a curious account of the manner of opening the old bridge, prefaced by the following letter:

"Mr. Printer,—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not (at this time) be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Yours, &c.

DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS."

Then followed, in curiously antique orthography, a circumstantial account of the procession. The communication was read with avidity and astonishment; but who was Dunhelmus Bristolensis? Inquiries were made, the handwriting examined; but Chatterton kept his secret, and remained undiscovered. Emboldened by success, however, he presented another paper for insertion, and was recognized. He was now closely interrogated about the discovery of the documents, and after some little demur, invented a tale, which, however plausible, was anything but satisfactory.

A surgeon of Bristol, named Barrett—a learned and painstaking man—was at this time writing a history of Bristol; and to this gentleman, Chatterton was introduced by a Mr. Catcott, the partner of Burgum the pewterer, as a likely person to furnish some information respecting the antiquities of the place. This was too good an opportunity to be lost; Chatterton eagerly embraced it, and soon produced an Ancient Account of Bristol, by Turgot or Turgotus, "translated by T. Rowley, out of Saxon into English." This is perhaps the least excusable of Chatterton's frauds; it was falsifying the information of a really valuable work, and injuring the reputation of a learned and estimable man, to gratify an idle and certainly not very honorable caprice. But we pass

the question of morality by, to proceed with our narrative. In December, 1768, Chatterton wrote to Dodsley, the bookseller, to state that he "could procure copies of several ancient poems, &c. written by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV." The bookseller returned no answer; and, after waiting two months, Chatterton wrote again. This letter—whether answered or not is doubtful—also led to no result, and some other channel of publication was sought for. Horace Walpole at this time occupied a high position in the world of letters. From his private printing-press at Strawberry Hill had issued many remarkable works, and his reputation as a man of taste was already European. In addressing such an august personage, Chatterton saw the necessity of conforming to his particular tastes, and assuming a most respectful deference. He accordingly forwarded a paper, entitled, "*The Rype of Bepueteigne in Englande, wroten by E. Rowlie, for Maister Canynge,*" with the accompanying note:

"Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining 'Anecdotes of Painting.' In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige

Your most humble servant,  
THOMAS CHATTERTON."

This short note, it will be observed, is another striking example of Chatterton's miraculous perception of character and knowledge of the world. Never was an epistle more adroitly worded. Walpole, who was at once pleased with his correspondent, and evidently imagined him a very different person from the humble Bristol apprentice, forwarded a prompt and polite reply, containing, among others, these complimentary expressions: "What you have already sent me is valuable and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text." So auspicious was Chatterton's introduction to Walpole!

Believing that he had at last secured an influential patron to present his "discoveries" to the world of letters, he lost no time in forwarding some additional anecdotes and fragments of ancient poetry. But his eager-

ness excited suspicion. Walpole submitted the documents to his friends, Mason and Gray, and took other steps to ascertain their authenticity. At the same time inquiries were instituted at Bristol, and as soon as Walpole had learned that his correspondent was a mere boy, in an humble station of life, a marked change took place in his manner. Too cautious and sensitive to become the dupe of a lawyer's apprentice, he now drew back, and wrote the young enthusiast an edifying homily on the danger and disgrace of forgeries, and urged him to stick to business, and relinquish his poetical aspirations. This conduct in Walpole is not surprising—from one so totally deficient in warmth of heart and generosity of disposition what else could have been expected?—but it *does* excite resentment to find this dandy *littérateur*—the author, be it remembered, of the “Castle of Otranto,” which was said in the preface to have been discovered “in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black letter, in the year 1529”—thus insultingly speaking of Chatterton when the wonderful enthusiast was no more: “All the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, *promissory notes*.” Chatterton took his revenge on Walpole, and expressed his resentment in some spirited lines, which have been published in a recent memoir. We select a few couplets as apropos to our remarks:

“Thou mayst call me cheat;  
Say didst thou never practice such deceit?  
Who wrote Otranto?—But I will not chide;  
Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride;  
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,  
And twaddling letters to some fair indite,  
Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those  
Who for thy fame were better friends than foes.”

Although, perhaps, we are not called on to argue in these pages the broad question of morality involved in the Rowley forgeries, we cannot help making a slight reference to it in this place. A short time after Chatterton's death, it was not an uncommon thing to speak of him as a mere vulgar impostor. There were not wanting biographers, like Mr. Alexander Chalmers, who, in the words of Southey's celebrated article in the “Quarterly,” related “the history of the Rowley Papers just as a pleader would have told it at

the Old Bailey if Chatterton had been upon trial for forging a bill of exchange.” Posterity, however, has passed a more lenient judgment—a judgment which is thus admirably summed up by Thomas Campbell: “The Rowleian forgery,” says this kind-hearted and excellent man, “must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius.” The following remarks from the same source are eloquent and touching: “When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to ‘airy nothing a local habitation and a name,’ we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity.” In a more exaggerated strain, Mr. William Howitt, in one of his recent works, exclaims, after noticing this charge of forgery and falsification: “O glorious thieves! glorious coiners! admirable impostors! would to God that a thousand other such would appear, again and again appear, to fill the hemisphere of England with fresh stars of renown!”

Having said so much respecting the circumstances of the forgery, it is time for us to make a few remarks on the poems themselves. The first in the collection is the “Bristowe tragedie, or, the dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,” which Jacob Bryant *naïvely* says “is written too much from the heart to be a forgery.” It is a simple and touching ballad, which few who are fond of such productions will read without interest, and which records the fate of a zealous adherent of the house of Lancaster, who was executed at Bristol in the first year of the reign of Edward IV. Although it is stated by Milles, a zealous champion for the authenticity of Rowley, and president of the Royal Antiquarian Society, to contain a greater number of internal proofs of antiquity than any poem in the collection, it is so decidedly modern in style, tone, and sentiment, that we cannot help quoting a few stanzas divested of their antique orthography.

“Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,  
That Edward he might hear,  
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,  
And thus his words declare:

“‘Thou see'st me, Edward, traitor vile!  
Exposed to infamy;

But be assured, disloyal man,  
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,  
Thou wearest now a crown;  
And hast appointed me to die,  
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;  
I have been dead till now,  
And soon shall live to wear a crown  
For aye upon my brow;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,  
Shalt rule this fickle land,  
To let them know how wide the rule  
Twixt king and tyrant hand."

\* \* \* \*

"King Edward's soul rushed to his face;  
He turned his head away,  
And to his brother Gloucester  
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so much dreaded death  
No ghastly terrors bring.  
Behold the man! he spake the truth,  
He's greater than a king!"

The tragical interlude of "Ælla" is the most celebrated of the Rowley poems, and the most thickly studded with poetical beauties. One of the sweetest lyrics in our language is the well-known "Mynstrelle's Songe," or rather dirge, of which we transcribe one or two stanzas, in modern spelling, just to bring it to our readers' minds.

"Oh! sing unto my roundelay,  
Oh! drop the briny tear with me,  
Dance no more at holy day,  
Like a running river be;  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree.

\* \* \* \*

"See the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true love's shroud;  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud;  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree."

Although it is, perhaps, unnecessary to multiply examples, we cannot refrain from quoting, in the original orthography, another "mynstrelle's songe" from the same interlude, which is as remarkable for its graceful and melodious versification, as for its dissimilarity to the style of our early poets.

"As Elynour bie the green lesselle\* was syt-  
tynge,  
As from the sone's hete she harried,†  
She sayde, as herr whytte bondes whyte hosen  
was knyttynge,  
'Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!'

"Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester  
boulde  
As ever clove pynne,‡ or the baskette,§  
Does no cherysauncys¶ from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as soon as I aske ytte.

"Whann I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Cloud-  
dell,  
Though 'twas at my liefel|| to mynde spyn-  
nyng,  
I still wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulede  
telle,  
Mie lorde fadre's barbde¶ haulte\*\* han ne  
wynnyng.††

"Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie may-  
dennes,  
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell,‡‡ somme  
bleachynge,  
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,§§  
Thann swythynne||| you fynde mee a teach-  
ynge.

"Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
And nothyng unto mee was nedeyng,  
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
In sothen¶¶ 'twoulde be wythoute redeyng.'\*\*\*

"Shee sayde, and Lorde Thomas came over the  
lea,  
As hee the fatte derkynnes††† was chacyng;  
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente  
shee:  
So wee leave them both kyndelie embracyng."

It is stated by Warton, that in Durey's  
"Pills to purge Melancholy," or some other  
book of pills for the same salutary purpose,  
he remembered an old Somersetshire ballad,  
which exhibited, as he believed, for the first  
time, the same structure of stanza.

"Go find out the Vicar of Taunton Dean,  
And he'll tell you the banns were asked;  
A thumping fat capon he had for his pains,  
And I skewered her up in a basket."

Besides the interlude of Ælla, these cele-  
brated forgeries comprise a fragment of  
"Goddwyn, a tragedie, by T. Rowlie;" an  
unfinished poem on the Battle of Hastings,

* Arbor.	† Hastened.
† Terms in archery.	§ Comforts.
‡ Choice.	¶ Hung round with armor.
** Hall.	†† Allurements.
‡‡ Curd.	§§ Assistance.
Immediately.	¶¶ Truth.
*** Wisdom, delibe- ration.	††† Young deer.

said to have been written by Turgot the monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by T. Rowley; "The Parliamente of Sprytes; a most merrie Entyrlude, bie T. Rowlie and J. Iscamme," and several shorter poems. This Thomas Rowley was said by Chatterton to have been a priest of Saint John's, at Bristol; and, as a *prose* specimen of the Bristol boy's inventive genius, we quote the following passage from Rowley's account of his friend and patron, William Canynge:

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think myself did deserve; for I can say in troth, I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I wente to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett myselve diligently to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed, and styled it the Battle of Hastings; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an Esquire of Ashley for another. Master William did praise it muckle greatly. . . . He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him. But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn, to speak by a figure, would have oversounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin."

Although the history of the Rowley controversy has now lost much of its interest, we cannot conclude this article without a brief reference to the most celebrated combatants and their prominent arguments. Of the authenticity of Rowley, the ablest and most successful champion was the learned Jacob Bryant. Some of his arguments, backed as they were by the authority of his potent name, appeared at the time unanswerable. For instance, of Chatterton's explanations of the obsolete words in Rowley, he thus speaks:

"The transcriber has given some notes in order to explain words of this nature. But he is often very unfortunate in his solutions. He mistakes the sense grossly; and the words have often far more force and significance than he is aware of. This could not have been the case if he had been the author." And he thus amusingly illustrates

his position: "I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has, in transcribing, varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true reading appears from the context, that he cannot have been the author. If, as the ancient vicar is said to have done in respect to a portion of the Gospel, he for *sumpsimus* reads uniformly *mumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person, in his notes upon a poem, mistakes *Liber*, Bacchus, for *liber*, a book; and, when he meets with *liber*, a book, he interprets it *liber*, free, he certainly did not compose the poem where these terms occur. In short, every writer must know his own meaning," &c.

A number of instances are then given in which Chatterton is said to have mistaken the sense of Rowley. Further, Mr. Bryant argues that the acknowledged poems of Chatterton furnished conclusive evidence that he *could not* have written the poems ascribed to Rowley. "It may appear," he says, "an invidious task, and it certainly is not a pleasing one, to decry the compositions of an unfortunate young man, and expose his mistakes to the world; but, as there are persons who rank his poems with those of Rowley, and think them equally excellent, we have no way to take this prejudice, but by showing in this manner their great inferiority. Though he was pleased to say of himself that he had read more than Magliabecchi, yet his reading was certainly scanty, and confined, in great measure, to novels and magazines, and the trash of a circulating library." Examples are then cited, and Mr. Bryant triumphantly concludes: "A person may write volumes in this style and taste, and never be a Rowley!"

On the other hand, Warton and Malone satisfactorily proved, from internal evidence, that the compositions were modern, and must have been forged by Chatterton or some one else. It was well observed by Warton, that "the lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses." The poems which he produced were too perfect and too polished to have proceeded from a priest of the 15th century. It was here, perhaps, that his prudence was at fault. "His aim," says Warton, "was to dazzle and surprise by producing such high-wrought pieces of ancient poetry as never before existed. But to secure our credulity he should have pleased us less. He has shown too much genius, and too little skill."



In looking back upon the opinions of Chatterton's contemporaries, we cannot help referring to those expressed by the literary giant of those days, Dr. Samuel Johnson. In his wholesome horror of precocious genius and juvenile prodigies, Johnson had ventured to declare his unmitigated contempt for the Bristol poet. "Don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling," he said to Boswell; "no man can coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." Yet, when prevailed upon to look into the volume, he retracted his opinion in language equally characteristic: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

It is not our province to write a biography of Chatterton, or to linger on the "last scene of all, that ended that strange eventful history." It is enough to say that, having perished by his own hands, his corpse was

interred, with scanty honors, in the pauper burial-ground in Shoe-lane. Mr. Chalmers, in his notice of Chatterton, in the Biographical Dictionary, remarks, that "there could not be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence that accompanied his death. This event, although so extraordinary—for young suicides are surely not common—is not even mentioned in any shape in the Gentleman's Magazine, the Annual Register, the Saint James' or London Chronicle, nor in any of the respectable publications of the day." Notwithstanding the indifference of contemporary journalists, and the silence of the "respectable publications," the life and death of Thomas Chatterton, his career of misfortune, and death of ignominy, have since become world-celebrated, and the creator of Rowley is ranked with names that the world will not willingly let die.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE COVENANTERS' NIGHT-HYMN.

BY DELTA.

MAKING all allowances for the many over-colored pictures, nay, often one-sided statements of such apologetic chroniclers as Knox, Melville, Calderwood, and Row, it is yet difficult to divest the mind of a strong leaning towards the old Presbyterians and champions of the Covenant—probably because we believe them to have been sincere, and know them to have been persecuted and oppressed. Nevertheless, the liking is as often allied to sympathy as to approbation; for a sifting of motives exhibits, in but too many instances, a sad commixture of the chaff of selfishness with the grain of principle—an exhibition of the over and over again played game, by which the gullible many are made the tools of the crafty and designing few. Be it allowed that, both in their preachings from the pulpit and their teachings by example, the Covenanters frequently proceeded more in the spirit of fanaticism than of sober religious feeling; and that, in their antagonistic ardor, they did not hesitate to carry the persecutions of which they themselves so justly complained into the camp of the adversary—sacrificing in their mistaken zeal even the en-

nobling arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as adjuncts of idol-worship—still it is to be remembered, that the aggression emanated not from them; and that the rights they contended for were the most sacred and invaluable that man can possess—the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. They sincerely believed that the principles which they maintained were right; and their adherence to these with unalterable constancy, through good report and through bad report; in the hour of privation and suffering, of danger and death; in the silence of the prison-cell, not less than in the excitement of the battle-field; by the blood-stained hearth, on the scaffold, and at the stake—forms a noble chapter in the history of the human mind—of man as an accountable creature.

Be it remembered, also, that these religious persecutions were not mere things of a day, but were continued through at least three entire generations. They extended from the accession of James VI. to the English throne, (*testibus* the rhymes of Sir David Lyndsay, and the classic prose of Buchanan,) down to

the Revolution of 1688—almost a century, during which many thousands tyrannically perished, without in the least degree loosening that tenacity of purpose, or subduing that *perfervidum ingenium*, which, according to Thuanus, have been national characteristics.

As in almost all similar cases, the cause of the Covenanters, so strenuously and unflinchingly maintained, ultimately resulted in the victory of Protestantism—that victory, the fruits of which we have seemed of late years so readily inclined to throw away; and, in its rural districts more especially, of nothing are the people more justly proud than

—“the tales

Of persecution and the Covenant,  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.”

So says Wordsworth. These traditions have been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, M'Crie, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, and Pollok, and by the pencils of Wilkie, Harvey and Duncan, each regarding them with the eye of his peculiar genius.

In reference to the following stanzas, it should be remembered that, during the holding of their conventicles, which frequently, in the more troublous times, took place amid mountain solitudes, and during the night, a sentinel was stationed on some commanding height in the neighborhood, to give warning of the approach of danger.

## I.

Ho! plaided watcher of the hill,  
What of the night?—what of the night?  
The winds are lown, the woods are still,  
The countless stars are sparkling bright;  
From out this heathery moorland glen,  
By the shy wild-fowl only trod,  
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,  
To Thee—an omnipresent God!

## II.

Jehovah! though no sign appear,  
Through earth our aimless path to lead,  
We know, we feel Thee ever near,  
A present help in time of need—  
Near, as when, pointing out the way,  
For ever in thy people's sight,  
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,  
Which turned to fiery flame at night!

## III.

Whence came the summons forth to go?—  
From Thee awoke the warning sound!  
“Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!  
The heathen's warfare girds thee round.  
Sons of the faithful! up—away!  
The lamb must of the wolf beware;  
The falcon seeks the dove for prey;  
The fowler spreads his cunning snare!”

## IV.

Day set in gold; 'twas peace around—  
'Twas seeming peace by field and flood:  
We woke, and on our lintels found  
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.  
Lord! in thy cause we mocked at fears,  
We scorned the ungodly's threatening words—  
Beat out our pruning-hooks to spears,  
And turned our ploughshares into swords!

## V.

Degenerate Scotland! days have been  
Thy soil when only freemen trod—  
When mountain-crag and valley green  
Poured forth the loud acclaim to God!—  
The fire which liberty imparts,  
Refulgent in each patriot eye,  
And, graven on a nation's hearts,  
The Word—for which we stand or die!

## VI.

Unholy change! The scorner's chair  
Is now the seat of those who rule;  
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share  
Of all except the tyrant's tool.  
That faith in which our fathers breathed,  
And had their life, for which they died—  
That priceless heir-loom they bequeathed  
Their sons—our impious foes deride!

## VII.

So We have left our homes behind,  
And We have belted on the sword,  
And We in solemn league have joined,  
Yea! covenanted with the Lord,  
Never to seek those homes again,  
Never to give the sword its sheath,  
Until our rights of faith remain  
Unfettered as the air we breathe!

## VIII.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,  
Begirt about with starry thrones,  
Cast from the heaven of heavens thine eye  
Down on our wives and little ones—  
From hallelujahs surging round,  
Oh! for a moment turn thine ear,  
The widow prostrate on the ground,  
The famished orphan's cries to hear!

## IX.

And Thou wilt hear! it cannot be,  
That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,  
When from their nest they scream to Thee,  
And in due season send them food;  
It cannot be that thou wilt weave  
The lily such superb array,  
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave  
Thy children—as if less than they!

## X.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie  
In blackness where they brightly shone;

We have no homes—the desert sky  
 Our covering, earth our couch alone :  
 We have no heritage—deprived  
 Of these, we ask not such on earth :  
 Our hearts are sealed ; we seek in heaven,  
 For heritage, and home, and hearth !

## XI.

O Salem, city of the saint,  
 And holy men made perfect ! We  
 Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint  
 Thy glorious golden streets to see ;—  
 To mark the rapture that inspires  
 The ransomed, and redeemed by grace ;

To listen to the seraphs' lyres,  
 And meet the angels face to face !

## XII.

Father in heaven ! we turn not back,  
 Though briers and thorns choke up the path ;  
 Rather the torture of the rack,  
 Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.  
 Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,  
 Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,  
 What is the turmoil of an hour,  
 To an eternal calm with Thee ?

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## MY OWN PLACE:

## A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," ETC.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,  
 Whatever I happen to be,  
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot  
 That Providence orders for me ;  
 No covetous straining and striving to gain  
 One feverish step in advance—  
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
 To hazard a change and a chance !

I care for no riches that are not my right,  
 No honor that is not my due ;  
 But stand in my station, by day or by night,  
 The will of my Master to do :  
 He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
 And set me my business here,  
 And whether I live in His service, or die,  
 My heart shall be found in my sphere !

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,  
 If poor, as the friend of my Lord,  
 If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,  
 If stalwart, my pen or my sword ;  
 If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift,  
 If simpleness, bask in His love,  
 If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,  
 If joy, I will throne it above !

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,  
 I gratefully gather and prize ;  
 The evil—it can be no evil, I know,  
 But only a good in disguise ;  
 And whether my station be lowly or great,  
 No duty can ever be mean,  
 The factory-cripple is fixed in his fate  
 As well as a King or a Queen !

For Duty's bright livery glorifies all  
 With brotherhood, equal and free,  
 Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,  
 That places us where we should be ;  
 A servant—the badge of my servitude shines  
 As a jewel invested by heaven ;  
 A monarch—remember that justice assigns  
 Much service, where so much is given !

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm,  
 Though "bettering" trips from your tongue ;  
 Away ! for your folly would scatter the charm  
 That round my proud poverty hung :  
 I felt that I stood like a man at my post,  
 Though peril and hardship was there,  
 And all that your wisdom would counsel me most  
 Is—"Leave it ;—do better elsewhere."

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"  
 I might go ahead with the rest,  
 But many a gain and a joy is a curse,  
 And many a grief for the best :  
 No !—duties are all the "advantage" I use ;  
 I pine not for praise or for pelf,  
 And as to ambition, I care not to choose  
 My better or worse for myself !

I will not, I dare not, I cannot !—I stand  
 Where God has ordained me to be,  
 An honest mechanic—or lord in the land—  
 He fitted my calling for me :  
 Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,  
 With honor, or sweat, on my face,  
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,  
 I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.

From Tait's Magazine.

## POEMS BY THOMAS AIRD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

We have rarely felt more at a loss than in criticising this volume of genuine and transcendent poetry; because, in the first place, almost all the enthusiastic minds of Scotland are long and intimately acquainted with a great part of its contents; and yet, in the second place, the general mind of the country knows little, and is disposed to believe less, of the merit, power, originality, and genius of the author. In such a case, it becomes somewhat difficult to adjust our phrases of commendation so as not to offend some party, either by what seems depreciation or by exaggeration.

Mr. Aird's most striking qualities are originality, truth to nature, richness of imagery, and power of language. He possesses an eye of his own, a forging mint of his own, a spirit and a style of his own. You never trace him in the track of any other author. He is no echo, but a native voice. He has been most minute in his observations of nature; and not Thomson in his "Seasons," nor Cowper in his "Task," has given more faithful, literal, yet ideal transcripts of scenery. His "Summer's Day," his "Winter's Day," and his "Mother's Blessing," remind you of first-rate daguerrotypes; every feature of the sly old dame's expressive countenance is caught, and caught with perfect ease and mastery. Mr. Aird, along with a poet's love, retains a boy's love for nature. He knows more birds' nests than any boy in Dumfries, and prizes the fascination which dwells in a bush of broom or furze, laden with its golden crop. Notwithstanding the slight snow which years have shed upon his head, his heart is all burning with boyhood; his tastes, enthusiasms, and joys, are all young. The scenery of Scotland has never had a more devoted worshipper, a keener observer, or a more faithful describer. There are passages, both in his Poems and in his "Old Bachelor," which rank with such descriptions as that in "Halloween" of the *burnie*, in perfect correctness, blended with ideal beauty, or with the finer pictures in the Waverley Novels.

Besides this power of minute, knotty, and picturesque description, Mr. Aird has a higher and rarer gift, that of imaginative combination. We find this creative quality best exhibited in his "Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck," his "Demoniac," and his "Nebuchadnezzar." Than the first of these, the English language possesses no more unique, sustained, and singular flight of imagination. So such critics as Wilson, Delta, De Quincey, and Samuel Brown, have agreed. We shall never forget the pleasure we had and gave, in introducing this marvellous poem, at different times, to the two last mentioned. "That man should write poetry," was De Quincey's emphatic comment. There are three lines in it, any one of which is enough to make the poem immortal. One is the picture of the sky of hell:

"Till, like a red bewildered map, the sky was scribbled o'er."

The second is:

"The silent magnanimity of Nature and her God."

The third:

"And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

A poet more popular than Mr. Aird, though far inferior in original genius, when pressed recently with the "Dream," if it was not a powerful poem, asked, "But where is 'Mount Aksbeck?' And where, Mr. A. is Coleridge's 'Silent Sea?' and where the 'Wood' of his Hermit? and where Bunyan's 'Mount Marvel?' Perhaps, too, you can tell us where 'Mount Prejudice' is?"

The "Demoniac" is another beautiful, in parts powerful, and, throughout, melting ballad. What can be finer than the following description of the entrance of the Demon into his victim?

"'The Fiend! the Fiend! hush,' Herman cried,  
'he left me here at noon,  
Hungry and sick among the brakes, and comes he  
then so soon?'"

Up from the shores of the Dead Sea came a dull booming sound;  
 The leaves shook on the trees; thin winds went wailing all around.  
 Then laughter shook the sullen air. To reach his mother's hand  
 The young man grasped, but back was thrown convulsed upon the sand.  
 No time was there for Miriam's love. He rose; a smothered gleam  
 Was on his brow; with fierce motes rolled his eye's distempered beam.  
 He smiled—'twas as the lightning of a hope about to die  
*For ever from the furrowed brows of Hell's eternity.*  
*Like sun-warmed snakes, rose on his head a storm of golden hair,*  
 Tangled; and thus on Miriam fell hot breathings of despair—  
 'Perish the breasts that gave me milk; yea, in thy mouldering heart  
 Good thrifty roots I'll plant, to stay, next time, my hunger's smart.  
 Red-veined derived apples I shall eat with savage haste,  
 And see thy life-blood blushing through, and glory in the taste.' "

Where can this amiable poet have overheard and retained, as he has here reproduced, the red Alphabet of Hell? Why the "Devil's Dream" has not been generally popular, can be easily explained. It is guarded and fenced from common apprehension and appreciation by the thick burs of beauty and grandeur which surround it. It is inscrutable as an elf-knot—mysterious as a meteoric stone. It bears for inscription—"to those whom it may concern." But why "Nebuchadnezzar" has not gained a wider acceptance we cannot understand. It has, besides its peculiar originality, all the externals of a popular poem. It is clear as crystal, and, as crystal, faultless. It has an interesting story, a burnished classical polish; and, since Byron's "Corsair," or "Lara," the heroic rhyme never was more gracefully handled, nor ever moved to more heroic sentiment. One sickens to absolute nausea at the thought of the popularity of "Silent Love"—of many of Mrs. Hemans' poems—of L. E. L.'s musical maudlin, while such manly and powerful strains as Dr. Croly's "Cataline," Browning's "Paracelsus," and Aird's "Nebuchadnezzar," are overgrown by the rank nettles of neglect.

Besides these, Mr. Aird has written certain poems—some longer and some shorter—of great merit. Among the former are, "The Captive of Fez," "Othuriel," the "Christian Bride;" and, among the latter, who has for-

gotten his "Belshazzar," or his "Mother's Grave?" No one can read this last without tears. Since Cowper's "Mother's Picture," nothing so pathetic has been written in rhyme.

Having mentioned Cowper, we may take this opportunity of apprising the public that an ardent admirer of his genius and Christian character is organizing a subscription for the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. We hail the motion with gladness. So long as he has no memorial there, it is a vital blank in that magnificent pile. No name nearly so great and good is there omitted. We call upon every reader of the "Task" to come forward in this cause. It is the cause of all his admirers; and who, except Charles Dickens, is not? We happen to know that the movement has attracted the peculiar interest, and is under the special patronage, of William Wordsworth. Mr. Adam White, of the British Museum, Bloomsbury, London, will supply all other information required.\*

To return to Mr. Aird—he has, in this present edition, adventured a tragedy entitled the "House of Wold." It is certainly a very bold, peculiar, and powerful effort. The characters and incidents are amazingly numerous and diversified; rich and poetical passages are not so much inserted as rained down from a profound source. Fate sits visibly holding all the reins of the funeral car; and, as if her silent presence were not enough, a singular being, named Afra, appears ever and anon, like a bird of night, singing of approaching doom, and gives a dark choral unity to the play. The canvas chosen is of the broadest, and the execution of the boldest. Mr. Aird has had in his eye the great tragedy of "Lear," where the wide stream of the passion sucks into itself a

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\* We saw, when in London the other day, a letter of Mr. Dickens to the gentleman referred to, refusing to contribute to this object—1st, because there were many greater than Cowper to whom no monuments had been erected; and 2ndly, because he could countenance no such proposal as long as the public were not gratuitously admitted to the Abbey. Now, this is very contemptible, because, in the first place, the public are gratuitously admitted to the Poet's Corner, where, of course, the monument would be placed; and, secondly, who are the poets excluded greater than Cowper, except Coleridge and Byron! And we all know why Byron has no place. No matter. The "Task" will outlive the "Haunted Man." Dickens is but a "Cricket on the Hearth." Cowper was an Eagle of God, and his memory shall be cherished, and his poems read, after the "Pickwick Papers" are forgotten.

thousand tributary rills of anguish, and, in one wild swollen wave, hurries at last over the precipice. Nevertheless, we do not think that he has been altogether successful. First, the play is by far too long. It is nearly as long as are the events described. Secondly, the characters are too numerous. It is a Trongate he has set before us, with hundreds of common figures moving upon it—not a quiet Edinburgh street, with a few noble men and women pacing quietly along, and yet with their steps tuned to the music of Destiny. Thirdly, the incidents are too thick and bustling. It is a succession of petty tragedies, rather than a single great one. Fourthly, there is too much death. It is a bloody bustle. He swims his Trongate in blood. All stab, and everybody dies. Altogether, it is rather a glorious tumult of passion, warfare, force, and fate, than a great, stern, collected tragedy. In "Lear," every vein and artery points to the bruised and broken heart which is the centre of the convulsed framework. In "Wold," unity has evidently been sought for, but not so evidently attained. The author has indulged himself in superfluities of description, and luxuries of horror, which weaken the torrent of the tale, and blunt the axe of the tragedy, which falls, at last, dull and heavy.

In proof of the poetical power scattered throughout, we quote the following words of Afra, the night-raven of the story—a girl, by the way, who had been injured and orphaned by the house of Wold:

"Afra.—Yonder!

Lo! the old clouds on Wold; all's sunny elsewhere.

Well done, thou belling blackness! Leap on it, Vengeance, with thy fierce feet; crush, tread it down,

Till it be dense; tread down the burdened gloom,  
Till it be solid black on the doomed towers  
And battlements. There let it rest. Now, now!  
Is the time come? Merlin, I'm here!  
There's a grim waiting in the heavens for something,

As if yon cloud (hush, now!) would burst asunder,

Riven by the flaming wedges of the thunder.

No;

'Tis passing off, heavy and slow, yet off.

The time's not yet—'twill come. Not in vain,  
Wold,

Have I gone round about thee, winding the curse  
Close round about thee.

I walk around thee, Wold,  
A seeming, simple thing; but serried spears  
Of ranged men, nor walls of brass, with towers  
Of blue-ribbed steel, could better hem thee in  
Than does the coil of these poor naked feet,  
Going around thee thus, and shutting thee  
Close up with the doom: not a child's innocent  
head

Of all Wold's house—not a mouse could get out."

We are reluctant to part, after such a comparatively curt intercourse with one of the few really true, original, and great poets of our day—one who ranks with Bayly, Tennyson, Browning, and a few others, as a man of a cultured, yet independent vein—owing to nature much, to popularity little, to clique or coterie nothing at all. He has "cast his bread upon the waters, and will find it after many days." This book of his may be long a hermit-stream, only known to those who have the hardihood to break through the embowering branches and thick brushwood which surround its waters, but must by-and-by, as its meek yet strong current flows forward, shine forth into the light of universal appreciation.

## PAUL JONES.

AN advertisement has appeared in the London papers for the heirs of the celebrated Paul Jones. He died in Paris in 1792; and the administrator of his estate in America, where Paul Jones was Commodore of the navy, now calls upon his heirs to transmit their claims for adjudication, that they may participate in a late decision of Congress, granting 50,000 dollars to the heirs of Paul Jones. The Chevalier, as he is called, left

no children, but in his will consigned (says the *Dumfries Standard*) all his property to his two sisters and their children. The widow of one of these sisters' sons now resides in America, and there are numerous descendants of the other sister, many of whom reside in this district. These are, no doubt, the legal heirs of Paul Jones, and we understand they have lodged their claims accordingly.

[ From the British Quarterly Review .

## T. B. MACAULAY—HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

1. *The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* By T. B. MACAULAY. Vols. 1 and 2. London, 1848.
2. *Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review.* By T. B. MACAULAY. 3 vols.

MACAULAY has a great name in contemporary literature. He has the rare privilege of a popularity which in no respect derogates from his dignity as a serious writer. Captivating young ladies, amusing stupid officers in a club-room, setting young critics on the hopeless task of imitating him, he preserves all the while the character of a dignified writer appealing to the most cultivated audience. He has made his reputation by reviews; and this reputation is as extensive as if he had been a popular novelist. Nor have these reviews owed their celebrity to the piquancy of politics, or to the fierce partisanship of polemics. Their value is not factitious. He has not lampooned the government; nor has he alarmed the church. Historical and biographical essays, treated purely as matters of literature, have won for him his spurs.

It becomes an interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain by what qualities this success has been achieved, and to assign, if possible, the positive value of these writings. If you examine closely, you will observe that this brilliant and fascinating writer has in a very small degree the qualities which usually distinguish great writers, although he undoubtedly possesses a rare combination of qualities. No one can say that he is endowed with a lofty imagination; with remarkable humor or wit; with dramatic power; with deep thought, or close and pressing logic. He is not a poet, nor a wit, nor a thinker. What is he, then? A rhetorician. The rhetoricians do not take the highest rank; but Macaulay takes the highest rank among rhetoricians. He has imagination enough, wit enough, and logic enough, to make a rare expositor of other men's thoughts—to paint striking pictures—to popularize a truth—and to leave a question clearer in every

mind. The clearness of his exposition and the charm of his style are unrivalled. But, after all, it is only exposition and style; it is not discovery, it is not addition to our knowledge that we are called upon to admire.

Let us hope that our endeavor to characterize his writings will not be misunderstood. Our object is critical, not polemical; we do not wish to depreciate, but to analyze. If the term rhetorician carries with it some contemptuous associations, we disclaim them here. We would employ another term, if another term would as well express our meaning. Our admiration for Macaulay is hearty and unfeigned; but, because we attempt to explain it, let no one say—

“C'est médire avec art,  
C'est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.”

A lark is admired for its own qualities, not for the predatory qualities of an eagle; to say that it cannot sweep the sky with untiring wing, gaze upon the sun, or carry off a lamb in its talons, is not to throw a slur on its capacities. Had Macaulay come before us in the character of a poet or a philosopher, there would have been contempt in styling him a rhetorician; but, making his appearance as an expositor, there can be no contempt in saying that the kind of exposition he adopts is the rhetorical kind.

Let us examine these writings. The first thing we remark is the absence of new ideas. Not only has he brought no addition to our stock, but he has not even revived old principles fallen into undeserved neglect, and which might still serve as guiding lights. In one word, there is nothing in these essays which marks out the writer as a *teacher*. Not a new fact, not a discovery, not even an intimation of where discoveries are to be made, will you detect in these brilliant pages. He

is an expositor, not a seeker. His learning is vast, incalculable; few men have read so much, and fewer remember so well what they have read. But the strength of his memory absorbs the vital powers of his brain: it is either the cause or the effect of his want of original power; the *cause*, if its activity keeps down the activity of other faculties; the *effect*, if the indolence of other faculties admits of its activity being uncontrolled. Explain it how you will, there can be no dispute as to the fact of his mind being occupied with arranging the materials gleaned from books, rather than with furnishing the materials of which books are made.

Connected with this is the deficiency of speculative power which we have next to notice. There is no trace here of a mind which has wrestled with doubt—of a mind which has striven with eagerness and sincerity to penetrate the mysterious problems which have from all time pressed themselves upon the attention of mankind. We do not blame him for not being a metaphysician, for not having published theological speculations, and added his erroneous system to the errors of thousands. Every writer is not bound to be a philosopher; even a thoughtful writer is not bound to propose a definite system. But no man can be a great writer who is not a thinker—who has not in his time profoundly meditated on those problems which are of all time. No man speaking to men can exercise any durable influence over them unless he has like them doubted, like them struggled, and like them believed.

Do we not all live encompassed by mysteries which we know we *cannot* penetrate, and which irresistibly call upon us to penetrate them? Do we not acknowledge the profound words of Göthe, that man is not born to solve the mystery of existence; but he must nevertheless attempt it, in order that he may learn how to keep within the limits of the knowable? These struggles leave their traces even on the serenest minds, and are reflected in the clearest style. Where shall we seek a better instance than Göthe, who certainly avoided anything like dogmatic exposition, but whose slightest writings give intimations of "a soul that speaketh from the everlasting deeps." No man who has thought, writes without suggesting thought. The style of a boy or of a woman who has had little experience of life is not more distinct from that of a man whom experience has modified, than is the style of ordinary men from those who have yielded up their souls to patient meditation.

Macauley's mind seems constitutionally unfit for meditation. Mystery is to him mere darkness. All sense of the infinite is deficient in him. That which is finite, visible, and palpable he can understand and can occupy himself about; that, and that only. Abstract questions, when they do not excite his scorn, are at the best too remote from him to admit of his turning his mind in their direction. His mind is eminently concrete. Things group themselves before it into *pictures*, thoughts consolidate themselves into *axioms*. All that is wavering, indeterminate, and refuses to group itself in this distinct way, is to him as if it were not. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules his mental geography places chaos: the undiscovered, undiscoverable, consequently uninteresting, bourne.

This is so remarkable a trait in his mind that we were led to examine his earliest efforts, to see if in them no traces of youthful speculation could be found. His first articles appeared in 1824. Charles Knight established a magazine (Knight's Quarterly Magazine) to which Mackworth Praed, Moultrie, Barry St. Leger, M. D. Hill, and other young and able writers, contributed. Macauley's contributions were his famous songs of the Huguenots and songs of the civil war, together with prose essays on Mitford's Greece, the Athenian Orators, Dante, Petrarch, and a Conversation between Milton and Cowley on the Civil War. The subjects, no less than their treatment, are indicative of the future historical essayist. Not a trace of the thinker is visible. Just free from college, forming his opinions at a time when the great questions would be most likely to vex his mind, at a time when the future statesman and the future merchant are troubled with misgivings which seldom revisit them in the turmoil of after-life, we see Macauley as calm and untroubled—as comfortable in his immunity from doubt—as if he had already (to use the language of Sartor Resartus) passed through the everlasting Nay into the everlasting Yea.

Macauley has *read* the writings of numerous philosophers—what has he not read?—but he has never *thought* them. A more signal proof of incapacity for scientific or philosophic speculation was never given by so able a man, than he gave in his brilliant article on Bacon. We do not allude to its looseness of reasoning—for all men reason loosely at times; nor to the particular mistakes—for the most accurate writers fall into strange errors;—we allude to the tone of the whole article, and its radical miscon-



ception of the nature and purpose of philosophy. To believe him, the ancients troubled themselves with philosophy out of sheer desire for intellectual amusement: it was a sort of mental chess, to stimulate their ingenuity. He never for an instant seems to suspect that these men had any sense of the mystery which encompassed them, and which solicited a solution. He seems to have overlooked the terrible questions forced upon man, of: *What am I? Whence came I? What do I here? Whither do I go?* He does not conceive that these men were obliged to speculate—that the very nature of their minds forced these inquiries upon them. He says in so many words that the only use of these inquiries was the intellectual activity which they fostered. “We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants, for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But when we look for something more—for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed.” What profound misconception of human nature and of history is betrayed in that one sentence! That which alleviates the calamities of the human race is, doubtless, a priceless boon; but the calamities are not solely *physical*. If man *did* live by bread alone—if his comforts were the sole objects of his desire—then indeed railroads, good houses, warm clothing, wholesome food, and a sanitary commission, would be the grand objects of human ingenuity. There is, however, a suspicion vaguely floating about, that man has a soul. If this be so; if the soul of man be only worth as much attention as his body; if the widening of human intelligence be only as important as the clothing of human feet; what shall we think of the following argument? He quotes from Seneca the assertion that philosophy does not consist in manufacturing material comforts, but lies deeper than such drudgery. “It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands; the object of her lessons is to form the soul. We shall be told next that the first philosopher was a shoemaker.” This passage excites Macaulay’s risibility, and he remarks: “For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the three books ‘On Anger,’ we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet, and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being

angry.” This is humorously said; but as an argument against ancient philosophy it is frivolous. He mistakes the nature of civilization. Railroads, representative governments, old port, tender mutton, and Mackintosh capes, are excellent things, no doubt, and greatly conducive to comfort. But the thoughts of men are more potent still. Thought rules the world. Thought shapes civilization. And is thought only powerful when it applies itself to *use*—to practical material comforts? Is its potency lost as soon as it descends into the deepest regions, as soon as it aspires to the highest? No one has read history who can say so. Although the speculations of ancient philosophers may not have solved the problems, yet they were the best solutions which the wisdom of that age afforded. They constituted a vital element in the civilization from which our own is but a consequence and a development. Even on the low and vulgar ground of utility to which Macaulay brings the question, the utility of ancient philosophy is quite as demonstrable as that of Bacon. A reasonable acquaintance with the filiation of ideas through various generations would suffice to show that the very speculations which Macaulay ridicules were *necessary preparations* for those speculations he admires. If Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle had not lived, Bacon would have been a Pythagorean or a Platonist, exerting himself to solve insoluble problems, and might have incurred the satire of some conservative Aristophanes for absurd “air-galloping and questioning the sun.”

αἰροβατῶν καὶ περιφρονῶ τον ἥλιον.

This deficiency of speculative or meditative power robs Macaulay’s writing of durable influence. It is a characteristic we were bound to exhibit at length, because it is of all the most important. Far be it from us to affix the epithet *shallow* to such a man. There is no epithet more recklessly thrown about. It is so easy to declare that those who have not puddled in our mud are “showy but shallow.” It gives us a cheap air of profundity, invests us with judicial gravity and consequence. It lends a sort of false lustre to our stupidity, and seems to transmute our leaden dullness into gold. How significant, that with us the epithet ‘showy’ is invariably contemptuous! It is imagined that a writer’s pretensions are forever settled if he be called ‘showy;’ his works *must* be tinsel or they would not glitter! Does it never occur to the critic that

gold has greater lustre and greater solidity than tinsel? Does he never ponder on the fact that the showiest writers in our language have been Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, and Burke; writers not usually classed among the shallowest?

We demur, therefore, to the epithet shallow applied to Macaulay, because it is an epithet of contempt; and contempt is not the tone to be adopted towards a writer of his pretensions. On the other hand, we cannot speak of his mind as deep. The truth appears to us to be this. It is not a meditative, not a creative mind; but it is a mind of considerable activity, gifted with fine faculties. It is a lambent fire perpetually playing about the surfaces of things, and beautifully illuminating them. It has more activity than force; and its activity is, so to speak, all on the surface. Perhaps we shall render our meaning intelligible if we take the analogy presented by a man of great *nervous sensibility* but no *depth of feeling*; the kind of man who will weep over a dead ass and neglect his dying mother; whose sympathy is easily excited by woes, imaginary and real; but whose benevolence ends with his tears. Such men are not rare. The sympathy they express is wrongly stigmatized as hypocrisy; the tears they shed are unfeigned; but they are tears excited by a quick sensibility, which goes no deeper than the surface. Their nerves are excitable, but their selfishness arrests all feeling at the surface, and contents itself with tears in lieu of acts. What these men are morally, Macaulay seems to be intellectually. His sense of beauty is keen, but not deep; his enthusiasm has no central fire; his convictions want depth, and, as a consequence, his eloquence, with all its apparent earnestness, wants force. The surface of his mind is large and active; but its regions below remain untroubled. The consequence is, that he has no *influence* on his age. He flatters the indolence of his readers; he does not stimulate their minds. He delights; he does not inspire. In reading him, we do not feel that his soul is speaking from its depths to the depths of ours.

Compare him with Carlyle. Two more opposite men cannot be named in the same breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant, eloquent, methodical; crowding his pages with antitheses and illustrations; more solicitous about the fall of a period than about the accuracy of his assertion; grouping details into a picture; fond of paradox, yet never probing beneath the surface; expert

in polemics, yet seldom fighting for great truths; captivating by the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeousness, of his diction, and leaving upon the reader's mind no more durable impression than that which a splendid spectacle leaves upon the mind of a theatrical audience. Carlyle, rugged, mystical, abrupt, immethodical, unmusical, vehement, scornful, sarcastic, sardonic, and humorous; rich also in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox, but profoundly serious; striving at all times to see into the depths of things; disdainful of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful of all elegancies, graces, and *shams* of life and of literature; forever appealing to the *soul* of man, and bidding him remember that he is in the presence of the Infinite; sternly recalling those awful facts of life which frivolity endeavors to gloss over; fiercely preaching the imperative nature of duty and of earnestness; speaking in prophet tones to a heedless generation; mingling the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoonery with the saddest pathos and the dreariest gloom; a sceptic yet a prophet; amidst alternate laughter and alternate tears, alternate exhortation and alternate contempt, he does not dazzle, he provokes; he does not captivate, he inspires; and the impression he leaves upon the mind is various and abiding, as that left by a tragedy of Shakspeare. As specimens of *literature*, in the limited sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are immeasurably superior; but if literature be something more than the amusement of cultivated intellects, something more than an intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is unmistakable. Macaulay has delighted thousands. This is no slight thing, and we should be the last to undervalue it. But he has materially bettered no one. He has deepened no man's convictions, he has given fresh strength to no human soul. His influence on his generation has been null. Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offenses against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has, nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the minds of his contemporaries; he has given a *direction* to their thoughts, and has *suggested* so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying. Think what we may of the influence, be it evil or be it good, it is there. We could name more than one distinguished ornament of the church whose rise has been rendered impossible because of the Carlyle "taint." We—

that is, the present writer—feel called upon here distinctly to declare that with scarcely any living author have we *less* agreement than with Carlyle; yet we are, nevertheless, sensible of great benefit derived from his writings. There is an indirect teaching not less valuable than the direct teaching. No serious thinker writes in vain. Carlyle has his affectations, his shams; but he has his realities. Had he not lived, some of the most active minds of our generation would have been *different*; they would assuredly have been active, it may be, wiser, but certainly different. Now it is impossible, we think, to say that any human being would have been otherwise had Macaulay never written. Some few might have written less picturesquely and less elegantly, but no human soul would have been poorer.

The distinction between Macaulay and Carlyle is curiously exhibited in their articles on Johnson. Both give graphic and delightful pictures of this remarkable man, whose monumental common sense almost amounted to genius; but Macaulay has painted the surface, Carlyle the soul. It is not that Carlyle reasons better than Macaulay, it is simply that he sees more. His intuitions are deeper, if not always truer. All the peculiarities of Johnson's person and manners are, by Macaulay, depicted with felicitous strokes; all the apparent contradictions of his mind are assembled and marshalled out, so as to produce a striking effect. But that is all. We *see* the man, we do not *understand* him. The mystery of his nature is exhibited to us, but it is not explained; a mystery it remains, as far as the biographer is concerned. We must quote one passage, which, in spite of its length, is both too amusing and too significant to be passed over.

"The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and accurate reasoner; a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of facts. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came

across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell, from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness as the fisherman in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there, the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

"Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd, but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world. A man who told him of a waterspout or a meteoric stone, generally had the lie given him for his pains. A man who told him of a prediction or a dream wonderfully accomplished, was sure of a courteous hearing. 'Johnson,' observes Hogarth, 'like king David, says in his haste that all men are liars.' 'His incredulity,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'amounted almost to disease.' She tells us how he browbeat a gentleman, who gave him an account of a hurricane in the West Indies; and a poor Quaker, who related some strange circumstances about the red-hot balls fired at the siege of Gibraltar. 'It is not so. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it.' He once said, half jestingly we suppose, that for six months he refused to credit the fact of the earthquake at Lisbon, and that he still believed the extent of the calamity to be greatly exaggerated. Yet he related, with a grave face, how old Mr. Cave, of St. John's gate, saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock-lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. He rejects the Celtic genealogies and poems without the least hesitation; yet he declares himself willing to believe the stories of the second sight. If he had examined the claims of the Highland seers with half the severity with which he sifted the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal, he would, we suspect, have come away from Scotland with a mind fully made up. In his 'Lives of the Poets' we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies; but he tells with great solemnity an absurd romance about some intelligence preternaturally impressed on the mind of that nobleman. He avows himself to be in great doubt about the truth of the story, and ends by warning his readers not wholly to slight such impressions.

"Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum-porridge, mince-pies, and dancing-bears, excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress, he replied, with admirable sense and spirit, 'Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas, sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one!' Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralpho; and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths altogether inconsistent with reason or with Christian charity. He has gravely noted down in his diary, that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbors was somewhat singular. 'Campbell,' said he, 'is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat; this shows he has good principles.'"

How different is Carlyle's treatment of the same topic! These contradictions he perceives to be only *apparent*, not *real* contradictions. He sees how the peculiarity of Johnson's intellect was not the *union* of great powers with low prejudices, but that these prejudices arose out of the very strength of reverence and of belief in things supernatural—out of the holy awe which filled his mind whenever he contemplated the mysterious relation of man to the Infinite. Where Macaulay delights to notice incongruity, Carlyle, looking deeper, sees congruity; where Macaulay is astonished at a keen intellect becoming credulous, Carlyle sees nothing but the very principle of faith which characterized that intellect—a faith which dared not suffer its sacred precincts to be invaded by sceptical reason. Without in any way applauding Johnson's prejudices, Carlyle understands the difficulty which puzzles Macaulay—understands it because he has looked into Johnson's soul. In a word, Macaulay contents himself with noting what lay on the

surface, Carlyle seeks to make you aware of what lay underneath the surface. Here is one brief passage from Carlyle's essay:

"More legibly is this influence of the loving heart to be traced in his intellectual character. What, indeed, is the beginning of intellect, the first inducement to the exercise thereof, but attraction towards somewhat—affection for it? Thus, too, who ever saw or will see, any true talent—not to speak of genius—the foundation of which is not goodness, love? From Johnson's strength of affection, we deduce many of his intellectual peculiarities; especially that threatening array of perversions, known under the name of 'Johnson's Prejudices.' Looking well into the root from which these sprang, we have long ceased to view them with hostility; can pardon, and reverently pity them. Consider with what force early imbibed opinions must have clung to a soul of this affection. Those evil-famed prejudices of his, that Jacobitism, Church-of-Englandism, hatred of the Scotch, belief in witches, and such like—what were they but the ordinary beliefs of well-doing, well-meaning provincial Englishmen in that day? First gathered by his father's hearth, round the kind 'country fires' of native Staffordshire; they grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; they were hallowed by fondest sacred recollections; to part with them was parting with his heart's blood. If the man who has no strength of affection, strength of belief, have no strength of prejudice, let him thank Heaven for it, but to himself take small thanks."

The power of Macaulay's writing is not the force of opinions, but the force of pictures. As we have said, he is not a teacher, but a rhetorician; not a discoverer, but an expositor. That he is the most estimable and brilliant example of his class now living may be ungrudgingly admitted. He has adorned our gallery with splendid productions, and enriched our literature with some masterly pages of eloquence. His vast and varied knowledge never betrays him into pedantry, but is always at command for apt illustration. Moreover, he has no petty prejudices, no unseemly affectations, no illiberal bigotry, no cramping narrowness. There is nothing offensive in him. The tone of his writings is uniformly liberal, manly, healthy, and straightforward. His sympathies are always with what is generous and noble in practical life; his admiration for one kind of excellence does not intercept his admiration for every other kind. A genial, pleasant, happy spirit animates his pages. His views are distinguished by an amiable good sense. He seems anxious to steer between extremes in politics, in religion, and in morals. He is

neither a bigoted Tory nor a bigoted Radical; neither Catholic nor Calvinist; neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but an amiable Whig. Sympathizing with the polished demeanor and the social graces of the Cavaliers, he condemns their frivolity and dissoluteness; applauding the seriousness and rectitude of the energetic Puritans, he laughs at their affectations of sanctity, at their illiberality, and nasal twang. He will take it as no disrespect if we liken him to the accomplished person, whom he has so felicitously portrayed in the calm, sceptical, and polished Halifax.

He is fond of moral reflections. One may say of them, that, though sometimes trite enough, they are generally very sensible, and being always happily expressed are always acceptable. They force your respect, and on the whole win your regard for the writer. They imply a generous and a healthy mind. Even when they have a satirical turn, the tone is pleasant, as in the following well-timed and well-turned admonition of public opinion:

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England, with the Parisian laxity. At length, our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and broken-hearted. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more."

Macaulay's style is of paramount importance in any estimate of his claims; for style is to a rhetorician what thought is to a teacher, *principium et fons*. Style is an art, and, like every other art, demands the conjunction of genius and labor: genius, to furnish the matter; labor, to give the form. With a blunt chisel the best sculptor will bungle; with a rude language, the greatest

thinker cannot write well; and all language is rude until labor, assisting the delicate sense of beauty, has fashioned it into harmonious shapes. In consequence of this duplex condition, it not unfrequently happens that some men attain a certain mastery over the form, who have very little matter of their own to fashion; just as there are men with very little poetic genius who nevertheless attain so much of the "accomplishment of verse," as to produce very readable verses. But no great prose writer, any more than a great poet, was ever made by labor alone. The style is the man. As the mind is will the style be: a great mind cannot altogether dwarf itself, a small mind cannot greatly exalt itself; natural grace will show itself, even in the awkwardness of incult speech, and the grace which is *acquired* will, after all, be only the grace of a dancing-master.

Macaulay's style is characteristic of his mind, in its excellencies and in its deficiencies. It is eminently a cultivated style, the writing of an accomplished, well-trained mind. It is perhaps the very best style ever written by one who was not an original thinker. Its main defect is the absence of a strong personality, of an unmistakable originality. By originality, we of course do not mean eccentricity; we mean that peculiar impress which is given to the style by every mind which thinks for itself, and writes as it thinks, not as *others* have thought. The parentage of Macaulay's style is easily traceable. The influence of Burke is so visible, that no one has ever failed to remark it; there is indeed some kinship in the minds of Burke and Macaulay, which makes the latter's imitation less of an imitation (so to speak) than it would otherwise have been. The influence of Sydney Smith upon Macaulay's style has not, that we are aware, been noticed. The very turn and trick of phrase, the easy winding of the sentences, and the peculiar diction which we remark in Macaulay, may be found in Sydney Smith whenever they are not in Burke. It would occupy too much space to show this fully; we will, however, give two examples. These examples are taken almost at random in opening the "Edinburgh Review," and are chosen from the *level* passages, because such passages better prove our case than happy sentences, antitheses, or witticisms, in which all styles more or less resemble each other. Here is one:

"We do not think it has any great value as a history; nor is it very admirable as a piece of

composition. It comprehends too short a period; includes too few events to add much to our knowledge of facts; and abounds too little with splendid passages to lay much hold on the imagination. The reflections which it contains, too, are generally more remarkable for their truth and simplicity, than for any great fineness or profundity of thinking."

Here is another from the opposite page :

"It can admit of no doubt, we suppose, that trade, which has made us rich, has made us still more luxurious; and that the increased necessity of expense has in general outgone the means of supplying it. Almost every individual now finds it more difficult to live on a level with his equals than he did when all were poorer; almost every man, therefore, is needy; and he who is both needy and luxurious holds his independence on a very precarious tenure."

Every one acquainted with Macaulay's writings will recognize their tone in these examples. Indeed, when, some time ago, we were reading Sydney Smith's collected Essays, the well-known sentences of Macaulay were constantly ringing in our ears. Let us admit, however, that the imitation both of Burke and of Sydney Smith has never the disagreeable effect of mere servile imitation. Macaulay has light of his own to add to the light which he reflects. If the bow he bends be the great bow of Ulysses, he at any rate has the strength, so rare, to bend it with ease, and to use it with effect. Make every allowable deduction for imitation, and his style still remains an admirable example of the powers of writing. It has its tricks; short, sharp sentences are splintered into the texture of periods whose length is unwieldy, but whose clearness is unrivalled; and caprices of punctuation play amidst a prodigality of antitheses. These tricks find imitators, who imagine that the charm lies there. But Macaulay's effects are produced by more legitimate means, by richness of diction, picturesqueness of selection, wonderful power of illustration, and a sense of grace and harmony—all which qualities are not imitable. There is another reason why his imitators fail; he writes in the language of the eighteenth century, so that the diction and the idioms he employs are not those in which his imitators think.

Any one page of Macaulay would, perhaps, but ill withstand close criticism; but it is impossible to read any number of pages without delight, and the stupidest of his readers never yawned over his volumes. In this respect we may compare him with Lan-

dor, whose polished, stately style, better bears minute inspection than continuous reading. Macaulay has a tendency to be verbose and tautologous; he overlays his sentences with words, much in the same way as he overlays his arguments with illustrations. His ease, also, sometimes relapses into negligence, and his sentences become weak and faltering. But he is never weak for two pages together. One peculiarity in his fluent narrative is worthy of remark, and deserves imitation; it is the rarest of all peculiarities—graceful rapidity. There is no hurry, no abruptness; all the transitions are gradual, and nevertheless it dwells with such minuteness upon every point, that it would be inexpressibly tedious were not the selected points so salient, and so well fitted to convey the whole of what was intended, that in a brief time you are carried over a large space, and thus the valuable conjunction of fullness with brevity is secured.

Much of the effect of Macaulay's style arises from picturesque grouping of details; something also from his employment of names which in themselves are pictures. The reader of Milton well knows the magical power with which he employed long lists of sounding names, justly calculating on their double effect of music and association. It was a power he sometimes abused, and Macaulay, who has similar power, is open to a similar charge. He revels in geographical and historical wealth; he scatters about high-sounding names of mighty rivers and remote provinces, of great heroes and distant empires, with a prodigality which often savors of barbaric pomp, but which always fills the mind with splendid images. If he wants an illustration, he draws it from some such place as the "Spice Islands in the Eastern Seas;" if he speaks of English commoners, it is as "untitled men well known to be descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem." Is not that Miltonic? A couple of examples will go further than a dozen pages of explanation, and we take them from his masterly article on Lord Clive:

"Such, or nearly such, was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A series of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A series of ferocious invaders had descended through the western passes to prey on the defenseless wealth of Hindostan,

A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier; the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpoots threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread terror along the Jumnah. The high lands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race; a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which yielded only, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from the mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile viceroyalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the Peninsula from sea to sea. Their captains reigned at Poonah, at Gaulior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore."

A few paragraphs further on we meet with this second example of poetical prose:

"Scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible, that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mohammedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having established a government far stronger than any ever known in those countries, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes; dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassals on the throne of Candahar."

This may perhaps be thought a trick, an easy method of producing an effect which ordinary writers might employ. We advise them not to attempt it. Mr. Alison has done so, and his "History of Europe" is the best possible refutation of such an idea. The donkey in the fable did not less successfully imitate the caressing grace of the spaniel fawning on its master, than Mr. Alison has imitated the splendor of Macaulay's geographical prodigality. A spirit more

intensely prosaic than that which peers through the shabby finery of cast-off poetic diction in the pages of the "History of Europe" we have seldom noticed in an ambitious writer. Mr. Alison has the naiveté to suppose that by perpetually talking of courage "chaining victory to the standards," or of Napoleon's "carrying his standards from the Elbe to the Kremlin," he is eloquent and pictorial. A dictionary-maker might as well imagine he had rivalled Milton. In truth, poetic diction is a delicate thing, and will not bear handling by prosaic men. We say this, not for Mr. Alison's benefit—he is incorrigible—but for the benefit of young aspirants who may fancy they can produce an effect because they understand how the effect is produced; forgetting that art depends on other faculties than criticism.

We have not done yet with Macaulay's style; we have still to notice its unsurpassed clearness. No mortal ever for an instant paused over one of Macaulay's sentences, in doubt as to its meaning. The writer has no misgivings; he goes direct to the point, and his phrases fall naturally into their proper places. This is partly mastery over expression; but it is also partly owing to that absence of deep meditation and continuous thought, which we have already noticed as characteristic of his mind. Every clear thinker will of course write clearly; but depth of thought is not always compatible with transparency of expression. On the other hand, it is not every shallow stream which is clear; and no mistake is more general than that of men supposing their writings are profound when they are simply obscure.

Style is as a garment in which the mind robes itself; sometimes it is an antique panoply beneath whose weight the mind staggers, trying to be grand and dignified; sometimes it is a flowing robe which bends with every movement of the mind, betraying in every winding of its phrase all the mind's grace, all its abruptness, all its vigor, and all its hesitation. Now Macaulay never hesitates, and his style is unperplexed. He sees sharply enough all the surfaces presented to his view, and can accurately distinguish all their differences. But he has no misgivings as to the existence of anything beyond what he sees. His style is, therefore, never overpowered, never borne down by the weight of what it would express, never ruffled by the perplexity of his thoughts, never confused by the flashing of cross lights, never darkened by the shadow of mysteries unexplored. It

is clear, sunny, definite. But this very excellence is attained in some sort by the sacrifice of a higher excellence. Brilliant it is, and vivacious; but it wants the deep organ-tones of impassioned oratory, it wants the luminous repose of great convictions.

Nor must we omit to mention his unrivalled powers of illustration. Here his extraordinary erudition stands him in good stead. No matter what subject he is treating, he is sure to adorn it with some delightful illustration from ancient history or from fairy legend; poets, philosophers, ballads, old chronicles and novelists are made "to do his spiriting gently." Thus, to take a single example, he compares Bacon's mind to the tent which the Fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed; fold it, and it seemed a toy for a lady's hand; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade. This power of illustration, which arises from a quick "perception of resemblances in things dissimilar," has been called wit. A distinction, however, suggests itself to us: although the power comes under the *definition* of wit, the illustrations themselves do not come under the *feeling* of wit. Respecting these illustrations we remark also, as significant of Macaulay's *accomplished* but not *observant* mind, that they are almost always drawn from books. Prodigal as he is of analogies drawn from literature, he is niggardly in those drawn from life; Memory, not Observation, furnishes him with his subjects. Of those taken from nature, perhaps the very best is the following, which is the "second edition, revised and corrected," of a passage previously given in his article on Dryden:

"The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and reflect the dawn. They are bright while the level below is in darkness. But soon the light which at first illuminated only the loftiest eminences, descends on the plain and penetrates to the deepest valley. First come hints; then fragments of systems, then complete and harmonious systems. The opinion held for a time by one bold speculator becomes the opinion of a small minority, of a strong minority, of a majority of mankind."

Richness of illustration, splendor of diction, and transparency of statement make Macaulay a fascinating writer; so fascinating, indeed, that the dazzled eye has barely power to detect faults until familiarity has accustomed it to the glitter. Then indeed we perceive defects. One of these defects is an excess of the excellent quality—"relief." Every sentence stands out as if sculptured.

Commonplaces are stated with a gravity and elaboration which other writers would bestow only on their important points. His level style is so emphatic, that to rise above it he is forced into exaggeration. Consequently the least critical reader is always conscious that Macaulay is writing for effect.

Exaggeration, indeed, may be called his standing literary sin. It has given rise to a suspicion that he is wholly insensible to truth. This is unjust. He is only too sensible of effect, and a little too solicitous to achieve it. He cannot blame men if they receive his judgments with suspicion, for his exaggeration sometimes precipitates him even into bathos. He describes a character with such extraordinary power, he vituperates with such amazing virulence, that he carries your hatred along with him until the moment when, by some unhappy blunder, he quits generalities and descends to particulars, and then it is that these particulars turn out to be so incommensurate with the language they are intended to warrant, that the bathos is inevitable. Look at his treatment of Nuncomar. With all his varied powers of illustration he elaborately depicts the immorality of this Bengalee, till you imagine him to be some moral monster, as far transcending in turpitude any British scoundrel of your acquaintance, as the dark-striped tiger of the jungle transcends the domestic cat which purrs upon your hearth-rug. "Of his moral character," we are told, "it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to the Hindoo, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees." After such an exordium, and after being told at great length that "in Nuncomar the national character was strongly, and with exaggeration, personified," is it not ridiculous to proceed, as he does with perfect gravity, to inform us, by way of striking *samples* of this character, that "On one occasion he brought a *false* charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion it was discovered, that while professing the strongest attachment to the English he was engaged in several conspiracies against them?" If, as Macaulay assures us, deceit is to the Bengalee what beauty is to a woman, what a sting is to the bee, what a horn is to the buffalo, why is Nuncomar pilloried in that extravagant contempt because he was deceitful? Surely perjury and treachery are not crimes



so unparalleled as to be inconceivable by those who only know human nature as it appears in our island? That Nuncomar was a gentleman whose acquaintance was desirable, may be doubted; one would rather not take him into the family circle. But that his accuser should only be able to bring home to him two charges of perjury and treachery, after having so elaborately excited our execration, reminds us of the bathos in that famous couplet:

Then came Dalhousie, *that great god of war,*  
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

To a similar sacrifice of justice to effect must we ascribe the unexampled contempt with which he speaks of Boswell. The case is clear. He wanted a paradox, and the nature of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" furnished one, viz: that one of the greatest fools ever known to mankind had written one of the best books ever published. Many writers had remarked that Boswell's abilities did not seem to warrant the excellence of his book. But this would not content Macaulay. He was resolved to put Bozzy in the pillory. He did so; and did it with his usual power. We laugh, and allow laughter to overthrow judgment. But whoever seriously examines the matter, will perceive that the portrait drawn by Macaulay is an amusing caricature. So far from being the foolishlest of men, Boswell, judged by the work in which he has shamelessly exhibited his weakness, his vanity, his sottishness, his curiosity, and his toadyism, will be found a scholar, a man of information, a respectable talker, and more than respectable writer. It was not an age abounding in genius; nor had he any claim to rank amongst the good writers of his age; but judged according to the standard of his contemporaries he was far from contemptible. Does any one suppose that Malone, Hawkins, Hawkesworth, or even Garrick, would have much surpassed Boswell in the literary portions of the "Life of Johnson?" We say literary portions, because we set aside the peculiar excellence of the work—its faithful record of Johnson's sayings. In taste, in knowledge, and in style, Boswell, though certainly a mediocre writer, was very far from being the contemptible dolt Macaulay has represented.

Macaulay's speculations, when they have any novelty, appear to us not only untenable, but such as a deeply meditative mind would not have seriously put forth. This we will say for him, that having once taken up his position he defends it in dashing style.

It would not be right to make such an assertion without adducing examples, and we will content ourselves with one literary and one historical example: that on the decline of poetry, and that on the policy of the Church of Rome.

In his article on Milton, and subsequently in that on Dryden, (not reprinted,) he propounded, and illustrated with his wonted vivacity, the theory "that as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines." The paradox is not altogether novel, but he pushed it further than any writer we remember. The question is wide and deep: it strikes down to the root of literature, and is worthy the attention of every serious mind. If it be true, as he says, that civilization, by cultivating the reason, and by enlarging the bounds of human intelligence, *necessarily destroys* the poetic faculty, the poet's office, once so potent, has now become a nonentity, or worse, a frivolity. But is it true? We think not. It has been often said that no age is poetic to itself, and thus have men ever looked backward to a golden age of poetry. The history of the world teaches us that whenever there has been an awakening to new convictions, whenever there has been a period fraught with a "new birth of society" there have arisen singers to give melodious utterance to those convictions. The poet has never been wanting to his age.

Macaulay says he cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception; "surely the uniformity of the phenomena indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause." But here is a statement which we venture to say is contradicted by all known facts. The earliest poets are *not* the best. With the single exceptions of Homer and the *Nibelungen Lied*, the argument has not a fact to stand on, unless the vague term, early, may include the highly civilized poets of Athens, Florence and England. Homer had contemporaries; where are their great poems? Chaucer is a great poet; but are Gower, Barbour, Occleve, and Lydgate superior to such civilized poets as Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Tennyson? Observe, the question, as Macaulay puts it, is not one of *individual genius*, it is one of *antiquity*; and the earliest poets are said to be generally the best, not because *they* have greater genius, but because *their age* was more poetical. The greatest poets of each nation are Homer and Sophocles, Lucretius and Virgil, Dante and

Ariosto, Lope de Vega and Calderon, Shakespeare and Milton, Göthe and Schiller; of these, how many flourished in periods when "reasoning," "analysis," and "criticism" did not also flourish?

But as Macaulay may dispute the cogency of the above objections, let us at once grapple with his principles. It will excite some astonishment in our readers to learn, that he believes a "certain unsoundness of mind" to be the necessary condition of poetry, and that no man can rightly enjoy poetry without this unsoundness. He says:

"Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

"In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones, but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

"Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And as the magic lantern

acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outline of certainty becomes more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception—the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction."

What does all this amount to? It amounts to saying that children and savages are more susceptible to imaginative impressions than natural and cultivated men. There needed no proof of that; and proving it, was not proving that the poetry which so affects children and savages is the greatest *kind* of poetry, nor that early poets are the best. Macaulay, we presume, is not prepared to maintain that the songs which transport the Mohawk are finer works of art than the Faust; or that Little Red Riding Hood is superior to Othello; though these are legitimate inferences from his position as to *effect*. He talks of our being unable to unite the incompatible advantages of *reality and deception*, as if the object of the poet were to produce deception! He must be aware that such never was the object of the poet, any more than it has been the object of the sculptor or the painter. Yet it is on this assumption of the object of poetry being to produce an *illusion* that the whole of his argument reposes. With that assumption it stands or falls. But it requires no more elaborate refutation than is given by a naked statement of the assumption.

He has proved that the imagination is more susceptible in children and savages than in matured and cultivated men; but to establish his theory on the necessary decline of poetry with the advance of civilization, he would have to prove—1. That in children and savages the imagination is not only more vivacious, but more capable of sustaining long flights. 2. That poetry is the unmixed product of imagination, and its excellence depends *solely* on the imaginative vivacity. 3. That poetry has for a test of its excellence the amount of *illusion* it produces. When these three positions are satisfactorily established, it will be time to give heed to his theory, and not till then.

Now for the second example. In his article on Ranke's Popes, he alarmed many timorous Protestants by the striking picture he presented of the polity of the Church of Rome—a polity which enabled it to recover from the blow struck by Protestantism, and

to regain much of its ancient territory. He says it is impossible to deny this polity to be the very master-piece of human wisdom. Not at all impossible. We deny it! We deny that it is a master-piece, and we deny that it is *peculiar* to the Church of Rome. To give him every advantage, and to place ourselves at the mercy of his singularly effective power of stating an argument, we quote *in extenso* :

"In England, it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusement or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable, desire to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full—to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion, is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbors; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly unmixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the establishment; no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers. But, admitted or rejected, his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Papist bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the Eleven. Nor will he, for lack of human credentials, spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true Head of the Church. For a man thus minded,

there is within the pale of the establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author, nor write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A license is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

"Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the learned and polite may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the church of which he is a minister. To that church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals, whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the Palace or the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars.

"Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison, to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the Ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first Superior of the Blessed Order of the Sisters of the Jails.

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to

be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honor of the Church. Place St. Theresa in London. Her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not untinctured with craft. She becomes the prophetess, the mother of the faithful, holds disputations with the devil, issues sealed pardons to her adorers, and lies in of the Shiloh. Place Joanna Southcote at Rome. She founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the church;—a solemn service is consecrated to her memory;—and her statue, placed over the holy water, strikes the eye of every stranger who enters St. Peter's. We have dwelt long on this subject, because we believe, that of the many causes to which the Church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa."

When the reader has fairly recovered from the blow thus struck at his conviction, let him calmly weigh the following objections. All that Macaulay has written above is undeniably true, and, if taken as a satire on the Church of England, is very trenchant. But, except as regards the Church of England, all he says is beside the question. The great struggle was, and is, a struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, not between the Church of England and Rome. Macaulay argues as if Protestantism began and ended with our Established Church. Rome, it is said, knows how to employ enthusiasm: it enlists all earnest men under its banners. Therein consists its masterpiece of polity. Surely a moment's reflection will convince every one that Protestantism *equally* enlists enthusiasm in its cause! The tinker and coal-heaver alluded to by Macaulay as examples of lost sheep are really nothing of the kind; they are refused admittance, indeed, within the precincts of that aristocratic and privileged body named the Church of England, but they are eagerly admitted into the wide Church of Protestantism, where their enthusiasm does its office not less effectually than it would have done in Rome. John Wesley wears no mitre; that may be a matter of grievance; it may also be a matter of indifference, if not of rejoicing. He is appointed to no wealthy see; but is he therefore lost to the Church? He becomes the founder of a sect, but that sect is a *Protestant* sect. The Church of England has made an enemy, but Protestantism has not lost a friend. The Wesleyans form an order which we may compare with any order of the Catholic Church—either Benedictines or Franciscans, Dominicans or Capuchins.

They are separated from the Church established by the State; and that is all. They are faithful to the flock; and although classed in a separate pen, they are still in the same fold.

Macaulay seems to have lost sight of the basis upon which Protestantism is founded—viz: the *liberty of private judgment*. Now, unless he take up arms against the very spirit of Protestantism, which he is not inclined to do, he must acknowledge that the very disunion he notices in our church arises from the strength and excellence of its principle. It is in the very nature of such liberty of private judgment to produce *sects*; and the minute subdivision of sects has greatly distressed some pious persons, more timorous than far-sighted. But remember, that if our church be split up into various sects, it is still *one cause* they have in common; however they may differ amongst themselves, they all unite in differing from Catholicism, the principle of which is an *unconditional surrender of private judgment* to the authority of the church.

This is the vital antagonism of the two churches; the one proclaims Liberty, the other Despotism; the domain of the one is divided into several kingdoms, which, as republics and limited monarchies, flourish and keep alive the spirit and advantages of Liberty; the domain of the other is one great empire, kept together by the subjugation of men's minds, but impoverishing the very sources of health and vigor, and which, founded on Despotism, will perish at the birth of Liberty. Macaulay himself has written the condemnation of that polity which he professes to admire, in a passage which we extract from his "History of England," though substantially the same as one occurring in the essay we are combating:—

"From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been made in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of

a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what four hundred years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman-catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman-catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."

We may be excused if we look with suspicion upon a "polity" which has produced such results!

Is it true that the Church of Rome employs every species of enthusiasm in her cause, and that Protestantism is wanting in that polity? No, it is not true. The Catholic accepts dogmas unconditionally; he is not permitted to examine them. If he presume to doubt, he is treated as a heretic. Enthusiasm joined with freedom of inquiry is heretical, and is cast out. Not so Protestantism. It accepts and employs enthusiasm just as Rome employs it; difference of opinion except on *fundamental* points does not exclude the enthusiasts from the Church, it only creates a sect; and sectarianism is, as we have said, the necessary consequence of the first principles of Protestantism. Thus we see that the "polity" of Rome is in no way peculiar to it; but, on the whole is inferior to that of Protestantism; for, although Rome accepts every variety of enthusiasm, it will not, as its antagonist does, accept variety of *opinion* as well as of feeling.

Macaulay's argument is a curious example of the lively, one-sided view he takes of things. Observe, it is not a passing error; it is not the sort of rapid, imperfect glance which a man may cast upon the hedges which line the road he travels on; it is the main proposition of his essay, the conclusion to which historical investigation has led him. The reader will be tempted to suspect that we misrepresent the argument, and that Macaulay could not have made such a mistake as to identify Protestantism with the

Church of England; but we have his *express* words, no less than his line of argument, to bear us out. He says "the stronger our conviction that reason and scripture were *decidedly on the side of Protestantism*, the greater is the reluctant admiration with which we regard that system of tactics against which reason and scripture were in vain!" He alludes here to the "polity"—the only thing, in his opinion, which could have sustained such doctrines as those of Rome.

"The reluctant admiration" which this figment of his own extorts from him is quite amusing; he creates a "masterpiece," and then falls down in worship before it. The grandeur of Rome, and the extent of her dominion, rouse him to eloquence. "We see no sign," he says, "which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London-bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

Before we quit this subject, let us briefly recapitulate that Catholicism, in no way superior to Protestantism as far as relates to the employment of *enthusiasm*, is distinguished by superior *unity*, and consequently by the wealth and power which such unity bestows. But the boasted unity results at once from the strength and weakness of its principles—viz: its *interdiction of all inquiry*. The strength and weakness of Protestantism (weakness as a proselytizing agent) lies also in its great principle—viz: liberty of thought. As for Macaulay's argument about "polity," and his prophecies respecting the dominion of Rome, we hold them equally cheap. When he can prove that the fate of Protestantism is bound up with that of the Church of England, and when he can prove that enthusiasm is not as fully employed by Protestantism as by Catholicism, then, and not till then, will we open our ears to his teaching.

We have attempted, in the foregoing pages, to characterize Macaulay's excellences

and defects, such as they appeared in the three volumes of *Essays* upon which his reputation was founded. We have said nothing of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," nor will our space permit us to supply the omission. The long-expected "History of England" lies before us, and demands all our attention.

The "History of England" is a splendid performance. We have earned our right to say so unequivocally, by the frankness of our previous strictures; and we use that right with greater pleasure, because we have observed, with regret, that in many quarters a depreciatory tone has been adopted, a tone which, although it cannot prevail, is so characteristic of an unwholesome tendency, that we are forced to advert to it. We allude not to the grumblers and snarlers who depreciate whatever others praise; we have no hopes of uprooting envy. But the evil to which we allude may be removed in every mind by a little reflection. It is this; directly a writer achieves a reputation by one kind of work, the wise public insists upon his continuing to produce that kind of work, or else forfeit its praise. A certain notion is formed of a man's powers, and he is not at liberty to disturb that notion by appearing in a new character. Poor Hood to the last complained that he could not get credit for his serious powers. When Göthe astonished Germany with his "Götz von Berlichingen," a bookseller came to him, and wished to give an "order" for half-a-dozen more "middle-age" plays! Göthe, instead of reproducing his Iron-handed hero, produced "Werther;" instead of reproducing "Werther," he wrote "Clavigo;" and so on throughout his strange career. Every new work he wrote disappointed a public which had formed certain expectations of his doing again what he had already done so well. This irrational tendency of restricting a writer to our confined notion of his power, has operated in Macaulay's case. He has written review articles; he has made a reputation by review articles; and everything else that he may write will be called a review article. Had he never written, or had his articles been dull enough to escape notice, (a success which some of his critics have adroitly achieved,) this History would have been welcomed as a great work, and his reputation would have been fixed as an historian. But now we are told "it is only an expanded review article;" as if its pretensions were settled by that phrase. To judge fairly, we must regard the essays in the *Edinburgh Review* as experiments in the art of historical

writing. He has been trying his wings before venturing on continuous flight. Instead, therefore, of bringing down his History to the level of an essay, we ought to regard it as the finished result, and the essays as mere experiments.

The same critics who sneeringly talk of review articles complete their objection by the traditional trash about the "dignity of history." They do not accuse the work of inaccuracy, of partiality, or of heaviness; they accuse it of being unconventional! If they could point out errors of fact, if they could expose any deficiency of proper information, or the absence of clear arrangement, we might listen; but to have the assurance to come forward with the foolish old cant about "dignity" and "classic models," merely for the miserable object of depreciating a fine work, deserves nothing but contempt.\*

It is a pity men know not how insignificant they look when they thus endeavor to exalt themselves above an author. The ignorance of such language is not less than its malevolence. If they knew any "classic models" except Gibbon and Robertson, they would know that Macaulay's History is the nearest approach to classic models that our language possesses, though it never imitates them servilely.

History is the story of the past narrated to the present. Every art by which the narrator can make his audience understand that story is legitimate, and the better he succeeds, the greater must be his art. No detail is trivial which makes the story clearer. It is not a question of dignity at all; it is a question of artistic painting. Upon principles of "dignity," it has been asserted that Shakspeare should not have made Othello his hero, because a hero should always be *white*; and Voltaire has objected to the picturesque use of the phrase "there's not a mouse stirring," because, although he admits it to be graphic, yet it is too "undignified for tragedy." But one may reasonably ask, what has dignity to do with the object of the dramatist or with that of the historian? He writes to explain and to depict; dignity must take its chance.

Some have thought—and Charles James Fox is of the number—that history should be a *mere narrative*, and that it could not

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\* We class such criticism with the imbecility of Scioippius, who called down the vengeance of the church upon "*that* De Thou—*istum* Thuanum," because his history contained a reprobation of Borgia and—three solecisms in the Latin!

properly admit even of notes. But the word *isotopia* does not mean narrative—it means knowledge, experience. Nor did the ancients confine themselves to mere narrative; they paused occasionally to refute errors, and to introduce discussions. It would be impossible, in many cases, to make a mere narrative intelligible; discussion and explanation are therefore imperative. But the great art is to dispense as much as possible with discussion, and to tell the story in the directest manner compatible with thorough clearing up of difficulties.

We venture to affirm that in the art of telling a story well, and of bringing vividly before the reader's eye the very "body of the time, its form and pressure," Macaulay's history has scarcely a rival. He does not, indeed, narrate a story with the poetic grace, *naïveté*, and pathos of Herodotus, some of whose episodes are masterpieces of *l'art de conter*; he does not deepen his style with the weighty thoughts and grave eloquence of Thucydides; he does not approach the almost Shakspearean power of Livy, nor the gloomy grandeur and terrible concision of Tacitus, the Rembrandt of history. But in the marshalling of facts, in the dextrous use of details, in the fullness of knowledge, and the art of communicating that knowledge so as to leave nothing unexplained, while preserving the continuity and interest of the story, we certainly remember no work which surpasses it. If to *understand* an epoch, and to *paint* it, be the primary requisites of an historian, Macaulay has produced a classic work. For those who love to shield their judgments under some classic authority, we will quote the well-weighed language in which Cicero lays down the requisites of a history—requisites which it is impossible to deny Macaulay's having successfully supplied:

"Vult etiam quoniam in rebus magnis memoriaque dignis consilia primum, deinde acta, postea eventus expectantur, et de consiliis significari quid scriptor probet, et in rebus gestis declarari non solum quid actum aut dictum sit, sed etiam quomodo; et cum de eventu dicatur, ut causæ explicentur omnes vel casus vel sapientiæ vel temeritatis: hominumque ipsorum non solum res gestæ, sed etiam qui fama ac nomine excellant de cujusque vita atque natura. Verborum autem ratio et genus orationis fustum atque tractum, et cum lenitate quadam æquabili profluens, sine hac judiciali asperitate et sine sententiarum forensium aculeis persequendum est."

If we compare Macaulay with the histori-

ans of our own day, his precedence will be manifest. He has the learning and impartiality of Hallam, with a picturesque power incomparably greater; he is more graphic than Southey, without Southey's bigotry and partisanship; he has greater knowledge and mastery of historical material than Bulwer; greater art than Grote or Thirlwall; and is equally free from the astonishing inaccuracy, and from the unparalleled old-womanism of Alison.

As far as Macaulay himself is concerned, it matters little what opinions are formed respecting the merit or demerit of his historical method. Success is assured him. His name will make every cultivated reader take up this book; its fascinating contents will not permit it to be laid aside unread. Right or wrong, therefore, *his* aim is achieved. But for us, as critics, there is another consideration. We cannot regard as unimportant the opinion to be formed of so striking a work; for in that opinion is involved the question of historical art. If Macaulay is wrong, who is right? If he is wrong, *how* is he wrong? Those who are to write history, and those who are to sit in judgment on it, must make up their minds as to the *object* of the historian, and the *means* by which that object is to be attained. Now it seems to us, that the object is to represent the past; the means are those which best enable him to paint it accurately and vividly. If the means employed do actually achieve that object, any traditional stupidity about the "dignity of history" must be set aside. Macaulay has made up his mind to bear such accusations. "I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history," he says, "if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." No one will dare to say that he has *not* succeeded; no one will dare to say that we have not here an incomparably more graphic delineation of the past than any English historian has given us. Exception may be taken to certain opinions; differences of view will of course be elicited; but, making every allowance for such individual exceptions, the sum total will be, as we said, that here is a splendid performance, such as no Englishman can read unmoved. It is a long and sumptuous historic gallery: the walls are lined with pictures, not of one kind, but of all kinds; here we see a battle-field, there a domestic interior; here a cabinet council, there a charming landscape; next the turbu-

lent insurrection of a maddened people, followed by a glimpse into a coffee-house; the interspaces of the walls are studded with portraits painted with a cunning hand; so that, as we walk along that gallery, the whole life of our ancestors is typically presented to us.

We do not imagine the work to be free from serious defects;

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
Quæ legis: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.\**

We could occupy several pages with minute criticism, were we so disposed. Many statements occur which, in the brief and hasty form in which they are given, are not, in our judgment, accurate, and will be cited another day in support of views which are not those of the author. But we admire the general fairness of the narrative. The objections we feel called upon to make are objections to the treatment; and we speak of historical art more than of minute facts. The first of these objections is to what we fear must be called Macaulay's incurable sin of exaggeration. The main facts are correct enough, but his manner of presenting them is false. To cite the instances of Marlborough and James the Second will be sufficient: their portraits are beneath the "dignity" of history, because they swerve from that severe impartiality which we demand in a judge, and descend to the tone of an advocate. James, especially, is contemptible enough; his acts and motives are glaring enough to dispense with all virulence from his historian; yet Macaulay writes of him as if he were an intimate enemy. Another defect, and one more easily remedied, is the frequency of *repetition*. This looks like carelessness; yet carelessness is the last fault one would expect to find in so elaborate a work. Perhaps it arises from an over-anxiety to make points clear; an anxiety which is increased by the diffuseness characteristic of his writing. Yet we should imagine that the stupidest of mortals would not require the arguments used by churchmen to justify their departure from their dogma of non-resistance, to be recapitulated in the lengthy manner of the present work. As a general rule, the discussion and illustration is too wordy; and the recapitulations quite indefensible.

The work opens with a sketch of the history of England, from the earliest times to

the accession of James II. Those who love to find fault have objected to the length of this introduction; but few in reading it have wished it much shorter. He must be insensible indeed to the charms of elegant writing and clear exposition who does not regard it as a masterpiece. To splendor of diction and picturesqueness of grouping there is added a clear and important statement of the *constitutional* development of our history, which although not new, has the effect of novelty by the vividness of its presentation. For instance, the growth of law as concurrent with the decrease of violence—the greater necessity of strictly-defined principles of government as checks to the sovereign's caprice in proportion as society advances, and as the classification of labor gives rise to a standing army, with the consequent difference in the importance of revolutions now and formerly—were never more clearly and convincingly stated than in this passage:

"They (the people) might, indeed, safely tolerate a king in a few excesses; for they had in reserve a check which soon brought the fiercest and proudest king to reason, the check of physical force. It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to image to himself the facility and rapidity with which, four hundred years ago, this check was applied. The people have long unlearned the use of arms. The art of war has been carried to a perfection unknown to our forefathers; and the knowledge of that art is confined to a particular class. A hundred thousand troops, well disciplined and commanded will keep down millions of ploughmen and artisans. A few regiments of household troops are sufficient to overawe all the discontented spirits of a large capital. In the mean time, the effect of the constant progress of wealth has been to make insurrection far more terrible to thinking men than mal-administration. Immense sums have been expended on works which, if a rebellion broke out, might perish in a few hours. The mass of moveable wealth collected in the shops and warehouses of London alone exceeds five hundred-fold that which the whole island contained in the days of the Plantagenets; and, if the government were subverted by physical force, all this moveable wealth would be exposed to imminent risk of spoliation and destruction. Still greater would be the risk to public credit, on which thousands of families directly depend for subsistence, and with which the credit of the whole commercial world is inseparably connected. It is no exaggeration to say that a civil war of a week on English ground would now produce disasters which would be felt from the Hoangho to the Missouri, and of which the traces would be discernible at the distance of a century. In such a state of society resistance must be regarded as a cure more desperate than almost any malady which can afflict the state. In the middle ages, on the contrary, re-

\* *Martial.*



sistance was an ordinary remedy for political distempers, a remedy which was always at hand, and which, though doubtless sharp at the moment, produced no deep or lasting ill effects. If a popular chief raised his standard in a popular cause, an irregular army could be assembled in a day. Regular army there was none. Every man had a slight tincture of soldiership; and scarcely any man more than a slight tincture. The national wealth consisted chiefly in flocks and in herds, in the harvest of the year, and in the simple buildings inhabited by the people. All the furniture, the stock of shops, the machinery, which could be found in the realm, was of less value than the property which some single parishes now contain. Manufactures were rude, credit almost unknown; society therefore recovered from the shock as soon as the actual conflict was over. The calamities of civil war were confined to the slaughter on the field of battle, and a few subsequent executions and confiscations. In a week the peasant was driving his team, and the esquire flying his hawks, over the field of Towton, or of Bosworth, as if no extraordinary event had interrupted the regular course of human life.

"A hundred and sixty years have now elapsed since the English people have by force subverted a government. During the hundred and sixty years which preceded the union of the Roses, nine kings reigned in England. Six of these nine kings were deposed. Five lost their lives, as well as their crowns. It is evident, therefore, that any comparison between our ancient and our modern polity must lead to most erroneous conclusions, unless large allowance be made for the effect of that restraint which resistance and the fear of resistance constantly imposed on the Plantagenets. As our ancestors had against tyranny a most important security, which we want, they might safely dispense with some securities to which we justly attach the highest importance. As we cannot, without the risk of evils from which the imagination recoils, employ physical force as a check on misgovernment, it is evidently our wisdom to keep all the constitutional checks on misgovernment in the highest state of efficiency, to watch with jealousy the first beginnings of encroachment, and never to suffer irregularities, even when harmless in themselves, to pass unchallenged, lest they acquire the force of precedents."

We could furnish other examples, but we must be chary of extracts from a work which will soon be in everybody's hands.

We cannot pass this Introduction without animadverting on a serious omission: an omission, indeed, which previous historians have also made, but which no original thinker of the present day, looking at history with his own eyes, instead of looking through the spectacles of others, would have made. We allude to the complete silence upon the most important fact in modern history, the development of the Industrial element. This element it is which has gradually destroyed

feudalism; given birth to the true democratic spirit; and changed the whole constitution of society. The historian who overlooks such an element, who does not recognize and depict its influence in every stage of our progress, has missed the peculiar significance of the story he relates. What is it that profoundly separates ancient from modern civilization? Two things: Christianity and the Industrial spirit. Whatever is peculiar to modern times owes its existence to one of those two agents.

Of course we do not deny that ancient society also had its industrial element; but the industrial element plays a part in modern Europe which has no counterpart in the ancient world. And here we do not refer to our mechanical superiority merely, to the obvious marvels of our industry. We refer to the *rise of the industrial classes into power*; to the *transformation* which they have effected in society, converting it from a state in which the *military* spirit was dominant, into a state in which the *industrial* spirit is dominant. Some traces of the ancient feeling still remain, and sneers of *trade* occasionally curl the lips of those who give themselves aristocratic airs. The notion of a gentleman is still essentially feudal: it is that of a man who does not labor, but for whom others labor. This feeling will not soon die out. Meanwhile, the fact of the whole spirit of society having ceased to be military is indisputable. Labor of head or hand has come to be the necessity of gentlemen as of villeins. The warlike spirit has yielded to the pacific spirit. The much-ridiculed "Peace Congress" is admitted, even by those who laugh at it, to be only somewhat *premature*: its object is desirable, though Europe may not be prepared to carry it out. But the existence of such a scheme is significant. Utopias even in their extravagance reveal the tendency of an age. Such a project as that of universal peace, which only excites a smile at its prematurity, would have seemed to our ancestors a buffoonery more extravagant than anything engendered by the combined genius of Pulci, Rabelais, and Swift.

The broad distinction between the military character of ancient society and the increasing preponderance of the industrial character in modern society is one of the first principles of historical science. Its application is unlimited. Its ramifications run throughout history. All the manifold results of standing armies are traceable to it. That standing armies owe their existence to the increase of the industrial spirit is easily demonstrable.

They first arose in Venice and Florence, the great industrial centres of the middle ages; and they arose from the increase of industry and its concurrent division of employments. Moreover, the industrial element is democratic. It brings the nation—the people—upon the stage, where, formerly, a few privileged individuals strutted and declaimed. It was the industrial element which first emancipated the masses from slavery and servage. It has now risen to such a height that, instead of suffering the nation to be ruled according to the whims of a few captains and chiefs, it has taken the government very much into its own hands. An army does not govern: it is the hired servant of the nation. Great warriors are not our leaders. Men who have led victorious armies, and extended our empire, have not more weight in the affairs of the nation than a Manchester manufacturer.

There is one great influence traceable to the extinction of the military spirit as the preponderating element of society, which it would take us some pages to exhibit in full force, and we can only therefore give a passing indication of it. The preponderance of the industrial spirit has powerfully accelerated our advance in civilization, by the development of our social tendencies, and by the subjugation of those more animal and instinctive tendencies which created and fostered the military spirit.

We must not be led into an essay, though the subject demands one. The observations already made will be sufficient for our present purpose, which is to point out a serious deficiency in Macaulay's history. Indeed, one may say, that what is called the philosophy of history has little troubled Macaulay; neither the temper of his mind, nor the direction of his studies have been such as to lead him to probe deep beneath the surface of events. History is to him a subject for an artist, not for a philosopher. Rightly considered, it is a subject for both, and the historian should possess the deep insight of the philosopher no less than the cunning hand of the artist. This is, perhaps, an ideal we shall not see realized. But thus much may confidently be asserted, that the story of a nation's life is incomplete if it omit any vital element; and the industrial element is not only vital, it is one of the most powerful of those which have created our history. Macaulay has not seen its significance, or seeing it, has omitted to proclaim it. He is only struck by the abolition of slavery, which he attributes to the Church.

"It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England, that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man, were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. Moral causes noiselessly effaced, first the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might, perhaps, have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villenage were detected by the curious so late as the days of the Stuarts; nor has that institution ever, to this hour, been abolished by statute.

"It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his nation or of his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, Popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country, this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even these pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow Christians. The first protector whom the Eng-

lish found among the dominant caste, was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained that charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villenage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant councillors of Elizabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacrament, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the church used her formidable machinery, that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

"There can be no doubt that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced. The condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favorable to the happiness and virtue of our species; but no man was altogether above the restraints of law; and no man was altogether below its protection."

This passage is sufficient to convince us that the writer has not speculated much upon the under-currents of history, or he would scarcely have attributed to the Church the amount of influence he there speaks of. That the church was a powerful agent is incontestable; that her doctrines are opposed to slavery is no less so. But there is no fact more certain than that Christianity as a doctrine, or the Church as an establishment, could not, and did not abolish slavery in early times, nor has it succeeded in abolishing slavery even in our own times. It has done its part, and done it well, but it has been by means of that great agent, which

all the Greek philosophers would have pronounced impossible, and which the early Fathers would have pronounced indefinitely distant—namely, the industrial element.

We have no more objections to make to this history. We read it with exquisite pleasure, and have meditated on it with profit. Many new lights have been thrown upon old questions, and the whole story has become clearer. The impartiality of a Hallam must not be looked for; and yet one must say that, on the whole, impartiality has been well preserved. In ecclesiastical matters this is a peculiar merit, for theological questions have in all times been firebrands. He seems to us to have stated the case with great fairness towards all parties; it is quite evident that he has no partisanship. All parties will, we suppose, be irritated at this tolerance. Here is a striking picture of the composition of the Church of England—a picture for which he must expect some ill-will:

"As the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.

"To the peculiarities of this great institution, and to the strong passions which it has called forth in the minds both of friends and of enemies, are to be attributed many of the most important events which have, since the Reformation, taken place in our country; nor can the secular history of England be at all understood by us, unless we study it in constant connection with the history of her ecclesiastical polity. The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which at that time needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine, he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as a mediator. Sainly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend; he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery.

"To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church, retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang. She occupies a middle position between the

churches of Rome and Geneva. Her doctrinal confessions and discourses composed by Protestants, set forth principles of theology in which Calvin or Knox would have found scarcely a word to disapprove. Her prayers and thanksgivings, derived from the ancient liturgies, are very generally such, that Bishop Fisher or Cardinal Pole might have heartily joined in them. A controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her articles and homilies, will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in her liturgy.

"The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain supernatural graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, from the eleven who received their commission on the Galilean mount, to the bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, regarded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in Scripture. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy; but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society, or to the efficacy of the sacraments. Cranmer, indeed, plainly avowed his conviction that, in the primitive times, there was no distinction between bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands was altogether unnecessary.

"Among the Presbyterians, the conduct of public worship is, to a great extent, left to the minister. Their prayers, therefore, are not exactly the same in any two assemblies on the same day, or on any two days in the same assembly. In one parish they are fervent, eloquent, and full of meaning. In the next parish they may be languid or absurd. The priests of the Roman Catholic church, on the other hand, have, during many generations, daily chaunted the same ancient confessions, supplications, and thanksgivings, in India and Lithuania, in Ireland and Peru. The service, being in a dead language, is intelligible only to the learned; and the great majority of the congregation may be said to assist as spectators rather than auditors. Here, again, the Church of England took a middle course. She copied the Roman Catholic forms of prayer, but translated them into the vulgar tongue, and invited the illiterate multitude to join its voice to that of the minister.

"In every part of her system the same policy may be traced. Utterly rejecting the doctrine of transubstantiation, and condemning as idolatrous all adoration paid to the Sacramental bread and wine, she yet, to the disgust of the Puritan, required her children to receive the memorials of divine love, meekly kneeling upon their knees. Discarding many rich vestments which surrounded the altars of the ancient faith, she yet retained,

to the horror of weak minds, the robe of white linen, which typified the purity which belonged to her as the mystical spouse of Christ. Discarding a crowd of pantomimic gestures which, in the Roman Catholic worship, are substituted for intelligible words, she yet shocked many rigid Protestants by marking the infant just sprinkled from the font with the sign of the cross. The Roman Catholic addressed his prayers to a multitude of saints, among whom were numbered many men of doubtful, and some of hateful, character. The Puritan refused the addition of saint even to the apostle of the Gentiles, and to the disciple whom Jesus loved. The Church of England, though she asked for the intercession of no created being, still set apart days for the commemoration of some who had done and suffered great things for the faith. She retained confirmation and ordination as edifying rites, but she degraded them from the rank of sacraments. Thrift was no part of her system. Yet she gently invited the dying penitent to confess his sins to a divine, and empowered her ministers to soothe the departing soul by an absolution, which breathes the very spirit of the old religion. In general, it may be said, that she appeals more to the understanding, and less to the senses and the imagination, than the Church of Rome—and that she appeals less to the understanding, and more to the senses and imagination, than the Protestant churches of Scotland, France, and Switzerland."

In closing our notice of this work, let us not omit to mention the decided position its author takes up against the grumblers who laud the days that are gone, and see only degeneracy and misery in the present. These grumblers are not unhappily confined to the twaddlers who provoked the scorn of Horatius Flaccus. When such men as Carlyle denounce the present as the age of cant, as a miserable time, in which all sense of truth, of morality, and of spiritual supremacy is extinct, and "flunkeyism," "egotism," and "shams" fill men's souls, it is worth while to rise up against the old dogma, and to test it by an examination of the past. Macaulay's volumes form an ample refutation; and he has in three or four places admirably vindicated the character of the present. We would especially direct attention to pages 424, 425, and 426, of the first volume; indeed, to the whole of that chapter.

And having applauded him for the spirit of his work, we have only to declare our conviction, that with all its faults it will become an English classic, and to express a desire for the speedy publication of the remainder.

From the North British Review.

## MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. In 2 vols. London, 1849. 1300 pp.

WE have never perused a work of literature or science, or even one of fiction, with such an intense interest as that with which we have devoured the two remarkable volumes now before us. We have cheated our mind of its usual food, and our body of its usual rest, in order to grasp, by one mental effort, the great truths which they teach, and imbibe the noble lessons which they convey. Were we among the personal friends of Mr. Macaulay, or did we adopt the latitudinarian views of religious truth which he has presented to us in all the fascination of language and of sentiment, we might have suspected that our judgment was partial, and our admiration extravagant; but, though our Presbyterian feelings have been often offended, and our most venerated martyrs but slightly honored, and our national creed not unfrequently reviled, yet these penumbral spots disappear, while we study in his bright and eloquent pages the vindication of our country's liberties,—the character and the fate of the sages who asserted them,—and the righteous but terrible doom of the Princes from whom they were wrung.

There is no period of the history of England in which the events are so closely related to those of the present day as the few years of oppression and judicial murder which constitute the reign of James II. In watching at present the revival of Popery, and in resisting its insidious approach, we must study its spirit and its power previous to the Revolution; and in contemplating our domestic disturbances, and the political convulsions which are now shaking the civilized world, we may discover their cause and their cure by a careful study of Mr. Macaulay's volumes. In the arbitrary rule of the House of Stuart—in the perfidy and immorality of its princes—in the bigotry and licentiousness of its priests—in the venality of its statesmen—

and in the bloodthirstiness of its captains—we see the germ of that revolutionary tempest which swept into one irresistible tide the otherwise conflicting elements of society. The Giant of Reaction, in his most grim and savage form, summoned a patient and oppressed people to revolt, and with its scorpion lash hurried one sovereign to the scaffold, and another into exile.

But while we shudder over the recitals in which these crimes are emblazoned, and through which our liberties were secured, the mind searches for some powerful principle of action to which they can be referred. Why was the prince perfidious, the judge sanguinary, and the priest corrupt? It was because an idolatrous superstition reigned in Christendom—irritated at the progress of Protestant truth—inculcating the heresy of passive obedience to kings—exercising an authority over the souls and bodies of men—usurping the sceptre, and assuming the ermine of the Church's Head—sealing the ark of divine truth, and closing or poisoning the fountains of education and knowledge. In the lap of this superstition even Protestant England slumbered. Truth, secular and divine, had indeed begun to throw its mingled radiance among the ignorant and immoral masses of English life. It had long before gilded and braced the Scottish mind, and raised the Scottish heart to a sense of its duties and its wrongs. The noble doctrines of the school of Calvin, which Scripture taught and philosophy confirmed, had been accepted as the creed of Presbytery, and formed the basis of its simple discipline and worship. Through the unity and power of her faith, and the indomitable courage of her people, the Church of our fathers would have maintained her ground against all the power of the Papacy, if wielded only by her domestic princes; but the Union of the Crown

of Scotland with that of England, which in happier times has been the source of her glory and her strength, threw her back a century in the race of civilization and knowledge.

A despicable king, in carrying off its Crown, forgot his duty to the land which gave him birth, striving to overturn its blood-cemented Church, and launching against its priesthood and its people the formidable power of his double sovereignty. Her humble temple fell beneath the sword of the tyrant, but only to rise again with a nobler pediment and a loftier peristyle. The same godless princes who had desecrated our altars and slain our martyrs lifted their blood-stained hand against the Sister Church; but they lifted it in vain, for their dynasty perished in the wreck of the superstition which they upheld. Under a Protestant race of kings, and a Protestant constitution, the sceptres of England and Scotland have been welded into one. Their Churches have flourished and grown together—the one rich and powerful—the other humble and contented. Their literature and science—their trade and their commerce—their arts and their arms—have achieved throughout the civilized world a glorious and imperishable name. We have now nothing to fear from perfidious and criminal sovereigns, from unprincipled statesmen, from venal judges, or from sanguinary chiefs. We have nothing to fear from political turbulence. The progressive reform of our institutions, and their gradual accommodation to the ever-varying necessities of man, and the ever-changing phases of social life, can always be secured by the moral energy of an educated and religious people. We have still less to fear from foreign invasion. The diffusion of knowledge, and the local approximation and mutual interests of nations, have exorcised the spirit of war; and should it reappear, with its iron vizor and its bloody drapery, we have bulwarks of steel and of oak that may defy the hostile levies of the world. But we have much to fear from that gigantic superstition which has so often erected the stake and the scaffold in our land, and which is again girding itself for the recovery of its power. Crowds of its devotees have been long stationing themselves in our towns and villages. Idolatrous altars are rising thick around us. The Upas seeds of Papal error, long concealed in the rubrics and liturgies of a neighboring Church, have already begun to germinate—now hiding their blanched vegetation from the eye of day—now rising

up in rank luxuriance—now budding under the surplice—now bearing fruit under the mitre. The breath of a bigoted minister, or the fiat of an unprincipled monarch, is alone wanting to plant the poison-tree in our land, and renew the battle of faith which was waged and won by our fathers.

It is not probable that such a direct agency will be employed, but there are crooked lines of policy by which treason finds an easier and a quicker path to its crimes. There may be a minister, and there may be a parliament, so blind to religious truth, so ignorant of the lessons which history has read to them, and so reckless of the temporal and spiritual interests which they control, as to supply with the munitions of war the enemies of our faith, and thus arm a Catholic priesthood against a Protestant shrine, and marshal a wild population against the peace and liberties of the empire. Had we at the helm of State some modern Orpheus, who could charm with his lyre of gold the denizens of the moral wilderness, or some Indian sage who could cajole the poison-tooth from the snake in the grass, we might expect by a stipendiary bribe to loose the Jesuit from his vows, or the priest from his allegiance; but history proclaims to us, by a handwriting on the wall, what the experience of the nation confirms, that every concession which truth makes to error is but a new buttress to support it, and that every shackle which toleration strikes from fanaticism, adds but to its virulence and power. To our Roman Catholic brethren we would cheerfully extend every right and privilege which we ourselves enjoy—to every civil and military office we would admit them—with every honorable distinction we would adorn them. Whatever, indeed, be his creed, we would welcome the wise man to our board, and we would clasp the good man to our bosom—some modern Augustine if he exists—some living Pascal if he is to be found—but we would never consent, even under the torture-boot of James II., to pay out of the hard earnings of Protestant toil the stipend of a Catholic priest, or build his superstitious altar, or purchase the relics of his idolatry.

We have no desire to support these views by any arguments of our own. We are content to refer our readers to the truth-speaking and heart-stirring pages of Mr. Macaulay. In his history of James II., every fact has but one meaning, every event but one tongue, and every mystery but one interpretation. We here learn that with civil liberty Popery cannot co-exist.—With Scripture truth it is

utterly irreconcilable.—With the faith of science it is at variance.—To the spread of education and knowledge it is bitterly opposed.—From the sage equally as from the novice it demands the secrets of the life and the heart; and over the domestic sanctuary, the seat of the purest and holiest of our affections, it has exercised, and insists upon exercising, the control of a parent, and it has wielded, and insists upon wielding, the sceptre of a god.

Gathering these truths from the work before us, and entertaining the opinion which we do of its transcendent merits, we cannot but record our satisfaction at the rapid and extensive circulation which it has already obtained, and express the wish that it may adorn every library and enlighten every family in the kingdom. And notwithstanding the imperfections which in our eyes it bears, and the errors of opinion which to us it occasionally exhibits, and the hard judgments which it sometimes pronounces against truths which we accept and revere, we would yet wish to see it in an abridged form, diffusing through middle life its great truths and lessons, and we should not object to have it read in our schools, and studied in our universities, as the best history of our Revolution, and the safest expositor of our civil and religious liberties.

As Mr. Macaulay's History of England is to be brought "down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," it will no doubt include the chronicle of the Great Revolution, which, at the close of the last century, subverted European dynasties, and which, after being itself subverted, has reappeared with redoubled energy, threatening the extinction, or heralding the improvement, of every political institution. The path of the historian will therefore lie among thorns and quicksands, exposing him to the assaults of vindictive factions—of men rushing headlong to change, or checking the march of that great civilization which the highest oracles have taught us to anticipate. The manner in which Mr. Macaulay has traced his course through the intricacies of our own revolutionary period is the best earnest of his future success; and though we sometimes start at what is perhaps only the shadow of secular leanings, when he refers to conflicting creeds, and treats of ecclesiastical strife, we yet look forward with confidence, and even with delight to his future labors. It is difficult for a statesman embroiled in the politics of his own day, and committed often to party opinions which he

does not himself hold, to descant freely and consistently on the events of other times, and to protect those stern decisions which he pronounces for posterity, from the taint of passing interests and contemporary feeling. Mr. Macaulay has, in our judgment, stood clear of this Scylla and Charybdis of history, and we feel assured that even his political adversaries will not venture to assert that he has chronicled the reign of James II. with the temper of a partisan, or sought to magnify his own political opinions by distorting the facts or suppressing the truths of history.

The first volume of the work, which we shall now proceed to analyze, is divided into five chapters. In the *first*, Mr. Macaulay gives a condensed and elegant sketch of English history from the earliest times to the Revolution in 1660. In the *second* chapter, he details the leading events in the reign of Charles II. In the *third*, he describes the state of England at the accession of James II., treating of its statistics, its literature and science, its arts, its agriculture, manufactures and commerce, the state of its towns and villages, and the condition of its population; and in the remaining *two* chapters, he gives the history of the last of the Stuarts, which is continued and concluded in the *five* chapters of the second volume.

The great event of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity is justly regarded by Mr. Macaulay as the "first of a long series of salutary revolutions" which laid the foundation of that noble constitution by which England has been distinguished from other nations. The predominance of the sacerdotal over the civil power, which marked this early period of our history, and which was continued for a great length of time, he conceives to have been a real blessing to "a society sunk in ignorance, and ruled by mere physical force." Viewing the power of priestcraft as *mental*, and "that which naturally and properly belongs to intellectual superiority," he pronounces it to be "nobler and better than that which consists merely in corporeal strength; and as the priests were by far the wisest portion of society, he decides "that it was on the whole good that they should be respected and obeyed, and that their dominion in the Dark Ages had been, in spite of many abuses, a legitimate and a salutary guardianship." Even "the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope in the Dark Ages is held to have been productive of far more good than evil;" and Mr. Macaulay reaches the climax of his admiration when he expresses his doubt *whether a purer*

*religion might not have been found a less efficient agent* in accomplishing "that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man."

Although we regard these laudations of sacerdotal and papal supremacy, and of the pilgrimages, and sanctuaries, and crusades, and monastic institutions of the Middle Ages, as an oblation to the political liberalism of the hour, and as a stumbling-block at the very threshold of Mr. Macaulay's labors, we yet feel some difficulty in reducing such general assertions into a proposition which can be fairly analyzed. That the ascendancy of *mental power* as a principle of government is superior to "that which consists merely in corporeal strength," or, as elsewhere expressed, to that which governs "by vigor of muscle and by audacity of spirit," is a truth too palpable to be denied. But when we express it in another form, and aver that the government of Popery, as exercised in the Middle Ages, was better than that of a purer faith, and better, too, than that of the muscular and audacious baron, who, in the same age, led his hereditary bondsmen to battle, there is not a Protestant versed in history that will not give it an indignant denial.

The mental power to which we do homage in the statesman and lawgiver is essentially different from the mental power of the priest. The one is the efflatus of a god embodied in the sage to bless and elevate his species; the other the spirit of Belial displayed in fraud and imposture—in false legends and in lying miracles. Under the priestly sway, knowledge was placed in bond for the purpose of deception. The vicegerent of Heaven encouraged crime by absolving the criminal, and the moral and mental power which he thus wielded descended unimpaired to his successors, and is potently exercised at this moment over every kingdom in Christian Europe. A purer religion than this—the faith of Luther, or even the faith of Pascal and Arnaud, would doubtless have been a more efficient agent in the civilization of mankind. But even the audacious autocrat exercised a sway more humane and improving than that of the priests. He laid no embargo upon knowledge—he put forth no claim to divine power, and he transmitted none to his race. If he fell in battle, a son or a chieftain less warlike than himself was not prevented by his caste from acquiring and diffusing a taste for the arts of peace, and from exercising a

milder sway over his serfs. If he returned from conquest, he might import some new ideas from his enemies, or bring back some refined or intellectual captive, or introduce into his fastnesses some instrument or process of civilization.

But if the audacious prince was a less humane and enlightened ruler than the priest—if the prelate St. Dunstan was a nobler character than the warrior Penda, whence arose the formidable contrast? The priest himself was the cause. He it was that intercepted the rays of civilization and science, which Heaven was gradually shedding over our race. He it was that selfishly converged them into the gloomy crypt of his sanctuary, and dispensed them at an usurious interest in magic and in jugglery, to deceive and enslave mankind. There was indeed a species of learning which emanated from the hierarchy duty free. They not only tolerated but taught the botany of the holy thorn, the osteology of saintly vertebræ, the odontology of the Virgin, and the physiology of St. Januarius' blood; and every monastery and temple had its museum of crowns and vestments, of ropes and chains, of crucifixes and crosses, of teeth and toes, labelled in duplicates and triplicates to establish their mendacious legends. It was thus that knowledge nestled in the monasteries, and thus that science was contraband in the baronial hall.

Did our narrow space permit us to continue the discussion of this subject, we would present it to our readers under another phase. We would direct their attention to the Chronicles of Arabia, and the noble institutions which, during the Dark Ages, sprang up under the religion of the Crescent. When a corrupt superstition, as Mr. Macaulay allows it to be, was blighting with its sirocco currents the green buds of secular knowledge, and imprisoning within their fruit-vessel the long ripened seeds of sacred truth, the Caliphs of the East, the depositaries of physical force, and the heroes of many battles, were introducing among the ferocious Saracens the elements of art and science, and establishing schools and academies for the instruction of the children of the Prophet. A Christian physician, unfettered by Mohamedan tests, presided over the academy of Khorasan, composed of men of all countries and creeds. The orthodox Mussulmans indeed murmured at the liberality of their princes, but the Arabian youth resorted to the gymnasium, and neither his academies nor his colleges were denounced as godless. Such were the labors of Almamon. With a



"vigor of muscle, and an audacity of spirit" not inferior to that of any of the captains of his age, he drew his sword against his enemies, but he returned it to its scabbard, more eager than before for the instruction and civilization of his subjects.

As if conscious of the weakness of his position, Mr. Macaulay re-states his heresy with modifying expressions, and contents himself with the affirmation, "that that superstition (namely, the Catholic) cannot be regarded as *"unmixedly noxious"* which creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondsman." To the proposition in this form we willingly assent. There is no superstition unmixedly noxious—no institution, either social or political, in which something innocuous may not be found. Even in slavery, the climax of institutional baseness, we may contrast the African in chains, braving the horrors of the middle passage, with the slave spending the rest of his life under the roof of a kind and even a Christian master.

Among the causes by which England was, at an early period, advantageously distinguished from most of the neighboring countries, Mr. Macaulay, in a very interesting passage, mentions the relation in which the nobility stood to the commonalty:—

"There was," he says, "a strong hereditary aristocracy, but it was of all hereditary aristocracies the least insolent and exclusive. It had none of the invidious character of a caste. It was constantly receiving inebriates from the people, and constantly sending down members to mingle with the people. Any gentleman might become a peer. The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. Grandsons of peers yielded precedence to newly made knights. The dignity of knighthood was not beyond the reach of any man who could by diligence and thrift realize a good estate, or who could attract notice by his valor in a battle or a siege. It was regarded as no disparagement for the daughter of a duke, nay, of a royal duke, to espouse a distinguished commoner. \* \* \* Good blood, indeed, was held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of the peerage, there was most fortunately for our country no necessary connexion. Pedigrees as long, and scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were new men who bore the highest titles. There were untitled men well known to have been descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem. \* \* \* There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to in-

sult a class into which his own children must descend. \* \* \* The constitution of the House of Commons tended greatly to promote the salutary intermixture of classes. The knight of the shire was the connecting link between the baron and the shopkeeper. On the same benches on which sat the goldsmiths, the drapers, and grocers who had been returned to Parliament by the commercial towns, sat also members who, in any other country, would have been called noblemen, hereditary lords of manors, entitled to hold courts, and to bear coat armor, and able to trace back an honorable descent through many generations. Some of them were younger sons and brothers of great lords. Others could boast even of royal blood. At length the eldest son of an Earl of Bedford, called, in courtesy, by the second title of his father, offered himself as candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and his example was followed by others. Seated in that House, the heirs of the grandees of the realm naturally became as zealous for its privileges as any of the humble burgesses with whom they were mingled. Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world; a peculiarity which has lasted down to the present day, and which has produced many important moral and political effects."—Vol. i, pp. 38-40.

After briefly referring to the government of the Plantagenets and Tudors, Mr. Macaulay treats of the Reformation and its consequences. He finds it difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation, and yet he admits that, "for political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their train, *she is chiefly indebted to the great rebellions of the Laity against the Priesthood.*" The origin and peculiar character of the English Church, and the relation in which it stood to the State, next passes under review. He points out the advantages which the Crown derived from an establishment which inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience, and describes the indignation of the Puritans when they saw "an institution younger by many years than themselves, and which had under their own eyes gradually received its form from the passions and interests of a Court, begin to mimic the lofty style of Rome."

"Since these men," (the Puritans,) says Mr. Macaulay, "could not be convinced, it was determined that they should be persecuted. Persecution produced its natural effects upon them. It found them a sect; it made them a faction. To their hatred of the Church was now added hatred of the Crown. The two sentiments were intermingled, and each embittered the other. The opinions of the Puritan concerning the relation of

ruler and subject were widely different from those that were inculcated in the homilies. His favorite divines had both by precept and example encouraged resistance to tyrants and persecutors. His fellow Calvinists in France, in Holland, and in Scotland, were in arms against idolatrous and cruel princes. His notions, too, respecting the government of the State, took a tinge from his notions regarding the government of the Church. Some of the sarcasms which were popularly thrown on Episcopacy, might without much difficulty be turned against royalty; and many of the arguments which were used to prove that spiritual power was best lodged in a synod, seemed to lead to the conclusion that temporal power was best lodged in a parliament. Thus, as the priest of the Established Church was from interest, from principle, and from passion, zealous for the royal prerogatives, the Puritan was from interest, from principle, and from passion, hostile to them."—Vol. i, pp. 60, 61.

On the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the crowns of Scotland and England were united in the person of James I, a mean and pusillanimous prince, a presumptuous pedant, and a stickler for the divine right of kings. His son, Charles I, while he surpassed his father in understanding, surpassed him also in bigotry. Adopting the political theories of his sire, he strove to carry them into practice; and in attempting to convert the government of England into a despotism, and to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, he lost at once his life and his crown.

"It would be unjust," says Mr. Macaulay, "to deny that Charles had some of the qualities of a good, and even of a great prince. He wrote and spake, not like his father, with the exactness of a professor, but after the fashion of intelligent and well-educated gentlemen. His taste in literature and art was excellent, his manner dignified though not gracious, his domestic life without blemish. Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was, in truth, impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways. It may seem strange that his conscience, which on occasions of little moment was sufficiently sensitive, should never have reproached him with this great vice. But there is reason to believe that he was perfidious, not only from constitution and from habit, but from principle. He seems to have learned from the theologians whom he most esteemed, that between him and his subjects there could be nothing of the nature of a mutual contact; that he could not, even if he would, divest himself of his despotic authority; and that in every promise which he made there was an implied reservation that such promise might be broken in case of necessity, and that of the necessity he was the sole judge."—Vol. i, pp. 83, 84.

With a counsellor like the Earl of Strafford, cruel and imperious in his nature, and

a spiritual guide like Archbishop Laud, fanatical and malignant, and the unrelenting persecutor of non-conforming piety, it was no wonder that the Sovereign was hated by his people. Tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, prevailed. Obsequious judges sacrificed law and equity at the will of their monarch, and the Star Chamber and the High Commission, "guided chiefly by the violent spirit of the Primate, and freed from the control of Parliament, (which had not been convoked for eleven years,) displayed a rapacity, a violence, a malignant energy, which had been unknown to any former age." By such agencies the opponents of the Government were imprisoned, pilloried, and mutilated. The whole nation was agitated and incensed. The persons and liberties of Englishmen were imperilled; and such was the general despair, that men who feared God, and would have obeyed a righteous king, quitted the country which they loved, and sought and found an asylum in the trans-atlantic wilds. Amid forests which the hand of man had neither planted nor reared—under the shelter of the oak and the pine, whose pedigree stretched back into primeval times—within the reach of the Indian's tomahawk, and in the jungle ringing with the cries of the beasts of prey, did the aristocracy of England's faith lay the foundation of the cities of the West, and give birth to a race of freemen, to avenge on a future generation of their oppressors the wrongs of their fathers.

At this emergency the insane bigotry of the King and the Primate took the fatal step which led to their ruin. In the "mere wantonness of tyranny, and with a criminal contempt of public feeling, they resolved to force upon Scotland a liturgy more popish than that of England, and to this rash attempt," as Mr. Macaulay justly observes, "our country owes her freedom." A riot took place at the first exhibition of the hated ceremonial. The nation rose to arms. The Scots marched into Yorkshire. The English troops "were ready to tear the hated Strafford to pieces," and the hapless King was compelled to abandon his arbitrary purpose, and to call to his aid the wisdom of Parliament. The Star Chamber and the High Commission were abolished; the dungeons and prisons were thrown open; the wicked counsellors of the wicked King were impeached. Strafford was imprisoned, and afterwards executed; Laud was sent to the Tower, tried by the Lords, and executed; \*

\*Mr. Macaulay has omitted to mention the trial and execution of Laud.

and the Lord Keeper Finch saved himself by flight.

In order to pacify our justly indignant countrymen, Charles visited Scotland in 1641, and put his sign-manual to an act declaring episcopacy to be contrary to the Word of God! The enemies of prelacy were thus encouraged to oppose it; and when the Parliament re-assembled in October 1641, it was split into two formidable parties, the Cavaliers and Roundheads—the faction of the King and of the people. In the one were marshalled the Roman Catholics—the frivolous votaries of pleasure, “who affected gallantry, splendor of dress, and a taste in the lighter arts”—together with the poets, the painters, and the stage-players, “down to the rope-dancer and the Merry-Andrew.” In the other were combined the members of the English Church who were still Calvinistic, the Protestant non-conformists, the municipal corporations, with their merchants and shopkeepers, the small rural freeholders, headed by a “formidable minority of the aristocracy, including the rich and powerful Earls of Northumberland, Bedford, Warwick, Stamford, and Essex.” The rebellion of the Roman Catholics in Ulster gave strength to the popular party. The remonstrance of the Commons against the royal policy, the base impeachment of the five leaders of the House, and the attempt of Charles in person to seize them by armed force, within the walls of Parliament, inflamed the zeal of the Whigs, brought down upon the perfidious King the execration of his people, and forced him to fly from his stormy capital, to return only to a harsh and terrible doom.

The story of the civil war, and the Protectorate of Cromwell—of the trial and execution of Charles I. as “a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy”—of the march of General Monk and the army to London—of the restoration of Charles II., and of his triumphal return to the throne of his fathers, is briefly and eloquently told by Mr. Macaulay.

The reign of the restored monarch had an auspicious commencement. Recalled by the consent of opposing factions, and regarded with a romantic interest from his personal sufferings and adventures, an opportunity was afforded for exhibiting the noblest virtues of a king, and embalming a righteous prerogative in the affections and liberties of his people. But it was otherwise decreed. Charles had neither the head nor the heart of a prince. Without the ambition of fame,

he thought as little of making England great, as he did of making its people free. Without the guidance of faith, he cared little about religion; and without the restraints of conscience, he cared less about morality.

“He had,” says Mr. Macaulay, “received from nature excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all the varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and the body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him; when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities, would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation. Addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence; fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion; without faith in human virtue, or in human attachment; without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought. \* \* \* Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honor and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

“It is creditable to Charles’s temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in man but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. \* \* \* The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him, and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle

him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much, yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked the best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience.—Vol. i, pp. 167–170.

In his political character Charles had no resemblance either to his father or his brother. The doctrines of divine right and passive obedience made no appeal to his prejudices. Unfit for business, he detested and shunned it in every form; and such was his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerk of council often sneered at his silly remarks and his childish impatience. In his religious character he stood aloof, not perplexed, but indifferent, between the two bundles of hay—Infidelity and Popery. In his social and moral character he is not easily described. He was as little impressed by kindnesses as he was annoyed by injuries, and hence gratitude was not numbered among his virtues, nor revenge among his faults. His master-passion was to enjoy a life of undisturbed repose, and to riot among the pleasures that make life a paradise, and eternity a torment.

That the reign of such a prince would be turbulent and disastrous might have been readily anticipated. That it would be disgraceful to the honor of the King and the nation could scarcely have been foreseen. To curb the ambition of the French king and support the Protestant cause in Europe, England had entered into the Triple Alliance with the States General and Sweden. The English Parliament and both sections of the people had loudly applauded this salutary union of Protestant States, but the king viewed it as but a temporary concession to popular opinion. Anxious to be emancipated from constitutional control, he looked to the power and riches of France for the accomplishment of his views; and, with the approbation of the Duke of York, the heir to the throne, he opened a negotiation with the French king. Through his sister, the beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, he offered to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to unite in making war against Holland, provided Louis gave him such aid as to make him independent of his Parliament. These welcome propositions were accepted by France, and formed the secret treaty signed at Dover in 1670; and, in order to maintain his ascend-

ency at the English court, Louis sent the beautiful Louisa Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, to direct and control the royal will.

Although this treaty was signed with the concurrence of the *Cabal Ministry*,\* yet Charles himself suggested the most degrading of its articles, and concealed most of them from the majority of a cabinet whose unprincipled compliance he might readily have obtained. Mr. Macaulay has well described these political miscreants. Clifford, the most respectable of them, was “a man of fiery and impetuous temper,” with “a strong though a lamentably perverted sense of duty.” Arlington, from his vagrant life abroad, was attached to despotism and Popery. Buckingham, a faithless voluptuary and a traitor, “was eager to win the royal favor by services” from which others “would have recoiled with horror.” Ashley, full of levity and selfishness, “had served and betrayed a succession of governments.” “Lauderdale, loud and coarse both in mirth and anger, was perhaps, under the outward show of boisterous frankness, the most dishonest in the Cabal. He had been conspicuous among the Scotch insurgents of 1638, and zealous for the Covenant. \* \* \* He often talked with noisy jocularly of the days when he was a canter and a rebel. He was now the chief instrument employed by the Court in forcing Episcopacy on his reluctant countrymen, nor did he in that cause shrink from the unsparing use of the sword, the halter, and the boot. Yet those who knew him, knew that thirty years had made no change in his real sentiments—that he still hated the memory of Charles I, and that he still preferred the Presbyterian form of church government to any other.” Men of such a character were the fit servants of such a king. They made his Majesty fraudulently profess great zeal for the Triple Alliance. They obtained money from the House of Commons and the Goldsmiths of London on false and flagitious pretenses, and cowering under the wing of the French monarch, they issued the declaration of indulgence, abrogating by royal authority all the penal laws against the Catholics, including also those against Protestant Dissenters. This nefarious measure was, in terms of the secret treaty, followed by the declaration of war against the Dutch.

\* The Ministry, in 1671, consisted of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, the first letters of whose names made the word CABAL.

At this critical juncture there appeared on the stage of European politics a remarkable individual, who was destined, as Mr. Macaulay observes, "to save the United Provinces from slavery, to curb the power of France, and to establish the English constitution on a lasting foundation." William Henry, the posthumous child of William II, Prince of Orange, and Mary, the daughter of Charles I, was the possessor of a splendid fortune, a sovereign prince of Germany, and a prince of the blood-royal of England. The invasion of Holland, the result of the base treaty of Dover, subverted the existing Government. The Grand Pensionary John de Witt was torn in pieces by the rabble, and the Prince of Orange became the head of the State.

"Young as he was," says Mr. Macaulay, "his ardent and unconquerable spirit, though disguised by a cold and sullen manner, soon roused the courage of his dismayed countrymen. It was in vain that both his uncle and the French king attempted by splendid offers to seduce him from the cause of the Republic. To the States-General he spoke a high and inspiring language. He even ventured to suggest a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been accomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the whole compass of modern history. He told the Deputies that, even if their natal soil and the marvels with which human industry had covered it, were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. The Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty and pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from Europe, might take refuge in the farthest isles of Asia. The shipping in the ports of the Republic would suffice to carry two hundred thousand emigrants to the Indian Archipelago. There the Dutch Commonwealth might commence a new and more glorious existence, and might rear, under the southern cross, amidst the sugar-canes and nutmeg trees, the exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden. The national spirit swelled and rose high. The terms offered by the Allies were firmly rejected. The dykes were opened. The whole country was one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands. The invaders were forced to save themselves from destruction by a precipitate retreat. Louis, who, though he sometimes thought it necessary to appear at the head of his troops, greatly preferred a palace to a camp, had already returned to enjoy the adulation of poets and the smiles of ladies in the newly planted alleys of Versailles."—Vol. i, pp. 218, 219.

Thus baffled in his designs, Louis could not supply the means of coercing the English press. Parliament assembled in the spring of 1673, after a recess of two years. The country party attacked with consum-

mate skill the policy of the Cabal, and in a short time the declaration of indulgence was cancelled. The test act, excluding Papists from civil and military office was re-enacted, the Cabal was broken up by intestine quarrels and the treachery of Shaftesbury, and the King was compelled to conclude a peace with the United Provinces, and induced to consent to the marriage of his niece, the Princess Mary, with the Prince of Orange.

The peace of Nimeguen, which in 1678 terminated the seven years' war, was speedily followed by a political crisis in England. The passion for civil liberty was rendered more intense by a prevailing sense of national humiliation. The imbecility of her councils, and the thirst of her sovereign for foreign gold, had brought England into just contempt. The introduction of a foreign army was dreaded. A feeling prevailed that a blow was to be struck at the Protestant faith, and that the cruelties of Bloody Mary would again afflict the land. Under the excitement of these feelings, Titus Oates put in circulation his wild romance of a Papist plot to burn London, and to murder the King, his ministers and the Protestant clergy. The nation was convulsed. The murder of Sir E. Godfrey gave probability to the rumor, and every precaution was taken against the dreaded calamity. Informers and spies added to the general belief, by swearing away the lives of Roman Catholics. The judges, and even statesmen, encouraged the delusion, and the apostasy of the Duke of York induced even the Episcopal clergy to join in the outcry against the Catholics. In this emergency the King called to his counsels Sir W. Temple, who proposed a Privy Council of thirty individuals as the royal adviser: and among the statesmen who were called to carry this new system into effect, were Viscount Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, whose characters are finely drawn by Mr. Macaulay.

"Among the statesmen of that age," says he, "Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among the English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings

valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamors of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritans. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative. In theory he was a Republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a Privy Councillor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot, that he was called by the uncharitable an Atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and, in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions.

"His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. \* \* \* Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either."—Vol. i, pp. 242, 243.

Sunderland did not, like Halifax, belong to the class of politicians called *Trimmers*.<sup>\*</sup> He was a base intriguer, an accomplished flatterer, and the most servile instrument of arbitrary power. "In this man," says Mr. Macaulay, "the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner. Nature had given him a keen understanding, a restless and mischievous temper, a cold heart, and an abject spirit. His mind had undergone a training by which all his vices had been nursed up to the rankest maturity." He had been envoy to the Court

of Louis, and from that bad school he came out "cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principle."

The changes introduced by Sir W. Temple had calmed for a while the storm of political agitation, but it soon resumed its violence. The Exclusion Bill, by which the Duke of York, an avowed Papist, was excluded from the succession, was the great object at which the Opposition grasped; but the King frustrated their designs by proroguing the Parliament without the advice of his Council, or even their knowledge that he intended to prorogue it. The day on which this unconstitutional act was perpetrated—the 26th May, 1679, was a day glorious for England. On that day the Habeas Corpus Act received the royal assent, and while the King disowned the House of Parliament he emancipated the press. A dissolution and a general election soon followed the prorogation.

These violent measures gave a new impulse to the Opposition. The Exclusion Bill was demanded in a louder voice; and for the first time the rights of Mary and Anne were assailed. When the King was resident at the Hague, Lucy Walters, a beautiful Welsh girl, had become his mistress, and had borne to him a son. James Crofts, the name of the youth, fortunate in having been assigned to a prince, was received at Whitehall with paternal fondness. Honors shared only by princes were heaped upon him. He was married to Miss Scott, the heiress of Buccleuch, and was created Duke of Monmouth in England, and Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland. Distinguished by his personal beauty and affable manners, and celebrated for his gallantry as a soldier, his return to England was hailed with universal acclamation. It had been rumored in well-informed circles that Charles had married Lucy Walters, and that Monmouth was the lawful heir to the Crown. The Protestant party naturally gave credit to a rumor which excluded their enemy from the throne, and the condescension and popular manners of Monmouth ingratiated him with the people. In this posture of affairs the Privy Council of Sir W. Temple ceased to exist, and Laurence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin became the advisers of the Crown—the one a rancorous partisan, a violent champion of Church and Crown, and the virulent enemy of Republicans and Dissenters—the other a flexible courtier, hating change either for good or evil, and one who, as Charles expressed it, "was never in the way nor out of the way."

\* Halifax gloried in this nickname, and assumed it as a title of honor, on the principle that every thing good *trims* between extremes.

The year which followed the prorogation in 1679 was pregnant with portentous events. The nation was split into angry factions, and counties, towns, families, and even schools, were similarly agitated. The cry on the one side was to exclude a Papist king—the cry on the other was to support the prerogative. The Pope was burned in effigy. The Covenanters in Scotland, driven mad by persecution, had murdered Archbishop Sharpe, and risen against the Government; and the French king, bribing and flattering both the Court and the Opposition, “exhorted Charles to be firm, and James to raise a civil war in Scotland, while he exhorted the Whigs not to flinch, and to rely with confidence on the protection of France.”

In the new Parliament, which met in October, 1680, the Exclusion Bill, opposed by Hyde, and defended by Godolphin, was, without difficulty, passed; but though supported by Shaftesbury, Essex, and Sunderland in the House of Lords, it was, with the aid of the Bishops, rejected by a great majority, chiefly through the commanding eloquence of Halifax. This defeat of the Opposition was followed by the trial and execution of a Roman Catholic peer, Viscount Strafford, who had been accused as a party in the Popish Plot, and found guilty of treason, on the testimony of Titus Oates and of two other false witnesses.

When Parliament assembled at Oxford in March, 1681, a reaction was distinctly visible. A majority of the influential classes began to rally round the throne, and the Whigs were doomed to every species of persecution. The Acts against non-conformists, hitherto dormant, were rigorously enforced. Shaftesbury was tried for high treason, but acquitted. The Earl of Argyle was condemned as a traitor, because he refused to take the test; but he fortunately escaped from prison, and found an asylum in Holland. Pilkington, Colt, and Oates were fined £100,000 for speaking disrespectfully of the Duke of York, and Barnardiston £10,000 for having expressed, in a private letter, sentiments that were considered improper, while Sir R. Wood, who was once Lord Mayor of London, was tried for perjury, and condemned to the pillory, simply because he had given evidence in favor of Pilkington. The Whigs, however, were still powerful and bold. Schemes of resistance, and even of rebellion were projected, and two plots were secretly hatched. The object of the one, to which Monmouth, Russell, and Sidney were parties, was to rouse the nation against an arbitrary

Government. The other, which was carefully concealed from them, was the Rye-house plot—the scheme of a few desperate spirits, to assassinate the King and his brother.\* The two plots were discovered, and considered as one, and the whole Whig party were involved in the indignation which one of them so justly excited. Shaftesbury had fled to Holland, and died. Monmouth went into voluntary exile. Russell and Sidney, guiltless of the crime for which they suffered, perished on the scaffold—the one with the fortitude of a Christian, the other with the philosophy of a Stoic; and other acts, equally cruel and unconstitutional, everywhere marked the temper and conduct of the Government. The marriage of the Lady Anne to the Prince of Denmark—a man of Protestant principles—raised the hopes of the English Church, and led them to new acts of aggression. The pulpits resounded with harangues against rebellion. The doctrine of Divine Right was the text of many a godless homily, and on the day on which Russell became a martyr to liberty, the fanatical University of Oxford decreed by a public act, that the great doctrines of liberty were impious, seditious, and heretical, and ordered the political works of Buchanan, Milton, and Baxter to be burned in the court of the schools.

At this memorable juncture there was a student at Christ's Church, Oxford, whose genius and virtue were destined to adorn his country and his age, while they were the means of bringing into disgrace the University which dishonored and disowned him. John Locke—a name which will survive that of the tyrant and the bishop that oppressed him—was intimately acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury, and was unjustly suspected to have been the author of a pamphlet offensive to the Government. At the command of the King, Sunderland informs Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, that there is “one Locke, who belonged to the late Earl of Shaftesbury,” and who “has behaved very factiously and undutifully to the Government,” and wishes “to know the method of removing him from being a student.” The Bishop replies, that he “has had an eye upon him for divers years,” but can confidently affirm, after strict

\* Mr. Fox is of opinion that some of those engaged in this plot had merely a notion of assassinating the King, but doubts whether it ever ripened into a design, or was evinced by such an overt act as was necessary for conviction.—*Hist. James II.*, p. 46.

inquiries, that those most familiar with him have never heard him *speak a word either against or concerning the Government*. Doctors and graduates, as the Bishop unblushingly confesses, had, in public and private, introduced conversations "to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs," but could never discover in the student *a word or a look* as if he took any concern in the matter. His immediate expulsion was demanded, and the Dean and Chapter made haste to obey.\* "In this instance," says Mr. Fox, "one would almost imagine there was some instinctive sagacity in the Government of that time which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny."

While the factions who were struggling for power were each promised in their turn the support of the Sovereign, an event occurred which produced a mighty change on the political condition of England. The health of Charles had begun to give way, and at the close of 1684, a slight attack of gout was the prelude to a severe illness which had a fatal termination. The circumstances under which this took place, and the event itself, are beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay:

"The palace had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1685. . . . The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there, chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which, twenty years before, overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the Court where her uncle was supreme. His power, and her own attractions, had drawn a crowd of illustrious visitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting

to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, and fled from her husband—had abandoned her vast wealth, and after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill-humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and St. Evremont found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then, the King complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken, but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early. \* \* \* \*

"Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed, when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their Sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury. A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles, happened to be present. He had no lancet, but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely, but the king was still insensible. He was laid in his bed, where during a short time the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The Queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favorite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments." —Vol. i. pp. 429–432.

Physicians, Whig as well as Catholic, were admitted to the dying king. After a copious bleeding, hot iron was applied to the head, and "a loathsome volatile salt extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth;" and when he recovered his senses, "he complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him." His medical attendants were replaced by his spiritual advisers. The Archbishop of Canterbury and

\*The history of this tyrannical act, fully given by Mr. Fox, with all the documents, took place on the 16th November, 1684. It is, we suppose by mistake, placed by Mr. Macaulay in the reign of James II, and without any date.



the Bishop of Bath and Wells offered him the last rites of their Church, but he would not declare that he died in her communion, and he refused the Eucharist from their hands. At the instigation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, through the French Ambassador Barillon, the Queen asked the King if she should bring a Catholic priest. "For God's sake do," replied the dying man, "and lose no time." Father Huddleston was introduced to the death-chamber by a private stair, and administered extreme unction and the Lord's Supper to the King, who thus declared by the last act of his life, that he died a Roman Catholic. On the morning of Friday the 6th of February, he apologized to his attendants for the trouble he had caused. "He had been," he said, "a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped that they would excuse it." "This was the last glimpse," says Mr. Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation." His speech soon after failed him, and he died at seven without a struggle.

Before commencing the history of James II., Mr. Macaulay introduces a Chapter of 150 pages on the state of England at the death of Charles II. This chapter evinces great research, and will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers. But however much we have been gratified with its brilliant pictures and its instructive details, we are of opinion, that a dissertation of this kind is an unnecessary appendage to a work of history, and, if deemed essential by the author, that it should have formed an introductory chapter. In our progress through Mr. Macaulay's fascinating narrative, we have found it an obstruction in our path; and have felt somewhat as a lover of the picturesque would feel were he taken into a penitentiary and a cotton-mill, in order that he might understand why the peasantry were moral and the villages populous. The object of the chapter is "to correct some false notions which would render the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninteresting;" but we felt no want of the information which it contains, while we perused the chapters which precede it, and have obtained no advantage from it in perusing those which follow. To describe the condition of England as it ought to be described, in all its interesting relations, would require a range of knowledge which the historian cannot be supposed to possess; and we can expect only that department of it to be well executed which is most intimately connected

with the author's studies and opportunities of observation. In his lively sketch of the state of Literature and the Fine Arts, Mr. Macaulay has been singularly successful, but he has as singularly failed in his account of the Sciences and Useful Arts. Misapprehending, as all literary men do, the precise value of the labors of Bacon, he has formed a most erroneous estimate of their influence on the progress of the Physical Sciences. His praise of Sir Isaac Newton is exaggerated, indiscriminating, and incorrect. We have striven in vain to understand what Mr. Macaulay means by *the New Philosophy*; and we are equally at a loss to fathom his allusion to "the long series of glorious and salutary reforms" which the Royal Society was destined to effect.

In contrasting the present with the past condition of England, Mr. Macaulay might have spared a passing eulogy to those illustrious philosophers and inventors, to whom alone she owes her present gigantic attitude of civilization and power. It was not to statesmen and orators, and still less to historians, and poets, and painters, that we owe the mighty change which Mr. Macaulay has described—it was to the Watts, and Arkwrights, and Brindleys—to the Bradleys and Herschels—to the Cavendishes, and Davys, and Wollastons, and Youngs, those lofty columns which compose the portico of the British Temple of Science, and whose proud names are imperishably united with the glory and greatness of their country. Had Mr. Macaulay thus appreciated the services of his countrymen, he would doubtless have viewed with sympathy that large and distinguished class of intellectual laborers, who, without national encouragement or support, are striving, as he once strove, to advance the literature and science of England; and having in his eye the constitution of that Royal Society which is sustained by the annual charity of philosophers themselves, he would have called the attention of the government, to which he belongs, to those noble academical associations, patronized by continental powers, in which all the genius of the nation is generously marshalled for its intellectual service, and to that just appreciation of mental glory under which the savans even of despotic governments are permitted to share in the honors and offices of the State. But on these subjects the voice of eloquence is dumb. Raised to a high niche in the Elysium of the State, Mr. Macaulay looks down from his azure canopy upon the chill and troubled regions, where genius and

learning are allowed to vegetate, to wither, and to die.

Notwithstanding our gentle criticism on Mr. Macaulay's statistical chapter, we are sorry that we cannot indulge our readers with some specimens of its excellence. His portraits of the swearing and drinking old country squire, of the domestic chaplain, of the parochial clergy, and of the mounted highwayman of the time, are finely drawn and full of interest. We shall make room for his description of the least and most worthy of these public characters.

"The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. \* \* \* The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping-forest even in broad day-light. Seamen who had been just paid off at Chatham, were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier, by the greatest of poets as the scenes of the depredations of Poina and Falstaff. \* \* \* It was necessary to the success, and even to the safety of the highwayman, that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity—of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature—of their amours—of their miraculous escapes—of their desperate struggles—and of their manly bearing at the bar, and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner—that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich—that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders—how at the head of his troops he stopped a lady's coach in which there was a booty of £400—how he took only £100, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath—how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women—how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men—how at length, in 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine—how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life—how the King

would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect—and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies."—Vol. i. pp. 381–384.

Although the domestic chaplain was treated with urbanity and kindness in the houses of men of liberal education, it was otherwise under the roof of ordinary country gentlemen:

"The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast from a great part of which he had been excluded."—Vol. i. p. 327.

When the chaplain was promoted to a living it was expected that he should take a wife. A waiting-woman in his patron's service was considered as a suitable match; and the chaplain was fortunate if the services of his helpmate had not been of an equivocal character. Nor was his position much improved by the change.

"Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his Concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the ad-

vowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves."—Vol. i. p. 330.

When James II. quitted the bedside of the departed monarch, he commenced his reign by a speech to his Privy Councillors, then assembled in Whitehall. He expressed his resolution to maintain the established government in Church and State, to defend the Church of England, and support the just liberties of the people. How soon and how completely these pledges were broken, the events of his reign will show. Rochester became premier; and the other ministers of the late King were retained in office, more for the purpose of insulting than of honoring them. Though the Great Seal was left with Guildford, he was dishonored by having associated with him, in the administration, the notorious Sir George Jeffreys, a man whose depravity has become proverbial.

"He was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary, could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. \* \* \* There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits, dilating, with luxuriant amplification, on all the

details of what they were to suffer. Thus when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail,—“Hangman,” he would exclaim, “I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!” \* \* \*

“Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful. But in general his reason was overclouded and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humored. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons, selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practiced before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way; for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity; and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.”—Vol. i. pp. 449-453.

A peerage, and a seat in the cabinet, was the retaining fee by which the King of England secured the services of the basest of his subjects. The advice to break the spirit and the letter of the law, by levying the customs for his own use, was the compensation which James received for the dignities of office. It had become necessary to summon Parliament, but James knew that the King of France had employed both bribes and

threats to prevent Charles from assembling the Houses, and was ready to become, like him, the hireling and the vassal of Louis. He therefore resisted the advice of his Council, but when his dread of the consequences had compelled him to yield, he thus addressed himself privately to the French ambassador: "Assure your master of my gratitude and attachment; without his protection I can do nothing. If the Houses meddle with foreign affairs, I will send them about their business. He has a right to be consulted, and I wish to consult him about everything, but in this case a week's delay might have produced serious consequences." Next morning Rochester repeated these excuses to Barillon, and even asked for money. "It will be well laid out," he said, "your master cannot employ his revenues better." "The King of England should not be dependent upon his own people, but the friendship of France alone!" Thirty-five thousand five hundred pounds were remitted to Whitehall." The King received it with tears of joy, and the venal minister embraced the ambassador. The return for this bag of gold was the permission to annex Brabant and Hainault to France, and an ambassador extraordinary was selected to assure Louis of the gratitude and affection of the King. To discharge this duty, John Churchill, the germ of the infamous but illustrious Marlborough, was selected.

"Soon after the Restoration," says Mr. Macaulay, "James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honor who waited on his first wife. The young lady was not beautiful; but the taste of James was not nice; and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor Cavalier baronet, who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing; their loyalty was ardent; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have attained such high preferment.

"Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations: but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colors in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity, that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been so much neglected, that he could not spell the most common words of his own lan-

guage; but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book learning. He was not loquacious; but, when he was forced to speak in public, his natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never in any emergency lost, even for a moment, the perfect use of his admirable judgment.

"In his twenty-third year he was sent with his regiment to join the French forces, then engaged in operations against Holland. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers. His professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers. He was publicly thanked at the head of the army, and received many marks of esteem and confidence from Turenne, who was then at the height of military glory.

"Unhappily the splendid qualities of John Churchill were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities, which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to show themselves in him. He was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was during a short time the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero instantly bought an annuity of four hundred a-year, well secured on landed property. Already his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces, which, fifty years later, when he was a duke, a prince of the empire, and the richest subject in Europe, remained untouched.

"After the close of the war he was attached to the household of the Duke of York, accompanied his patron to the Low Countries and to Edinburgh, and was rewarded for his services with a Scotch peerage, and with the command of the only regiment of dragoons which was then on the English establishment. His wife had a post in the family of James's younger daughter, the Princess of Denmark."—Vol. i. pp. 459-461.

After the ambassador had been a few weeks at Versailles, Barillon received £112,000, with instructions to furnish £30,000 to the Government, for the purpose of corrupting the members of the new House of Commons, and to "keep the rest in reserve for some extraordinary emergency, such as a dissolution or an insurrection!"

Thus faithless to the State, James soon became faithless to the Church. Roman Catholic rites were performed at Westminster, with regal splendor, and Protestant ceremonies were studiously omitted at his coronation. Blind to their master's character, the Tories were enthusiastic in his praise. Corporations and companies offered their

adulation, and Oxford and Cambridge paraded their offensive loyalty. The electors, too, were so loyal that James did not require to put the French gold in circulation, and thus blessed with an obsequious Parliament, he began to gloat over the pleasures of revenge. Oates\* and Dangerfield were the first of the just objects of his wrath, and as if he had wished to shew to future ages how his avenging spirit could bestride the gulf which separates the extreme of vice from the extreme of virtue, he summoned Richard Baxter, the celebrated Non-conformist divine, to the court of King's Bench, on the same day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard.

"He belonged," says Mr. Macaulay, "to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body. He was a young man when the Civil War broke out. He thought that the right was on the side of the Houses; and he had no scruple about acting as chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army; but his clear and somewhat sceptical understanding, and his strong sense of justice, preserved him from all excesses. He exerted himself to check the fanatical violence of the soldiery. He condemned the proceedings of the High Court of Justice. In the days of the Commonwealth he had the boldness to express, on many occasions, and once even in Cromwell's presence, love and reverence for the ancient institutions of the country. While the royal family was in exile, Baxter's life was chiefly passed at Kidderminster, in the assiduous discharge of parochial duties. He heartily concurred in the Restoration, and was sincerely desirous to bring about a union between Episcopalians and Presbyterians. For, with a liberality rare in his time, he considered questions of ecclesiastical polity as of small account when compared with the great principles of Christianity, and had never, even when prelacy was most odious to the ruling powers, joined in the outcry against bishops. The attempt to reconcile the contending factions failed. Baxter cast in his lot with his proscribed friends, refused the mitre of Hereford, quitted the parsonage of Kidderminster, and gave himself up almost wholly to study. His theological writings, though too moderate to be pleasing to the bigots of any party, had an immense reputation. Zealous churchmen called him a Roundhead; and many Non-conformists accused him of Erastianism and Arminianism. But the integrity of his heart, the purity of his life, the vigor of his faculties, and the extent of his attainments, were acknowledged by the best and wisest men of every persuasion."—Vol. i. pp. 491, 492.

Lestrangle, the oracle of the clergy, raised

\* Mr. Macaulay's description of the punishment and sufferings of Oates is so powerful and horrible, that we dare not transfer it to our pages. It may be read with safety after an inhalation of chloroform.

the note of war against Baxter. An information was filed against him, and the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, came to Westminster Hall to request time to prepare for his defence.

"Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage. 'Not a minute,' he cried, 'to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together.' When the trial came on at Guildhall, Pollexfen and Wallop appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: 'Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long sounded cant without book,' and then his Lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying. 'Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city \* \* \* \* Wallop sat down; and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. \* \* \* \* 'My Lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.'—'Baxter for bishops!' cried the judge, 'that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourselves, Kidderminster bishops, factious snivelling Presbyterians!' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys belted, 'Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court? Richard thou art an old knave! Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And then,' he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Baxter, 'there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!'—Vol. i. pp. 492, 493.

A fine of £500, with imprisonment till paid,\* was the lenient punishment which the other three judges are supposed to have wrung from their savage chief, who is said to have proposed that the good man should be whipped through London at the cart's tail.

\* See Nelson's *Puritan Divines, Life of Baxter* p. xxiii, Lond. 1846, for a full account of this interesting trial.

Baxter went to prison, and remained there two years.

While these things were transacting in England, the infamous Claverhouse, with his bloodthirsty dragoons, was oppressing and murdering the Scottish Covenanters.

"The story ran," says Mr. Macanlay, "that these wretched men (the dragoons) used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice, and all these instances must be taken from the history of a single fortnight."—Vol. i. p. 498.

After giving an affecting and eloquent account of the sufferings of some of our noble martyrs to civil and religious liberty, Mr. Macaulay indignantly adds :

"Thus was Scotland governed by that prince, whom ignorant men have represented as a friend of religious liberty, whose misfortune it was to be too wise and too good for the age in which he lived ! \* \* \* While his officers were committing the murders which have just been related, he was urging the Scottish Parliament to pass a new Act, compared with which all former Acts might be called merciful."—Vol. i. p. 502.

The affection of the King for William Penn, and his treatment of the Quakers form a remarkable contrast with his conduct to Dissenters. Mr. Macaulay has given a very interesting account of the singular transactions which took place between Penn and the King, and candidly confesses that it requires some courage to speak the whole truth regarding this "mythical" personage. The Society of Friends, who worship him as an apostle, must either weep over his equivocal character, or fulminate their anathemas against the discriminating, and yet, perhaps, the too flattering delineation of him by Mr. Macaulay.\*

The last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's first volume is occupied with the history of the rebellion in which the Earl of Argyle and the

Duke of Monmouth fell a sacrifice to ill-judged, ill-concerted, and ill-executed schemes. Among the men whom the oppression of the Stuarts had driven from their native land, the Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth, who met the other refugees in Holland, were the most active and influential. Actuated by different motives, but impelled by the same hatred of their tyrant King, these bold men resolved to unfurl the standard of rebellion. Argyle was entrusted with the command in Scotland, subject however to the control of a committee, of which Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane were the leaders. Argyle's force of 1800 men assembled in the isthmus of Tarbet ; but the Government, who had received early intelligence of his intention, had collected the clans that were hostile to him, and sent ships of war to cruise in the Frith of Clyde. The committee thwarted him in all his plans. The provisions were insufficient for the wants of the troops. The Highlanders deserted in hundreds, and Argyle, in place of taking a position among his native mountains, was compelled, by the rash counsel of his friends, to carry the war into the Lowlands. Disaster followed disaster, till his troops and their leaders were obliged to seek for safety in flight. Argyle himself was made captive in the disguise of a peasant, and was ordered for execution, not on account of his share in the rebellion, but under the sentence which had been previously pronounced against him for refusing to sign the Test Act.

This noble victim of arbitrary power exhibited, in his hour of suffering, that courage and peace of mind which faith and hope could alone inspire. His cause, he said was that of God, and must be triumphant. "I do not," he added, "take upon myself to be a prophet, but I have a strong impression on my spirit *that deliverance will come very suddenly.*" After his last meal, which he had taken with appetite, he lay down as he was wont to do, in order that he might be in full vigor to mount the scaffold.

"At this time, one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered, that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the *renegade* smote

\* If our author wishes to retain the favor of our good friends, we would recommend him to "mend his Penn" for another edition of his work.

him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' he said, 'that will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me, —' When Argyle was brought to the Council-house, he was allowed pen and ink to write thus to his wife:— 'Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu.' When mounted on the scaffold, one of the Episcopal clergymen in attendance called out loudly—My Lord dies a Protestant.' 'Yes,' added, the Earl, stepping forward, 'and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, of Prelacy, and of all superstition.' Having embraced his friends, he knelt down, laid his head on the block of the *Maiden*, and gave the signal to the executioner."—Vol. i. pp. 563, 565.

Before the termination of this unfortunate rebellion, Monmouth, with a stronger force, landed in the port of Lynn in 1680, having escaped the vessels of the enemy that were lying in wait for him, as well as the disasters that threatened him at sea. No sooner had he landed than he issued a manifesto full of falsehood and violence, denouncing James as a murderer and usurper, and declaring that he himself was legitimate, and King of England by right of blood. Recruits flocked to his standard, and after some skirmishes with the Royal troops under the Duke of Albemarle, he entered Taunton, where he foolishly allowed himself to be proclaimed king, on the 20th of June. On the 5th of July the Royal army pitched their tents on the plain of Sedgemoor, about three miles from Bridgewater. After surveying their position from the lofty steeple of Bridgewater Church, Monmouth resolved upon a night attack, but upon bringing his forces up to their position, he was startled at the discovery that a deep trench lay between him and the camp which he expected to surprise. He halted, and fired on the Royal infantry on the opposite bank. The battle raged for three quarters of an hour, but the other divisions of the Royal army having come up, the cavalry of the insurgents under Grey were panic-struck, and the advantage which darkness and surprise had given to the assailants was soon lost, and

Monmouth himself retreated and rode from the field, leaving more than a thousand of his men lying dead on the moor. The loss of the King's army was only 300 in killed and wounded. Monmouth was taken prisoner in the New Forest, and was conveyed to Ringwood under a strong guard.

Though brave in the field, the courage of Monmouth failed him in the solitude of a prison. He begged his life from the King, with a craven spirit unworthy of his name and his lineage. He implored, and obtained an interview with the King. He crawled to his uncle's feet, embraced his knees with his pinioned arms, and with tears in his eyes he confessed his crime, and endeavored to find some apology for it by throwing the blame on the noble Argyle. He would have renounced his religion for his life, but James was inexorable, and the day of his execution was fixed. The Duchess of Monmouth, with her children, visited him in prison, but he received them and parted with them without emotion. His heart had strayed from its first love, and had squandered its deepest affections upon Lady Wentworth, by means of whose wealth he had been enabled to fit out his hapless expedition. The circumstances connected with his execution are too painful to be minutely detailed. The fatal axe placed in a faltering hand refused to do its work, and Monmouth perished with difficulty amid the suppressed sympathies of thousands, and the deepest execrations of the mob against the unskillful executioner. The head and body, placed in a coffin, were buried privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower. Beneath the same pavement, and beside Monmouth's remains, were laid within four years the remains of Jeffreys.

"In truth," says Mr. Macaulay, "there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is not there consecrated as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown, not as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts. Thither was borne before the

window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there beside the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, Royal favor and popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens, who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."—Vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

The week which followed the battle of Sedgemoor was marked in the annals of the West with cruelties that disgrace the reign and the age in which they were committed. A ferocious colonel, of the name of Kirke, butchered an hundred captives, without even the form of trial. The rich purchased their lives for thirty or forty pounds, while the poor captives were executed amid the mockery and carousals of a brutal soldiery. The sign-post of the White Hart Inn of Taunton, served for a gallows, and on the spot where the bodies were quartered, "the executioner stood ankle deep in blood." Military execution was speedily followed by civil murder, wearing the mask of law. A ferocious judge, more brutal still than the brutal soldier, stimulated by a King as brutal as himself, stalked in ermine through the West with the stake and the gallows in his train, to complete the desolation of an already desolate land. Jeffreys presided at the bloody assize, and reaped his harvest of seventy-four lives in Dorsetshire, and two hundred and thirty-three in Somersetshire. The history and fate of the most interesting of the unhappy victims has been beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay. We can only notice the story of Lady Alice Lisle, the widow of John Lisle, who had been raised to the peerage by Cromwell, and who was assassinated by three Irish ruffians at Lausanne. She had given food and a resting-place to two outlaws, John Hickes, a non-conformist divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer, who had been concerned in the Bye-house Plot. By brow-

beating the witnesses, and threatening the jury, the judicial hyæna obtained a verdict against female humanity, that noble quality which even uncivilized woman has a prescriptive right to exercise. Her sentence, to be burnt alive on the same day, was commuted to beheading, and she met her fate heroically in the market-place of Winchester.

But neither the Hyæna Judge, nor his congener the Royal Tiger, were satisfied with blood. Even the carnivorous appetite delights in a change of food. The goblet of red wine may derive some zest even from the cup of fetid water; and when the axe is too sharp to give pain, and the hempen coil too quick to kill, torture may be prolonged by the scourge, and agony made ductile by imprisonment and exile. In these varieties of revenge the bloodthirsty Court wantonly indulged. Several of the rebels were sentenced to scourging not less terrible than that which Oates had undergone, and women who had merely spoken some idle words, were condemned to be whipped through all the market-towns in Dorsetshire. A youth, named Tulchen, was condemned to be imprisoned for seven years, and to be flogged every year through every town in the country. Upwards of 840 prisoners were ordered to be transported as slaves for ten years to some West India Islands. One-fifth of these wretched exiles perished on the voyage, and so narrow was the space in which the living were confined, that there was not space for them to lie down. The men who survived these calamities were reduced by starvation to the state of skeletons, and the persons to whom they were consigned were obliged to fatten them previous to their sale. In many cases life was spared not from mercy but from avarice. Jeffreys accumulated a fortune from the ransom money for which he bartered the lives of the higher class of Whigs;\* and the parasites who assisted him were allowed to appropriate to themselves the price of pardons. Nor was this variety of life insurance confined to Jeffreys and his minions. The name of the Queen, of Mary of Modena, however honored it may be by fortitude in adversity, has received a stain which no stoical virtues can efface. The ladies of her household, encouraged not only by her approbation but by her example, did not scruple to wring money out of the parents of the young women who had walked in the procession which presented

\* Edmund Prideaux paid the Chief Justice £15,000 for his liberation.



the standard to Monmouth at Taunton. When Sir F. Warre refused to assist in this ignoble extortion, William Penn accepted and executed the commission! The Queen had never saved or tried to save the life of a single victim of her husband's cruelty. "The only request," says Mr. Macaulay, "which she is known to have preferred, touching the rebels, was that 100 of those who were sentenced to transportation might be given to her! The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage, cannot be estimated at less than a thousand guineas."

When Jeffreys returned from his Western campaign, as the King styled it, leaving the country strewn with the heads and limbs of the rebels, a Peerage and the Great Seal of England were his rewards. Another campaign in the city of London was arranged and carried out. The rich Whig merchants proved a noble quarry for the Royal Sportsman and his Gamekeeper. To them the gold in their purse was of more value than the flesh on their bones, and it was possible, too, that the double prey might be secured. The aggressions against the wealthy traders, however, were not equal in atrocity to the execution of Elizabeth Gaunt, an old Anabaptist lady, who was distinguished by her acts of benevolence to the needy of all denominations. A wretch of the name of Burton, one of the Rye-house plotters, had received money and assistance from this lady, to enable him to save his life by escaping to Holland. He returned with Monmouth, and fought at Sedgemoor, and when pursued by the Government, who had offered £100 for his apprehension, he obtained shelter in the house of one John Fernley, a barber. This honest man, though besieged by creditors, was faithful to the stranger under his roof. Burton, however, surrendered himself, and saved his life by giving information, and appearing as the principal witness, against his two benefactors. They were both tried and both convicted. Fernley perished by the gallows, and Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. At her dying hour she forgave her enemies, leaving them "to the judgment of the King of kings." During this, the foulest of judicial murders, an awful tempest broke forth, destroying ships and dwellings, as if Heaven were lifting its voice and its arm against the workers of iniquity.\*

\* "Since that terrible day," says Mr. Macaulay, "no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence."

Towards the close of 1685, James had reached the climax of his prosperity and power, that giddy height to which Providence raises tyrants in order to magnify their fall. It is when the meteor shoots from the zenith that we can best contrast the brightness of its flash with the rapidity of its descent, and the extinction of its splendor. The Whigs were shorn of their power. The clergy were the King's worshippers—the corporations his creatures, and the judges his tools. He meditated the repeal of the Habeas Corpus and Test Acts, and the formation of a standing army; and forgetting that he had been the pensioner and vassal of Louis, he was willing to place himself at the head of a confederacy which should limit the too formidable power of France. In all these schemes James was doomed to disappointment. The Habeas Corpus Act was as dear to the Tories as to the Whigs who passed it. A standing army, associated with the events of the Protectorship, and incompatible with the militia force, which was officered by the gentry, was highly unpopular, and the admission of Catholics to civil and military office was equally adverse to the feelings and the principles of the whole Protestant community. Roman Catholic divines had argued in their writings in favor of equivocation, mental reservation, perjury, and even assassination; and Catholics of acknowledged piety did not scruple to defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Gunpowder Plot. Popery was therefore justly dreaded by every friend of Protestantism. Nor was this dread confined to the populace and to the intolerant among the clergy. Tillotson warned the House of Commons "against the propagation of a religion more mischievous than irreligion itself;" and declared that the idolatrous Pagans were better members of civil society than men who had imbibed the principles of the Popish casuists; while Locke contended that the Church which taught that faith should not be kept with heretics, had no claim to toleration. In place of removing these feelings by moderate and constitutional proceedings, James gave them a new and irresistible force by the most illegal exertions of his power. In opposition to law, many Roman Catholics held commissions in the army, and he was determined to increase their number. Halifax, though unsupported by his colleagues, was bold enough to express in the Cabinet his disgust and alarm; and the King, after trying in vain to corrupt him, dismissed him from his service. A section of the Tories was animated with the same feel-

ings as the Whigs. Even the Bishops expressed the sentiment, that there were principles higher than loyalty; and the very chiefs of the army gave utterance to their dissatisfaction. The obsequious Churchill ventured to insinuate that the King was going too far, and the bloodthirsty Kirke, who had pledged his word to the Emperor of Morocco, that if he changed his religion at all he would become a Mussulman, swore that he would stand by the Protestant faith.

These feelings were greatly strengthened by the persecution of the Huguenots in France, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Massacres and executions had preceded this act, and cruelties unheard of followed in its train. Fifty thousand of the best French families quitted the kingdom for ever, carrying with them to foreign lands their skill in science and literature, in arts, and in arms. These events, which became known immediately before the meeting of Parliament in November, 1685, foreshadowed to the English mind the consequences of a standing army officered by Roman Catholics. James applied to the Commons for a large supply to increase the regular army; and he intimated to them his resolution not to part with the Roman Catholic officers whom he had illegally employed. The House voted the supply for making the militia more efficient, which was equivalent to a declaration against a standing army; and they agreed to an Address reminding the King that he could not legally employ officers who had not taken the statutory test. To this Address the King returned a cold and sullen reprimand; and when it was proposed that his Majesty's answer should be taken into consideration by the House, John Coke, in seconding the motion, said, "I hope that we are all Englishmen, and shall not be frightened by a few high words." The words were taken down, and Coke was sent to the Tower. The spirit of opposition spread to the Lords, and even to the Episcopal bench. The Earl of Devonshire and Viscount Halifax boldly took the lead, and Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, a prelate of noble blood, declared in the name of his brethren, that the Constitution of the realm, civil and ecclesiastical, was in danger. An early day was fixed for considering the King's speech, but James dreading the result, came down the next morning and prorogued the Parliament, dismissing from office all who had voted against the Court.

These violent proceedings created alarm even in the minds of his Ministers. They had seen how highly the gentry of England val-

ued the Established religion, and were anxious that discreet and moderate counsels should prevail. A knot of Roman Catholics, of broken fortune and licentious character, however, headed by the Earls of Castlemaine and Tyrconnel, opposed themselves to the Protestant policy of England, and were impatient to fill the highest offices of the State. The Court was thus divided into two hostile factions—the Protestant Ministers supported by the most respectable Catholic nobles and gentlemen, the ambassadors of Spain, Austria, and the States General, and even by the Pontiff himself; and the violent Catholics, supported by the French King and the whole influence of the mighty order of Jesus.

Mr. Macaulay has drawn a powerful picture of the virtues and vices of the Jesuits. We enumerate their merits when we mention their eloquence in the pulpit, their genius in science, their acquirements in literature, and their powers of instruction. We enumerate their virtues when we admit their heroism in deeds of mercy, and their self-devotion in missionary labor. Their vices are thus embalmed in Mr. Macaulay's eloquence.\*

"But with the admirable energy, disinterestedness, and self-devotion, which were characteristic of the society, great vices were mingled. It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and of mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful; and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interest of his society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted that he had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real. He had, indeed, labored with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard till it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the remote regions of the East; but it was reported that from some of those converts the facts on which the whole theology of the Gospel depends had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to

\* See our review of Pascal's Writings, vol. i. pp. 313-316, for an earlier account of the Jesuits, by a Roman Catholic.

avoid persecution, by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating Paters and Aves. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practised. It was not strange that people of all ranks, and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the Confessionals in the Jesuit temples; for from those Confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigor as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan Church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the faintly tones of the primitive fathers; but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, he followed a very different system. Since he could not reclaim them from guilt, it was his business to save them from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry which had been written by his brethren, and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The pander was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favor of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained man from doing what the society of Jesus assured them that they might with a safe conscience do."—Vol. ii. pp. 56-58.

That James would yield to the counsels of the Jesuitical cabal must have been foreseen even by their enemies. He labored under two delusions, the one that he should make no concessions, because his father who made concessions was beheaded; and the other, that the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance should be the practice, because it was the theory of the Anglican Church and its lay supporters. The Protestant members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Sunderland, who had been converted to Popery, and joined the Jesuits, made the dangerous attempt to govern James by means of a concubine. The lady who was supposed to possess so potent an influence over the King, and whom he created Duchess of Dorset, was Catharine Sedley; but though she exercised a complete

control over the royal will, she failed in the object which she was expected to accomplish.

The King had now determined upon a line of policy which he knew would be opposed by his Parliament. He resolved to have his dispensing power conjoined with his ecclesiastical supremacy, that he might by the one admit Catholics to civil, military, and even spiritual offices, and by the other make the English clergy the instruments for destroying their own religion. The Court of King's Bench decided in favor of the dispensing power, and four Roman Catholics were speedily sworn of the Privy Council. Protestant clergymen, who had become Catholics, were allowed to retain their livings, and a Papist was made Dean of Christchurch College, Oxford, within whose walls mass was daily celebrated. Not content with these violations of law, the King placed the whole government of the Church in the hands of six commissioners, viz: three prelates and three laymen, and having the same seal as the Old High Commission. Convents sprung up in the city; cows appeared in the streets; and in order to keep down the general discontent, and overawe the metropolis, a camp of 13,000 was formed on Hounslow Heath.

Similar attempts were made in Scotland in favor of the Roman Catholics, but after a noble struggle, the Lords of Articles, the tools of the King, were contented with the proposal that Roman Catholics should not incur any penalty by worshipping God in private houses, and this the Scottish Estates would only pass with great restrictions and modifications. Ireland was governed on the same tyrannical principles. Roman Catholics were admitted to office, and the object of the King, and of his infamous deputy Tyrconnel, was to destroy or drive from the island the whole English population. These violent measures were crowned by the dismissal of the two Hydes, the brothers-in-law of the King, his steady adherents in adversity, and his obsequious servants in power. Their sole crime was their religion. "The cry now was," says Mr. Macaulay, "that a general proscription was at hand, and that every public functionary must make up his mind to lose his soul or to lose his place." Men looked round for help, and a deliverer was at hand. William Henry, Prince of Orange, was destined to vindicate the liberties and wield the sceptre of England. The merit of this great man has never been appreciated as it ought by the people whom he delivered. It has

fallen to the lot of Mr. Macaulay to do justice to his memory, by a minute and powerful delineation of his character. Occupying very many pages, and incapable of abridgment, we must refer our readers to the work itself, and content ourselves with the following fragment:

"He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his conviction was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief. But those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself. But when he was really enraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged, as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies, trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William, whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, candid, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation."—Vol. ii. p. 170.

In his political character William was neither a Whig nor a Tory. "He wanted," says Mr. Macaulay, "that which is the common groundwork of both characters; for he never became an Englishman. He saved England, it is true, but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance, and quitted with delight." It was not for her welfare that he fought. Whatever patriotic feeling he possessed was for Holland, and the moving spring of all his actions was his attachment to the Protestant faith, and the deepest hostility to France and her ambitious and persecuting king. Under the influence of these views, William was the prime, though concealed mover in those arrangements for mutual defense,

which were embodied in the treaty of Augsburg.\* The power of England was alone wanting to give energy to this powerful confederacy; and to obtain her concurrence, he placed himself at the head of the Protestant opposition, which, after the fall of the Hydes, had increased in numbers and in strength. At this time apostasy was the road to power. The Earls of Peterborough and Salisbury were converted to Popery, and John Dryden, the poet, who "had led a life of mendicancy and adulation," bartered his conscience for a pension of £100 a year, and prostituted his already licentious pen in defending, both in prose and in verse, the new faith which he embraced. Mr. Macaulay notices the remarkable fact, that in Dryden's political poem of the Hind and Panther, the Church of England, at first mentioned with respect, is exhorted to ally itself with the Papists against the Puritans, but at the close of the poem, and in the preface, written after the poem was finished, the Protestant dissenters are invited to make common cause with the Papists against the Church of England. This was the foreshadow of James's policy. His enmity to the Puritans disappeared in his hatred of the English Church, and on the 4th April, 1687, appeared the unconstitutional Declaration of Indulgence, which gave entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects. He abrogated a long series of oppressive statutes, and authorized Roman Catholics and Protestant dissenters to celebrate their religious rites in public. The hitherto persecuted Puritan could not but rejoice in the repeal of acts under which he had been so long oppressed, while the Anglican Church stood petrified with terror. "Her chastisement was just, she reaped that which she had sown." She had ever urged the Stuarts against the Presbyterians. In her distress she now sought their friendship, and thus did the Protestant dissenters hold the balance of power between the King and the Church, who were bidding eagerly for their favor. James declared that he had persecuted the Dissenters in order to please the Church, and the Church retorted that they had aided in the persecution in order to please the King. Those who were lately schismatics and fanatics, were now "dear fellow Protestants," and it was even held out to them by Churchmen, that they might sit on the Episcopal bench.

\* Signed in July, 1686, by the Princes of :  
Empire, and the Kings of Spain and Sweden

At this singular crisis, "The Letter of a Dissenter," a masterly tract, believed to be written by Halifax, was circulated in thousands throughout the kingdom. It urged the Non-conformists to prefer an alliance with the Church to an alliance with the King; and such was its force of argument, that the great body of Dissenters, including Baxter, and Howe, and Bunyan, declared themselves hostile to the dispensing power, and took part with the Established Church. William of Orange and the Princess Mary entertained the same views, and conveyed them respectfully to the King. Under such a leader the opposition waxed daily in power. Dykevelt, the Dutch ambassador in name, was in reality an envoy to the opposition. The Earls of Danby and Nottingham, and Halifax, the chief of the Trimmers, were in constant communication with Dykevelt. Through Bishop Compton he looked for the support of the clergy, through Admiral Herbert for that of the navy, and Churchill, foreseeing that nobody would be safe who would not become a Roman Catholic, was the instrument by which the army was to be secured. This aid was in another respect most desirable. It was important that the Princess Anne should act in union with her sister, and this could only be brought about by the agency of Churchill's wife, who absolutely governed her, and who, as the Duchess of Marlborough, played such an important part in the future history of Europe.

"The name of this celebrated favorite was Sarah Jennings. Her elder sister, Frances, had been distinguished by beauty and levity even among the crowd of beautiful faces and light characters which adorned and disgraced Whitehall during the wild carnival of the Restoration. On one occasion, Frances dressed herself like an orange girl, and cried fruit about the streets. Sober people predicted that a girl of so little discretion and delicacy would not easily find a husband. She was however twice married, and was now the wife of Tyrconnel. Sarah, less regularly beautiful, was perhaps more attractive. Her face was expressive; her form wanted no feminine charm; and the profusion of her fine hair, not yet disguised by powder according to that barbarous fashion which she lived to see introduced, was the delight of numerous admirers. Among the gallants who sued for her favor, Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, insinuating, eloquent and brave, obtained the preference. He must have been enamored indeed. For he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland; he was insatiable of riches. Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was pro-

posed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion; and, to the last hour of his life, Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment; who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was servilely feared by that intrepid spirit.

"In a worldly sense the fidelity of Churchill's love was amply rewarded. His bride, though slenderly portioned, brought with her a dowry which, judiciously employed, made him at length a duke of England, a sovereign prince of the empire, the captain-general of a great coalition, the arbiter between mighty princes, and, what he valued more, the wealthiest subject in Europe. She had been brought up from childhood with the Princess Anne; and a close friendship had arisen between the girls. In character they resembled each other very little. Anne was slow and taciturn. To those whom she loved she was meek. The form which her anger assumed was sullenness. She had a strong sense of religion, and was attached even with bigotry to the rights and government of the Church of England. Sarah was lively and voluble, domineered over those whom she regarded with most kindness, and when she was offended, vented her rage in tears and tempestuous reproaches. To sanctity she made no pretence, and, indeed, narrowly escaped the imputation of irreligion. She was not yet what she became when one class of vices had been fully developed in her by prosperity, and another by adversity, when her brain had been turned by success and flattery, when her heart had been ulcerated by disasters and mortifications. She lived to be that most odious and miserable of human beings, an ancient crown at war with her whole kind, at war with her own children and grandchildren, great, indeed, and rich, but valuing greatness and riches chiefly because they enabled her to brave public opinion and to indulge without restraint her hatred to the living and the dead. In the reign of James she was regarded as nothing worse than a fine high-spirited young woman, who could now and then be cross and arbitrary, but whose flaws of temper might well be pardoned in consideration of her charms."—Vol. ii. pp. 256-258.

Notwithstanding these differences in disposition and temper, Lady Churchill was loved and even worshipped by Anne, who could not live apart from the object of her affection. If filial duty had disposed the Princess to take part with her father, her regard for the Protestant faith, and the influence of the Churchills, could not fail to decide the question, and she accordingly joined the party which was destined to drive her father from his throne.

Early in the year 1687, the infatuation of the King was singularly displayed in his mad attempt to insult and plunder the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—corporations

which had ever been distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their liberality to the Crown. In February, 1687, the King sent a royal letter to Cambridge, directing the University to admit to the degree of Master of Arts an ignorant Benedictine monk of the name of Alban Francis. This degree had been conferred as an *honorary* one on ambassadors of foreign princes, and even on the secretary of the ambassador from Morocco, but never on persons in the situation of Francis. It was offered, however, to Francis provided he took the necessary oaths, but he refused; and having carried his complaint to Whitehall, the vice-chancellor and the Senate were summoned before the new High Commission. The vice-chancellor, Dr. John Peachell, accompanied by Sir Isaac Newton and seven other deputies, appeared before the Commission. Though the case was clear, it was ill pleaded by the weak and timid vice-chancellor, and when any of the deputies, perhaps Newton himself, attempted to supply the defect of their chief, Jeffreys, who occupied the chair, ordered them to hold their peace, and "thrust them out of the Court without a hearing." Upon being called in again, Jeffreys announced that Peachell was deprived of his vice-chancellorship, and suspended from all his emoluments as Master of a College. "As to you," said Jeffreys to Sir Isaac Newton and the other delegates, "most of you are divines. I will therefore send you home with a text of Scripture—'Go your way, and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you.'" The University chose another vice-chancellor, who pledged himself that neither religion nor the rights of the body should suffer by his means; and the King, awed no doubt by this pledge, was obliged to abandon his designs.

The attack upon the privileges of Oxford was more serious still. The stubborn tyrant had resolved to transfer to Papists the wealthiest and noblest foundations, and he began with the presidency of Magdalen College, which had just become vacant. A royal letter was dispatched, recommending one Anthony Farmer, once a dissenter, now a papist—a wretch whose scandalous and profligate life unfitted him for any situation, and whose youth, had he been spotless, disqualified him for the charge of a college. Hoping that the King would be moved by the remonstrances addressed to him, the College delayed the election till the very latest hour. When the day arrived, the electors took the sacrament, and elected John Hough, chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, then Chan-

cellor of the University, and a man of eminent virtue and prudence. The Commission, headed by Jeffreys, summoned the refractory Fellows to Whitehall, loaded them with abuse, and pronounced Hough's election void. Another royal letter arrived, recommending Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who was not a papist. The College refused to comply, and peace for a while reigned within its walls.

In the autumn of 1687, James set out upon a long progress to the south and west of his kingdom. When he reached Oxford, he summoned the Fellows of Magdalen to his presence. They tendered a petition on their knees. He refused to look at it, exclaiming, "Get you gone. I am King. I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant, and admit the Bishop of Oxford." Mortified by their refusal, he tried the agency of Penn, the ever ready tool of the tyrant; but the Quaker failed in his attempts to intimidate or cajole them. A visitatorial Commission was then appointed, headed by Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, and flanked by three troops of dragoons with drawn swords. They entered the hall of Magdalen, ejected Hough, inducted Parker, and expelled the recreant Fellows, pronouncing them incapable of holding church preferment, or of receiving holy orders. Thus did this noble institution become a Popish seminary, presided over by a Roman Catholic bishop, after Parker's death, and harboring a brood of Roman Catholic Fellows in its sacred cloisters, and among its verdant bowers.

A scheme was about this time in agitation to set aside the Princess Mary as successor to the Crown, and prefer the Princess Anne, provided she turned Catholic; and James had even begun to listen to suggestions for excluding both from the succession. An event, however, occurred, which put an end to these speculations. The Queen was reported to be with child. The Virgin of Loretto was supposed to have granted this boon to the supplications of the Duchess of Modena, and St. Winifred to James himself, when he implored it during his visit to the Holy Well. The Popish zealots predicted that the unborn child would be a boy, and one fanatic foresaw a couple of them, one of whom was to be King of England, and the other Pope of Rome! One party rejoiced, and the other sneered. The poets hailed the new marvel in rhymes, and the country squires with roars of laughter. A suitable thanksgiving was offered from the pulpit, but the people were not thankful, and

the congregations made no reverential responses.

Determined to obtain for his contemplated measures the sanction of Parliament, James proceeded with energy and method to obtain one to his mind. The Lords Lieutenants of counties were ordered to their posts to take steps for influencing the elections; but half of them refused, and were dismissed from their office, and among these were the Earls of Oxford, of Shrewsbury, and of Dorset. Mr. Macaulay has drawn with a fine pencil the characters of these three noblemen. We cannot resist the temptation to give that of Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset:

"In his youth he had been one of the most notorious libertines of the wild time which followed the Restoration. He had been the terror of the city watch, had passed many nights in the round-house, and had at least once occupied a cell in Newgate. His passion for Betty Morrice and for Nell Gwynn, who always called him her Charles the First, had given no small amusement and scandal to the town. Yet, in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart, had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged were common between him and the whole race of gay, young Cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured were all his own. His associates were astonished by the distinction which the public made between him and them. 'He may do what he chooses,' said Wilmot; 'he is never in the wrong.' The judgment of the world became still more favorable to Dorset when he had been sobered by time and marriage. His graceful manners, his brilliant conversation, his soft heart, his open hand, were universally praised. No day passed, it was said, in which some distressed family had not reason to bless his name. And yet, with all his good-nature, such was the keenness of his wit, that scoffers, whose sarcasms all the town feared, stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset. All political parties esteemed and caressed him; but politics were not much to his taste. Had he been driven by necessity to exert himself, he would probably have risen to the highest posts in the state: but he was born to rank so high and wealth so ample that many of the motives which impel men to engage in public life were wanting to him. He took just so much part in parliamentary and diplomatic business as to suffice to show that he wanted nothing but inclination to rival Danby and Sunderland, and turned away to pursuits which pleased him better. Like many other men who, with great natural abilities, are constitutionally and habitually indolent, he became an intellectual voluptuary, and a master of all those pleasing branches of knowledge that can be acquired without severe application: He was allowed to be the best judge of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of acting,

that the Court could show. On questions of polite learning his decisions were regarded at all the coffee-houses as without appeal. More than one clever play which had failed on the first representation was supported by his single authority against the whole clamor of the pit, and came forth successful from the second trial. The delicacy of his taste in French composition was extolled by St. Evremont and La Fontaine. Such a patron of letters England had never seen. His bounty was bestowed with equal judgment and liberality, and was confined to no sect or faction. Men of genius, estranged from each other by literary jealousy or by difference of political opinion, joined in acknowledging his impartial kindness. Dryden owned that he was saved from ruin by Dorset's princely generosity. Yet Montague and Prior, who had keenly satirized Dryden, were introduced by Dorset into public life; and the best comedy of Dryden's mortal enemy, Shadwell, was written at Dorset's country-seat. The munificent earl might, if such had been his wish, have been the rival of those of whom he was content to be the benefactor. \* \* \* In the small volume of his works may be found songs which have the easy vigor of Suckling, and little satires which sparkle with wit as splendid as that of Butler."—Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

The Royal plan of obtaining submissive Parliaments was a signal failure. The obsequious Lord Lieutenants returned from their counties with the most mortifying refusals, and even the Roman Catholic Sheriffs refused to give false returns. The Corporations, too, were refractory, and when the King could not intimidate them into compliance by the dismissal of aldermen, he resolved to revoke their charters, when the right to do it belonged to him, and to obtain the rest either by a voluntary surrender, or a decision of the King's Bench. The great majority of the burghs, however, refused to abandon their privileges, and the King was driven to new measures of coercion. A second declaration of indulgence was issued on the 27th April, 1688, and on the 4th May it was ordered in Council that the declaration was to be read in all the churches. Before the mind of the Anglican Church could be known, the Protestant Dissenters, with Baxter, Bates, and Howe at their head, resolved to take part with the members of the Church in supporting the Constitution, and at a meeting of the Primate and several of the bishops, it was resolved that the declaration ought not to be read. In order to carry these views into effect, a meeting of prelates and deans, headed by Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock, agreed to a petition, in which they pronounced the declaration to be illegal, and declared that they could not be parties to its solemn publication in the

house of God. This paper, written in the Archbishop's own hand, was signed on Friday evening by himself and six of his suffragans. As the Primate had been long ago forbidden the Court, the six bishops set off for Whitehall, and Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, placed the petition in the hands of the King.

"James read the petition," says Mr. Macaulay, "he folded it up, and his countenance grew dark. 'This,' he said, 'is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion.' The bishops broke out into passionate professions of loyalty; but the King, as usual, repeated the same words over and over. 'I tell you this is a standard of rebellion.' 'Rebellion!' cried Trelawney, falling on his knees, 'For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the Crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West.' 'We put down the last rebellion,' said Lake, 'we shall not raise another.' 'We rebel!' exclaimed Turner; 'we are ready to die at your Majesty's feet.' 'Sir,' said Ken, in a more manly tone, 'I hope that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind.' Still James went on. 'This is rebellion. This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion. I will have my declaration published.' 'We have two duties to perform,' answered Ken, 'our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honor you; but we fear God.' 'Have I deserved this?' said the King, more and more angry; 'I who have been such a friend to your Church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it. 'God's will be done,' said Ken. 'God has given me the dispensing power,' said the King, 'and I will maintain it. I tell you that there are still seven thousand of your Church who have not bowed the knee to Baal.' The bishops respectfully retired."—Vol. ii. p. 352.

By means which have not been discovered, the petition was printed that very night, and circulated in thousands, and a short letter, believed to be by Halifax, and sent to every clergyman, warned him in eloquent language of the danger of submission. The declaration was read only in four out of one hundred places of worship in London, and the Church, as if with one heart, refused to obey the despotic mandate. The Dissenting body applauded the bishops and the clergy, and

the people joined in the triumph of faith over power.

James stood awe-struck amid the storm which he had evoked. The seven prelates were summoned before the King and Council, and armed with the best legal advice, they repaired to the palace on the 8th of June. The tyrant browbeat them with his usual coarseness, and the Chancellor called upon them to enter into recognizances to appear to take their trial for libel. The bishops refused, and were ordered to the Tower. No sooner had the holy men come forth under a guard, to be conveyed by water to their prison, than the feelings of the people burst forth in one simultaneous expression of admiration. Thousands prayed aloud for them, and blessed them, and dashing into the stream, asked their blessing. The sentinels at the Traitor's Gate asked the prisoners to bless them. The soldiery drank the healths of the bishops, and a deputation of ten non-conformist divines visited them in the Tower.

On the morning of Sunday the 10th of June, two days after the imprisonment of the bishops, the Queen bore a son, "the most unfortunate of princes, destined to 77 years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honors more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick." The nation believed that the young prince was a supposititious child; and though the suspicion is now considered unjust, yet it naturally arose from the absence at his birth of every person who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud.

After remaining a week in custody the bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench, pleaded *not guilty*, and were allowed to be at large upon their own recognizances. The trial took place on the 29th June in Westminster Hall. The contest between the Crown lawyers and the counsel for the bishops was long and fierce, and from the sudden changes that took place in the hopes and fears of the parties, the trial excited the most dramatic interest. The judges were divided on the question of libel; but the jury, with the exception of the brewer to the palace, who at last gave way, were unanimous, and no sooner had the foreman pronounced the bishops *NOT GUILTY*, than Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. "At that signal," says Mr. Macaulay, "benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the



innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar." The note of triumph passed along the river, and along the streets and highways, with electric speed. Tears were mingled with acclamations. The acquitted prelates took shelter in a chapel from the tumultuous gratulations of thousands, and the jury, as they retired, received the blessings of the people. Bonfires, rockets, illuminations, and the burning of the Pope, everywhere expressed the popular joy. Whitehall was the only locality where no thrill of gladness was felt, and James, who received the dread news when in his camp at Hounslow, had their impression deepened on his guilty heart by the shouts and cheers of his soldiers.

It was now time that Liberty endangered, and Faith oppressed, should put forth their avenging arm. The flower of the English nobility determined on resistance, and William of Orange, appreciating the magnitude of the crisis, resolved to obey the call. Difficulties, however, of no ordinary kind beset his path. He could not trust to a general rising of the people. An armed force was required, and that force must consist of foreign mercenaries, even if he could obtain it. The state of parties in Holland might prevent him from receiving military aid, and as the object of his expedition was to establish a Protestant government in England, how could he enlist in his cause princes attached to the Church of Rome? All these difficulties were gradually overruled by the folly of his enemies and the wisdom of his friends. James threatened to punish for disobedience the whole body of the priesthood, but even the High Commission quailed, and it received its death-blow by the resignation of Bishop Sprat. A royal mandate was dispatched to Oxford, requiring the University to choose **Jeffreys** as their chancellor, but they had previously elected the young Duke of Ormond. Discontent reigned among all classes, and the clergy, the gentry, and the army, were ready to welcome their noble deliverer.

Animated by these favorable incidents, William was preparing ships and troops for his expedition. Louis withdrew his army from Flanders into Germany, and the United Provinces being thus free from alarm, gave its formal sanction to the expedition of their chief. On the 17th October, 1688, the armament set sail from Helvoetsluys, and the manifesto of William was dispatched to England. Driven back by a storm, the fleet again sailed on the 1st, and the army was

landed in Torbay on the 5th November. Under the command of Count Schomberg, it marched into the interior. William reached Exeter on the 9th, and on the 11th, Burnet preached before him in the cathedral. Men of all ranks flocked to the Protestant standard. William's quarters had the aspect of a court, and at a public reception of the nobility and gentry, he said to them, "Gentlemen, friends, and fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your followers most heartily welcome to our court and camp."

James had gone to Salisbury on the 17th. He had been impatient for a battle, but now desired a retreat. On the following day Churchill and Grafton fled to the Prince's quarters. Kirke refused to obey the royal commands. The camp at Salisbury broke up. Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Drumlanrig, deserted to the Prince, and with the aid of Lady Churchill, the Princess Anna made her escape from Whitehall, and took refuge in the country-house of the noble-minded Duke of Dorset, in Epping Forest.

After receiving intelligence of these events, James summoned the Lords spiritual and temporal to the palace. He yielded to their advice to call a Parliament. He sent Halifax and other commissioners to Hungerford to negotiate with the Prince of Orange, who generously agreed to propositions which were acceptable to the partisans of the King. The negotiation, however, was on James's part a feint. His object was to gain time. The Queen and the Prince of Wales, whom the King entrusted to the charge of M. Lauzun, a French nobleman, made their escape to France. James assured the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who had been summoned to his presence, that though he had sent his wife and his child out of England, he would himself remain at his post, and with this "unkingly and unmanly" falsehood on his lips, he had resolved in his heart to fly, and he fled at daybreak on the 11th December, 1688, tossing the Great Seal into the Thames as he crossed it in a wherry, and taking the road to Sheerness.

The news of this event spread like wildfire through the city. At the advice of Rochester, the Earl of Northumberland, with his guards, declared for the Prince of Orange, and strove to prevent any breach of the peace. The attempt, however, was to a certain extent fruitless. The cry of No Popery rung through the city. Convents and Catholic churches were demolished. Piles of Popish trumpery, images and crucifixes,

were carried about in triumph. The house and library of the Spanish ambassador was consigned to the flames, and it was only by the aid of the military that the hotel of the French ambassador was saved.

While the city was thus heaving beneath this moral earthquake, there was one fiend whose guilty soul quailed under every shock, and started at every sound. With the instinct of carnivorous life, the Judicial Tiger rushed into the thicket; but an unsuspected Eye detected him in his lair, and, saved with difficulty from the whips and halters of his pursuers, he was conducted to his cage in the Tower. That fiend was Jeffreys—and that Eye was the Eye of an insulted litigant, on whose visual memory the hideous physiognomy had been indelibly impressed. Our readers will doubtless partake in the vindictive pleasure with which Oldmixon viewed, and with which Mr. Macaulay has painted this remarkable scene.

"A scrivener, who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the sea-faring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lost a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. 'A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster—what is it made like?' The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half-dead with fright. 'While I live,' the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance.' And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows indeed had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the train-bands, and he was carried before the Lord Mayor, (Sir John Chapman.) \* \* \* When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room, begrimed with ashes, half-dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitations of the unfortunate Mayor rose to a height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a

carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found this duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying, 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!' At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their best days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror."—Vol. ii. pp. 561-563.

The return of James to London—his subsequent flight to Rochester, and escape to France—the summary dismissal of the French ambassador—the meeting of the Convention of the States of the Realm—and the plans of various parties for the future government of England—form the remaining topics of the last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's work. After the most anxious discussion of these plans of government, the House of Commons resolved, "that King James the Second, having endeavored to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between King and people, and, by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the throne had thereby become vacant." The House of Lords experienced great difficulty in acceding to this resolution. They refused, by a small majority, to consider the throne vacant; but a letter from James to the Convention, as usual, assisted his enemies and disconcerted his friends. When the question was again submitted to them, the House of Peers resolved, almost unanimously, that James had abdicated the government, and, by a majority of 62 to 47, it was decided that the Throne was vacant. It was then proposed, and carried without a division, "*that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.*"

On the 13th of February, 1689, both Houses met in the magnificent Banqueting House of Whitehall. The Prince and Princess of Orange took their places under the canopy of State. The resolution of Parliament was read; and after it, the Declaration

of Right, embodying the principles of the constitution. In the name of all the estates of the realm, Halifax requested William and Mary to accept the Crown. William tendered his own gratitude and that of his Queen, and assured the assembled legislators that the laws of England would be the rule of his conduct. Such was the termination of the English Revolution, and such its triumph—Liberty achieved—Law inviolate—Property secured—and Protestant faith established.

Such is a very imperfect analysis of Mr. Macaulay's immortal work. Enriched with the wisdom of a profound philosophy, and laden with legal and constitutional knowledge, these volumes will be read and prized by Englishmen while civil and religious liberty endures. In Mr. Macaulay's historical narratives the events pass before us in simple yet stately succession. In his delineations of character we recognize the skill of a master whose scrutiny reaches the heart even through its darkest coverings. His figures stand out before us in three-dimensions, in all their loveliness, or in all their deformity, living and breathing, and acting. The scenes of listening senates—of jarring councils—and of legal and judicial strife—are depicted in vivid outline and in glowing colors; and with a magic wand he conjures up before us the gorgeous pageantries of state—the ephemeral gaiety of courts—and those frivolous amusements by which time's ebbing sands are hurried through the hour-glass of life. May we not hope that such a work will find its way into the continents of the Old and New World, and reach even the insular communities of the ocean, to teach the governors and the governed how liberty may be secured without bloodshed—popular rights maintained without popular violence—and a constitutional monarchy embalmed amid the affections of a contented and a happy people.

We are unwilling to mingle criticism with praise like this; but, occupying the censorial chair, we must not shrink from at least the show of its duties. Mr. Macaulay's volumes exhibit not a few marks that they have been composed with a running pen; and we have no doubt that, in subsequent editions, he will prune some of their redundancies, and supply some of their defects. There is occasionally a diffuseness both of description and discussion. The same ideas occur under a slight disguise, while dates are omitted, and events are wanting to unite different portions of the narrative, and to gratify the curiosity of the reader. The work is obviously defective in

the proportion and symmetry of its parts. Historical sketches, sometimes of men beneath any peculiar notice, and literary, ecclesiastical, and political disquisitions often break the continuity and mar the interest of the story: and we occasionally recognize, in argumentative discussions, the copiousness of the writer in search of converts, when we might expect the rigor of the logician in quest of truth. In the early part of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, he frequently illustrates his narrative by analogous or parallel facts drawn from ancient and modern history. These illustrations, however agreeable to the classical scholar, or the learned historian, startle the general reader without instructing him. The feelings "of the Ionians of the age of Homer," for example—the comparison of "Rome and her Bishops" to the "Olympian chariot-course of the Pythian oracle"—the relation "between a white planter and a Quadroon girl"—and the robberies "of Mathias and Kniperdoling"—are not happy illustrations of other relations and events.

The very brilliancy and purity of Mr. Macaulay's style tend, by the mere effect of contrast, to display the most trivial blemishes. We are startled, for example, at the passages in which we are charged "with pleasuring our friends"—with "the accomplishing a design"—with "committing a baseness"—with "the tincture of soldiery"—with giving "allowance" to do anything,—with "swearing like a porter"—and with "spelling like a washerwoman." These and similar phrases have doubtless escaped from Mr. Macaulay's pen when the intellectual locomotive was at its highest speed.

We cannot close these volumes without giving expression to the deep and painful feelings which the events they record have left upon our mind. While we rejoice at the triumph of Divine truth over human error, and of constitutional government over a licentious despotism, we blush at the thought that religion, and the forms and rites of religion, should have been the mainspring of those bloody revolutions which have desolated England. The domestic history of Britain during the seventeenth century is but a succession of plots, and seditions, and rebellions, prompted by religious fanaticism, or springing from religious persecution. The struggle between the popular and the monarchical element was but the result of that fiercer conflict which the rights of conscience had to wage against an intolerant priesthood and a bigoted royalty. Opposed by the

Church and the aristocracy, the popular will possessed neither the moral nor the physical strength that was required to change a constitution and dethrone a sovereign. The Revolution of 1688 would never have been effected had not persecution driven the Anglican Church into rebellion; and the civil liberties of England would never have been secured had not religious liberty been previously achieved by the broad-sword of the Covenant. It is the religious principle alone—strong and deep in the soul—pointing to the sure though distant crown—nerving the weak man's heart, and bracing the strong man's arm, that can subvert dynasties and unsettle thrones; and there is no government, however stable, and no constitution, however free, that is safe against the energy of religious truth, or the bitterness of religious error. The revolutions which are now shaking society to its centre, have been neither prompted nor sustained by religious zeal. Like the hurricane, they will but leave a purer atmosphere and a more azure sky. Subverted institutions will reappear purified by fire, and expatriated princes will return improved by adversity.

With these views we cannot congratulate ourselves, as Mr. Macaulay does, that the great English Revolution will be our last. Our beloved country is doubtless safe from

popular assault. The democratic arm will never again be lifted up against the monarchy; but a gigantic and insidious foe is now preparing the engines of war, and, inflamed by religious zeal, is now girding himself for a bloody combat. Prophecy—events passed, events passing, and events lowering in our horizon, foreshadow the great struggle which is to decide between religious truth and religious error. Misled by wicked counsellors, statesmen have combined to break down the great bulwark of Protestantism which Scotland had so long presented to the enemy in one undivided and massive breast-work. The Protestant strength of our sister land, too, has been paralyzed by her recreant priests; and a bigoted king, devoted to the Popery of rubrics and liturgies, is alone wanting to convert the most powerful Church of the Reformation into a fief of the Holy See. The wild population of a neighboring island are "biding their time," and watching the issue with a lynx's eye. Continental States, anxious to bring bigotry and priestcraft into reaction against popular turbulence are conspiring to restore spiritual supremacy in Christendom; and in an atmosphere thus constituted, an electric spark is alone wanting to combine these antagonist elements into one tremendous storm, in which secular religion must either triumph or fall

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Editor deemed the publication of two articles on the same subject, so dissimilar in their scope and view from each other, as not only admirable on the ground of the great interest which attaches to the work reviewed, but desirable, as explanatory of each other. The first, occupied mainly as a critical estimate of Macaulay as a writer and thinker, is an almost necessary preparative for the criticisms of the second, which is engrossed with the work itself. They also correct each other in some particulars, and are interesting as the different estimates of two of the leading sections of opinion in England, by which Macaulay's work is to be adjudged.

The interest taken in Macaulay's History is scarcely less in this country than in England. In some respects, it possesses a value to us, quite equal to that which the English reader has in it. It records the history of the events to which the colonization and peculiar character of our own country are to be traced, and depicts the men, the fame of whose bravery, piety, and principles, is also our birthright. The history, at least the former part of it, will find as just an appreciation on this side the water as at home; while the admiration felt for the masterly genius, the splendid style, and incomparable worth of the history, will be not at all less warm and cordial. Macaulay has a wide popularity among us, and this, by far his greatest effort, will prove to be as popular here as in England.

We are happy to add to these reviews, that the Messrs. Harper, of New York, have issued several editions of this work, in different forms, and at different prices, and that it has already met with an unusually wide and rapid sale. It is one of the standard works of the age, which every well-appointed library should possess.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH IN 1849.

If Asmodeus possessed the power to unroof every house in Edinburgh, we doubt if he would bring to light any great amount of hidden talent. All our little celebrities put together are hardly fit to sustain the literary credit of the Modern Athens. As for our great ones—Jeffrey himself is, not to speak evil of dignities, *un peu passé*. The honorable lord still dresses well, adjusts himself admirably to the niche in which he stands enshrined, and recognizes on all occasions the homage naturally offered at the altar of his literary fame. He frankly and courteously discharges all the duties of his position, and, with equal facility, extends his hospitality to the illustrious literary stranger, and expostulation to the unfledged aspirant after literary renown. Dickens, when last in the Scottish metropolis, was Lord Jeffrey's guest. And we have repeatedly seen instances in which Lord Jeffrey generously and humanely took the trouble to consider and criticise volumes of youthful poetry not the most promising. But, save on the judicial bench, his lordship seldom makes public appearances. Once a year, perhaps, he presides over the distribution of prizes at the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts. But we hear of little, if anything, from his pen beyond his full and frequent notes on an advising in *presentia dominorum*. The *Judex damnatur* of the blue and brimstone cover of the *Edinburgh Review* has become with Lord Jeffrey something more than a figurative, and has proved itself a prophetic, expression. On the bench of the First Division of the Court of Session, Lord Jeffrey occupies the extreme left of the Lord President Boyle; Lord Mackenzie, the son of "the Man of Feeling," and probably the most esteemed of the Scottish judges, intervening; whilst Lord Fullerton is seated on the President's right hand. Lord Jeffrey incessantly takes notes and asks questions. The habits of the critic have accompanied him to the bench, and admirably serve to tease the ingenuity of the learned counsel at the bar.

We have never given much for Wilson,

since first the Professor, a few years back, took shelter within the panoply of a Mackintosh; for though our contemporary has since renewed his youth, and, in his mood of venerable eld, now no longer fictitious, is still as good for a jest or witticism as ever, still the original induing of such defensive habiliments was all unworthy of the wild spirit of Ellerlay; and Christopher has never been himself again. What! the man who was wont to face the fiercest elements that ever encountered sage or sophist, struggling up the Earthen Mound in the direction of *Alma Mater*, buttoned only in his invulnerable dress-coat of black; the low flat surface of his shovel hat standing up against the gusty wind, like the dark point of a rock amidst a furious sea—he, encased in the veritable manufacture of Cross-basket—tell it not in Gath! Wilson is by nature a lion, and will be to the end of the chapter. His stalwart figure, unbent by age, passes along our streets the image of Triton amongst the Minnows. The long flowing hair, slightly grizzled by the enemy, escapes from beneath the brood eaves of his beaver, and descends like the snake-wreathed locks of an antique Jupiter over the snowy petals of shirt collar that flank the breadths of his ambrosial visage—giving altogether a peculiar and picturesque aspect to the head and its arrangements. This massive capital, elevated on Atlantean shoulders, and the almost gigantic bulk, borne along with speed and firmness of step, bespeaking dauntlessness and decision of character, sufficiently mark the man. Excepting conversationally, we do not know that the Professor has lately made much exertion of his powers. In his class, he goes through the old routine of the moral philosophy lectures; and, as a member of the Faculty, may sometimes be seen—occasionally *sine toga*—pacing the boards amongst his brethren of the long robe. Some conversational criticisms, which have been repeated, harmless, though personal, would do for verbal repetition, but not to print—so that we are fain to refresh ourselves with the collect-

ed scrap-work of the "Recreations" of North—or the scattered poems, amongst which are mainly to be had in remembrance the two leading pieces, so unlike, yet so characteristic of the poet, "The City of the Plague," and "The Isle of Palms"—or the exquisite prose of the "Lights and Shadows," and "Margaret Lyndsay," the grave fictions on which the author founded his title of philosopher. Professor Wilson's philosophy, his learning, his genius, have lately taken a new direction, and merged into a practical philanthropy, annually illustrated by his exordium to the popular session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. His admirers and flatterers—for, like all lions, he has his jackals—indeed we should say that his "lion's providers" rather superabound—may hold that the Professor's career as a philanthropist could be antedated. We, however, think not. We know of no phase in which the advocate of that aristocracy which, under the guise of good-old-English-gentlemanism, erected its jovial barriers of class and caste upon the necks of a dependent peasantry little elevated above agrarian serfdom, could be regarded as a man of the people, prior to his appearance on the platform of this popular institute. We have heard it whispered, however, that in adopting this conspicuous step, the Professor nobly set at nought the conventional restraints imposed on themselves and their brethren by the haughtier members of the *Senatus Academicus*, by whom the delivery of a popular lecture is deemed equivalent to "such an act as blurs the modesty and grace of nature" in Brahminical eyes, when a member of any of the rigid sects of oriental superstition, forgetting their rules and observances, lose caste. The Professor of Botany, it is said, however, anxious to give a popular course of that beautiful and interesting study, has not the courage to brave the papal ban of his exclusive brethren. But Wilson has not only come forward in aid of the popular "march of intellect;" he has come forward as its ostensible head and front. His introductory discourses, each session, tend more and more to a discovery of the latent philosophy lurking in the popular mind—to illustrate the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties and disadvantages—to prove the onward tendency and ultimate triumph of self-culture among the middle and lower classes in the country—and to show (ultimately, but not yet,) by what title the power of a million of intellects is to assert its supremacy over the long-endured domination of a few more for-

tunate or more privileged, by whom has so long been preached the spurious doctrine of poor stupid "Noll Goldsmith," that "they who think must govern those who toil;" as if there were anything to prevent those that toil thinking as well as, or better than, those that idle! In his future initial discourses in Queen Street Hall, Wilson has promised some further developments of the intellectual phenomena of the social mind, which may be looked for with interest, because the inquiry derives not its curiosity from the inquest, but the inquirer.

Favorers of popular movement, from the opposite extremes of "the electric chain that binds" the strange mixture of intellectual elements in the society of Modern Athens, the brothers Chambers, Mr. James Simpson, the Advocate, and Mr. George Combe, emerge on our notice in a group. By a series of successful adventures in the literature of popular progress, which have been self-rewarding, the former have elevated themselves, unaided, save by the tide of public approbation, to eminence so considerable, that a vacancy for the chief magistracy of the Scottish metropolis can scarcely occur, or be talked of, without one or other of the brothers being brought forward as eligible to the office. The merit of the publications of these gentlemen is mediocrity. But mediocrity, when once it wins its way, retains its hold. Addressed to comparative ignorance, or the unexcitable temperaments of impassive intellects, it never recedes. The literature of mediocrity, never bad enough to merit condemnation, carefully weeded even of the shadow of reproach, tolerably faultless in its construction, calculated just to impart the semblance without the severity of essential information, loses nothing that may be forfeited by time, chance, or change. Unlike the rash scintillations of superior genius, it incurs no risk of elevating and exciting the minds of its votaries, to give force and contrast to the dash of disappointment where its brilliancy flags or falls. The steady, equable quality of this kind of writing—imitating the dull proprieties of accurate prose, sparingly indulging in any vein of poetry, recording only facts with zest, and drawing fictions from the memory—forms the excellence of Chambers' Journals, Miscellanies, Informations, Histories, Educational and Juvenile Series. Irreconcilable as these in their variety may seem, a family likeness pervades the whole, and soothes them down into their regular monotony. The wise man prayed that he might neither be visited with poverty

nor riches. If he seek for his children the same happy medium of intelligence as of circumstances, he will have them educated upon "Chambers' Educational Course." Their minds will not fare sumptuously; neither will they starve. With doctrinal questions, and alleged objections to the matter of these cheap, and, for the most part, useful productions, we have nothing at present to do. Enough for us that their manner—generally easy, and always agreeable—more than anything, stamps their value. The price of knowledge reduced, by works like these, the commodity becomes palatable as well as accessible; and thus the great secret of their success is twofold—knowledge is cheapened and stimulated at once. The head of the firm, though seldom committed to any popular movement, has long professed liberal principles. The "ragged schools" have been greatly indebted to his philanthropy; and the "faggot votes" have recently recoiled beneath his assault. The one cause he has advocated in "the Journal," and personally promoted in various parts of Scotland; the other enormity he has attacked from the platform—but with the disadvantage, less applicable to him than to others, of doing so as the partisan of a faction as deeply implicated in the evil as any other. Let that pass. William Chambers, without any great distinguishing marks as a man of letters, as a popular leader, or a party debater, is a man of energy and action, of perpetual movement and indomitable courage, and has had, unquestionably, the spirit to carve out his own fortunes. As a *litterateur*, and latterly as a *savant*, Robert Chambers has been the more distinguished. Less a man of business and more a man of letters, the author of the "Rebellions" and the "Picture of Scotland" has dedicated the few last years of his life to scientific researches connected with absorbing questions of physical science, and particularly the phenomena exhibited on the earth's varied surface. He seldom draws conclusions. He states facts. He is a mere reader of the book of nature; and a clever as well as careful translator of its obvious passages. Take his recent work on "Ancient Sea Margins." Here is a work in which the eye, as from a pinnacle, scans with new ideas the great map of nature, and sees not features, but facts traced out over hill and valley—margins of seas stretched up towards the Alpine summits, and traces of a flooded world recorded imperishably upon the monumental mountain pyramids, amidst the crumbling and decay of the things of time. What

strange ideas that book delineates beyond the scope of imagination, and literally chiselled out in granite heaps as hard, immutable truths! From the low coast lands and carse, the lower ancient sea margins emanate step by step to the sublimest altitudes. Oscillations in the shift of relative level betwixt sea and land—the last of them, perhaps, within the human period—unfold such a tale of time and change, tangibly portrayed before the wondering eye, as geology in all its quaint discoveries or strange imaginings has never before disclosed. In these there may be illusion where conjecture supplies the form of monstrosities extinct and incompatible with present conditions of existence. In those there can be none. We have local researches and descriptions undertaken with persevering and painstaking exertion—scenes in the vale of Tay, in Fife, Strathspey, Glenmore, Lochaber, the Basin of the Forth, the Vale of Tweed, and Basin of the Tay—all conjured up and strikingly arrested in diagrams of strange fidelity, though cast with the help of some excusable freedoms into the theoretical form of the supposed sea margins. The author has traversed all these scenes, and many more. His mind has dwelt upon their terraced aspect, and become imbued with the convictions of their character and origin; till the resistless reader, forced to yield to the endless multiplicity of facts, surrenders his convictions also to an author who avowedly has no theory to propound. In this way we are led to inspect visibly the Delta of the Ribble, the Mersey, Chester, Bristol, Bath, London, Sussex and Hampshire, Devonshire, France and Ireland, and even the terraces and markings in Switzerland, Scandinavia and North America. The contemplative power and sagacity of observation, conspicuous throughout these researches, tend not only to amass a collection of facts and materials for speculation, but facts and materials already sifted and prepared for an inevitable deduction. Mr. Chambers has carefully elicited in every instance the attendant circumstances of the natural appearances presented to his gaze, and so discriminated betwixt them as nearly to arrive at a chronology of the ancient beach-markings. He has traced out even the recession, accension, and second recession of waters, and furnished quite a new light in which to read the mighty page outspread upon the surface of a country. Some people, who would dispute the originality of anything, have doubted the originality of these researches. There is intrinsic evidence, however, of the author hav-

ing visited in person, and observed for himself, the majority of the appearances he details. The magnitude of his labors is well characterized by the boundless inference with which he sums up their induction, viz: that "he must believe that very great lapses of time have passed since the sea stood at our highest terrace."

"In several places of Scotland," he continues, "I have found the points or promontories of terraces bearing the faint markings of forts which had been erected by our savage forefathers for their protection. History scarcely hints at the age of these remains, so lost is it in the long night of antiquity. But great as is the time that has elapsed since these rude defenses were erected, it is nothing to what seems requisite for producing the phenomena now under our attention. When, moreover, it appears that the species of shell-fish have not changed in this immense series of millenniums, a new and highly interesting consideration arises. Species had in earlier times undergone repeated changes. If each change were attained in a lapse of time equal to a greater than that here shown to have passed without any change, what a vast multiple of this part must be the entire cosmical chronology!"

Such is the summary of the last-published researches of Robert Chambers. The concluding observation, by the way, reminds us that he has obtained "vestiges" of a reputation beyond what he aspires to in this treatise on "Ancient Sea Margins;" but if the secrets of the cloister are impenetrable, those of the *bureau*, to us, at least, shall be sacred.

James Simpson, as an educational theorist, had once a name which, though we seldom hear it now, is still adequately and eloquently represented in the private life of our northern metropolis by an eloquent, warm-hearted old gentleman, of more than average candor and cordiality of manner. Superseded by systems, we rejoice to think, more in accordance with the spirit of the age, a tolerant but pious spirit of religion void of fanaticism, Mr. Simpson has yet lived to see some triumph granted to his educational views, in the general adoption of what the Presbyterian Reports—when there *were* Presbyterian reports on education—termed "the intellectual systems of instruction—a system addressed to the understanding and even to the heart." The practical schemes of David Stow, of Glasgow, and the general improvements on education, in combination with religious culture, introduced by the active zeal of the Free Church of Scotland, have outstripped as well as outbidden Mr. Simpson's plan. Yet he was the apostle of a cause which, when at its ebb, owed him for negative evils,

who shall charge them much; and on the author of so much real good in his day and generation?

Next comes George Combe, the most remarkable of a sect which, though now less ostensibly than at one time, still exercises considerable influence over the press and the people of Edinburgh. To the opinions of the author of "The Constitution of Man considered," we all know what tendency has been imputed. And we must say, that the sect of which we recognize him for the leader cannot, in any acceptance of the term, be called a religious sect. Whatever may be Mr. Combe's opinions on these and other subjects, "uttered or unexpressed," it is with pleasure that we acknowledge, on occasion of his last appearance at the Glasgow Athenæum soirée, a disposition to resist the imputations that are frequently cast at the disciples of phrenology. Though mingled with local reminiscences of personal triumph in the cause so many had prejudged, there was an intelligible assertion of the great leading truths of faith put forth on that occasion by the master, which ought to form a striking lesson to all his followers. But it is ever the case that leaders are transcended in their most extreme notions by the zealots in their train.

Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, and De Quincey, of Lasswade, may be grouped together as occasional accessions to Edinburgh literary society. Everybody knows the literary *calibre* of "Delta," and most people that of "The English Opium Eater." The one is a living illustration of the poetry of the domestic affections. His exquisite "Casa Wappy," the lament of a father for a lisping darling—is no less pleasing than true. The other also illustrates his career by his compositions. A calm, sedate, and sensible mind is "Delta's." The best appearances at the Glasgow Athenæum were decidedly his and Combe's; his unpremeditated—Combe's elaborated. "Delta" spoke with so much genial sympathy for the good sense of his audience, that he laid for himself, at that single stroke, a lasting regard in the popular mind. A volume of his collected poems, just announced, will be treasured for many a sparkling gem that, if taste and justice are exercised, must inevitably stud his pages. The muse of the author of "Mansie Waugh" is as staid and sober as his humor is broad and pungent. Some ill-natured critic lately accused him of nonsense—a serious charge against a poet of any reputation—and quoted the following lines in proof of the assertion; which, however, we



may premise, are, in our estimation, pretty and pictorial, besides being perfectly intelligible to any one who will take the trouble of glancing at the glorious panorama of the southern shore of our Forth, as seen from its pure and placid bosom—not now—but in high summer—or, better still, can pause to study it while having a quiet pop at the rabbits of Inchkeith warren, or the Divers on the water, watching the lazy things emerge :

“ Traced like a map the landscape lies,  
In cultured beauty stretching wide—  
There Pentland's green acclivities ;  
There ocean with its azure tide ;  
There Arthur's Seat ; and, gleaming through  
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue !  
White in the orient, Lammer's daughters,  
A distant giant range, are seen ;  
North Berwick law, with cone of green,  
And Bass, amid the waters.”

Perhaps ten years ago, Dr. Moir edited a work, or collection, in two volumes, the first of which he occupied with a memoir of the late Dr. Macnish, of Glasgow. There is quite as much of “ Delta ” in this book as of Macnish, and yet it is without egotism. In the exuberance of the writer's heart, he has inscribed on the title-page what no impartial biographer would care to do, viz : that the life is by a “ friend ”—and he has felt bound, in the course of executing his task to authenticate his acquaintance with the facts, as the lawyers do with witnesses—“ *Causa scientia patet* ; and all which is truth,” &c. We are reminded of this revelation by—what does the reader think—the cholera, which, in its former visitation, seems to have approximated the stars of Moir and Macnish. It may not be amiss, at the present juncture, to quote what then passed betwixt these medico-philosophic poets :

“ With the concluding months of this year,” says Delta, “ and the commencement of 1832, the health of Mr. Macnish continued to improve ; his body strengthened, his mind lightened up, he went through his professional duties with cheerful alacrity, and his inherent love for intellectual exertion again exhibited itself in several pleasant as well as powerful compositions.

“ It was about the middle of January that the Asiatic Cholera, which had been imported into Sunderland, made its progressive way from Berwick to Musselburgh, and there seemed to take up its head-quarters—raging with pestilential violence, and prostrating alike the young and the old. So sudden and fearful was the mortality, that the burials within three weeks exceeded the average annual number of deaths, and this out of a population approaching to 9,000. I had formed no preconceived theory regarding the mode in which

the disease was propagated. I knew that the great majority of the Indian practitioners reckoned it simply epidemic—but a week's narrow and scrupulous investigation of its mode of attack convinced me thoroughly of its purely contagious character. To this belief I adhere as confidently as to my own existence ; and until it is universally acted upon (which I never expect to see) by the medical profession, Europe must from time to time be laid waste by the ravages of this terrible and soul-subduing pestilence.

“ From the numerous inquiries made at this period from all parts of the United Kingdom, regarding the nature and treatment of this new and fearful scourge of our race, I was induced, in my capacity of Medical Secretary to the Board of Health, at Musselburgh, to publish, on the spur of the moment, a pamphlet entitled ‘ Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera ’—of which, from the then absorbing nature of the subject, a second edition was demanded by the public in the course of a few days. These circumstances are mentioned here in reference to several things shortly to be alluded to. After a thorough investigation of the subject, I was glad to find that Mr. Macnish strongly entrenched himself on the side of the contagionists ; and from a careful scrutiny of the disease as it wandered apparently ‘ at its own dire will ’ from place to place, he furnished me with a variety of facts and reasonings undisputed and conclusive. In writing to him at this time I find the following passage : ‘ The medical men here and at Edinburgh are all at loggerheads about contagion and non-contagion ; but the success of my pamphlet has been a sore thorn in the side of the latter doctrinists. I do not know what may be its merits, but it ought not to have many, having been written within the week, and in the midst of scenes of misery, as I bustled from one death-bed to another, the like of which I never saw before, and trust will never see again. The eve after a battle-field may be a sad thing ; but here all excitement was absent, and death was literally cold and repulsive. I am sure I am within the mark when I say that the pamphlet never had a sitting of half-an-hour at a time, by day or by night. ’ ”

Although it is disgressing, we cannot resist giving the account of the outbreak of the disease in Glasgow, by Macnish (15th February 1832) :

“ Cholera has now fairly appeared among us. I saw a case yesterday, and one the day before, both of which proved fatal in a few hours. Every case hitherto has died. They were probably not seen till the stage of collapse had come on ; and it is possible that the removal to the hospital has been injurious. The people have a dreadful antipathy to any person being sent to the hospitals : they stupidly imagine that they are murdered (burked!) by the doctors ; and last night, when they were conveying a patient there, they were attacked by the mob. It is truly a dreadful disease. I have been compelled to give over visiting any of the cases, in consequence of the clamor of my own patients, who will not hear of it, so great

is their terror of infection. Hitherto it has been confined to the lowest classes, and it will probably remain there."

Delta's memoir of Macnish is valuable to us in another respect: De Quincey, whom we have also now in hands, is often mentioned in it; and if we are adjured, "tell me not what I have been, but tell me what I am," we must answer that, in this case, there will be found no change in the subject. We find him then, as now, in the midst of all sorts of literary projects. Dr. Moir says (11th May, 1829):

"Our new 'Literary Gazette' starts on Saturday, and I will cause them to send the numbers to you. It is, I believe, to contain an introduction by De Quincey, and a review of the 'Hope of Immortality,' by your humble servant, and two little poems of mine; No. 2 will have, 'Life of Galt,' by me, and review of Dugald Moore's poems; No. 3, 'Life of Wilson,' by De Quincey; No. 4, 'Life of Hogg,' by me; No. 5, 'Life of Coleridge,' by De Quincey; No. 6, 'On the Genius of Wordsworth,' by me; and so on."

But alas! not even the medical skill of Dr. Moir, and all these alternations of *meum* and *tuum* with De Quincey, sustained "Edinburgh Literary Gazette" in life. He shortly explains:

"I had promised to the proprietors of the 'Edinburgh Literary Gazette' to give them some aid at starting, understanding that De Quincey was to be their Magnus Apollo, when lo! and behold! the eloquent chewer of opium takes sick in Westmoreland; and up to this hour (June 3) has done little or nothing for them."

Akin to this is Moir's query to Macnish (22d October, 1831): "Have you lately heard of that curious production of genius, De Quincey? I suppose still writing for —, at the rate of a quarter of a page per day." And eke the following, dovetailed into the text of the memoir—"I (Delta) remember Mr. Blackwood, many years ago, telling me of his occasionally having received from De Quincey long, elaborate, and admirable letters—perfect articles in themselves—apologizing for his not being able at that time to write an article."

The *savants* who now flourish in Edinburgh form rather an extensive cluster; *ex. gr.* Sir John Graham Dalzell, Sir William Jardine, Professors Forbes, Kelland, Smyth, Simpson, Low, and Balfour, Rev. Dr. Fleming, Hugh Miller, Charles M'Laren, Dr. Greville, David Milne; and, forming the *gemini* of a separate constellation, Dr. Martin Barry and Dr. Samuel Brown.

We shall discuss this gallery of scientific stars in admirable disorder, by beginning with the last. Dr. Martin Barry and Dr. Samuel Brown are grouped together, because they both very narrowly missed a professor's chair from similar causes; through pretensions to marvellous discoveries never yet verified. The cases are parallel in that respect, but in none other. Dr. Martin Barry, a member of the Society of Friends, was the victim of University Tests. His medical discoveries, which had excited surprise, could not escape suspicion; and professional jealousy, by impugning them, rendered it better for him never to have breathed them. Dr. Samuel Brown, who, besides the professorship, has also been in danger of becoming a popular lecturer, fell a prey to professional antagonism also. It was not very fair of the Baron von Liebig, or the Baron Liebig, to write him down on the strength of one of his pupil's experiments. But Justus did it. The Baron himself *never* experiments. His faculty reminds us of Chatham's eulogy on the sagacity of Cromwell, which, without his having spies in every Cabinet of Europe, afforded him a perfect knowledge of diplomacy. Liebig is not like the immortal Squeers, who held the opinion in regard to scientific study, that "when he knows it, he goes and does it;" or, in other words, that botany is only to be studied by practically going into the garden and weeding the onions. He leaves all that, however, like Squeers, to his pupils; and on their hint he speaks. Brown may *not* have resolved the unity of matter, or the transmutation of substances; but with what propriety can Liebig maintain the impossibility of repeating his experiments? Failing in getting any man of eminence to repeat and authenticate his delicate and elaborate researches by experiment, Brown resigned his pretensions to the chair, but not to his discoveries, which he is understood still to prosecute in his private laboratory, whilst he does not omit to bestow his sparkling talents, and eloquent, as well as amusing powers, on the literary coteries that welcome his presence. It is understood, however, that Dr. Samuel Brown will, in future, decline to take a place upon the popular platform.

Sir John Graham Dalzell is favorably known both as an antiquarian and a naturalist. Acute indisposition obliges the accomplished baronet to live in comparative seclusion, or at least retirement. He had lately soothed his hours by the production of a work in two quarto volumes, with 110 plates,

mostly drawn and colored from living or recent specimens of the "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland." The Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh has for a few years been all but in abeyance. But an attempt has been made this winter to revive it by placing Sir John at its head; and he will probably exert himself to do so; at least we have the experience of the stimulus which his presidency of the Society of Arts, several years ago, imparted to a similar body, now of a very flourishing complexion. Of Sir William Jardine, of Applegarth, who is, we believe, a denizen of Inverleith Row, we need but say that this distinguished naturalist has contributed as largely to our scientific literature, chiefly in capacity of editor of "Lizars' Naturalists' Library," as any man of his day. Professors Forbes and Kelland, and, for that matter, Mr. David Milne, shine in the Royal Society, the frigid aristocracy of which is scarcely to be thawed by the genial common sense and graphic diction of the Rev. Dr. Fleming, but is formally and fearfully represented by the other trio. Mr. Forbes is a clever man in spite of his coldness. To see him go through with a demonstration, be it mathematical, algebraical, or a mere diagram of the composition and resolution of mechanical forces, you must believe that there is something more hearty in the great expositor of the "Theory of Glaciers" than snow and ice. But education has been at fault. The son of the well-known Edinburgh banker, Sir William Forbes—the Bill Forbes of the jolly tar who presented a five pound note at the bank counter as "a tickler," and intimated that he would take it up in trifles, as he did not like to affront him before the lads—has been reared in isolation and upon a pinnacle. He labors under a deficiency of social sympathies. Yet he is communicative, and covets fame. Why else should he publish or expound? The Rev. Philip Kelland and Mr. David Milne are precisely of the same school. Mr. Kelland being an English, and, we fancy, a High Church divine, might wear this exterior with less challenge than the others. But, in truth, he is the most demonstrative of the three. Mathematical studies are little calculated to warm the human breast. Mr. Kelland has, however, a charm in his manner, which atones for the abstraction into which his peculiar position doubtless casts him. Mr. Milne, a practising counsel, commenced his scientific career as a prize essayist of the Highland and Agricultural Society, of which, as a country gentleman,

he is now a leader. His essays were geological, and to that science he has chiefly devoted his attention; although he has also published investigations on the Poor-laws, Potato disease, and other questions of social economy.

Professor Low, in like manner, is identified as an author with the Highland and Agricultural Society. His works are well known. It will be found that most of them are habitually cast in the form of lectures, and framed to demonstrate rather than instruct. The best and most popular of them is his work on "Domestic Animals." But the influence of his writings on improving the management of land has been incalculable.

The Rev. Dr. Fleming, author of the "Philosophy of Zoology," but better known by his "History of British Animals," has rendered himself formidable by the freedom with which he wields the scourge against "pretence." The worthy divine was formerly minister of Flisk, in Fifeshire, and holds at present a professorship in the new College of the Free Church in Edinburgh. In the preface to his Natural History he at once proceeded to draw a distinction, which marked him out as a devotee of original observation:

"If," said he, "anatomy and physiology be regarded as the basis of zoological science, the history of species will include a description of their structure and functions along with their external characters. If anatomy and physiology be discarded as foreign to the subject, and the professed naturalist acknowledge, without a blush, his ignorance or his contempt of both, then the history of species will be chiefly occupied with the details of external appearance."

Such different conditions he asserted to have prevailed in the study of the science in this country, and to have divided it into two great eras. Passing every panegyric on the golden age of Ray, Willoughby, Lester, and Sibbald, as the physiological era, he consequently upholds their natural method, and denounces the artificial method of Linnæus; according all praise, however, to the Swedish Aristotle individually, and only incensed at the conduct of his "blind admirers." In the compilation of this work the Rev. Doctor showed so lively an acquaintance with the truths of natural history and the facts of literature, that it stands without exception the best text-book of zoology yet produced. Disdaining to quote such authorities as the compilation of Gmelin, which frequently

supplies the place of the 12th edition of Linnæus, and thus occasions the absurdity of quoting his authority for the names of species established subsequent to his decease, the Doctor went back in every instance to the best and most perfect edition of the various writers on natural science; and thus succeeded in giving things their proper names, discoveries their exact positions, and disentangling much of the confusion of zoological writings.

Decidedly the greatest of our scientific writers or discoverers is Simpson, the author of the original treatise on chloroform. Strange to say, the popularity and singular efficacy of this extraordinary pain-subduing agent has not exempted it or its author from the ordinary modicum of envy and obloquy attendant on a scientific triumph. Simpson has indeed had less of the prejudice of the outer world to combat than of those who should know better—the members of his own profession. But he is more than a match for them at the literary small sword; and if he does not “seek the battle,” he invariably observes the counterpart of Macpherson’s couplet, by not “shunning it when it comes.” His prowess as a controversialist is sufficient to establish the reputation of any theory or practice, however bold the innovation; and woe to the dull ass that brays in arrear of Simpson’s march of improvement, and “will not mend his pace for beating.” No sooner was his anæsthetic system impugned, than Professor Simpson threw himself tooth and nail into the conflict; and his adversaries, after experiencing about as severe punishment as men could stand up and receive, are now beginning to understand their position. He appealed at once to the most venerable authorities—Dioscorides, Pliny, Apuleius, Theoderic, Paré, and others, to prove that he was not guilty of advancing any new thing, as some of these authorities had long ago described, and some of them apparently practised, the induction of anæsthesia previous to operations, both by giving their patients narcotic substances to swallow and narcotic vapors to inhale. The merit of its application in his own particular walk of practice was, however, all his own; the first instance in which it was adopted having occurred in Edinburgh on 19th January, 1847. For this innovation Simpson has had incredible assaults to sustain and repel. Ether-inhalation was the mode employed; and the case answered all his anticipations. The inhalation of ether procured for the patient a

more or less perfect immunity from conscious pain and suffering, whilst it did not diminish the strength and regularity of the muscular contractions. He had not before this time, nor for a month afterwards, dared however, to keep a patient in the anæsthetic state for more than half an hour. It was during the experience of the next three weeks he discovered that anæsthetic action could safely be kept up for one, two, three, or more hours. Subsequent cases to the first anæsthetic case of Dr. Simpson, were shortly reported at London, Bristol, and Dublin. In about a week, however, after the first case occurred in Edinburgh, the practice had been tried in France. It was later adopted in Germany; and even America, the country whence the first knowledge of anæsthetic effects in surgery emanated, did not employ ether in obstetric practice until after its use in Europe. The ether required to be exhibited in large quantities to keep up its action, and in November, 1847, an impulse was given to the practice of anæsthesia in this class of cases by the introduction of chloroform as a substitute for sulphuric ether. The bulk of ether required, its inconvenience for carriage, and the size of apparatus believed necessary for its effectual exhibition, had prepared the practitioner heartily to discard it; when it was superseded by the discovery of Simpson, portable in a case of the size of an ordinary cigar case, and capable of being effectually applied by a few drops inhaled from a pocket-handkerchief! This most wonderful of the achievements of modern science was met with the most dreadful denunciations—“cerebral effusions,” “convulsions,” “hydrocephalus,” “idiocy,” were the mildest of the imputations and predictions hurled against the effects of chloroform, and imagined to be hatching for the infant generation. Simpson has answered them all by a fearless investigation of the results to the mothers and to the children. And although it may be deemed a delicate subject into which to be led, even by scientific philanthropy, these results are so important to society that we cannot help saying that he has—in a “Report on the Early History and Progress of his Great Discovery”—the motto of which, from “Measure for Measure,”

“I do think you might spare her,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy,”  
is alleged to have been contributed by an English lady—proved that there has been found a means of mitigating indescribable

human agony, removing those anxieties which the dread anticipation of these sufferings have occasioned, and thus in many respects benefiting the patients, besides producing a great saving of human life, in respect of the increased number of children born alive. Professor Simpson adverts to the opposition encountered by the greatest modern improvements in practical surgery and medicine—such as the ligature of arteries, the discovery of vaccination, and the first employment of antimony, ipecacuanha, chinchane bark, &c. The London physicians, he states, have on several occasions specially distinguished themselves by their determined and prejudicial opposition to all innovations in practice not originating among themselves. When Robert Talbor, of Essex, removed to London in the 17th century, and employed chinchane bark in the cure of the common agues of the metropolis, “he found,” says Simpson, “that as he gained the favor of the world, he lost that of the physicians of London; and apparently their persecution of him was such, that the king was at last obliged to interfere, and in the year 1678 King Charles II. sent a royal mandate to the College of Physicians, commanding the president, Dr. Micklethwait, “and the rest of the College of Physicians, not to give Talbor molestation or disturbance in his practice.” Sydenham, Harvey, and other illustrious names, are mentioned among the obstructives on this occasion. In a previous instance, the president had actually sent Groenvelt, the discoverer of the use of cantharides, to Newgate, for using his remedy. In like manner, a member of the London College of Physicians, in 1805, urged the propriety of putting down “the beastly new disease” of cow-pox; and in September, 1848, the “London Medical Gazette” suggested, whether the practice of relieving women by anæsthetics should not “be considered criminal according to law!” Dr. Simpson has thus had to combat objections, religious and moral as well as medical, to his practice. Some parts of the controversy, had we not the pile of printed pamphlets before us, might be even thought preposterous. He has had to show cause against an alleged attempt to disturb the permanence of the primeval curse! He maintains that the disputed word “sorrow,” *Etzeb*, (in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children,) does not in the original Hebrew really signify the sensation of pain; and he has had to answer, in detail, the plea of allowing “nature” to conduct the case. Amongst his antagonists,

one has challenged the Professor to single combat. This unhappy man is a Dr. Collins, of Dublin; who, “like that great goose, Cato,” as Tom Hood has it, has fallen on his own sword. He has ventured to oppose Simpson upon data, which turn out to be in reality the data of Dr. Collins himself—namely, some 16,000 cases in the Dublin Maternity Hospital; only, Simpson shows as clear as day, that all this experience has not enabled the worthy Doctor to draw a single accurate deduction! Collins, in fact, is convicted of the most enormous Irish bull on record; and Simpson’s drollery in proving the untenable absurdity of his opponent’s position, is about as amusing a thing as could be perused. Dr. Collins complains, that by not stating his practice to be “the most successful on record,” Simpson has done him wrong; and adds, “I believe you would not intentionally *pluck the laurel off my brow*.” But the Professor has not only the cruelty deliberately to substantiate that there is *no laurel to pluck*, but that a much more successful practice being on record, Dr. Collins must surrender the laurel. Oh, horror! to the female practitioners; or, as Simpson has it, “real petticoated midwives” of the London Maternity Hospital.

“You accuse me,” says Simpson, “of the atrocious crime of youth. Every day I get older, and every day I feel more and more the vast amount of work that yet remains to be done by us all; and I would fain excite you, if I could, to expend more of your abilities and talents upon the real advancement of that branch of medicine which you and I practise. Further, you seem to suppose that the seeing an enormous number of cases is the means by which this advancement is to be accomplished, and that my want of experience (as you choose to term it) is enough to prevent me aiding in this good work. But I beg you again to remember that it is not a mere mass of cases seen that has ameliorated or will ameliorate the state of midwifery. In your hospital upwards of 150,000 women have been delivered, under the charge of different masters. If we except, however, the names of Auld and Clarke, I cannot at this moment recollect that any one of your other physicians, when acting as masters, has added a single new fact to obstetric science, or propounded a single new principle in obstetric practice.”

Along with the Rev. Dr. Fleming, Mr. Hugh Miller and Professor Balfour united in contributing, in the course of last year, to a volume projected by Mr. James Crawford, junior, W. S., and entitled “The Bass Rock.” There were other contributors to this volume—the Rev. Thomas M’Crie, who possesses no little of the style and spirit of

his venerated relative, the biographer of Knox; and the Rev. James Anderson, an industrious rather than illustrious compiler of biographies. As we have no anxiety, however, at least in the present article, to review the book, we must limit ourselves to Mr. Hugh Miller and Dr. John Hutton Balfour. The former is a popular and graphic party writer, who has struck out his path from the bottom of a quarry to the top of a tower, through a mass of red sandstone; his "Walks," his "Cromarty," and, finally, his "First Impressions of England," sufficiently explain what we mean. The geological regions before noticed, which he has invested with a charm, through the mere felicity of language, are now assigned peculiarly as his province; and no one need dispute the sway he has established over his empire. In combination with a peculiar line of reading, both in poetry and romance, and a partiality for the older writers of the last half century, Mr. Hugh Miller supplies an amusing occasional chapter, of the character of a melange, to our present stock of publications. He lives in comparative seclusion, and does not mingle much in society; and, from the details of chance conversations in railway and stage coaches, frequently repeated for the benefit of his readers, we should judge that he had much yet to acquire from social intercourse. He is editor of the *Witness*; but most of the successful papers from his pen have evidently rather been designed for separate publication than for the columns of a newspaper. Professor Balfour, again, seems to observe the maxim very strictly, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. His rencontre with the Duke of Atholl in Glen Tilt has brought up his name in connection with the popular movement of "the right of way," with which we believe, however, he has little to do: and, indeed, the Professor's labors are confined almost exclusively to botanical science, in which he is fortunately an enthusiast. His "School Botany," which the Messrs. Griffin, of Glasgow, are about to produce, will be the most practical work of instruction that has yet appeared. We had almost forgot that the Professor is one thing more than a botanist. He is a philanthropist; and his philanthropy is directed in a diagonal line betwixt religion and education. The "ragged schools," and other schemes of social elevation, have had the free gift of the learned Professor's exertions; but he usually takes along with him Dr. Greville, Captain Grove, and other members of the Rev. Mr. Drummond's (Episcopal)

congregation, of which all these benevolent gentlemen are office-bearers. Dr. Greville we ought to mention as the most accomplished cryptogamic botanist of the age, as well in the description as in the delineation of plants and species, and favorably known as a translator of some of the most learned German scientific treatises.

We must now approach "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease"—although there are some to be disposed of previously, who scarcely merit that title. There is Principal Lee, who, perhaps, could not do anything "with ease," because the Principal is rather painstaking in his compositions. His inaugural addresses at the University are decidedly relished by the students, and annually attract a tolerable attendance. The Principal is more celebrated for his knowledge than for his production of books. With the exception of Dr. Irving, late of the Advocates' Library, he is, perhaps, the first bibliopoliist in the Modern Athens. Yet the stream of his discourses by no means runs deep—a quotation from the Greek or Latin classics, and a commendation of the style of Robertson as an historian, with a few common-places respecting the good behavior of youth, and the enumeration of the well-thumbed principles, that "virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment;" these are the characteristics of the addresses of Principal Lee. The Rev. Dr. Hetherington is a genuine literary man, who has seen the life of a divinity student in all its phases, from tutor and teacher to professor. His Church History is an able production, and shows that he is capable of great things. The Rev. Dr. William Lindsay Alexander, as a reviewer and pamphleteer, stands deservedly high in public estimation. His sermons on the death of Dr. Chalmers, and of Dr. Russell, of Dundee, are amongst the best obituary discourses we have ever read. Mr. John Hill Burton, an author of great ability, universality, and research, merits more than a passing notice; and were not his edition of the "Correspondence of David Hume," and his "Lives of Simon Lord Lovat," and "Duncan Forbes of Culloden," already familiar to our readers, we would assuredly pause emphatically on the merits of John Hill Burton. As a law author, he is known favorably and even popularly; and his labors in compiling the legal portion of that business annual, "Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac," are highly appreciated by the public, and have confirmed the reputation of the work. Messrs. Parker

Lawson and Daniel Wilson might be added to this category.

In a recent number of the *Witness* we noticed a flourish of trumpets, *apropos* of St. Bernard's Crescent and its origin. It stated that the avenue of elms, which Wilkie had rendered illustrious by admiring, and Raeburn by encasing in a palisade of stone columns, had renewed its glory by having become the abode of literary genius—no less illustrious a personage than Mr. Leitch Ritchie, author of "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," having dignified it with his local habitation and his name; whilst Miss Rigby, whose particular literary distinctions we lamentably forget at this moment, and Colonel Mitchell, the translator of "Wallenstein," conspired, along with the aforesaid author of the "Magician," to form a literary coruscation on the banks of the Water of Leith. There is somehow a literary Will o' the Wisp atmosphere about the morass of St. Bernard's Crescent. Many others of the minor *literati* live about the spot—in Carlton street, Danube street, and Ann street, and may be seen imbibing inspiration at the Temple of Health, in the adjoining valley by daylight any of these holiday mornings, along with the cream of the morning papers. It is no disparagement to "the party" we have just mentioned, that it is led off by a lord. Yet we must own that the facility of the honorable author of "Leaves from a Journal," and "Gleams of Thought," is more fatal than that of octosyllabic verse with which every one is familiar. Lord Robertson is no longer "a double-barrelled gun—one barrel charged with law and another charged with fun—" for one of his barrels is now charged with matter far more explosive. How his lordship, with Judge Blackmore's "Farewell to the Muse" before his eyes, has adventured up the rugged steep of Parnassus, is more than we can tell. His lordship is a poet of "larger growth," and has essayed a sort of agricultural explanation of the phenomenon:—

"Myself I dare not call a poet sown  
By Nature's hand; or if there be a germ  
Of poetry within my soul, 'twas cast  
On stony ground, or wisely choked by weeds,  
And withered as it vainly struggled forth.  
In other culture early youth was passed,  
And thoughts, amid the whirl of busy life,  
Unfitted for its growth, my mind engross'd;  
And thus the soil neglected lay. But if,  
Since years have scattered silver o'er my head,  
The dews have fallen, and by reflection's showers  
The seed has sprung to life, 'tis by the warmth  
Of southern sun the leaf has budded forth."

In the train of the senator follow other members of the College of Justice—Professor Ayton, with his "Lays of the Cavaliers," and Theodore Martin, or, as he is better known, Bon Gualtier, another balladist, who give a fruitful promise of the tribe. Bon Gualtier's ballads are far more of the troubadour cast than those of his brother bard, who nevertheless is alleged to have borrowed from him "The Great Glenmutchkin," a story of the Railway Mania, which, in its day, was a lucky hit; but the author has not yet gone and done the like again. Ayton's ballads are eminently descriptive of the passing events and sensations of a point of history, wound up with a piece of moralizing, generally of a transcendental character, and, like a rocket or a comet, leaving the trail of poetic light mostly in the tail, or (technically) "the tag" of the piece. Not so Martin; his ballads are of a uniform equability throughout, and betray the hand of an adept in the joyous science; although destroyed by a levity which might do for *Punch*, and which, from other efforts of the author's extant, we are persuaded has less affinity to his true poetic vein than Ayton's pathos has to his style.

This class of writers most fitly ushers in the ladies, and we are glad to place them under the escort of the cavaliers. Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. J. R. Stoddart, Miss Catherine Sinclair, and Miss Frances Brown, represent the Edinburgh galaxy of female talent at this moment. Not but there are others who might be named, though some, we suspect, had rather not; and indeed their writing anonymously is sufficient cause for not directing the eyes of inquirers their way. The fame of Mrs. Johnstone is long and well established. No female author of the present day has earned a high literary reputation so well, yet borne it so unobtrusively. At present she is not resident in Edinburgh. Mrs. Crowe aspires to be the leader of literary coteries; and unquestionably succeeds. The *habitués* of the Queen Street Hall attend her; she has all the lions of the den growling round her in their varied and interesting styles. But the authoress of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," and, last not least, "The Night-side of Nature," queens it admirably over the zoological group. Sir Walter Scott, we think it is, who avers that all the good ghost stories are unfounded, and the stupid ones only genuine. So far, then, Mrs. Crowe's chance of teaching that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," was but a poor one. She has, however, contrived to

tell all the *good* ghost stories she could, and to sink the stupid ones; so that she has left truth completely at the bottom of the well. No matter—ghost stories are all the better for being a little incredible; and Mrs. Crowe would have but spoiled her book by improving their veracity. Mrs. J. R. Stoddart, the lady of the W. S., has a literary reputation on the strength of a translation—"the Life of Albert Durer"—an artist's love tale, and a fiction of more power than purpose. As for Miss Catherine Sinclair, we really think this lady a most sensible, sedate, and sober genius. No one else could contrive to throw so much brilliant commonplace into a conversation, or to exhibit the fashions and frivolities of life in Edinburgh in a more faithful form. The "serious world," to which she professes more especially to belong, is most unmercifully shown up in more ways than one; but chiefly, unconsciously, in the original remarks and observations that stud the pages of "Modern Accomplishments," "Modern Society," "The Journey of Life," &c., &c. Of all her productions we like the descriptive ones the best, as "Hill and Valley," "Scotland and the Scotch," "Shetland and the Shetlanders;" and although we know not what Miss Sinclair had to do with the "Lives of the Cæsars," we believe that a high rank in the order of merit must be assigned, with all her faults and absurdities, to a lady who has written so well, and published so much. Miss Frances Brown has not resided long in Edinburgh. Her story, from its peculiarity, is best told in her own words:

"I was born," she says, "on the 16th of January, 1816, at Stranorlar, a small village in the county of Donegal. My father was then, and still continues to be, the postmaster of the village. I was the seventh child in a family of twelve; and my infancy was, I believe, as promising as that of most people. But at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner's discovery, I had the misfortune to lose my sight by the small-pox, which was then prevalent in our neighborhood. This, however, I do not remember, and indeed recollect very little of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian Church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any

person whom I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood: but by this method I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the dictionary and English grammar each day; and by hearing them read it aloud, frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs, (perhaps rendered so by necessity,) I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it. . . . My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. 'Susan Gray,' 'The Negro Servant,' 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Mungo Park's Travels,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were among the first of my literary friends; for I often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighborhood, and were much more so in my childhood; but the craving for knowledge which then commenced grew with my growth; and as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the acquaintances I had—to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten.

"In this way I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones; but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and was lent me by a friend whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighborhood.

"My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted in a very short time with the greater part of the books of its illustrious author; for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read, namely, lying awake in the silence of the night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory I now possess. But, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil, for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forgot any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful to me in teaching me habits of order."

Commencing with "Baines' History of the French Wars," advancing through "Hume's History of England," and the "Universal History," Miss Brown dates her historical information from her thirteenth year. This was succeeded by geography, in regard to which she says:

"In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the relative situations of distant places, I some-



times requested a friend who could trace maps, to place my fingers upon some well-known spot, the situation of which I had exactly ascertained, and then conduct the finger of the other hand from the points thus marked to any place on the map whose position I wished to know, at the same time mentioning the places through which my fingers passed. By this plan, having previously known how the cardinal points were placed, I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea, not only of the boundaries and magnitude of various countries, but also of the course of rivers and mountain chains."

Poetry, and attempts at original compositions—imitations of everything she knew—from the *Psalms* to *Gray's Elegy*, followed, until she first made acquaintance with the *Iliad*, through the medium of Pope. The perusal of this work induced her to burn her first MSS.; and *Childe Harold*, when she afterwards met with it, induced her to resolve against making verses for the future. Soon afterwards, however, she wrote the little story of *La Perouse*, contained in her first published volume; and from contributing to the *Irish Penny Journal*, aspired to the *London Athenæum*. Her published volumes are "The Star of Alteghei," published in London, by Moxon, in 1844, and "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," in Edinburgh, in 1847, by Sutherland and Knox. The latter collection is immeasurably superior to the former. Miss Brown is a psychological phenomenon; and the remarkable perseverance and ingenuity by which she has triumphed over one of the most severe privations of life, require to be known in order to comprehend the strange feeling that pervades her poems.

The summary of Edinburgh Literary Society around this Christmas Log cannot better be summed up than by a phalanx of poets; in whom our ranks are at this time preëminently rich. Amongst them we have James Ballantyne, the fine doric author of "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" and "The Miller of Deanhaugh," and all the songs and senti-

ments that appertain to these genuine national volumes; albeit, the name of Mr. Ballantyne is more likely to descend to posterity in connection with another order of art, since he is the principal decorator in stained glass of the magnificent Houses of Parliament now in progress of erection at Westminster. Both the "Wallet" and the "Miller" contain healthy scraps of poetry, with many of which the public is otherwise familiar, in "Whistle Binkie" and "Nursery Rhymes;" but we question if in pure chrysolite beauty any gem of the Ballantyne diadem, "We ragged laddie" inclusive, equals the author's latest and most exquisite effusion, published with the music,

"Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew."

Gilfillan (not "the gifted," but Robert Gilfillan of Leith) still toys felicitously with the social muse; Mr. Vedder, the admirable lyrist; and Captain Charles Gray, the disciple and imitator of Burns, still occasionally appear on the literary horizon. But the hope of Edinburgh poetry centres in Mr. Robert Jamieson, a writer to the signet, and author of a highly dramatic poem—not, however, conceived in a dramatic form—"Nimrod." We always thought there was fervor about Mr. Jamieson, but hardly suspected it to be poetic, till "Nimrod" revealed it. This work is after an exalted order of poetry; and, with many subtle refinements, which it requires no mean power to depict and preserve throughout the shadowings and foreshadowings of a theme half prophetic of man's unfolding nature and final destiny, a little more decision, and a little more strength, would have stamped "Nimrod" as the poem of the age. As it is, Mr. Jamieson, when he tries again, will equal Browning, and eclipse Tennyson, for he is disfigured with the mannerism of neither.

From the Metropolitan.

## THE "FRIEDHOF," OR COURT OF PEACE.\*

"SWEET sister, come, and let us roam away o'er the fine arched bridge,  
And gaze on the sparkling water beneath from the parapet's dizzy ridge ;  
Where the boats are sailing rapidly by, laden with fruit and flowers ;  
Away to the city behind the woods, where we see the tall, dark towers."

"No," said the little girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

"Come, come, let us hie to the free broad road—the folks are all passing that way,  
With cheerful voices and gayly decked—for you know it is festival day ;  
'The harps are twanging beneath the trees, and there's nothing save joy and singing ;  
And we shall hear, o'er the valley lone, all the bells so merrily ringing."

"No," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

"There are whispering leaves down this green lane amid the old crofts and trees ;  
It is long and winding, but sweet accents float to allure the good honey-bees ;  
It leads to the solemn, cloistered pile, and over the beautiful plains  
Soft musical winds forever sweep past, as if murmuring anthem strains."

"So," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

This brother and sister were parted wide ; but when fleeting years rolled by,  
He returned to his native land, to breathe a last and penitent sigh.  
'Mid the chequered scenes of a roving life—in hut or 'neath gorgeous dome,  
These words still haunted the brother's heart, and recalled the wanderer home :

"For," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

Home of the prodigal ! rest for the weary ! the path of the just below  
Hath pleasures in store for returning sons that wanderers never can know :  
A day in the court of God's holy house is better than a thousand passed  
'Mid the vain world's show, and will onward lead to the court of Heaven at last.

"Thus," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

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\* Or "burial-place," in German.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LATE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS late distinguished divine has left two separate claims to reputation—first, as a speculator on the beautiful, and, secondly, as a writer of sermons. In the former field, that he is entirely original no one can believe who remembers Akenside's exclamation—" 'Tis mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven;" an exclamation containing in it the essence of his theory, that beauty, namely, consists in trains of thought and feeling suggested more or less directly and vividly by external objects. It seems now, too, to be generally admitted, that from the kindling love of his own views he has carried them too far, and left too little room for those quick instinctive perceptions of the beautiful which arise so early, and break forth so suddenly, as hardly to come within the strict limits of his theory. Let us grant, too, that Lord Jeffrey, if not so minute and copious, has been more eloquent, and more distinct, guarded, succinct, and memorable in his exposition of the view. But to Alison be the praise of first announcing, in a popular form, the astonishing conceptions, which had passed before for the reveries of half-insane poets and philosophers, that the universe is a great mirror to the mind of man—that the star must, stooping, increase its lustre at the soul—that the sun is but half-lit till the human eye mirror it, and the human spirit breathe on it—and that, in contemplating the fairest scenes, we are ourselves half-creating their loveliness.

To the first broaching of such views of the beautiful we owe not merely the illustrations they have received from the pens of the prose philosophers, who have explained, modified, or defended them—the Dugald Stewarts, Browns, and Jeffreys—but also the account to which they have been turned by the poets. Who has forgotten the fine letter addressed by Burns to Alison? Coleridge has wrought the leading thought of the system into the well-known lines—

"Oh lady, we receive but what we give !

*Ours is the wedding-garment—ours the shroud."*

As to Wordsworth, association is the grand key to much of his poetry, which without this were a spring shut up and a fountain sealed. Many of the objects which he presents to view are such as are generally called beautiful; but how much, through this fine principle, has he added to their effect! He has poured out the riches of his mind upon the scenery of the "Lakes," till Windermere has kindled into new lustre under the poet's steadfast look, like a red western heaven glorifying its waters, till Helvellyn has echoed his solemn voice, and Skiddaw stood more sublimely in the majesty of his mind, and the Brathay murmured more musically in his verse, and Grassmere grown more romantic under the still pressure of his brooding eye, and the Duddon in all its windings felt the witchery of a poet's presence and the consecrating influence of a poet's song; and the tarns of a hundred wildernesses been surrounded with golden circles of glory, which can never fade or die away! To the waste and seemingly meaningless parts of creation he has given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty. Crabbe has written much on the same principle, with this difference, that the objects selected by Wordsworth are those of nature, while the others are generally of art, or of the humbler and coarser of creation's works. In some measure has he thus, even more than the great Laker, substantiated the power of association, and illustrated the doctrines of Alison. Byron, too, knew this secret well; and "Childe Harold," in some points his noblest work, is glorified, not so much by its brief and burning pictures of natural scenery, nor by its sweet and mighty eloquence, nor by its bursts of lawless passion, nor by the mournful solemnity which shadows all its confessional pages, nor

by the abruptness of its transitions from poetical to personal lamentations, but by the art with which the poet has spread out all the gloom and all the glory thereof in the light of ancient and modern associations, of Grecian, Roman, or Italian story. Ebenezer Elliott is another example of what we mean. Never till he snatched his red-hot poker pen, had we any idea that the blue lights and smoky visages, the din and soot of foundries, could have inspired and immortalized a world poet; for, in spite of our sage critic in "Chambers," we do opine that all genuine poetry is at least colored by the special atmosphere through which it first begins to burn, and that Elliott had been no poet at all if he had not felt the action of a furnace on his mind, as well as that of his mind on a furnace. Our view of association does not go quite to the extent of supposing that all things are *made*, though it does go to the extent of supposing that all things are *modified* by its influence.

Whatever may be thought of Alison's "Essay on Taste," as a speculation, there is one view in which it is incomparable—we mean, as a fine and delicate selection of beautiful objects—of objects of which all men are pleased to be reminded. There is scarcely anything in art, or nature, or thought, that is sublime, beautiful, or attractive, but we find inserted in some part or other of its pages. It is a great nosegay of flowers. It is pleasant, in this world of care and woe, to light upon such "certain places," where all things for a season, by their richness, variety, harmony, and the soft evening light of genius in which they are shown, seem to stand up on a hedge of roses, excluding us from, and from us the harsh realities of the present, the recorded mistakes and miseries of the past, and the tremendous uncertainties of the future—where the "beautiful is not vanished," and where we can at times imagine that "it is a happy world, after all." Nay, in reading Alison's book on "Taste," we are standing by the side of an altar, whereon all the fruits and fatness, all the beauty and elegance of earth, are being offered up, as in Cain's bloodless sacrifice, to heaven. But the spirit of the offering is not that of the first murderer; over all the gifts and all the glories thereof there are sprinkled the rich drops of pious feeling; and rude and ruthless were the hand which should indignantly or contemptuously throw down the altar, and scatter the lovely fruits to the winds of the wilderness. Assuredly, in an age like ours, no bad man would willingly collect, even to support a fa-

vorite theory, so many agreeable, lovely, and noble things; the Cain-spirit would now gather all abortive undertakings, unhappy thoughts, guilty and monstrous deeds, bruised and broken wings of imagination, frightful shapes of nature, which, not to call "ugly," is a high effort of faith—shapes of thought more terrific still—dreary and ominous sounds—scents going up from fields and lands of pestilence—the seeds of murder, and the gore of suicides—the breath of blasphemers, and the hearts of traitors—and present such an offering, himself shuddering, to an incensed Heaven. To collect such an infernal broth into a Canidia cup has not yet been effected by the darkest spirit, although some writers have failed in the attempt less from inclination than from power. Far better for men to be accounting for and accumulating images of the beautiful, than to be (as in France) artistically handling and reproducing the horrible and the bad.

It is, therefore, more the healthy, mild, genial, and Christian tone of Alison's work, than its depth or power, that we admire. His book, unconsciously, is the best treatise on the goodness of God that we remember. The being *must* be good who has scattered beauty through his world in such universal profusion, that, go down into whatever dark mine, you find beauty sparkling before you in the silver or the golden ore—that, penetrate into whatever ocean depth, you find it growing in the coral, or reposing in the shell—that, in the heart of the forest, it is there, forming the pine cone, or so intermeddling with every motion of the fallen leaf, as to make it, amid all its wild whirlings a thing of beauty—that, when you have climbed the loftiest eminence, beauty has climbed it before you, and waits for your coming, in the sparkling silence of the snows, or in the aspect of the sun, shorn of all but light and beauty—nay, that its gleam is the true ghost of the grave—the joint tenant of the shroud, and that destruction and death may well say, "We have heard the fame of it with our ears."

But to return. Alison, as a writer of sermons, has a fame, if not so dazzling, at least as enviable, as from his philosophical speculations. A theory, however ingenious or brilliant, may be impugned and shattered, if not overturned. But sermons which have once become classical in their reputation, may indeed be depreciated, but seldom cease to be read. Opinions vary as to Logan's sermons, but most people know them; whereas, if the truth of a philosophical treatise be over-

thrown, it requires all charms of style to save it from neglect; and perhaps we are justified in predicting, that a century hence not more than three books of a philosophical kind will continue to be read *for their mere literature*, and these are "Brown's Lectures," "Sir W. Drummond's Academical Questions," and "Fichte's Destination of Man." Whatever may or has become of the special opinions advocated in those works, we are persuaded that the richness of language, fertility of illustration, minuteness of analysis, and fine philosophic and poetic enthusiasm of the first; the energy, terseness, boldness, and eloquence of the second, and the power (as of a *painter of spirits*) of depicting thinnest abstractions, the fervor of feeling, and the grandeur of sentiment of the third, will secure them readers, after the metaphysical writings of Spinoza, Hobbes, Locke, Stewart, Reid, Ballantine, and many others, are no more regarded (save for their substance, which has gone into other and more convenient forms) than the autumn shells whence the kernels have been extracted.

Alison's sermons appear to us to be fine expressions of a certain form and feeling of Christianity, and in this light possess considerable chance for continued life. As compositions, expressing refined sense to refined people, colored in their diction, and often poetical in their spirit, they retain, and may long, a certain place. He is not a clear or strong reasoner, nor an overbearing declaimer, nor a searchingly practical preacher. His sermons are undoubtedly superior to Blair's and Logan's, but not by any means equal to Taylor's, Barrow's, or Hall's. They are the result of a judgment sound, not subtle—of an intellect, calm, clear, and equable—of a fine and sensitive taste—of imagination rather cultivated than copious—of acquirements select rather than extensive—of full command of beautiful diction—of a genuine and glowing love for the works of nature—and of an enlightened and cheerful piety. But we miss altogether the short and striking things, the charm of unexpectedness, the evangelical richness, and the practical savor, which meet us in the first class of Christian authors. We read his elegant pages with delight, but few burning embers cling to our memories or our hearts.

Alison's best discourses are those on the seasons of the year—fine, fresh joy-breathing descants on the works of God, full of a bright and balmy devotion, and an exhilarating and sunny spirit, which reminds you of the "glad prose" of Jeremy Taylor. He

gives admirably the gay leap of spring from the "detested trance" of winter—the broad brightness of the golden summer—the mellow and sombre interest of autumn; and if he fails at all it is in representing the sterner features and barren magnificence of winter, that skeleton among the seasons. We much prefer Foster's sermons on the same topic. He discovers a profounder sense of the beauty and meaning of nature—a more passionate love for it—hangs a weight of personal interest on all his cogitations—and when he approaches autumn and winter, those dark seasons appear to stand up, to give him a gloomy welcome, as an energy kindred to themselves, and their pale cheeks flush with a strange joy, like the red of a fallen leaf. He absolutely revels in the images of death and desolation which are suggested by the aspects of the closing year.

In Alison's sermon on the "Threatened Invasion," he brings himself into competition with Robert Hall. Both were upon their metal, and have reached and sustained a high flight of patriotic and Christian eloquence. Both are hurried out of their wonted equability of manner by the excitement of the crisis, and their polished and rounded periods become instinct with a somewhat sterner and more Tyrtæan energy. Of the two, Alison's discourse is the more solemn and sustained, Hall's the more intellectual and brilliant. But we confess that neither comes up to our idea of a war-sermon—a trumpet-call, summoning the sons of men, by their hearths and by their altars, by their country and by their God, to do battle for all that was dear to them in their laws, and all that was sacred to them in their religion. We should have liked something rougher, sterner, more spirit-stirring still. We prefer Macbriar's sermon in "Old Mortality," by many degrees, to both Hall and Alison. Had Scott been a preacher, how much would he have made of it! What a strong, earth-shaking blast would he have blown against the foe! There had been a cry at the close, "Lead us to battle!" Or had Edward Irving been then in the zenith of his power, what an impression must he have produced by the enthusiasm of his manner, the stateliness of his chivalric form, the wild fire of his vision, the floating terror of his locks, the picturesque dye of his diction, the metaphors about war and battle which he would have culled from Scripture or gathered out of his own imagination and the old border spirit which was in him, and which would, in such a moment, have come

up, flushing in blood through his pale cheek! The effect had been Demosthenic! Men would have seen in him the resuscitation of the Puritan leader, wielding a sword in one hand and carrying a Bible in the other; or of David's heroes, "who could handle spear and buckler, whose faces were as the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains," and would have sought no other leader to carry them into the middle of the fight! But Alison and Hall, two secluded scholars are hardly in their element when talking of carnage. They seldom catch the right martial spirit. Hall, in the closing passage, alone copes with the sublimity of the occasion; and neither could be said, in the noble language of Job, "to smell the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Alison is now a name, but a name beloved and revered, as long as soft sublimity of thought, and elegant richness of diction, vivacity of mild fancy, and felicity of cultivated taste, are qualities reputed and admired. His fame does not rest upon the prominence of one faculty, but upon the exquisite balance of many.

It has been objected by a critic in the "North American Review," that we are in the habit of searching the country for heroes,

even as hunters sound the moors for *hares*. Unfortunately this author *lies* under a mistake inasmuch as all the heroes we ever met have either accidentally crossed our path, or else have met us at their own request. Although *he* happens to be as ignorant of us as though we were a *Hottentot* or a *Turk*, we shall, on the contrary, tell him that we know him thoroughly, having met him last in London, carrying Professor Longfellow's bag, and in a state of "Excelsior" enthusiasm!

Although we have never hunted after heroes, we have sometimes stumbled on a few. For instance, in the year 1828, we found ourselves stepping northward, toward the town of Crieff, at the close of an autumn evening, in the company of Archibald Alison, the subject of the present sketch. He was exalted to the sublimity of a gig, we were plodding along in the simplicity of a pedestrian; he was advanced in life, we were a mere boy, to him utterly unknown; and yet, fronting, as he did, a glorious western sky, stooping over the woods and turrets of Drummond Castle, and remembering, as we did, his achievements as a theorist on "Taste," we cannot say that our admiration of him at all then amounted to enthusiasm, or that we gazed with exalted interest on his profile cut out in the red heaven beyond.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*King Arthur.* By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. 2 vols.

We see in "King Arthur" a consummate expression of most of those higher powers of mind and thought which have been steadily and progressively developed by Sir Bulwer Lytton's writings. His design is a lofty one, and through all its most varied extremes evenly sustained. It comprises a national and a religious interest. It animates with living truth, with forms and faces familiar to all men, the dim figures of legendary lore. It has an earnest moral purpose, never lightly forgotten or thrown aside. It is remarkable for the deep and extensive knowledge it displays, and for the practical lessons of life and history which it reflects in imaginative form. We have humor and wit, often closely bordering on pathos and tragedy; exploits of war, of love, and of chivalrous adventure, alternate with the cheerful lightness and pleasantry of *la gais science*. We meet at every turn with figures of a modern day,

which we laugh to recognize in antique garb; in short, we have the epic romance in all its licence and in all its extremes.—*Examiner*.

*Episodes of Insect Life.*

Prof. Nichol has done much to make astronomy a lightsome science; Mr. Miller has thrown the influence of eloquent and powerful writing around the fossils of the old red sandstone. Neither, however, has produced a work equal, in the particular above mentioned, to the *Episodes of Insect Life*.—*Tait's Magazine*.

*Mordaunt-hall.* By the author of EMILIA WYNHAM.

Like the former productions of this clever writer, "Mordaunt-hall" strongly engages the attention and sympathy of the reader. It contains sketches of domestic life and every-day characters as forcible and faithful as those of Miss Austin, at the same time that the principal persons in the tale are invested

with all the passion and sentiment of romance.—*Britannia.*

[The Harpers have just issued a cheap edition of the above work. The London press are unanimous and warm in their praise of it.]

*A Book for a Corner; or, Selections in Prose and Verse from Authors the best suited to that mode of enjoyment: with Comments on each, and a general Introduction.* By LEIGH HUNT. 2 vols.

We confess to a degree of partiality for the poet and critic whose declining years are thus occupied in reproducing for others the literary luxuries which have given a charm to his own studious life, and have preserved his feelings fresh and young through all the cares amid which the heart's music too often becomes "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." The selections here presented are not from great, but from choice authors. The Shakespeares and Miltons are, we are told, serious studies—exercising mastery over minds the most elevated; but in a "Book for a Corner" companionship should be the rule—and therefore passages in the middle style of literary composition have been preferred by Mr. Hunt. Shensstone and Gray are the types of the class among poets,—De Foe, Pultock, Radcliffe, Inchbald, and Amory, among romancers,—Steele, Addison, Barbauld, Marco Polo, and Mungo Park, among essayists and travel-writers. The series opens with the "Letter to a New-born Child," by Catherine Talbot, and closes with Gray's "Elegy;" the intermediate citations being ideally related to the intermediate periods of life from birth to death. In this manner an order of arrangement is pleasantly suggested, while variety in subject and sentiment is judiciously secured. The value of the selections is greatly increased by Mr. Hunt's preliminary comments, as well as by the general introduction to the work.—*Athenæum.*

*Hints towards the Formation of a more Comprehensive Theory of Life.* By S. T. COLERIDGE. Edited by SETU B. WATSON, M.D.

This book is one of the finest of the late Mr. Coleridge's philosophical essays. We should, however, have been better pleased if the editor had revealed the source whence he obtained it. He is wholly silent on the subject,—save that he makes his "acknowledgments to Sir John Stoddart, L.L.D., to the Rev. James Gillman, Incumbent of Trinity, Lambeth, and to Henry Lee, Esq., Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital, for their great kindness in regard to this publication." More than one example of the argument here elaborated have already appeared.

In November and December, 1835, were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, two fragments—one "On Life," and another on the Science and System of Logic; the former stated to be merely an *excursus* in, and the latter an introduction to, "A Discourse upon Logic." These were printed under the name of Mr. Coleridge; but they have never been gathered into his acknowledged works by his literary executors. They were then alleged to be portions of "the Sybilline Leaves" scattered abroad by their author, and retained in the affectionate hands of some who were proud to be esteemed his pupils. Many of the treatises so frequently referred to by Mr. Coleridge, and yet not discoverable among his papers, were suspected to be in this condition. The

internal evidence of the fragments alluded to and of the present *brochure* is sufficient to establish their authorship. Both in matter and in form they are indubitably Coleridgean.—*Athenæum.*

[A very elegant reprint of the above work has been issued by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It will be found to justify all that is said of it here.—ED. ECLEC. MAG.]

*A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, &c.* By CHARLES MACFARLANE. 2 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

Our author is a good hot Tory, and no mistake. He does not even coquet with the altered name of Conservatism. He is plain spoken, undisguised, out and out the genuine character, which writers on the other side would endeavor to make us believe were as extinct as the Dodo or Solitaire. We do not like a man the worse for being strong in his principles and opinions; and the only reason we ever have for alluding to such facts is, that be he Whig, Tory, Liberal, Radical, Chartist, Socialist, or Communist, it is expedient to hold the circumstance in view whilst weighing the statements and arguments of the party, and making certain allowances for coloring and effects, which do not provoke any censure, but ought not to be lost sight of in the endeavor to reach the truth. By much experience, great travel, years of residence among the people, a mind sedulously cultivated, and a thorough intimacy with the languages and literature required for his task, Mr. MacFarlane was highly fitted to undertake it.—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Use of the Senses, &c.* By CATHERINE LAKE.

A fervent and enthusiastic performance, in prose and verse, in which external objects are spiritualized in the style adopted by very devout religious writers, who infuse a large proportion of scriptural texts and pious ejaculations into their compositions. The love of God, and dependence upon his Son, are here, in this manner, zealously inculcated.—*Literary Gazette.*

#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Adventures of Cromwell Doolan, or Life in the Army, by the author of *Life in the Backwoods.*

My Uncle the Curate, by the author of the Bachelor of the Albany.

Life of Maximilian Robespierre, by G. H. Lewes. Fairy Tales from all Nations, by Anthony R. Montalba.

Dudley Chadbourne, a Woman's History.

Recollections of an Old Soldier, being Memoirs of Col. F. S. Gidy, by Mrs. Ward.

History of Scotland, by Robert Chambers.

Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain.

Hortensius, or the Advocate, by William Forsyth, Esq.

Curzon's Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant. Nine Sermons, preached at Harrow School, by Rev. Dr. Vaughan, editor of the British Quarterly Review.

Owen Tudor, by the author of Whitefriars.

Rockingham, or the Younger Brother.

Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion, by G. C. Lewis, Esq.

Adventures in the Lybian Deserts, by Boyle St. John, Esq.

Sermons of Adolphe Monod, translated by Hickey.









